The War Illustrated, January 1st, 1916.

Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

A New Year Look at the Fields of War

(See page 471)

The War Illustrated

2D Weekly

Vol. 3

The New Year Recruit: "This is the suit that suits me best!"

No. 72

The Stupidity of Crime & the Crime of Stupidity

WE have been so appalled by the horror of the many crimes against humanity, committed deliberately by the Germans as part of their policy, that we have been apt to overlook their essential stupidity, and thereby have missed something which might have been a source of comfort in our anxiety. The basic stupidity of the criminal is greater, though less glaring, than the superficial, perverted cleverness which enables him to plan and to execute his various coups, for he begins by making what may almost be described as a mathematical blunder, and it is mathematically certain that he will find himself wrong at the end.

THE blunder is his assumption that the part can be greater than the whole. It isn't, and can't be. Yet that assumption is the real foundation for the criminal operations of the individual who pits his cunning and daring against the organised opinion of a civilised community as represented in its law, and it certainly is the foundation for the military operations of a people who believe in the theory that might is right. The whole history of civilisation goes to prove that law and order are too strong for the criminal to prevail over. Militarist Prussia began this war because it believed that in organised might it was greater than the rest of Europe, and it will emerge from the war crushed and defeated because that belief was erroneous. And, meantime, every atrocity it perpetuates makes its final doom more certain.

MISS CAVELL knew that. To the mind of a man like Von Bissing, whose judgment, quite likely, was blinded by the glare of the immediate success of German arms, of which he was the temporary representative in Belgium, it may well have seemed that the "execution" of that one poor woman would be proof to all the world of the futility of resistance to the right of might. His argument almost certainly was that Germany had conquered Belgium, and that therefore Germany had the right to govern Belgium; that Miss Cavell had disobeyed German orders, and that therefore Germany had the right to punish Miss Cavell, and that with the end of Miss Cavell was the end of the whole matter.

WITH the clear vision vouchsafed to the dying, Miss Cavell saw the truth. It was in no theatrical spirit that, on her last night, she said she was very glad to die for her country. To Von Bissing the words probably sounded like empty bombast. Ridley's words must have sounded like that to the sardonic priests who watched him burning; but that man knew he had lighted an inextinguishable candle, and Miss Cavell knew that the bullets in the yard would make an end neither of her nor of the matter. Her "execution" was a crime against humanity that made the world shudder; but it was a piece of stupidity far more astonishing that will shake the German Empire to its fall.

AND so with the other outrages—the torpedoing of the Lusitania and the Ancona, the rape of women, and the crucifixion of little children. The individual criminals may perhaps go unpunished here, being undiscoverable in the general confusion, but the policy, of the fruits of which they are only single specimens, frightfulness, is condemned already and marked for early destruction. It cannot escape. And the stupidity of the criminal intelligence responsible for it is proved by its failure to perceive that part of the world cannot impose upon the whole of the world what the whole of the world will not tolerate. To make the attempt is to arouse opposition which is mightier than the attempting force. That is what Germany has done.

THE German Empire was a Great Power, but it never was so great as all the other first-class Powers combined. No one Power ever was. Even the British Empire to-day, cemented together as it is by blood and tears, is not so great as that. And it is difficult for one who is not a German to understand the mentality of statesmen who omitted to consider the possibility of provoking the opposition of a combination stronger than any they could hope to engage successfully. Yet the German statesmen were guilty either of that omission or else of unforgiveable miscalculation of the man power, gun power, and money power that might be brought against them. When they deliberately let loose the horrors of this war they were guilty of a crime greater than any the world had known before, but in all sober truth their guilt is almost exceeded by their folly.

CONSIDERATION of the stupidity of crime may be carried profitably a little further to consideration of the crime of stupidity, for that is one which the British people, and perhaps English people especially, are by no means incapable of committing. There are indications that people in high place in Germany are beginning to calculate upon it as a probability, and the earliest and every opportunity must be grasped to insist upon the criminal stupidity of listening to talk about peace until the war has been won so decisively that there can be peace.

THE main facts are very simple. Germany began the war with certain specified objects in view. Of these she has not achieved one; but she has achieved certain other things—to wit, the occupation of large territories belonging to our Allies. It would be surprising if the untrained mass of German people did not believe honestly that the conquest of so much territory meant that Germany was winning the war. But their military authorities know that this is not the case. It was an axiom of Clausewitz, the high priest of their strategy, that campaigns are won only by the destruction of the enemy's field armies, and not only have the Germans failed to destroy one of the field armies arrayed against them, but these are actually getting numerically larger and better equipped with munitions with every day that passes.

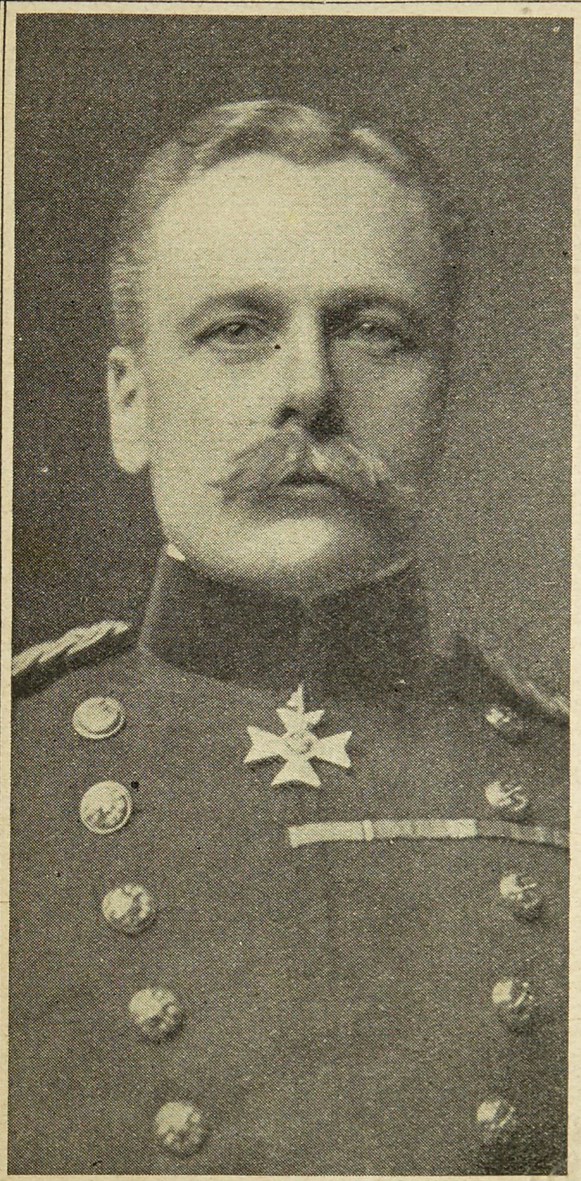
WHEN the commanders-in-chief of the allied armies are satisfied that their forces are irresistible, the end will begin. As the American Press reminds us, Germany cannot hope to hold what she has won, and that is the reason why the German Chancellor is projecting into the air suggestions about entertaining negotiations for peace based upon the restoration to their respective owners of the occupied territories. No notice must be taken of those suggestions. Peace will only be possible when the German field armies have been destroyed, and there are indications that that will take place at no very distant date.

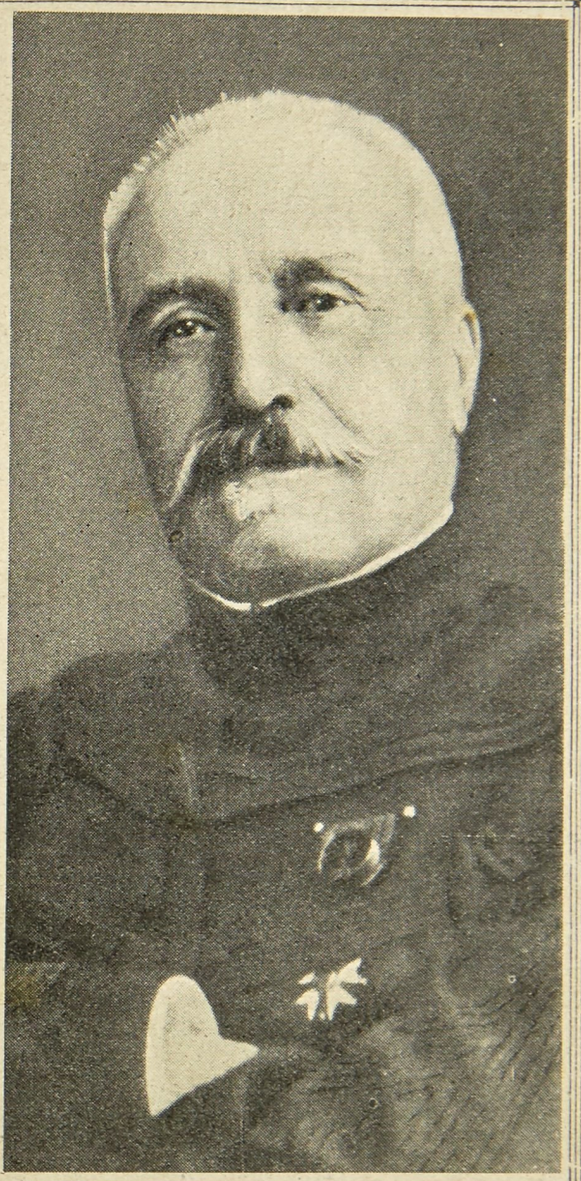
IT is the so-called "pacifists" who make one uneasy. The allied Governments will all adhere to their mutual pledge not to conclude any separate peace, but it is not so absolutely certain that pacifist agitation might not induce them to enter into negotiations before the time came when they could secure their ultimate objects fully and finally. Even the most bellicose of us are bowing beneath the burden of war. But to entertain this present suggestion of the German Chancellor would be a crime against the men who have laid down their lives for the ethical principles for which we are contending. If Germany cannot hope to hold what she has won, to allow her to give it back upon terms when she will so soon have to surrender it unconditionally, would be an act of criminal stupidity as well as an unspeakable betrayal. C. M.

1st January, 1916. No. 72. Vol. 3.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON





NEW ALLIED LEADERS ON THE WESTERN FRONT

General Sir Douglas Haig (left), on whose shoulders now rests the responsibility for victory to British arms. Appointed on the outbreak of war to the command of the First Army Corps, General Haig has distinguished himself for initiative and leadership. He is fifty-four years of age, and saw service in the Sudan, South Africa, and India. General de Castelnau (right), the newly-appointed French Chief of Staff, by his brilliant strategy, helped to frustrate the enemy plans regarding Paris, Calais, the Aisne, and Champagne.

PRUSSIAN MAPS AND IMPERIAL PLANS

By Sir WILLIAM M. RAMSAY

If there is any doubt in neutral countries as to who are the enemies of man, and the transgressors of all laws, human and divine, the childish maps of the world under German domination, prepared in all seriousness and circulated throughout the Fatherland for years before the crash of Armageddon, are damning and final evidence. The Prussian, to make up for a lack of psychology and imagination, is gifted with an alarming egotism, and that he would one day control the destiny of the world was no less the dream of the underpaid clerk and servile waiter than of the arrogant Junker. In the following absorbing article Sir William Ramsay compares the ready-made ideals of Kaiserism, in relation to the map of the world, with what has really happened since the Teuton "kicked over the traces" of a civilisation incompatible with his natural savagery and conceit.

A FAVOURITE ornament in Berlin restaurants about five or six years ago was a map showing the world of the future, as it was to be when it had been reorganised by the Prussian victory. I am not sure that this map was displayed so often in the fashionable restaurants which tourists and foreigners would frequent, but it was to be seen in those which were thronged by the resident population of Berlin.

It is worth while to compare the ideas expressed six years ago in the Prussian map after the war with the present situation, and to examine how far they have been realised. The comparison will also give some solid ground for estimating the German plans for the immediate future. The ideas of the map were those on which every child throughout Germany was trained; these were the natural and lawful claims on which children, as they grew up, were to insist.

The Fantastic Dream of Pan-Germanism

On this map Germany, united in one country with Austria, extended from the English Channel to the Black Sea, the Ægean Sea, and the Adriatic. Belgium, the Netherlands, Denmark, all the Balkan countries except a small Greece, and the whole of Turkey in Europe with Constantinople were included in Austro-Germany. Most of France and a large part of Western Russia were also incorporated in the great Central Empire. Havre, Dieppe, Boulogne, and Calais, on the north, with the whole of the Seine valley and most of the Rhone valley, had been taken in. Switzerland and Italy remained independent; but the Central Empire encircled Switzerland on all sides except the Italian frontier. The whole of "German Russia," the parts of Western Russia where Germans are more or less numerous, had been added to the German dominions.

The map gave some clue to the way in which this growth was to be accomplished. Obviously, it was understood that France had been conquered, and reduced to a tiny State along the Atlantic Ocean. No one, not even the most confident of Prussians, could have supposed that France would have consented to this dismemberment except as the result of a successful German invasion. The most powerful influence in bringing about the present war was the absolute certainty felt by every German and Austrian that a war against France would be a promenade to the Atlantic coast, in which the German legions would march doing the parade-step, practically without opposition, across Paris to the mouths of the Loire and Garonne. It will be found on examination of history that almost every war has begun through the proud confidence felt by one side that it was able at any moment to beat the other.

If nations and governments realised the facts of the case, there would be no wars. The few cases in which a nation has gained immediate and complete success, have been misfortunes to the world, because they have fostered the hopes of the side which goes into war for the purpose of gaining land and spoils. Unluckily, the Prussian mentality has been determined entirely by success, sudden and complete, in three wars. Now, with an Army much larger, stronger, better equipped, and better prepared, Prussia and all Germany expected with undoubting confidence to eat up France at any time that it pleased, leaving only a tiny and helpless scrap of France in the west—not much, if at all, larger than Portugal.

The Bribes to Slavdom and Japan

As to Russia, the calculations of the map-makers were very different. They did not delude themselves with the idea that Russia was weak, and that it could be trampled in the dust. But a peaceful arrangement was possible; "German Russia" would be surrendered for an equivalent; and naturally the equivalent was to be given at other people's expense. The map showed Norway, Sweden, and Persia with the whole of Central Asia, coloured Russia, and forming one vast mass far surpassing in size European Austro-Germany.

The world that counted was to consist mainly of the two vast Empires, Germany and Russia. Peaceful penetration was the method that the map-makers relied on in dealing with Russia, which could always be Germanised at leisure; Russia was barbarian, and should be trained to German civilisation by German culture.

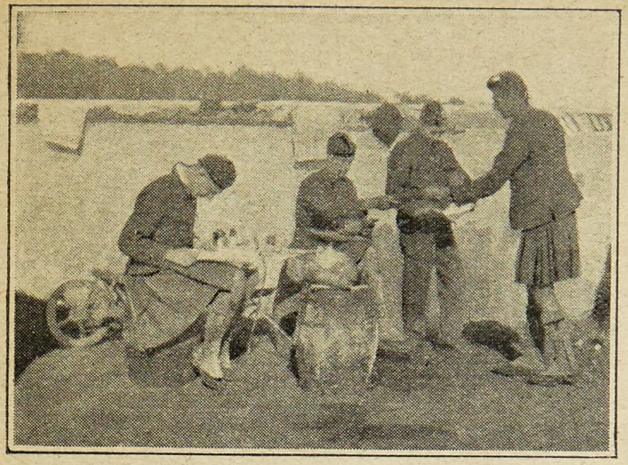
Japan was reckoned with also. It was greatly enlarged. Its "legitimate desire for expansion" was satisfied with possession of Australia, New Zealand, and all the great islands of Eastern Asia in that part of the Pacific. At the same time the existence of Japan was a menace to Russia, which would be helpless between Japan and Germany if the two latter Empires were in accord.

Most of Africa, including all French and Belgian territory, was taken over

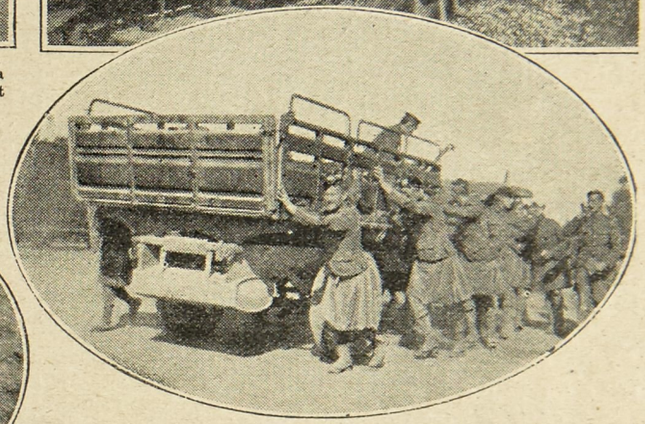
[*Continued on page* 460.

The ideal of the Prussian. How the map of Europe would appear if "Kultur" triumphed—a fantastic forecast of German ambitions as impressed upon the Teuton peoples by their military and professorial tyrants.

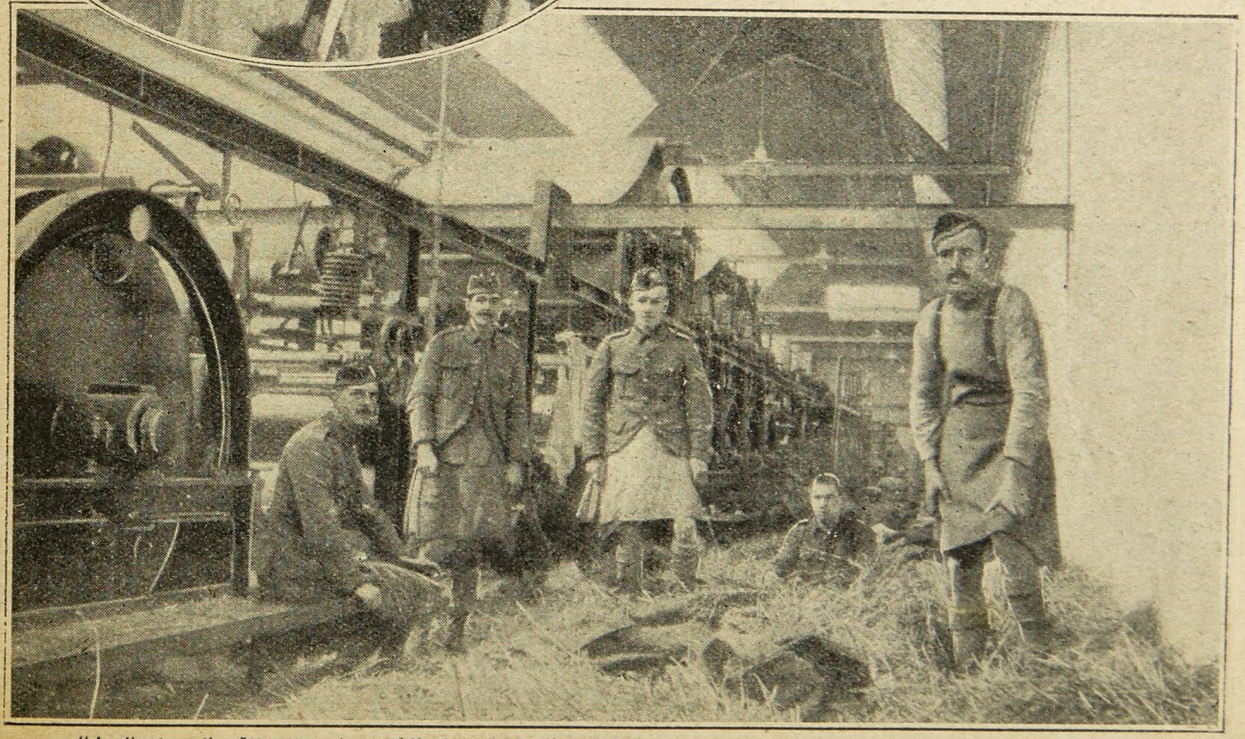
Light Hearts and Loyal Service of London Scots



Letters from home. The brightest moment in the day of a soldier on active service. On the right: London Scottish, just arrived from England, entraining for the firing-line.



A motor-transport having got into difficulties, the London Scottish lend a helping hand and start it on its way again. On the left: Bedraggled by a week in the trenches, but still smiling.



"In diggings." After the misery of the trenches a disused factory, thickly carpeted with straw, makes a luxurious billet.

PRUSSIAN MAPS & IMPERIAL PLANS

(Continued from page 438.)

by Germany. South Africa remained free and allied. The fate of India I do not remember. The United States was left out of the account. The German opinion, very emphatically expressed in private by many Germans, has always been that the United States, being devoted to peace, do not count in the world, and would submit quietly to being ignored and disregarded. There was a large Germany in South America; but I do not remember its bounds.

The British Empire had shrunk to the two islands of Great Britain and Ireland. Obviously its sea-power had been transferred to Germany; for the harbours all over the world, on which sea-power rests, had been taken from it. A German Africa and South America implied command of the ocean.

Such were the ideals to which young Germany had been trained up from childhood long before the war. Now, look how Prussian war-plans in 1915 have aimed at realising the ideals, and what success they have had.

Prussia has seized a part of France, far less than it hoped, and it has formed a line of frontier defence which France and Britain have been unable to break, for even the brilliant French victory in Champagne last September failed to break the line definitely, and Prussia still holds the summit of the Hill of Tahure. The attempt to realise the ideal on the west has been made, and has not been successful except in a modest degree; but the idea is clearly seen in the fate of Belgium and French Lorraine.

The Junker Ideal and the Eastern Front

So also on the East the attempt has been made to seize all "German Russia." As Russia has refused to listen to the peace proposals that were made to it time and again, the seizure had to be forcible, and the plan has been more successful on this side than on the west. Prussia has gained—for the time—practically all that her map-makers intended; only Riga has not been gained; and the line of frontier defence is not nearly so strong on this side as on the west.

Still, the plan of campaign is clearly seen. The German Army has been trying to adjust the map to suit the old ideas. It has not been quite successful; but men are imperfect, and it is human to fall short of perfection. Next in the plan comes the south-eastern region. Those who call the Serbian enterprise a gambler's desperate last throw may find they are wrong. It is the orderly execution of a plan formed many years ago. We trust it will be even less successful than the throw on the west; but it is no mere venture, and it has had some success, for it has gained part of Serbia and all Bulgaria.

As to the other elements of the plan, the sop to Japan, the giving of Norway and Sweden to Russia, a German Africa and South America, the allied South African State, etc., their execution has been postponed to a distant future; and it is evident in each case that the consent of those various countries has not been gained. While Sweden is, on the whole, pro-German in feeling, it is so because it has been deluded into believing that Germany was its protector against Russia, and it would not favour the completion of the Prussian plan.

The Huns' Asiatic Ambitions

It has never been the intention of Prussian map-makers to alienate Turkey, which was to be compensated in Asia and Egypt for the loss of Constantinople. This part of the plan is now in the mind of General von Mackensen. There is vast wealth in Asia Minor, which was for six or eight centuries after Christ the richest region of the world—richer even than Egypt, for the wealth of Egypt was carried away every year to Rome, leaving the enslaved Egyptians poor as before, while the wealth of Asia Minor remained in the country, except for Imperial taxes, because the population was largely free. The great Imperial estates, however, which were peopled by slaves of the Emperor, were ever growing larger in Asia Minor, just as all Egypt except Alexandria was one vast Imperial domain.

The wealth of Asia Minor is now potential, not actual. The country produces little more than enough to feed the population; but the amount can be immensely increased, and there is much unworked mineral wealth over and above the moderate amount that is exported. Within a year after reaching Constantinople, the Germans, if permitted to remain there as masters, would stimulate largely the produce of Turkey. Schemes for this purpose have been in process of execution for the last six or seven years; grandiose schemes of irrigation, and new roads and railways; and it is now time for them to bear fruit. The small ruling class in Turkey will bear nominal sway over the whole of Turkey, but the masters will be German, and the profits will be mainly German. This is the plan. Has it any chance of success? I doubt it.

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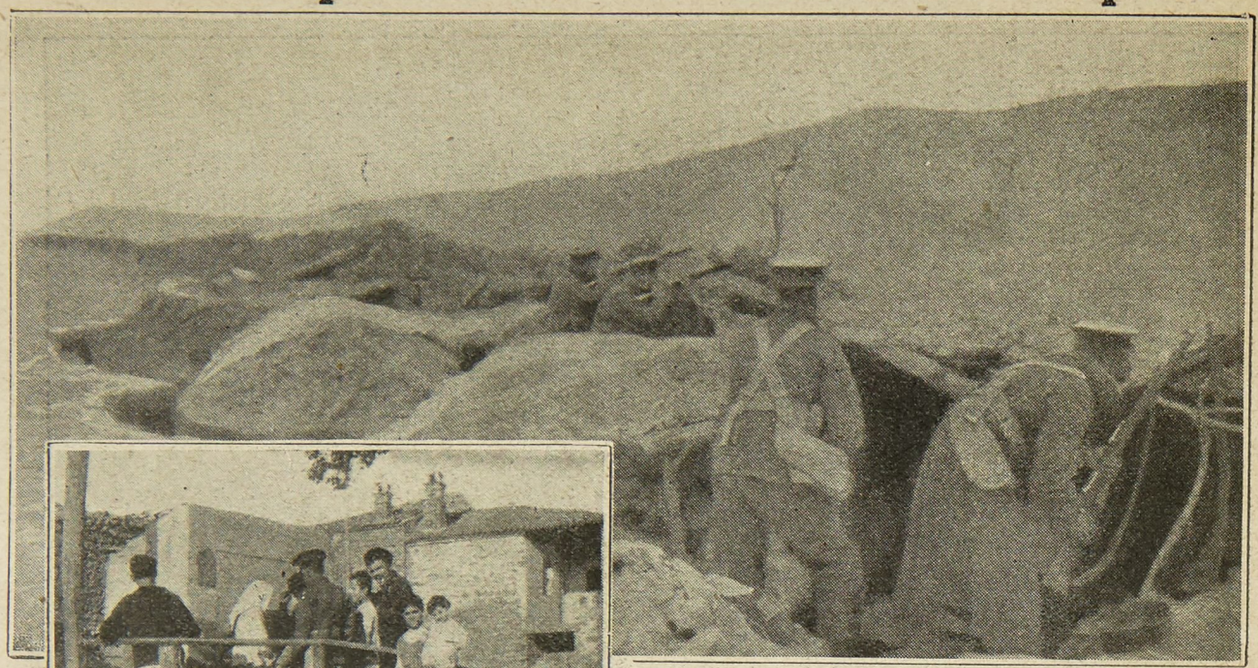
"Deutschland uber Alles," on paper. Map of the world, similar to those appearing in German restaurants and text-books before the war. The complete disappearance of small independent kingdoms is the dominating note of this startling hallucination.

Five Minutes' Cold-Steel Duel on a Staircase

Having gained the village of Hulluch a party of British soldiers were awaiting the arrival of supports when they were treacherously fired upon by Germans left behind as prisoners. In the absence of an officer, Private Thomas asked for volunteers to accompany him to the place whence the shots were fired. Climbing through a window in the house, he was met on the staircase by an officer of the machine-gun party, and engaged him in a duel lasting five minutes. Private Thomas eventually succeeded in breaking his adversary's bayonet, and tried to disarm him. The officer fired, wounding the private in the hand, but immediately fell dead himself with a bullet in the head. In the meantime British soldiers entered the house through another window.

Britain's Spartan Sons in the Land of Apollo

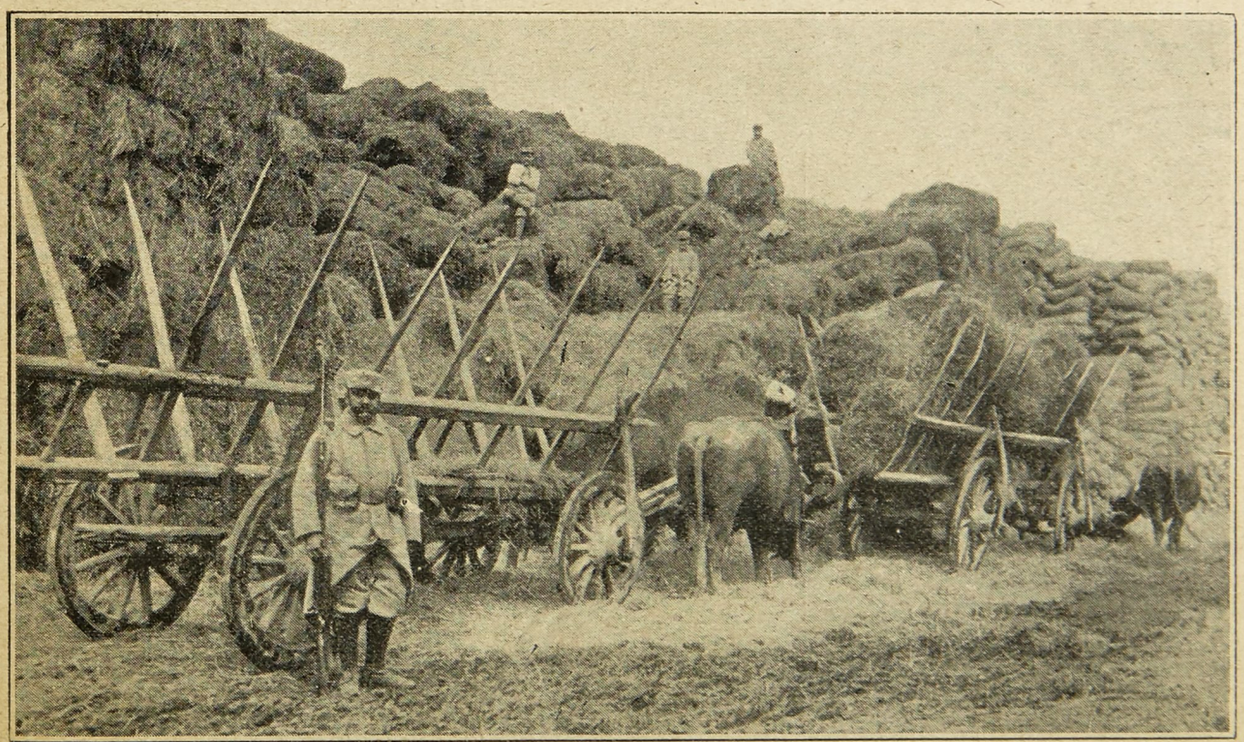


British advanced trench in the Balkans. "Tommies" on outpost duty waiting for some Bulgarian snipers to show themselves.

Scottish soldiers resting in the streets of Salonika while awaiting the order to take their departure for the front. Greece could hardly see finer specimens of the British Army than these half-dozen splendid men, stamped with health and resolution. Inset: British soldier and sailor with a happy group of peasants at a picturesque well in a Greek village.

Marching to Battle Through the Grecian Gateway

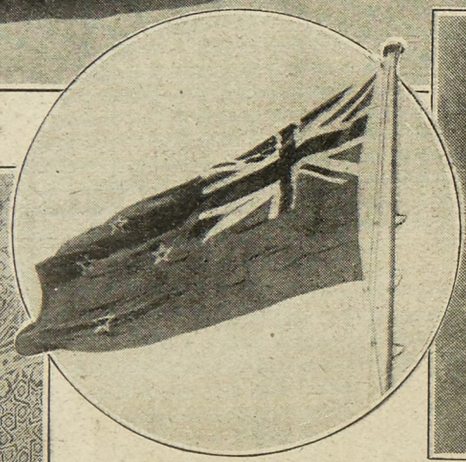
Though the country through which this khaki line is passing seems peaceful enough, already the men can hear the roar of the guns, and the smoke from bursting shells, seen amid the hills in the distance, marks the Allies' front.



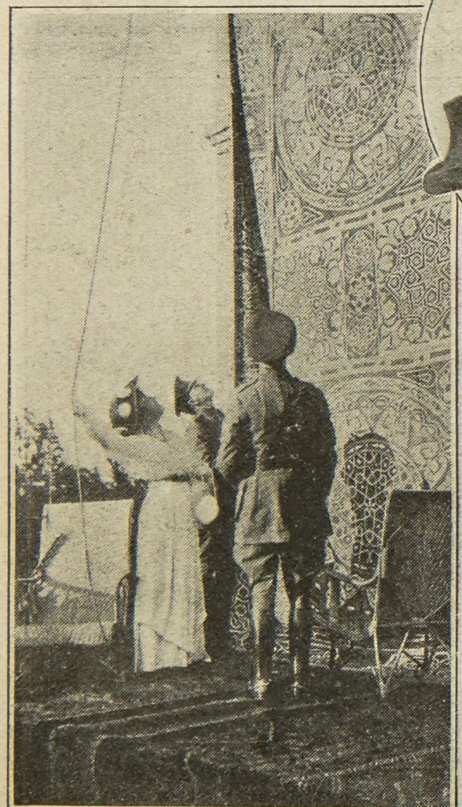
Part of the huge store of forage stacked at Salonika for the use of the French troops operating against the Bulgarians. Britain and France have had to make vast preparations for supplying their soldiers and animals during the campaign in the Balkans, and Salonika is now the base for enormous quantities of the Allies' stores.

Empire Fighters in the Land of the Pharaohs

Maimed Australian heroes at Cairo Station. Too badly wounded to fight again, they were returning home.

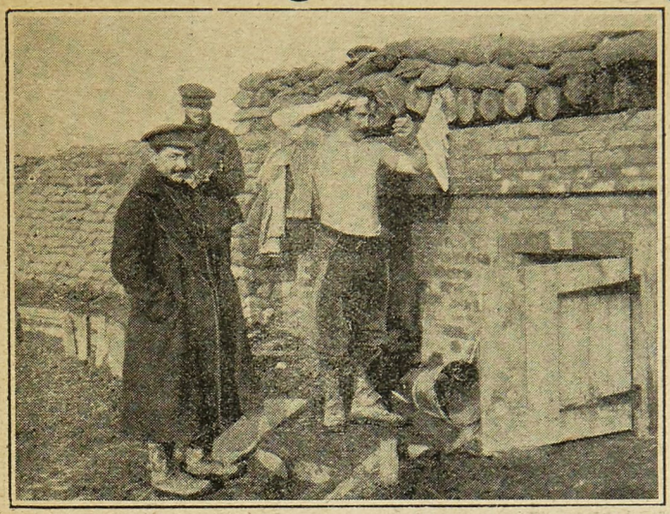


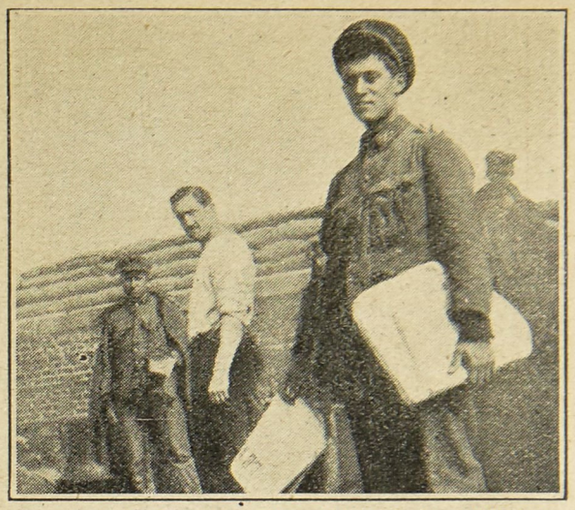
The new flag, the gift of the women of Auckland, floating over the New Zealand Hospital, Cairo. Right: Canadian nurses at the Canadian Military Hospital, for Dardanelles wounded, Cairo.



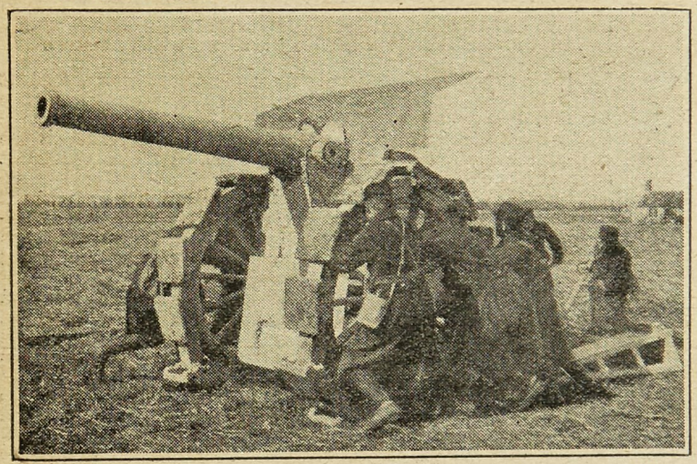
Lady Maxwell, the wife of Gen. Sir John Maxwell, commanding in Egypt, unfurling the new flag at the New Zealand Hospital, Cairo. Right: Officers of the Instructional Staff with the Australian Forces. From left to right: Major R. B. Clifton, Duke of Wellington's Regt.; Lieut.-Col. E. M. Colston, Grenadier Guards; Capt. H. J. Watkins, Coldstreamers; Capt. I. A. S. Cooke, Connaught Rangers.

In the Firing-line with Belgium's Dauntless Army

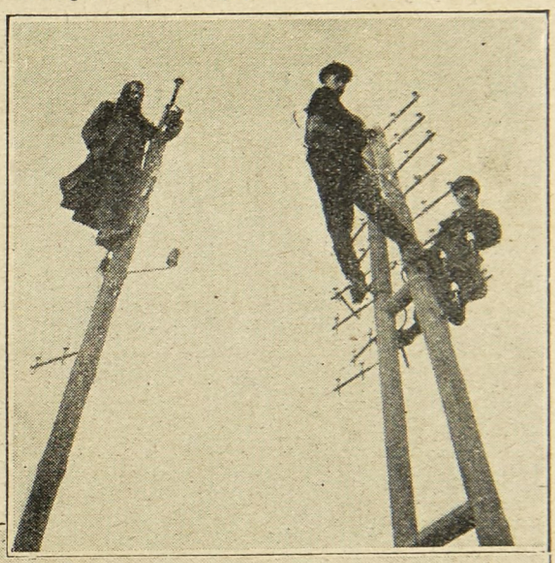


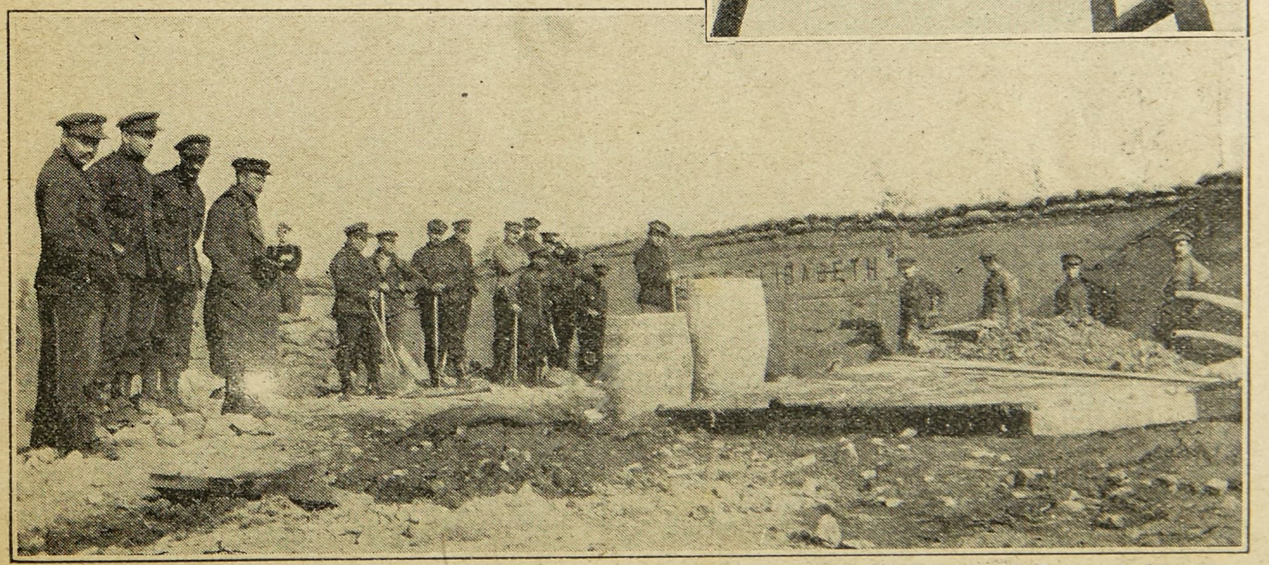


Belgian soldier's chilly but welcome toilet in a strongly-built first-line trench in Flanders. The solid brick dug-out has a perfectly made wooden door. Right: The day's news in the firing-line. A Belgian soldier newspaper vendor going his rounds.



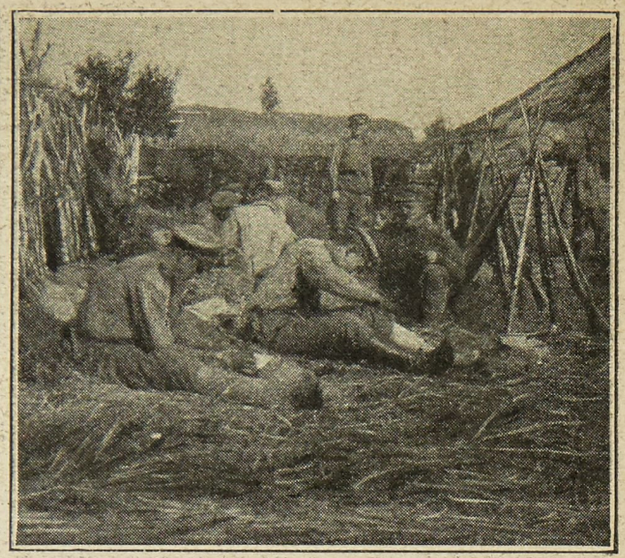
Belgian artillerymen hauling a 4·8 in. gun into position. Aided by the Allies, the Belgian Army now possesses many new guns and plenty of munitions.





A redoubt in the Belgian lines which the soldiers have christened "Elisabeth Redoubt," in honour of their heroic Queen, who has many times visited the first-line trenches, even while the Germans have been firing. Inset: Belgian engineers repairing telegraph wires immediately after they had been damaged by a German shell.

Camera Records from our Russian Correspondent:



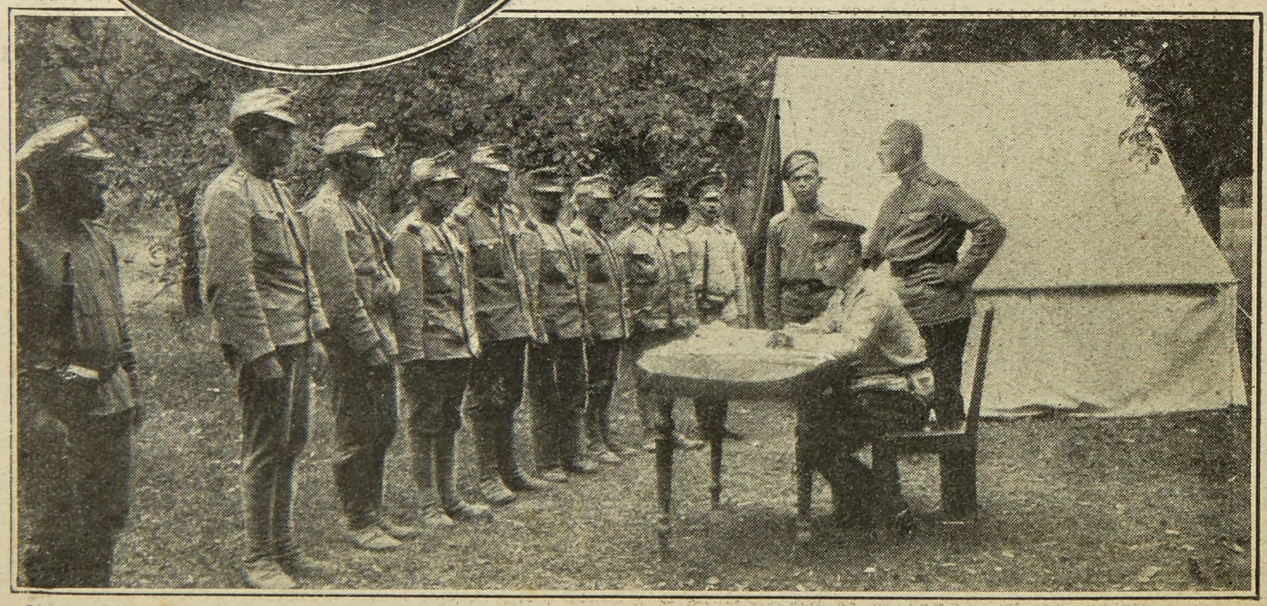
Left: Wounded Russians at a rest camp behind the lines near Riga. Above: Russian officers lunching near the Dvina trenches.

THESE exclusive photographs from our camera-correspondent with the Russian forces near Riga come at an appropriate time, and show some of the men who defeated the terrific German attacks made on the Russian line, from Dvina to the sea, at the beginning of November, of which the first detailed account has only recently been published.

At first the Russians were compelled to retire somewhat, before the fierce offensive, but soon they delivered a counter-stroke which defeated all the German attempts to cross the Dvina, and cost the enemy no fewer than 12,000 lives, according to his own estimate.

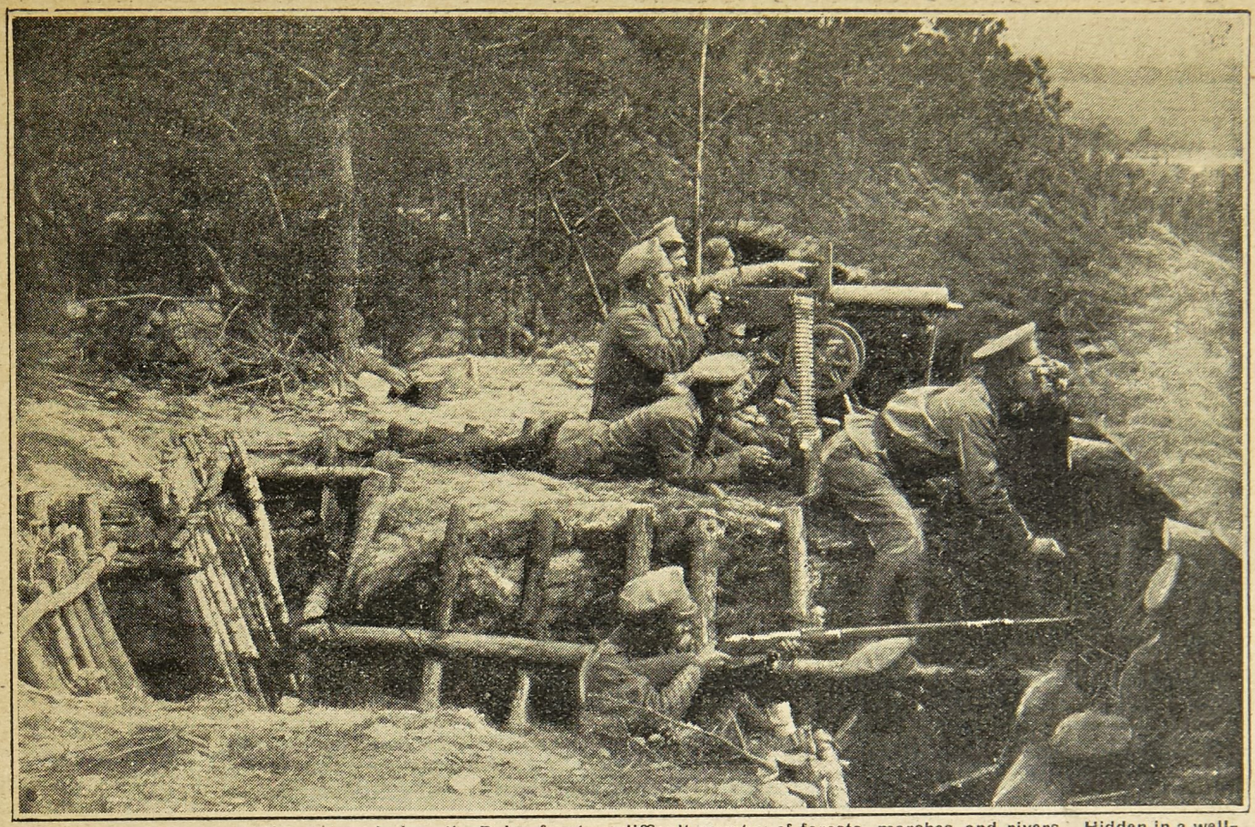
Retiring in perfect order, the Russians crossed the Dvina and destroyed their bridges. Then, in their hidden trenches on the bank, they exercised wonderful self-restraint, actually allowing the unsuspecting enemy practically to complete a pontoon bridge without firing a shot to betray their presence.

Just as the German battalions were ready to rush across the river, a Russian gun "spoke," and a shell tore the pontoon from its moorings. The Russian guns continued to hurl shell after shell among the confused masses of Germans on the opposite bank, driving the enemy into precipitate retreat.

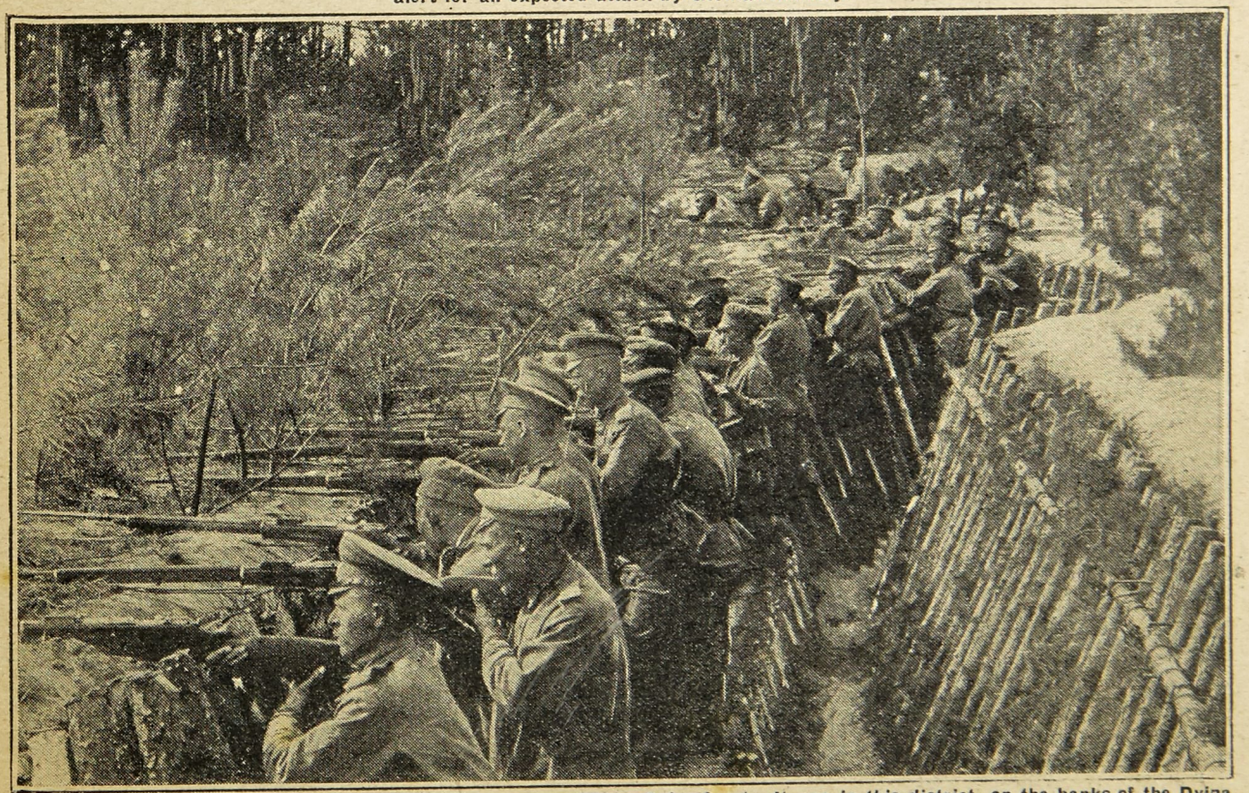


Captured Austrians being interrogated by Russian officers. Inset above: German deserter who entered the Russian lines on the Dvina front about to be cross-examined by Russian officers at the Staff Headquarters. (Photographs exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")

A Lair of the 'Bear' in a Dvina Forest



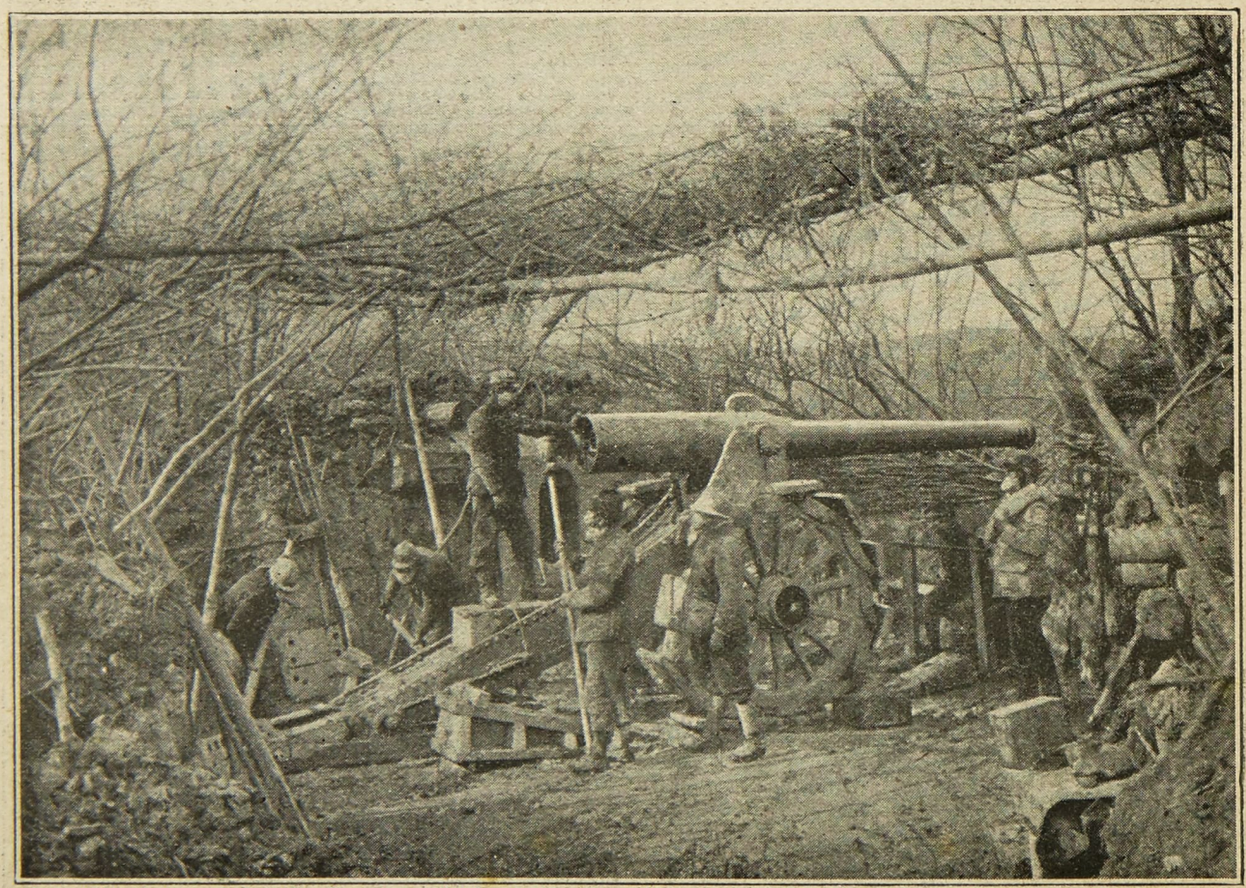
Russian machine-gun section entrenched on the Dvina front—a difficult country of forests, marshes, and rivers. Hidden in a well-screened trench dug deeply in the hard-frozen ground, the Russians, at the time this striking photograph was taken, were on the alert for an expected attack by German infantry.



Russian infantry manning a trench on the edge of a forest on the Dvina front. It was in this district, on the banks of the Dvina River, that the Russians, at the beginning of November, beat back a terrific German onslaught which cost the enemy, according to their own computation, no less than 12,000 men. (Photographs exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")

Great Men & Great Guns on the Champagne Front

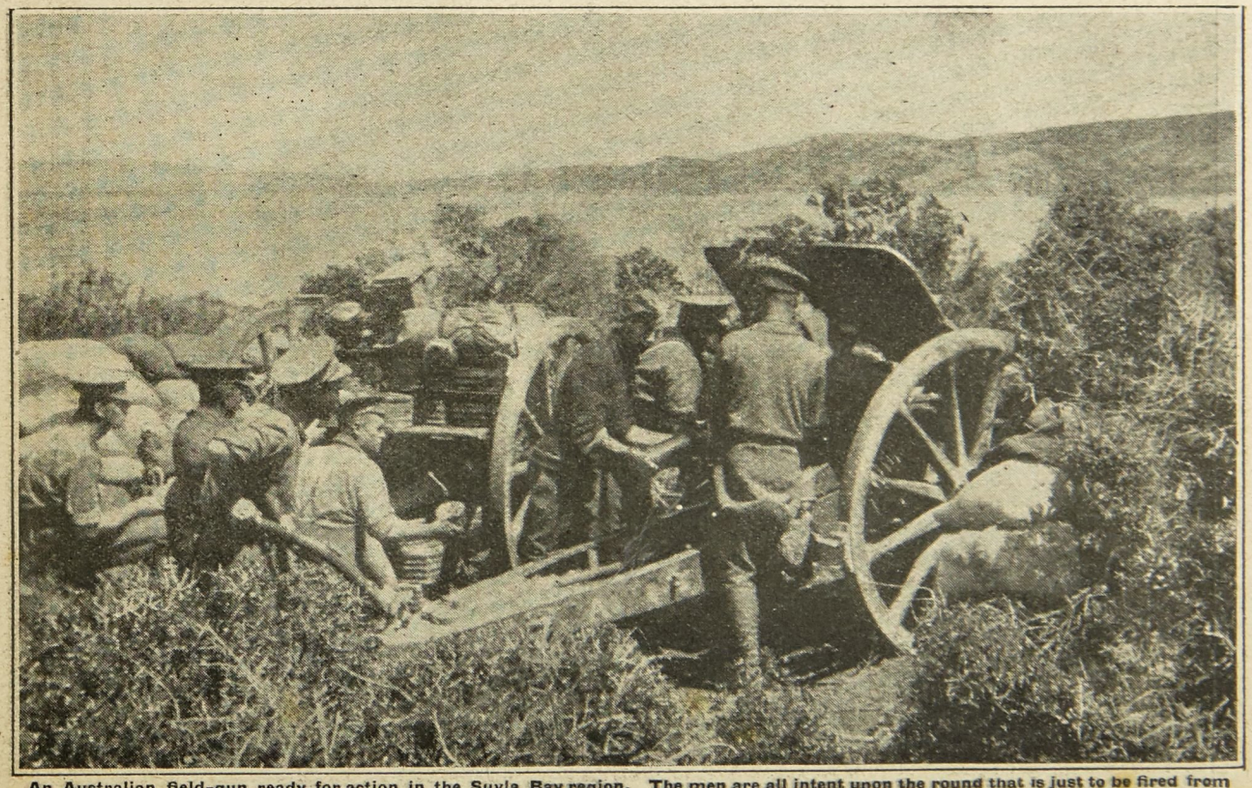
M. Poincare, in company with General Dubail, General Humbert, and Staff officers, closely following the effects of a bombardment of the German position with heavy guns. Since the beginning of the war the French President has played a part in the affairs of France fully in keeping with the great period of his regime. President Poincare ever applies his splendid intellect to bring about the Great Revenge.



Impressive photograph from the Champagne district, showing a huge 155 mm. cannon in action. The gunners are masked in readiness for a possible gas attack, and are wearing special goggles to mitigate the effect of what are known as "weeping shells," German projectiles whose gas makes the eyes water.

Scenes at Suvla Bay before Evacuation

Taking a Turkish officer who has been made prisoner down to the base at Gallipoli. He was blindfolded before being taken along our lines of communication, and is assisted civilly down the stony way by one of his escort.



An Australian field-gun ready for action in the Suvla Bay region. The men are all intent upon the round that is just to be fired from the brushwood-screened nook overlooking the sea that would form an ideal spot for a picnic.

VICTORIA FOR THE VICTORIOUS.—The great metropolitan rendezvous for the Sunny South Coast, or for a romantic Continental jaunt, is now the junction for Trench Town. To those who stay behind with aching heart and anxious vigil, Victoria has a great significance; for one day the absent father, son, or sweetheart may be back for a short leave from the stern business of war. Every night at this popular terminus the war is brought close to our insular hearts, and on this stage a scene is enacted which inspires that joy so close akin to tears. Still caked with the mud of the battlefield, laden with an assortment of weapons, men from the arena of Mars flock out of the "special" to be greeted by their dear ones. Here the sweetheart, overcome with joy, embraces her brawny Scot, whose proud parents wait to give him the parental kiss. There a handsome officer, having rejoined his young wife, is off to find a taxi. The father greeting his youngest child makes a charming group. Let the pacifist look on this and ask himself whether he would not, for one brief moment, like to be a man of arms.

A New Year Look at the Fields of War

By Our War Correspondent, F. A. McKENZIE

HOW do we stand at the opening of the New Year? What has been the real outcome of the twelve months of fighting? Are we stronger or weaker than we were on January 1st, 1915?

There are many facts which could be used for an argument to prove either that our success is now certain or that we have lost heavily. To come to a real verdict it is necessary to weigh and balance the losses and gains one against the other.

We have succeeded in foiling the German plans in the west. At the close of 1914 the invasion of this country by Germany was an arguable possibility; to-day, it is in the highest degree unlikely. The Germans had two major plans in reserve against us. They were preparing their fleet of submarines to destroy our warships and our commerce, and they were completing their Zeppelins to attempt the aerial bombardment and destruction of our cities. Had either of these succeeded as the Germans anticipated, the war must have ended in their favour. The destruction of our sea strength by submarines would have starved Britain out in a very short time. Happily our Navy was equal to the emergency and the submarine menace has been overcome. Had it been possible to destroy London and other cities wholesale by Zeppelins, it is hard to see that we could have continued fighting much longer. It has not been possible.

What Was Hoped and What Is

The line of the west remains substantially what it was a year ago. The armies face each other in most sections over the very same line that they faced one another on January 1st, 1915. In places like Dixmude the rival forces hold the same streets as they did, and watch one another over the same twenty yards or more that divide them. This is a complete disappointment to the Germans, but it is equally a complete disappointment to us. A year ago we were all confident about what was going to happen. The big push was to start in the spring. We were to force our way up through Lille in the direction of Ghent, compelling the Germans, under the threat of being outflanked, to evacuate their existing front. Our spring campaign was to fling them back on the Antwerp-Brussels-Namur line. Northern France was to be cleared and the summer of fighting in Belgium was to be the preliminary to the invasion of the Rhine country in 1916.

How mad it sounds to-day!

Germany on her side was confident of her ability to capture Calais and the whole line of country down to Havre. From that coast she intended to prepare for the invasion of England.

To-day the situation on the western front is a stalemate. It is yet to be seen if this can be changed. We have enormous and magnificent armies behind the lines—armies such as Britain has never seen before. Our arms, our equipment, our monster guns, our splendid aircraft, and our perfection in detail would have seemed miraculous two years ago. How can we bring the great forces which we possess there to bear on the enemy? This is a question which the year 1916 will probably answer before it is many weeks old.

The Phœnix of Austria

A year ago Austria seemed at the point of collapse. Russia, having overrun Galicia, was pouring her armies through the Carpathians, preparatory to a spring advance on Budapest. To-day, Austria seems imbued with new life. Despite the severe sufferings of her people, her armies have fought, in combination with the Germans during the year, with wholly unexpected success. The whole group of Russian fortresses around the apparently impregnable triangle of Warsaw, Ivangorod, and Brest Litovsk has been captured. The whole of Poland is in German hands, and the German armies for a time seemed to threaten Petrograd itself.

Great and unexpected weaknesses revealed themselves in the Russian military organisation. Treason and corruption in high places did much to render the courage of the Russian soldier of no account. There was an amazing failure of ammunition—a failure even greater than that which did our own armies so much harm in the spring and early summer. It seemed for a short time that Russia must be overwhelmed. But here we have far more reason for encouragement and hope than might appear at first sight. The Russian people, in their hour of greatest danger, rallied splendidly. Munitions were poured in from many quarters. Japan helped, America helped, and Britain did her share. The Germans and Austrians found themselves faced, before their plans were completed, by the most terrible enemy of all—the Russian winter—the same enemy which destroyed Napoleon's armies. The Russian fighting machine is essentially better to-day than it was a year ago, and the Russian armies will make an overwhelming effort when spring comes to sweep the weakened invaders back.

The Near Eastern Problem

The blackest chapter in our own military history of the war during the past year has been in the Dardanelles. The Dardanelles campaign has been one long blunder. The only redeeming feature of it has been the unexampled courage of our men.

The Balkans afford a striking example of the danger of allowing diplomatic considerations to have a predominant weight during war. For months we hesitated, shilly-shallied, and delayed there. We did nothing, when we should have done everything; sat still, when we should have struck hard. The result is evident for all to see. A year ago it seemed as though the whole of the Balkan States would come on our side. To-day, Bulgaria is fighting against us; Serbia, our ally, is largely destroyed; the statesmen and military commanders of Greece can scarcely make a decent show of concealing their anger at us. Only the threat of our Fleet against their great cities has saved us from the enmity of Greece. As against the failure of diplomacy in the Balkans, however, we must weigh in our favour the fact that Italy came on our side. Up to now the full strength of Italy has not been felt, owing to the difficulties of her Alpine war. She should, during the year that is ahead, count for more and more.

One Great Cause for Optimism

For us the most serious and menacing quarter of war during the months that are ahead may well be the Near East. There is now regular communication between Berlin and Constantinople, and the railways run freely all the way. The Central Powers are directly linked up with their Allies—Bulgaria and Turkey. Germany and Austria can pour great supplies of guns and munitions into Turkey. German agents are opening fresh campaigns to stir up the fanatical hatred of the Mohammedan tribes of Northern Africa and Arabia against us. A year ago the threatened Turkish campaign against the Suez Canal was a subject for laughter. To-day our great armies along the canal banks shows how seriously we take the threat.

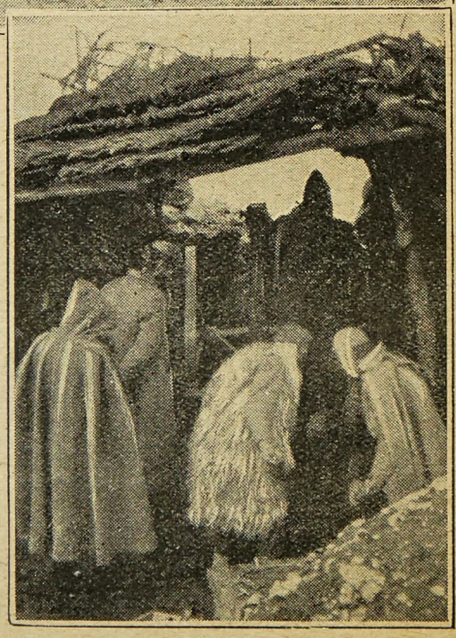
There is one great factor in our favour. Germany and Austria are straining their resources in men and in munitions to the very utmost. Their losses have been staggering. They have reached and passed their maximum strength in troops, save in so far as they can draw upon Asia. We have not yet touched our reserves of manhood. By the early summer of 1916 Britain will have 4,000,000 men under arms and well armed. Both the Germans and ourselves suffer from a lack of experienced officers, and more especially experienced non-commissioned officers.

Germany, with weakening forces, is extending her line, and rapidly extending it. The Balkans may well prove to her the ulcer eating out her internal strength as the ulcer of the Spanish Peninsula ate into the strength of Napoleon.

Where the Flame of Freedom Burns Brightest

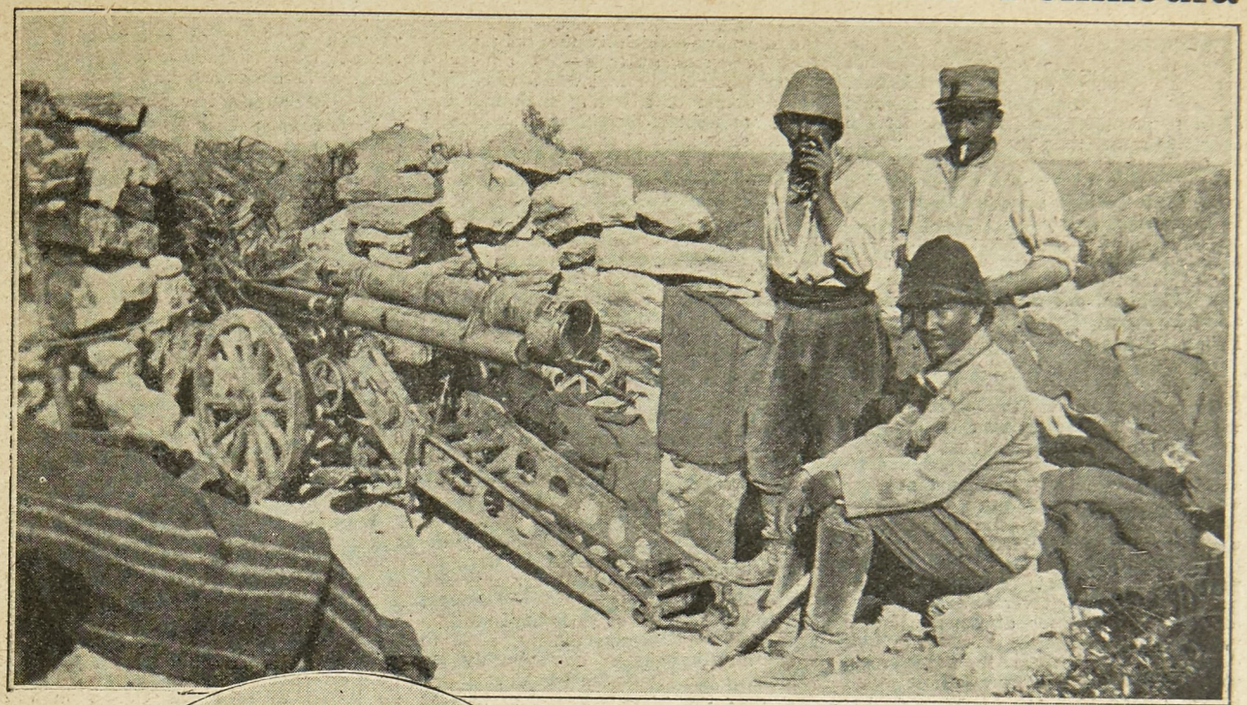
Marching out from Cettinge, their capital, on which bombs have already been dropped. The Montenegrins are consumed with passionate love of freedom. On the left: A typical Montenegrin mountain fighter on his hardy pony.

The invasion of Montenegro has begun at two points. This photograph shows some of Austria's Bosnian troops in a Montenegrin village on the frontier.

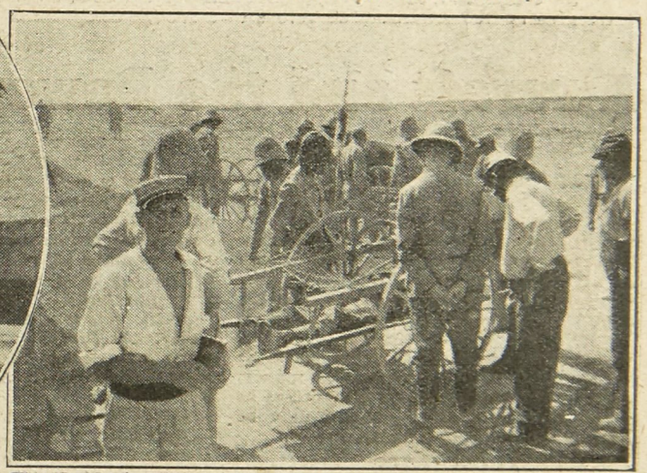


Malissori tribesmen amid the crags of Mount Klementi, on the Montenegrin frontier. On the right: Montenegrin gunners at a casemate. Superhuman efforts of the enemy will be required to quench the flame of freedom in this courageous little country.

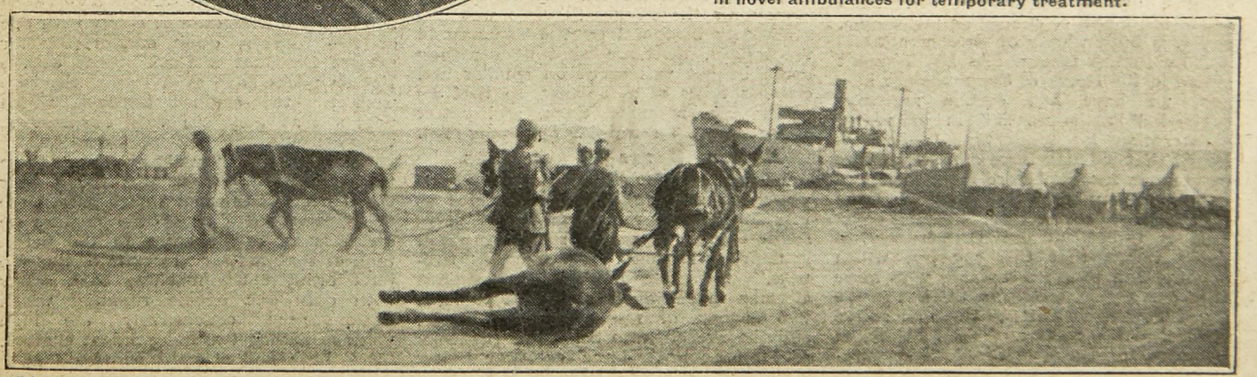
With the Tricolour in the Fateful Peninsula



A mountain cannon in the trenches at Gallipoli. French 65 mm. gun and crew, snapped behind a stone barricade. The circle photograph shows two birds of ill-omen, captured by French marines and appropriately christened Wilhelm and Franz Joseph.



The open-air surgery on Gallipoli. Wounded French soldiers arriving in novel ambulances for temporary treatment.



Disposing of the carcase of a dead horse. It is being drawn down to the water by a mule. In the background the s.s. River Clyde whose remarkable arrival at Gallipoli made one of the most thrilling chapters in British history. (Exclusive photographs.)

Our Diplomacy and the War on Sea

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

PROPINQUITY is a great fact in the psychology of war, and throws everything out of perspective. It leads to an altogether disproportionate effort to prepare on a large scale for the defensive rather than the offensive. One of the best of our military critics, for instance, lent the whole weight of his influence to keeping large bodies of troops in preparing defensive works in this country against invasion; and now, hypnotised by our great trade route through the Suez Canal, he has tacked on to this demand one for a great defensive army in Egypt.

False Strategy

He gives us two months for preparation, but "we must have in Egypt a force answerable to the largest army which can, in the opinion of qualified experts, be brought against us." Let us suppose the Germans reach Constantinople, is it not obvious that they will then have before them four objectives to choose from—the Dardanelles, the Caucasus, Mesopotamia, and Egypt?

The defensive policy would require preparation to meet them at all four points, so that whatever force they were able to set in motion at Constantinople would tend to multiply its effect in four directions. We should be transferring to a land Power the very attribute which should belong to a sea Power—viz., the power of multiplying its striking force with an army through its ability to strike secretly and swiftly anywhere along the coasts from the sea.

We give up the initiative, we give up the offensive—which is the only policy that impresses neutrals—and all for a policy which can never win a war. We never dream of adopting such methods when we fight a battle, and we should not do so in a world-wide war.

In fact, if a certain course of conduct is one of the greatest folly for our opponents to adopt, we should do anything to tempt them to adopt it. Now both the invasion of England and of Egypt brings Germany within the grasp of our naval power. We should do nothing to deter the German General Staff from such plans; but we may be quite sure that, as with Napoleon at Boulogne, the persistence of their talk about these projects has for its chief object that we should play their game by diverting our forces from the offensive to the defensive.

German Credulity

The German estimate of our psychology is the same as that of Frederick the Great, that "the English will stampede like wild horses before their own imaginations." This temperament certainly is not characteristic of the seafaring classes, who have always ridiculed the invasion scares throughout our history, and it was because of their hard-headedness that Von Tirpitz utterly failed to make any impression on them by his threats of the submarine blockade.

If only the arm-chair diplomatists at the Foreign Office had the same hard-headedness, they would never have allowed the Germans to drive their supplies through our naval blockade by a corrupt campaign in America to impress us with the bogy of antagonising the United States. It is the very essence of war that action should be drastic.

Blockade the Mediterranean

I referred the other day to the Mediterranean, and the submarine menace to our transports. The course indicated was that we should pool all the available small craft under one command for a ruthless hunt of submarines and their bases. The matter, however, of the new phase of Mediterranean war does not end there. We have the oil supplies of these submarines to account for, and the new door for Germanic trade through Greece.

Surely the time has come to remind ourselves that we have in Gibraltar and Suez the opportunity of policing every ounce of cargo that goes into the Mediterranean. At both places vessels, after search, should be given prescribed courses and speeds in accordance with their papers, and any breach should lead to arrest on the voyage.

We know that, for the sake of the high inducements offered, Greek ships have helped the Germanic submarines. We have to impress on neutrals that the game is not worth the candle. All through this war we have been hopelessly handicapped by the fact that, while land power has been directed by generals, sea power has been directed by diplomatists. We have no bribes to offer the Greeks in this matter of submarines, except for information; but we can inflict pretty substantial fines now that ships are so valuable by reason of the high freights they can earn.

Aircraft and the Power of Pegasus

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

VARIOUS papers have, during the past week or two, illustrated the twin-engined Caudron biplane, which made an eminently satisfactory first appearance at the London Aerodrome at Hendon recently. Although the Germans and French have been using aeroplanes with two engines for the past couple of months on active service, this was the first British-built aeroplane to be turned out during the war, and its makers deserve congratulation on its success as a flying machine. One hopes it may be equally successful as a "Hun-strafer."

An Entente Aeroplane

It is true that it was built to French designs, but it has certain alterations which must not, of course, be mentioned, and it is built wholly of British material and by British labour. As Mr. Tennant stated in the House of Commons not long ago, we have had certain multiple-engined "battle-'planes" in course of construction for some time, and it is hoped that we may have quite a number of them in the air before long, so it is a happy augury that the first of them should be so satisfactory.

It is typical of our British way of doing things that this country, which was the first to use aeroplanes with more than one engine, should be the last of the Great Powers to produce them on active service. As a matter of fact, the Short Brothers, of the Isle of Sheppey, produced several biplanes of various types with two engines apiece so long ago as 1911-1912, and one of them was flown by naval officers attached to one of the Armies during the military manœuvres of 1912. In those days we had no really big aero-engines, so these machines had nominally only 100 horse-power between the two engines. To tell the truth, each engine really only gave about 40 horse-power, so these huge things had a mere 80 horse-power, which in these days is considered too little for even the tiny single-seated scouting biplanes known as "tabloids."

Naturally, therefore, the multiple-engines of Shorts were very slow, but they showed what might be done if experiments were carried on. Unfortunately, money for the Flying Services was not generously bestowed by the Treasury in those days, therefore what little money could be got was spent on smaller and cheaper types of aeroplanes, so that we could have more of them, and better opportunities for training our flying men.

Where Horse-Power Wins

To-day, anything less than 100 horse-power on any aeroplane is regarded as insufficient, and the Germans are using single engines of 150 or 160 horse-power in their big biplanes. The famous "two-tails," the first of the twin-engined German machines, is estimated to have two engines of 150 horse-power each; and the French, who believe in efficiency rather than brute force, get even better performances in the way of speed and climbing rate with two engines of about 100 horse-power each.

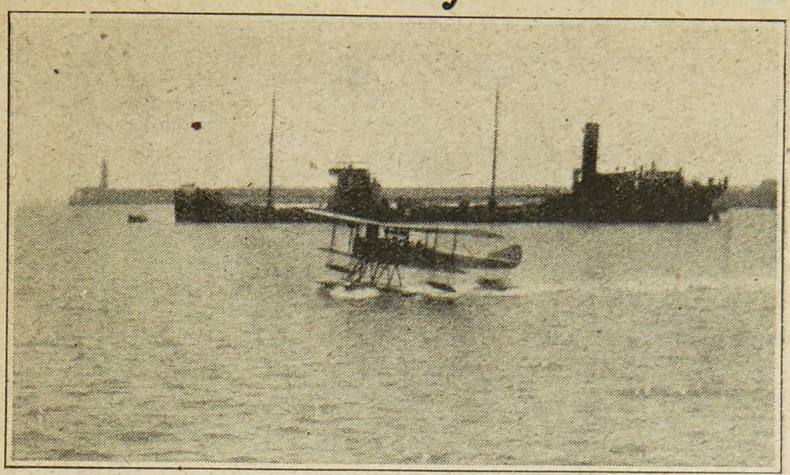
The German papers talk of colossal triplanes—machines with three sets of wings, and horse-power up to 1,000 or more. These huge things are likely to be a trifle clumsy to handle, and some "experts" regard them as being about the limit in size for aeroplanes, if they are to be "flyable" by any ordinary man. That remains to be seen, and doubtless, in the still more enormous aeroplanes of the future, controls will be worked by auxiliary power, as is the rudder of a big ship.

Control and Mobility

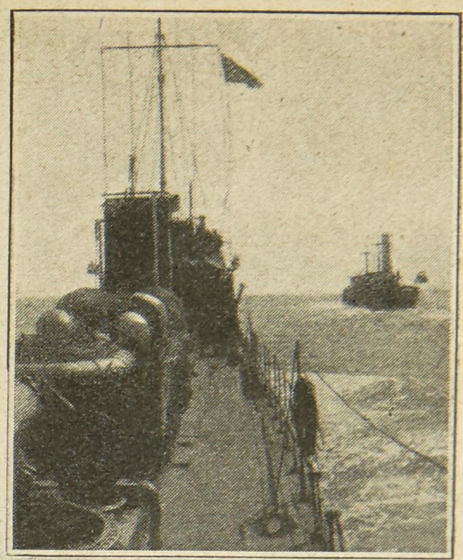
It has been shown that one man can control a machine with something between 200 and 300 horse-power, either with one or two engines, quite comfortably for several hours at a time. Some of the French pilots have even looped the loop with the twin-engined biplanes, which proves that they are very obedient to their controls.

Some six or eight weeks ago one of these twin-engined Caudrons was flying over the German lines when a shell burst close to it, smashed one of the engines to smithereens, and set fire to the petrol tank of that engine. In spite of this the pilot brought the machine back safely with only one engine running, which demonstrated conclusively the high value of having two independent engines, for if both had stopped he would have been compelled to descend.

With the Destroyers in Search of the Pirates



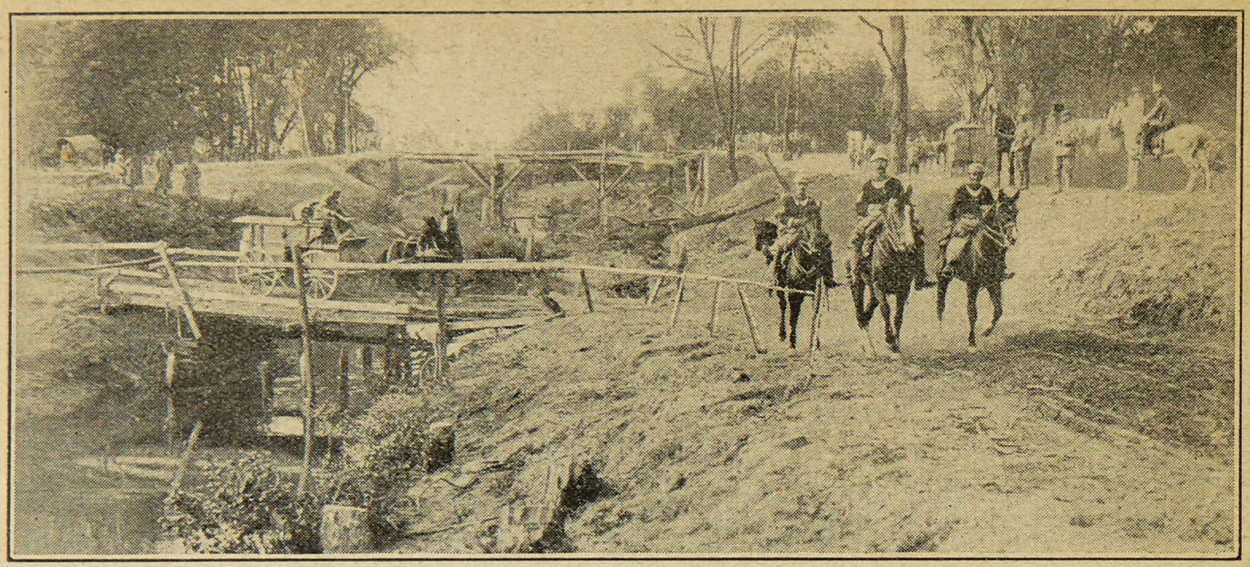
A naval waterplane starting out to sea on patrol duty. The Navy's aircraft wing is a strong link in the steel network protecting our shores.



The officer of the watch in a British destroyer, doing patrol duty in the North Sea, warning a merchantman through a megaphone of the presence of a hostile submarine. Inset: Photograph taken from a destroyer while she was escorting an oil vessel to port.

Ships of the "Mosquito Fleet" setting out to look for "fun," otherwise U boats, in the North Sea. The British Navy refers to its destroyers and other small craft as "mosquitoes." (These photographs are exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")

The Enemy in Russia—at Large and in Leash!



German Red Cross contingent following in the wake of their army in Russia. The Russians leave no bridge standing once they have finished with it, and the movements of the enemy forces are hindered and delayed on all sides by the thorough means taken by the Russans to hamper hostile transport operations.

A silk-hatted Hun and another wearing a "bowler" among a crowd of German prisoners recently captured by the Russians. Most of the Germans appear happy to have been captured. The two in the foreground are exchanging pleasantries with the guards.

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENTS IN THE WAR

IX.—The Royal Scots Greys

"WE went through them like brown paper," said Sir Philip Chetwode of our cavalry against German cavalry in the early days of the Great War, and one of the regiments which did this was the famous Royal Scots Greys, or 2nd Dragoons, the heroes of Waterloo. The Greys had another distinction in those days, one which, now that we are all unhappily so familiar with long and terrible casualty lists, may easily be forgotten. The very first casualty reported in the war was an officer of this regiment, as on August 22nd, the day before Mons, a young Scottish nobleman, the Earl of Leven and Melville, was dangerously wounded in its ranks.

With two other fine regiments, the 12th Lancers and the 20th Hussars, the Scots Greys formed the 5th Cavalry Brigade, the one led by that gallant officer, Sir Philip Chetwode, a baronet of old and honoured family whose name was the very first mentioned in Sir John French's first despatch.

"These Scottish men are right hardy and sore travailing in harness and in wars."
—FROISSART.

First Shots of the War

On Friday, August 21st, 1914, Sir John, who had just arrived at Mons from Paris, was busy with his Staff arranging his army for the coming battle. He had no troops to spare for a reserve, for his four divisions of infantry were all required in front, and as the men marched up they were set to work at throwing up trenches. Under these circumstances Sir John decided to use his cavalry, as far as possible, as a reserve, and after an anxious consultation with their leader, General Allenby, the necessary orders were given to them.

This was all very well, but it was absolutely imperative to send out some horsemen to scout round for news of the Germans, so it was decided to mark off the 5th Brigade for this purpose. "The forward reconnaissance," said Sir John, "was entrusted to Brigadier-General Sir Philip Chetwode, with the 5th Cavalry Brigade."

Early on Saturday morning the Greys were in their saddles, and their colonel, C. B. Bulkeley-Johnson, was giving the necessary orders to his officers. In squadrons or troops they rode out for several miles, beyond a belt of forest in front of Mons, and now and again they saw Germans similarly occupied. It was real war this time, not manœuvring on

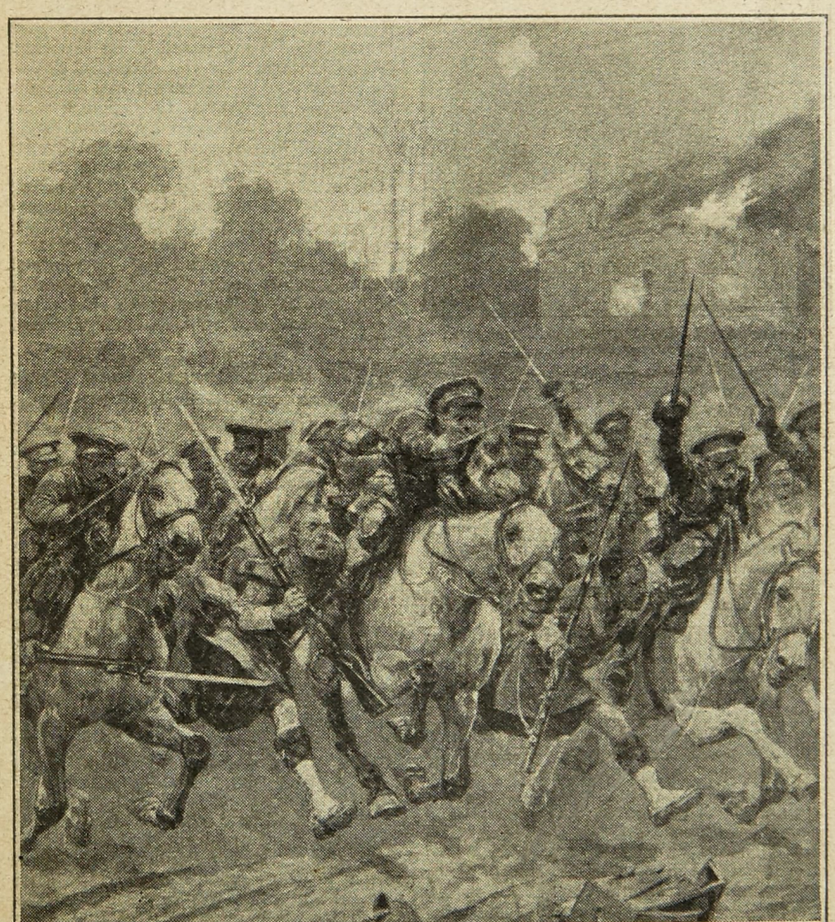
Trooper of the Royal Scots Greys (2nd Dragoons) in review order.

Salisbury Plain, so bullets shot out, and once or twice our men rode at the enemy, although their real object was not fighting, but learning. They did enough of the former, however, to show that they were in no way inferior to the Germans—rather the reverse—and that given a fair field and no favour they had nothing whatever to fear. It was in one of these little encounters that Lord Leven was dangerously wounded.

Greys in a Cavalry Battle

The Greys were out all day, the most exciting day the younger men among them had ever spent, and with their information they returned at nightfall. During the next day, when the battle was fought, they were near Binche, on the extreme right of the British line, ready to go wherever they might be required. Then the retreat began, and the cavalry were ordered to cover it. Our men were harassed by the Uhlans, who rode at Smith-Dorrien's tired infantry at Le Cateau and elsewhere, but our horsemen managed to drive them off, Chetwode's brigade being prominent in this work.

Two days later, on the Friday of the



How history repeated itself at St. Quentin. The daring stirrup-charge by the Royal Scots Greys and Highlanders, which revived the most dramatic incident of the Battle of Waterloo, the subject of Lady Butler's picture, "Scotland for Ever!"

same week, there occurred a regular cavalry battle, in which the Germans were really routed. Smith-Dorrien's corps was being followed from St. Quentin by two large bodies of German cavalry, and to relieve the weary men on foot General Allenby ordered two of his brigades, the 3rd and the 5th, to turn round and tackle them. The Greys and the rest of Chetwode's men were sent against one of these columns, which was at Cérizy, and at the word of command they rode forward, squadron by squadron and troop by troop. When the rival horsemen clashed, the leading German regiment was broken up, the others were thrown into disorder, and the whole lot fled, followed by the Greys, who drove their swords into them as they caught them up.

"A Sight for the Gods!"

After this and a few more lessons of the same kind, the German pursuit, it is not surprising to learn, became less vigorous. In one of these charges the Greys lost one of their senior officers, Major F. Swettenham, who was killed, and a little later it lost a junior, Sir Gawaine G. S. Baillie, Bart.

A curious incident, which there is no reason to disbelieve, is reported as having happened about this time. It seems that the Greys after a charge, in which some of them had been wounded, were ordered to retreat. As they turned they saw Prussian officers cutting the wounded with their swords, and at this they went mad. Instead of obeying the order to retire, a non-commissioned officer led them towards the foe, and, with their officers following, they hacked their way through the Germans. "Having got through," the story continues, "the officers took command again, formed them up, wheeled, and came back the way they went. It was a sight for the gods!"

Such was the gallantry of the regiment as a whole. Two individual acts of heroism performed about the same time are also worth recording.

It seems that a party was ordered to go out with a stretcher and bring in a wounded man. One of the men ordered did not look very fit, so J. Mutter, a private of the Greys, said he was stronger than this man and would go in his place. He went, but on the journey he was mortally wounded, and another name was written high on Britain's roll of heroes. Private H. Macredy, of the same regiment, remained for two hours attending to the last needs of a dying comrade, all the time under a heavy fire. Both, one dead and one alive, were awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

Some Heroes of the Greys

While speaking of honours, others fell to this regiment during the early days of the war. Two officers, Captain H. Denison-Pender and Lieut. G. F. A. Pigot-Moodie, were among those who received the new distinction of the Military Cross, and later the Tsar of Russia, the Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment, added a few more. To Col. Bulkeley-Johnson, by then a general, he gave the Russian Order of St. George, to Majors Walter Long, D.S.O., and W. F. Collins he gave the Order of St. Stanislas, and to seven other officers honours of one kind or another. The rank and file were not forgotten. Eight of them received the Cross of the Order of St. George, and then the medal of St. George. One of those honoured at this time by the Tsar was Prince Arthur of Connaught, who is an officer of the Greys, although he was not serving with it at this time.

Before following the Scots Greys into their trenches in Flanders, it may be well to glance at the history of the regiment.

The Dragoons' Battle-Honours

In 1678 three troops of dragoons were raised in Scotland, and three years later these and some other troops were united to form the Royal Regiment of Dragoons of Scotland, for that country had its own little army until 1707. They fought under William of Orange in Flanders, but it was under Marlborough that they won their great name, and since then they have been known to all the world, on account of the grey horses which they rode, as the Scots Greys. The original dragoons, we may say, were mounted infantry, not cavalry in the strict sense, and they were called dragoons because the carbine which they carried was popularly named the dragon.

At Schillenberg the Greys pursued the routed Bavarians, and they were at the great battle of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet. In all these

Drummer of the Royal Scots Greys in review order.

fights, save the last two, a woman, Christian Davies or Christian Ross, rode in their ranks as a man, and her sex was not discovered until she was wounded at Ramillies. The Greys captured a French standard at Dettingen and lost heavily at Fontenoy. At Langfeld they rode heroically forward to protect the retreat of the infantry, and at Warburg they proved themselves superior to the French cavalry.

An Immortal Charge

Willems and Waterloo were great days in the history of the Greys. At Willems they charged down upon the French infantry, but, finding the squares firm, one of their officers rushed his horse on to the bayonets and so made a gap through which the Greys rode. In a few minutes the French squares were broken, and the British had won the battle. Their charge at Waterloo is immortal: The grey horses dashing down the slope, with the Gordons clinging to the stirrups of the riders, the fleeing French infantry and the initial shouts of "Scotland for ever!"

The Greys rode with the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava, and went right through the South African War, but there was not much use for cavalry in the little campaigns of the late nineteenth century.

The connection of the regiment with Scotland has been steadily kept up since 1707, when it became part of the British Army, as the Second Regiment of Dragoons. Its headquarters are at Dunbar, the thistle appears on its colours, and its ranks, both commissioned and non-commissioned, are always full of Scots as "right hardy and sore travailing in harness and in wars" as they were in the days when Froissart lived and wrote.

A Hero of Messines

Early in October, to return to the Great War, the Greys were moved from the Aisne to Flanders, and under General Hubert Gough they helped to clear the Germans from the neighbourhood of Cassel and to find out something about the strength of the enemy's positions on the Lys. About this time, owing to the numerical weakness of the British, the cavalry were dismounted and sent into the trenches, the Greys being near Klein Zillebeke, where they remained during the earlier part of the first Battle of Ypres. On October 30th they were moved forward to support some more cavalry under the Hon. Julian Byng, and they held on until nightfall, when they were relieved.

On the next day or two the Greys, and the rest of the Brigade now in trenches near Messines, were savagely and repeatedly attacked, and during the night of October 31st one of their officers, Second-Lieut. Osmond Williams, led the 12th Lancers to a position for a counter-attack; in this he took part, and with his own hand he disposed of no less than eleven Germans. Previously he had shown great gallantry in venturing out at night and discovering what the enemy were doing. Later he became a captain in the new Welsh Guards, and was killed during the fighting at Loos in September, 1915.

On All Saints' Day the Greys and their comrades of the 5th Brigade were driven from their trenches, which, in their weakened condition, they were unable to retake. They were then given a rest until February, when muddy trenches again became their residence, this time somewhere between Bixschoote and Gheluvelt.

At Neuve Chapelle and Ypres

During the Battle of Neuve Chapelle Chetwode's Brigade was out, ready to follow up any success gained by the infantry, and the men were keenly disappointed when Sir Henry Rawlinson sent word that no further action by the cavalry was advisable. They were treated, during the second Battle of Ypres, to a little of "Kultur's" latest weapon, poison gas. On May 13th the 5th Brigade had taken the place of another which had lost very heavily, and eleven days later came the gas, driven in clouds by a north-eastern wind. However, the men had learned to use their respirators by this time, and it did not do the harm which the Germans hoped and expected.

There for the present the story of the Scots Greys ends. Like the Coldstream Guards they bear the proud motto "Second to None," and although they have not had the chances which have fallen to that celebrated regiment of Foot Guards, they have proved their worth in those which have come their way. Maybe, in the happier days for which we all hope, they will ride again against the enemy, this time in his own land.

A. W. Holland

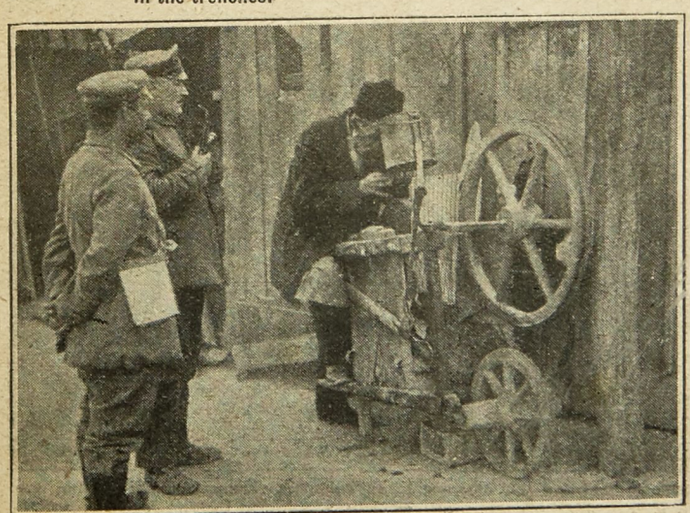
Military Mascots and Merriment in Field & Ward

A soldier who, before he enlisted, was a professional ventriloquist, amuses his comrades behind the firing-line. Right: Private J. Gallaher, Coldstream Guards, painting on plates in a hospital ward.

The youngest French soldier, Jacques Viriot, who, though only thirteen, serves in the trenches.

Little Egyptian boy who has been adopted by the Australians at Cairo as their mascot.

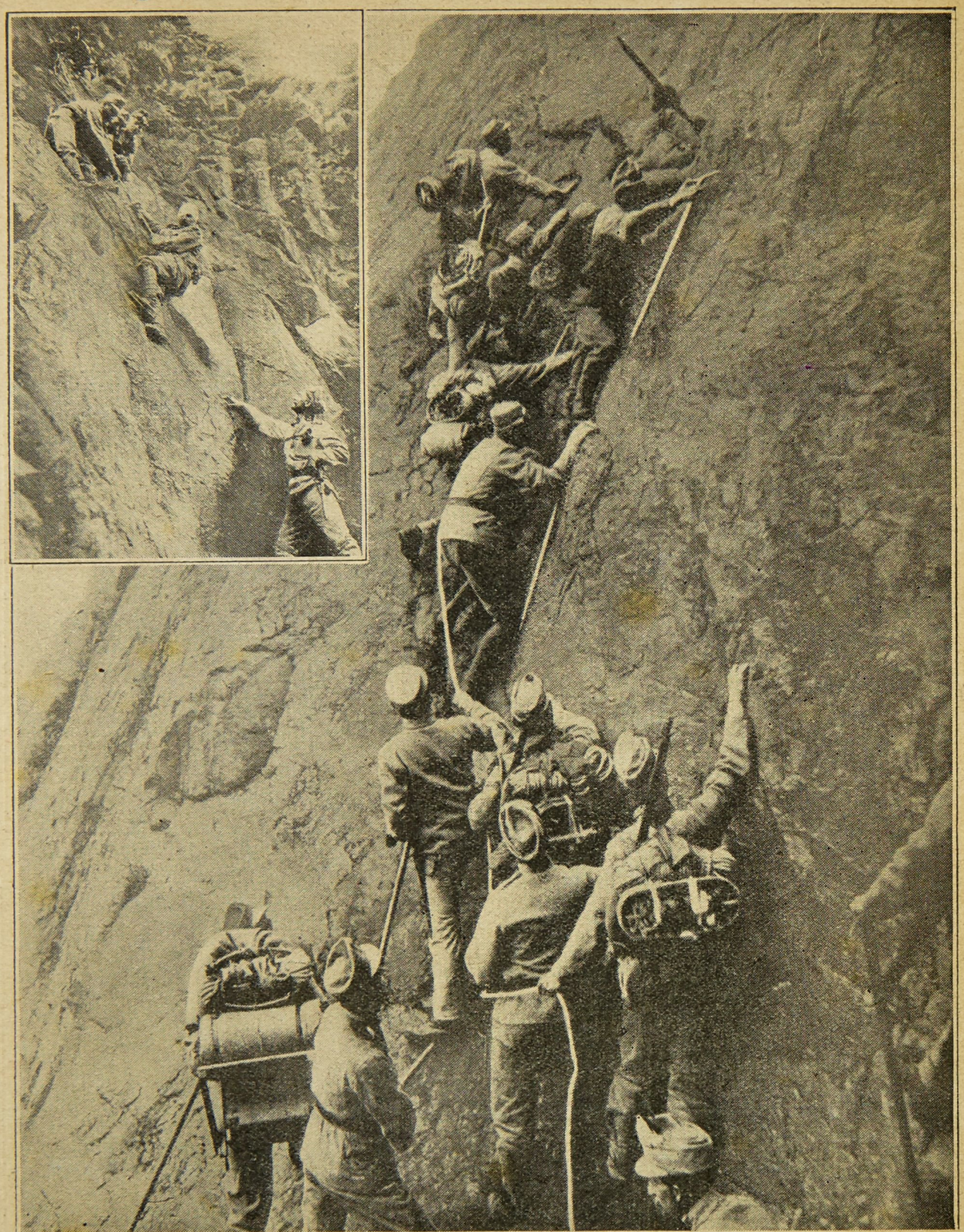
Another Australian mascot. A boy, eight years old, who accompanied a battalion from Australia.



A small instance of the conscription of labour enforced by the invaders on the eastern front. Wandering knife-grinder sharpening a German's knife under Teutonic supervision.

The arrival of Christmas parcels in an enemy trench. Germans in France contemplating a bottle of wine sent from the Fatherland.

Scaling the Iron Walls of 'Italia Irredenta'



Even the most intrepid Alpinist might hesitate before the task of climbing precipitous mountains while encumbered with a rifle and the heavy fighting kit of a soldier on active service. Yet this is the task of the men fighting on the Italian front. This photograph shows the advance of an Austrian mountain corps scaling the walls of that part of Italy which the Italians are fighting to recover from Austrian domination. Inset: Wounded Austrian being lowered down the slope by his comrades.

Badges of British Yeomanry & Territorial Regiments

Yorkshire Hussars
Prince of Wales' plume above Union rose. This is the third Yeomanry Regiment in order of precedence.

Nottinghamshire Yeo.
Sherwood Rangers. Bugle and strings. This is one of the regiments which served in South Africa.

Yorkshire Dragoons
Queen's Own. Rose and crown. Prior to 1897 was known as the West Riding Yeomanry.

Leicestershire Yeo.
Prince Albert's Own. Prince Albert's crest. This Regiment fought at Ypres & was highly commended by General Byng.

S. Nottinghamshire Hussars
Acorn and oak leaves. The second Yeomanry Regiment raised by Nottinghamshire. Served in South Africa.

West. and Cumb. Yeo.
Three sprigs of heather on shield, wreath, and crown. In 1817 called Yeo. Cavalry, then as an Imperial Yeo. unit.

Gloucestershire Hussars
Portcullis and chain. Tudor crown. The Regiment is partly recruited from Monmouthshire.

Sussex Yeomanry
Six Lirds resting in centre on the shield. The late Marquis of Abergavenny was hon. colonel for many years.

Berkshire Yeomanry
The White Horse of Uffington. The Regiment is recruited from the whole of Berkshire.

Worcestershire Yeomanry
Q. O. Worcestershire Hussars. The rose in a laurel wreath and crown, with inscribed scroll.

Lincolnshire Yeomanry
A shield bearing a red cross on a white field with a fleur-de-lis crest. The crown above.

North Somerset Yeo.
Royal cypher on star surmounted by crown. Lord Roberts was at one time hon. colonel of this Regiment.

Lovat's Scouts
Stag's head in circle. Regiment was raised during the Boer War, when they saw much service.

E. Riding of Yorks Yeo.
A running fox. Formerly the E. Riding of Yorks Imperial Yeomanry. One of three Yeomanry Regts. raised in Yorks.

City of London Yeomanry
Roughriders. Arms of London in silver; laurel, crown, etc., in gilding metal. A famous London Yeomanry Regiment.

Hon. Artillery Company
Grenade, H.A.C. on the ball. The Regiment is directly descended from the old London Trained Bands.

Royal Artillery
Gun, laurel, & crown. Motto: "Where duty and glory lead." Reorganised in 1907 from the old Volunteer Artillery.

4th Border Regiment
Cumberland & Westmorland. Maltese Cross on star, surmounted by crown. Once the 1st V.B., R. Lanc. Regiment.

Robin Hood Battalion
Notts and Derby Regiment. Maltese Cross surmounted by Imperial crown, surrounded by laurel wreath; centre, bugle.

Gloucester Regiment
The Sphinx and laurel. The name "Egypt," usual on the Regular badge, is omitted.

Royal Sussex Regiment
Maltese Cross on white (Roussilon) plume. The 6th Royal Sussex is a cyclist battalion.

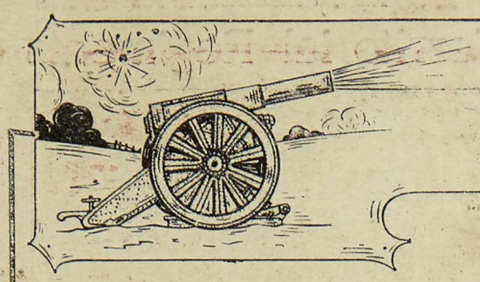
Somerset Light Infantry
Bugle and strings with cypher of H.R.H. Prince Consort. "South Africa" on scroll above.

Brecknockshire Battalion
The Red Dragon passant on a mount. One of the battalions of the South Wales Borderers.

Monmouthshire Regt.
The Red Dragon. Two men of the 2nd Batt. were among the first Territorials to be decorated during the war.

Argyll & Sutherland Highrs.
A cat within the garter. Motto: "Sans peur." One of the seventeen kilted Highland Territorial battalions.

This is the second series of distinguishing badges of Yeomanry and Territorial Regiments of the British Army.



In the Day of Battle

Notes on War News

A White Paper on Black Lies

THE Foreign Office has issued a fresh White Paper containing further correspondence with the American Ambassador relating to the treatment of prisoners of war, military and civil, in German hands, and melancholy reading it is. But it ought to be very widely circulated in this country, because it nails more German lies to the counter. Really, if a counter could be set up somewhere into which a nail could be driven, on payment of a mark, for every lie the Germans publish officially, the whole of their financial difficulties would be obviated. The new matter in the White Book which is chiefly interesting is the official German reply to Major C. B. Vandeleur's report of the infamous treatment to which he was subjected after his capture in October, 1914. He escaped from Crefeld, it will be remembered, and his report was published in April, 1915.

The gist of the German reply is this: "Major Vandeleur says he was spat on, robbed of his coat, and put in a cattle-truck which was three inches deep in fresh dung, with a group of private soldiers. Major Vandeleur is a liar. What happened was that a British officer was guilty of ill-bred behaviour which was rightly requited by the offender being compelled to travel in a cattle-truck. There is much to be said for the belief that the officer in question was Major Vandeleur."

Apparently, therefore, Major Vandeleur is not a liar.

The Unspeakable Hun

BUT before God and man the German now stands a convicted liar. And what an utterly amazing fool the liar always is! He does discredit to his own intelligence in even supposing that his false statements, contradictions, and quibbles could pass undetected anywhere. Yet the German method is invariably the same. Charge him with some crime and he replies, first, that he did not commit it; then that, if he had committed it, he would have been justified; and, lastly, that when committing it he was actuated only by desire to do his duty as a Christian and a man to his God and to his kind. Which is confession that he did commit it: Which is proof that he is the liar he was called: Which ought to be the end of the matter with all decent-minded people. But oh, what an unspeakable lot they are!

German and British Prisoners of War

IT is impossible not to feel indignation at the difference between the treatment meted out to prisoners of war in England and in Germany. Even while we are being harrowed by the accounts of the hardships and insults endured by our poor fellows in German prison camps, we are actually learning, on evidence that cannot be upset, of German officers being accorded such privileges as shooting game at Libury Hall, and of preferential treatment of other German officers by tradesmen in respect of luxuries which these latter have for sale. Our lenient treatment of the captives in our hands is not merely a gross injustice to our men in German hands, it is a gross political blunder, for it is only misinterpreted by these arrogant people as a timorous desire to conciliate them, and they regard it as only what is due to the race of "supermen" of which they are the temporarily unfortunate representatives. There is no need to talk about "reprisals"; let the treatment of prisoners of war be identical in both countries. At present Libury Hall might be regarded as a misprint for Liberty Hall, and Donington Hall is even worse. These things are an affront to our national dignity, and treason to our brothers who are fast bound in misery and iron in Germany.

A New Use for Old Papers—

PROFESSOR MEHNER—ingenious soul that he is—has discovered that old newspapers can be made to yield excellent milk and beefsteak! The fact is another illustration of the working of the "web of creation" with which Darwin familiarised us. It is like this: A seed is dropped, and, germinating, grows into, say, esparto grass, or perhaps a tree. Man comes along and converts the fibre into paper, on which Professor Mehner has his most illuminating lucubrations printed and distributed to an interested world. Then Professor Mehner himself comes along, and by chemical processes—which with commercial prudence he does not make equally public—converts the paper into first-rate fodder, which is furnished to an astonished cow. The cow, with more gratitude than the occasion seems to warrant, returns the newspapers to the complacent professor in the form of milk, or meat of which Germans apparently make beefsteak. And there you are! It is quite simple, though the process takes time. Meanwhile, if there is any shortage of straw you can, if you like, give the straw to the cow to eat and bed her down with the newspaper instead. The cow will prefer this. Loosely crumpled, Professor Mehner assures us, newspapers are very absorbing. So is his suggestion.

—And the Paper-box

MISS FLORENCE PETTY, the well-known authority on economical cookery, also has a suggestion for a novel use of old newspapers. The "hay-box," that first-rate device for keeping articles on the boil, costs a shilling to fill, and, as Miss Petty might point out, you can't read hay. She proposes, therefore, that you shall first read your "Times," and then keep it, or rather them, until you have fourteen or sixteen; then you can pack them, instead of hay, tightly around the saucepan in the box, and place a pillow-case also stuffed with paper above it, shutting in the whole by a closely fitting lid. And there you are again! Proprietors of other newspapers will be glad to hear that other newspapers will "do," provided they are of similar size, but "The Times" would seem to be especially suitable for this purpose—perhaps because its news is always "hot"!

"The Queen of Battles"

IN view of the persistent and continuous call for more and more men for the infantry, it is interesting to observe that this branch of an army has not always been the dominant arm. It was so, certainly, in Roman times, when there were only two or three hundred horsemen to every legion of six thousand infantry, but in mediæval times the position was reversed, and a man on horse was considered immeasurably superior as a fighting unit to a man on foot. This notion continued until it was seriously shaken by the success of the English bowmen at Crécy, while in later ages the development of firearms finally restored the infantry to its former supremacy. The experience of the present war might lead one to think that artillery had come to dispute the predominance; but, powerful arm as it is, the function of artillery can never go beyond preparing the way for infantry, and the latter seems likely to remain "the Queen of Battles."

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada. N

The War Illustrated, January 8th, 1916. Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

The "Miracle" of Ireland, by John Redmond, M.P.

The War Illustrated 2D. Weekly

Vol. 3 "Ireland is fighting not merely for England: she is fighting for the Empire!"—John Redmond No. 73

The War as a Force for Good

TO talk of war as anything but a horrible and utterly evil thing would be to proclaim oneself a fool; but while the whole world is actually writhing in its convulsive grip, good purpose can be served by suggesting where some compensations can be found. Now is indeed the most profitable time to do so; the pregnant aphorisms of the wisest thinkers on the mystery of pain and evil fall on uninterested ears in times of peace like so many merely academic utterances, and carry no conviction; the self-same aphorisms, reinforced by concrete instances, might come like revelation from on high to people bewildered by the confusion of a world tumbling round their ears.

ONE compensation, then, that the war is giving us is the rediscovery of moral values. "God's on the side of the big battalions" one well-known professional warrior once said. Is He? Another view is suggested in a book published within the last few days, an account of the Russian campaign from April to August, 1915, written by Stanley Washburn, who has seen a good deal of war in the course of his crowded life. In an earlier book he pinned his reputation to a prophecy of the ultimate success of the Russian arms in the present war, and even after the evacuation of Warsaw he refuses to retract. Here is the passage that is pertinent to this article:

"NOTHING is more fallacious than to judge the outcome of this campaign by pins moved backward or forward on the map of Europe. There are great fundamental questions that lie behind the merely military aspects of the campaign; questions of morals, ethics, equity, and justice. These qualities, backed by men of tenacity, courage, and the capacity to sacrifice themselves indefinitely in their cause, are greater ultimate assets than battalions and 40 centimetre guns. My belief is that the Russians possess these assets, and that the reverses of this summer are but temporary and ephemeral phases of the campaign." Rather a comfortable theory, that, to men carrying out a strategical retreat comparable only to the retreat from Mons, especially when propounded, not by a university professor of ethics, but by a hard-bitten American war correspondent who is under no delusions about the reality of war.

THE war is showing us the reality of moral values, and also the reality of moral virtues. These are doubtless still being preached from the pulpits; but what is much more important is that they are being practised in the trenches. Saint Martin, who divided his cloak with a beggar, has long been held up to us as an example of Christian charity, and we have accorded polite applause to him in public while privately voting him an entirely unpractical person. Every other Tommy in the trenches is another Saint Martin to-day, sharing his blanket with the next man, and often his last pinch of tobacco with a wounded prisoner; the virtue of the act is enhanced by the fact that he does not think of charity in connection with it, but does it as a matter of course. War has taught thousands of lads, who before had led at best decent but wholly pagan lives, the virtue and the value of qualities which once were to them little more than abstractions inculcated by a code of ethics that they vaguely named religion.

AT home, too, we non-combatants have been shown something of the comparative value of things. Party politics, for instance, have been reduced to what probably is much nearer their right proportion than the dimensions they had attained in the conditions that existed before the war. No contentious point is raised by the proposition that it is a matter of comparative unimportance whether members of Parliament are paid or not, provided the people are represented by capable and honourable men; but a few years ago that same question was vital to a series of questions that seemed likely to bring about a revolution. More recently still, the agitation for the enfranchisement of women was threatening to paralyse orderly government.

HAD it been vital, it could not have been shelved; that it has been shelved proves that it was not vital. Energy unduly suppressed is always a potential danger, and the militant agitation for the enfranchisement of women may well have been feminine energy seeking to find any outlet. The war has provided one, and by enormously increased activity in occupations universally acknowledged to be peculiarly womanly, the natural energy of the women not already fully occupied by the domestic interests of their own home life has been completely satisfied. When the war ends the purely political question no doubt will be taken up again; but both sides will then have a more accurate knowledge of its comparative importance, and it will be dealt with in the new temper engendered thereby.

BUT perhaps it is the change in the general temper in which the ordinary business of life is carried on that shows soonest and most plainly how far our readjustment of values has taken us. "Grousing" has almost ceased, among both the public at large and the individuals who compose it. To many people the reduction of the hours when intoxicating liquors could be bought or consumed must have seemed arbitrary encroachment upon the rights of individuals which were not only unnecessary but unjustifiable on any grounds. Some of them, perhaps, only acquiesce because they must; but the vast majority acquiesce readily, and the reason they do so is that they realise how insignificant the sacrifice which they are required to make is in comparison with the sacrifice voluntarily made by the men who have joined the Army. Not merely have they no inclination, they simply would not have the "face" to grumble at being debarred from spending more than five hours a day in public-houses when millions of other Englishmen are enduring real privations in defence of the realm. The same argument lies, unexpressed, behind their uncomplaining acceptance of heavy income taxation. Those other men have voluntarily surrendered the whole of their income, and in common decency they cannot grumble at being compelled to pay a sixth, or even a half, of their own.

COMMON suffering is only the translation of sympathy, and as one goes about London to-day one notices a rather beautiful sympathy between people of all classes, shown in a quiet friendliness between chance-meeting wayfarers and a new tolerance between employer and employed. We do not wear our hearts upon our sleeves, but each man knows that the next man he meets may have been very hard hit only to-day in his affections or in his business affairs: knows, too, that he may be hit himself in like manner to-morrow. And so the one man's hand is readier to go out to the other than ever it was before. We have learned that though our own troubles are not less grievous because they are paralleled in so many other lives, yet the troubles of other people are much more our concern. And in the general re-adjustment of ideas, occasioned by this earth-quaking war, the change most far-reaching in its effects may well be this: that we have realised, with a shock of surprise, that it has taught us the truth of the answer to that question—"Who is my neighbour?"

C. M.

8th January, 1916. No. 73. Vol. 3.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON

THE ENEMY HAND IN HAND.—This interesting photograph shows a Turkish officer being led blindfolded through the British lines to the headquarters at Gaba Tepe. He is on his way to ask an armistice in order to bury the dead lying between the lines, and, as an honourable foe, he is shown that courtesy which, till Germany broke it, was ever an unwritten law between belligerents.

THE "MIRACLE" OF IRELAND*

Expressly written for The War Illustrated

By JOHN REDMOND, M.P.

THANKS to the desire of our authorities to conduct "an anonymous war," probably under the delusion that the enemy might not be able to identify the British units fighting them, the British public have been denied all information as to the achievements of the individual regiments. Not exactly all, for the authorities have occasionally broken their own quaint rules to give information about certain regiments, with the result that an undue share of the honour has been popularly ascribed to these. We have certainly not heard enough about the achievements of the gallant Irish, notoriously among the best fighters in our Army. This, and the fact that Ireland has so completely disappointed the hopes of a deluded Germany by loyally answering the call of Empire and taken her due place in the great fight against Prussian tyranny, have induced me to appeal to the most world-famous of living Irish leaders—Mr. John Redmond—to write an article on the subject expressly for my readers, and I feel that THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *is peculiarly honoured in numbering among its many famous contributors this great national leader who, since the war began, has given such splendid proofs of loyalty to the British Empire.*—EDITOR.

THE phrase which I have put at the head of this article was recently used by a leading Unionist journal in England to describe the transformation which has taken place in the public opinion of Ireland since the commencement of the war.

To anyone at all acquainted with the past history of the relations between England and Ireland, the phrase can scarcely be said to have been an exaggeration.

To understand the transformation which has occurred it is necessary, in the first place, to recall the traditional attitude of mind of the mass of the Irish people towards the British Empire and its military enterprises. That attitude sprang from causes easily ascertainable which thoroughly explain, if they did not justify it. With these causes I have nothing to do at the present moment, and I trust and believe they have ceased for ever to exist. To appreciate what has recently occurred in Ireland, however, it is necessary to recall Ireland's attitude of mind in the past, and, indeed, in the recent past.

There is no denying the fact that, in the past, it was perfectly true that, wherever the Empire was involved in a difficulty or complication which diminished its great strength, a feeling of hope and satisfaction stirred through the veins of men of the Irish race both at home and abroad. The feeling of the mass of the Irish people undoubtedly was one of hostility to the Empire.

One of the greatest Englishmen of our time, John Henry Newman, in speaking of Irish discontent, drew a picture which explains, to some extent, this feeling. He describes the feeling of an Englishman travelling in Ireland. He says:

He finds that the wrongs which England has inflicted are faithfully remembered; her name and fellowship are abominated; the news of her prosperity heard with disgust; the anticipation of her possible reverses nursed and cherished as the best of consolations. The success of France or Russia over her armies, of Yankee or Hindu, is fervently desired as the first instalment of a debt accumulated through seven centuries; and that even though those armies are in so large a proportion recruited from the Irish soil. If he ventures to ask for prayers for England, he receives one answer: A prayer that she may receive her due. It is as if the air rang with the old Jewish words: "O, daughter of Babylon, blessed shall he be who shall repay thee as thou hast paid to us!"

The Irish leader in happy mood on his return from the front.

This picture was not an exaggeration at the time it was written. Indeed, it is scarcely an exaggeration of the state of feeling up to a comparatively recent date. If Newman had to draw a picture of the state of Ireland to-day, every single one of his statements would have to be reversed.

Just as I abstain from speaking of the causes of Ireland's hostility in the past, so I abstain from dealing in any degree with the political causes which have led to the blessed change of to-day. The change, however, has taken place, and the Unionist newspaper to which I have referred was not far wrong in speaking of it as a "miracle."

To-day, the whole of Ireland—with insignificant exceptions, to which I will allude in a moment—is united as Ireland was never united before, men of all political views and of all creeds and of all classes, in support of the Empire.

Ireland to-day feels that she is now a free and honoured portion of that Empire. She feels she has come into her inheritance, and she is as determined as either Canada, Australia, New Zealand, or South Africa to make the greatest sacrifices in her power to safeguard and protect her hardly-won rights. She does not feel that she is fighting

[Continued on page 484.

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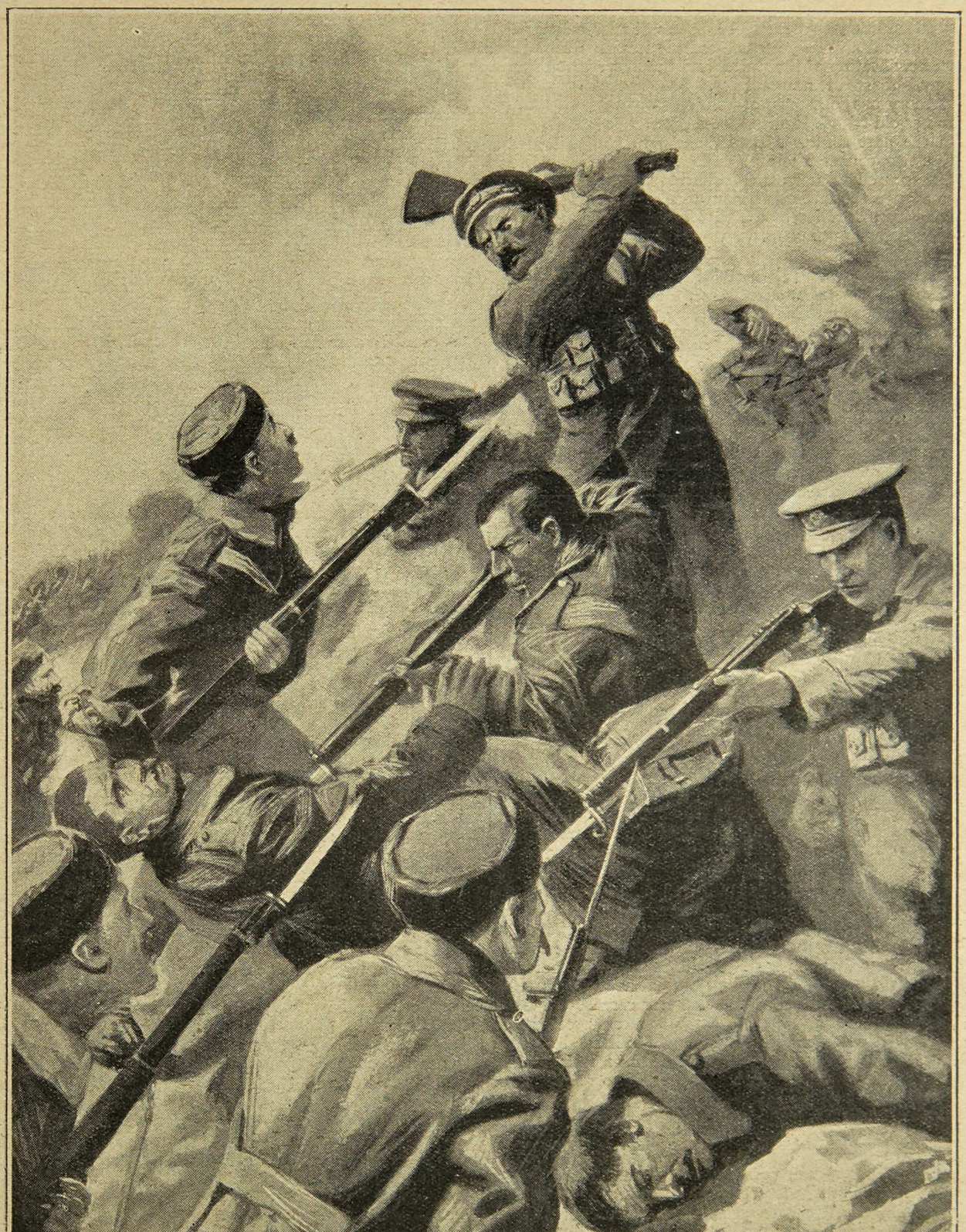
The Immortal Story of Erin at Kevis Ridge



During the fighting in Macedonia on December 13th, 1915, the intense patriotism and bravery of the Inniskillings undoubtedly saved a precarious situation. Pressed by the Bulgarians in superior numbers of ten to one, the British were forced to retire on to the third line of defence. Two companies of Inniskillings remained behind and held on to Kevis Ridge, keeping the Bulgarians in check with the bayonet and rifle. Nearly every one of these gallant Irishmen gave his life so that the rest of the army could retreat.

THE "MIRACLE" OF IRELAND

(continued from page 482.)

merely for England. She is fighting for the Empire, and, in a special way, for herself.

In addition to this, Ireland feels that she is fighting for a great and holy cause—nothing less than the liberty and civilisation of the world, and the liberty, in a special way, of small nationalities. She is bound, by the memory of the history of hundreds of years, in devotion to her old friend, France. Her connection with Belgium in the past creates a tender and powerful tie between the two countries; and, indeed, if all other motives disappeared to-morrow, I believe that the single desire to avenge the fate of Belgium would unite all Ireland in hostility to the German Power.

Now, what practical proof has Ireland given of her new attitude?

I have just alluded to certain insignificant exceptions from the general rule of support of the Allies. There are, it must be admitted, scattered throughout Ireland, a few individuals, not one of them of any public weight or importance, who, under one name or another, and from one motive or another, are supposed to be pro-Germans. But I assert, without any fear of contradiction, that the number of these in Ireland in proportion to her population is not greater than the number of similar persons in England.

There have been a few prosecutions under the Defence

Back from the front. A cheery group of fighting men arrive in London on leave from Trench Town.

of the Realm Act in Ireland, and a few cases of the suppression of little-read, ephemeral sheets, which spring up here and, there, like mushrooms in the night, in Ireland. Personally I have regretted these prosecutions, as tending rather to give publicity and importance to utterly insignificant persons and newspapers. All this time I have watched affairs pretty carefully in Great Britain, and I find that the number of prosecutions under the Defence of the Realm Act here has been considerably greater than the number in Ireland, and there have been in Great Britain, also, seizures of insignificant papers.

The difference is, however, that these events in Ireland are widely reported, whereas to discover similar events in England one has to painfully scrutinise local papers to find small paragraphs recording these things hidden away in small type.

I claim that Ireland can speak as a united nation in this crisis with just as much truth as Britain can.

How has Ireland translated this unanimity of feeling into action? I have before me the latest recruiting statistics supplied to me by the Irish Government, made up to November 15th last.

From these I find that, when the war commenced, there were 20,780 Irishmen in the ranks, and there were in Ireland men of the Special Reserve, who have since been called up, 12,462. There were also reservists who have been called up to the number of 17,804, and new recruits who have gone into the Army up to November 15th last, 87,466. So that, on that date, Ireland had with the Colours 138,512 men. Many thousands have been recruited since.

Let me say, by way of proof, that all parts of Ireland are represented in this total; that 82,947 are Catholics and 55,565 are Protestants; and that 28,072 are members of the National Volunteer Force, and 28,327 are members of the Ulster Volunteer Force.

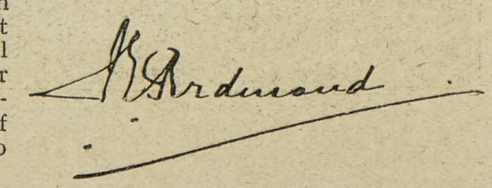
In considering the "miracle" which has taken place in the public sentiment of Ireland, it is not sufficient to regard merely the total of recruits in Ireland itself. Up to the commencement of Lord Derby's recruiting campaign in England, the most careful inquiries elicited the fact that at least 120,000 men of Irish birth resident in Great Britain had joined the Army since the outbreak of war. It could quite safely be said that were it not for the transformation of Irish public opinion at home, these men would not have come forward in anything like these numbers.

The same thing is true of the magnificent forces which have come to the aid of the Empire from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, of whom it is a moderate estimate to say that at least twenty per cent. are men of Irish birth or Irish blood, who have been influenced by the new wave of friendliness to the Empire which has spread from Ireland right round the world wherever Irishmen are to be found.

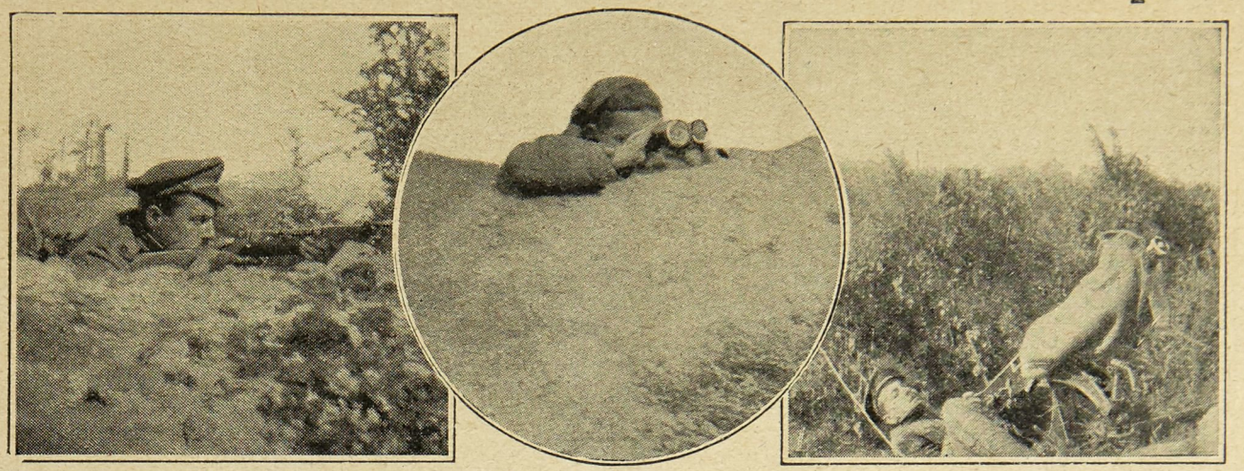
Lord Derby's recruiting campaign in Great Britain, and the Lord Lieutenant's recruiting campaign in Ireland, must add to this total an enormous addition of men of Irish birth and Irish blood, from which consideration it might fairly be deduced that Ireland alone has provided the Empire with an army very much larger than the entire British Army at the commencement of this war.

Ireland was always proud of the gallantry of her troops, even when they were engaged in military enterprises with which the national sentiment of Ireland did not sympathise. But this pride in the past has been more or less of a secret feeling. To-day the wildest enthusiasm is excited in Ireland by every record of Irish heroism in the field, and I felt, in my recent visit to the Irish troops at the front, as I could not have felt, say, ten years ago, that I was speaking the absolute truth when I told the Irish regiments that I brought them a message of pride and of gratitude from the whole of the Irish people.

My chief regret at the present moment is that all the Irish regiments are not combined in distinctively Irish army corps. I would gladly see, for example, the three Irish Divisions of the New Army, which are now all at the front, combined together in such a corps. Apparently this is held to be a military impossibility, and many will perhaps think it is just as well that Irish heroism and devotion should be witnessed at Gallipoli and Salonika as well as in France and Flanders. War is a terrible ordeal for all of us, but we Irishmen have one consolation, namely, that the blood our country is willingly shedding in this great cause will seal for ever the reconciliation of the two nations.



In and Out of the British Trenches Near Ypres



Tense moments with a British sniper in advance of our first lines in France. These photographs, taken at great risk, show the sniper firing, his comrade watching the German trench, and the same soldier firing at an enemy aeroplane with a masked machine-gun.

On the left: "Sniperscope" in a British trench near Ypres. A periscope is attached to the sniper's rifle. Above: Royal Field Artilleryman firing a masked gun during the enemy's futile attack near Ypres on December 19th.

Men of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry in the first line of British trenches near Ypres, with their regimental mascot. The trees in the background had been stripped bare of their branches by shell fire.

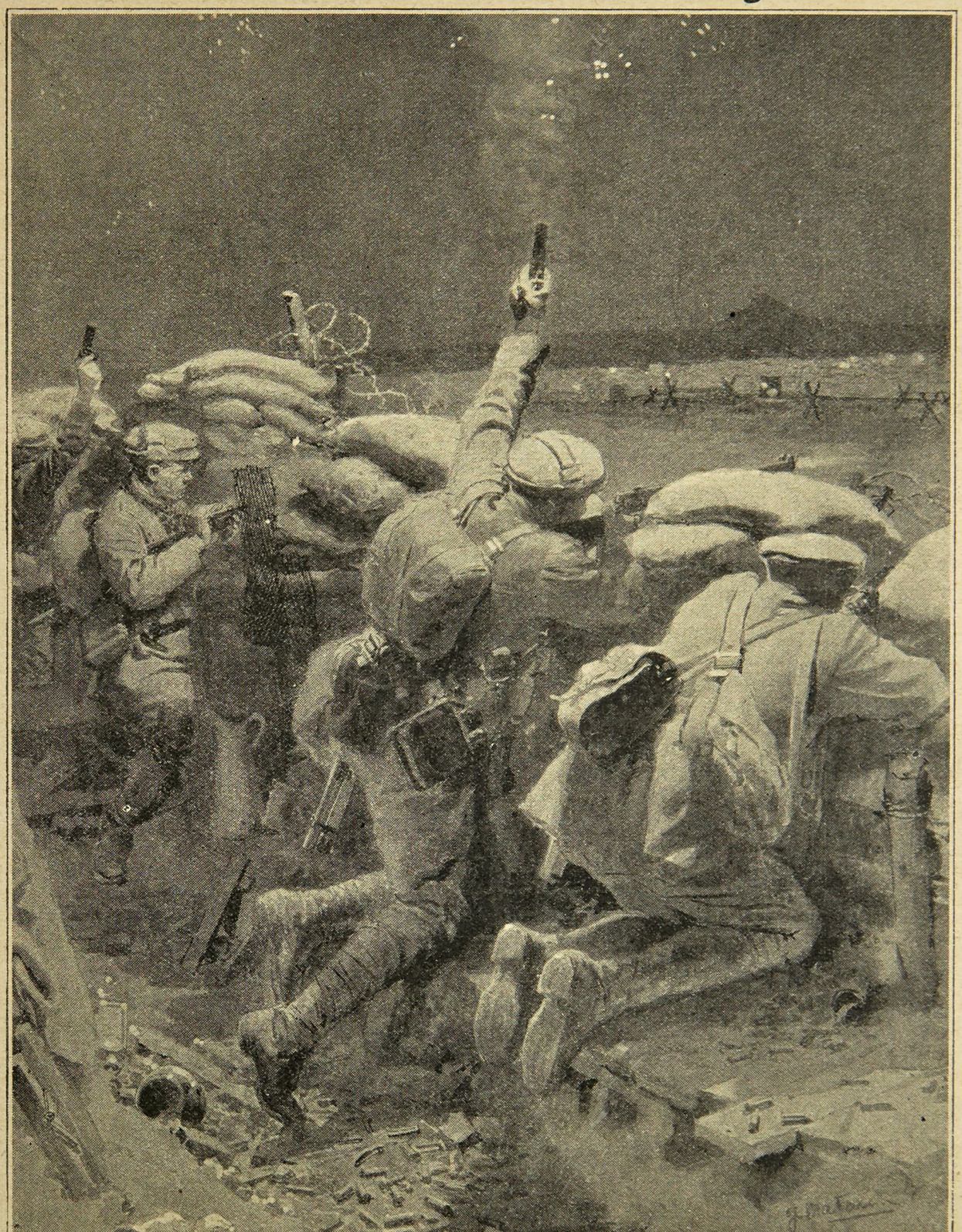
New Year 'Liveliness' with the Belgians in Khaki

Battalion of Belgian infantry, wearing the khaki uniforms and caps which make them resemble British troops, marching into the firing-line. With the aid of Britain and France, Belgium is now better equipped than ever to continue its part in driving back the invader.

Left: Belgian boy who has been adopted by a British Mechanical Transport section, and equipped with a British uniform. Above: Belgian Red Cross worker negotiating a channel on a part of the front that is under flood.

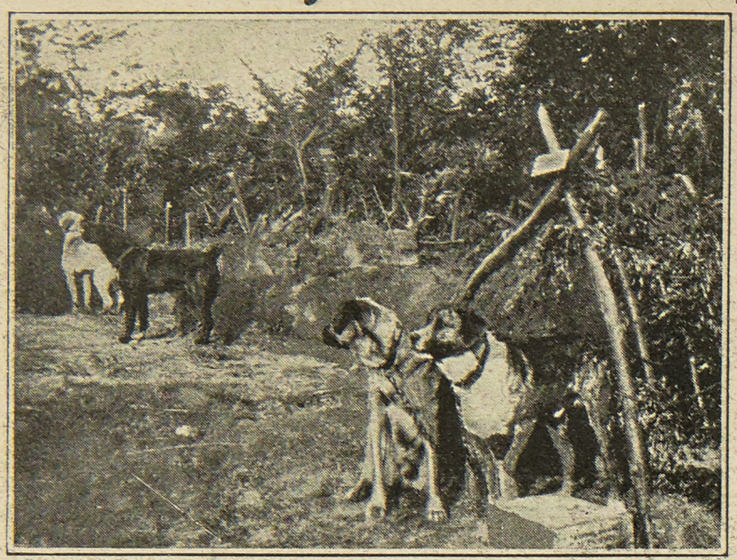
Belgian infantry advancing behind the sand-dunes on the coast. Of late a renewed "liveliness" has been reported from the lines on the western front which King Albert's sturdy Army still holds intact.

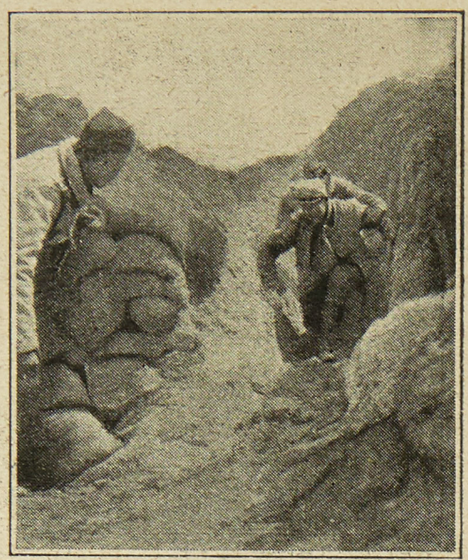
Clever Ruse of War to Foil a Night Attack



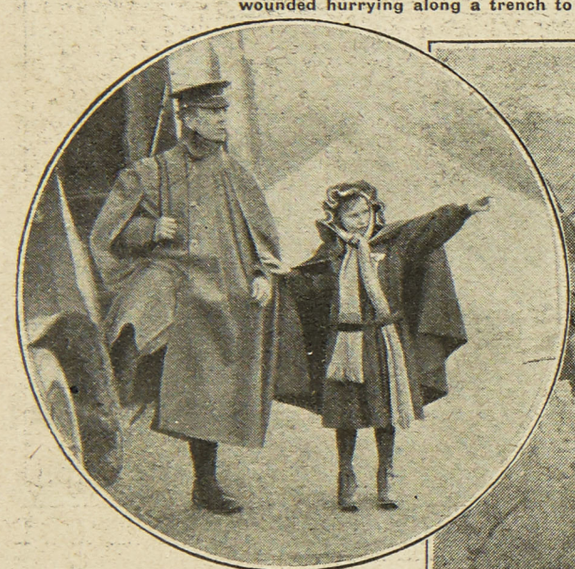
Frequently, in the case of a retirement to a new line, a few intrepid men are left behind to personate a company, thereby deceiving the enemy into the belief that the position is still held in force. It is no uncommon occurrence that half a dozen soldiers will each blaze away, with a star pistol in one hand, rifle in the other, making as much noise as a large number of men on the defensive; and while the enemy is deliberating whether to advance and capture the position or not, the new line in the rear is being rapidly consolidated.

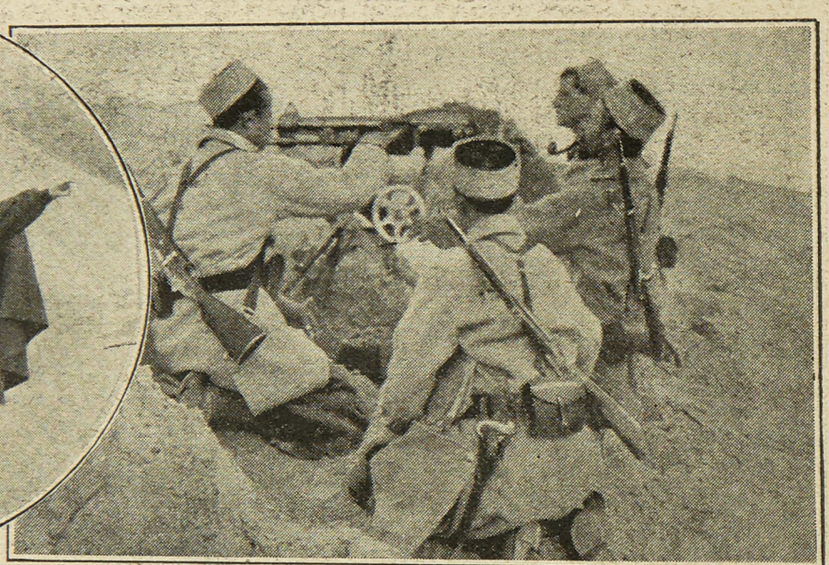
In France by War-Worn Way & Shattered Home





Improvised shelters for Belgian war dogs pending their services being required to track the wounded. On the right: French wounded hurrying along a trench to the first-aid post during a heavy bombardment.





A little French maiden points out the way to a stern-faced English soldier, in whom she shows perfect confidence. On the right: A machine-gun in action. The quietly businesslike gunners belong to one of the French colonial regiments.

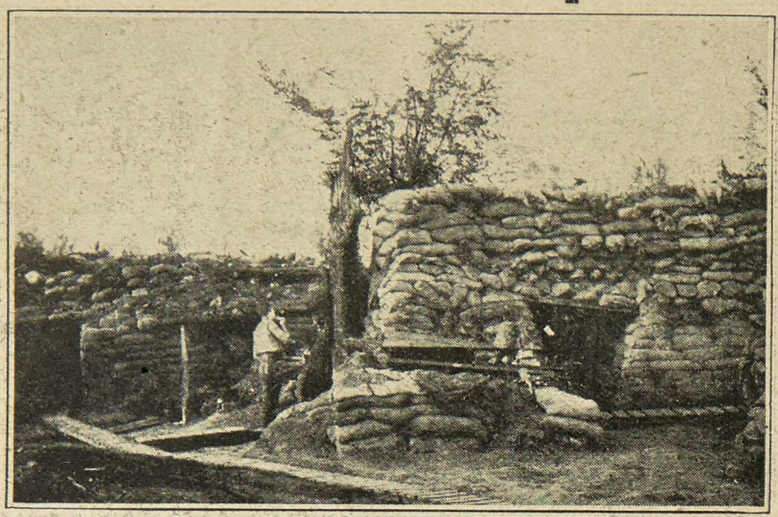
Only one of many little homes destroyed in France; but burning, deserted like this, with no one daring or caring to put out a hand to stay the flames, it is a poignant picture of the ruin of home happiness that follows the invader.

Joffre's Men harass Huns in the Vosges

French patrol, in advance of the main force, following the rearguard of the retreating enemy. Before retiring the Germans had set fire to the village, whose burning houses can be seen in the background. (An exclusive photograph from the Vosges.)

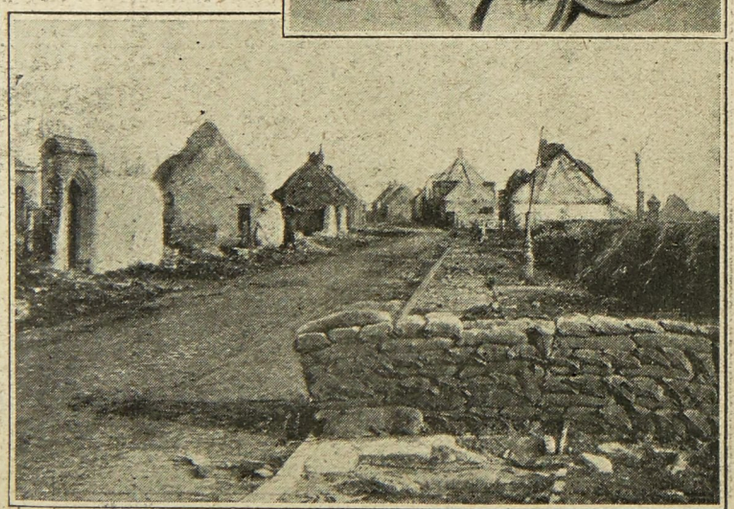
A skirmish with the Germans in the Vosges during the enemy retreat. The French infantrymen had come upon some of the enemy at the entrance to a forest road. (Photographs exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")

Cavalry, Cyclists, Cooks, and Conquest



An official photograph (of which the Crown copyright is reserved) from General Headquarters of part of the first-line trenches on the western front. Left: Soldier holding a message which had been dropped by airmen into the British lines.

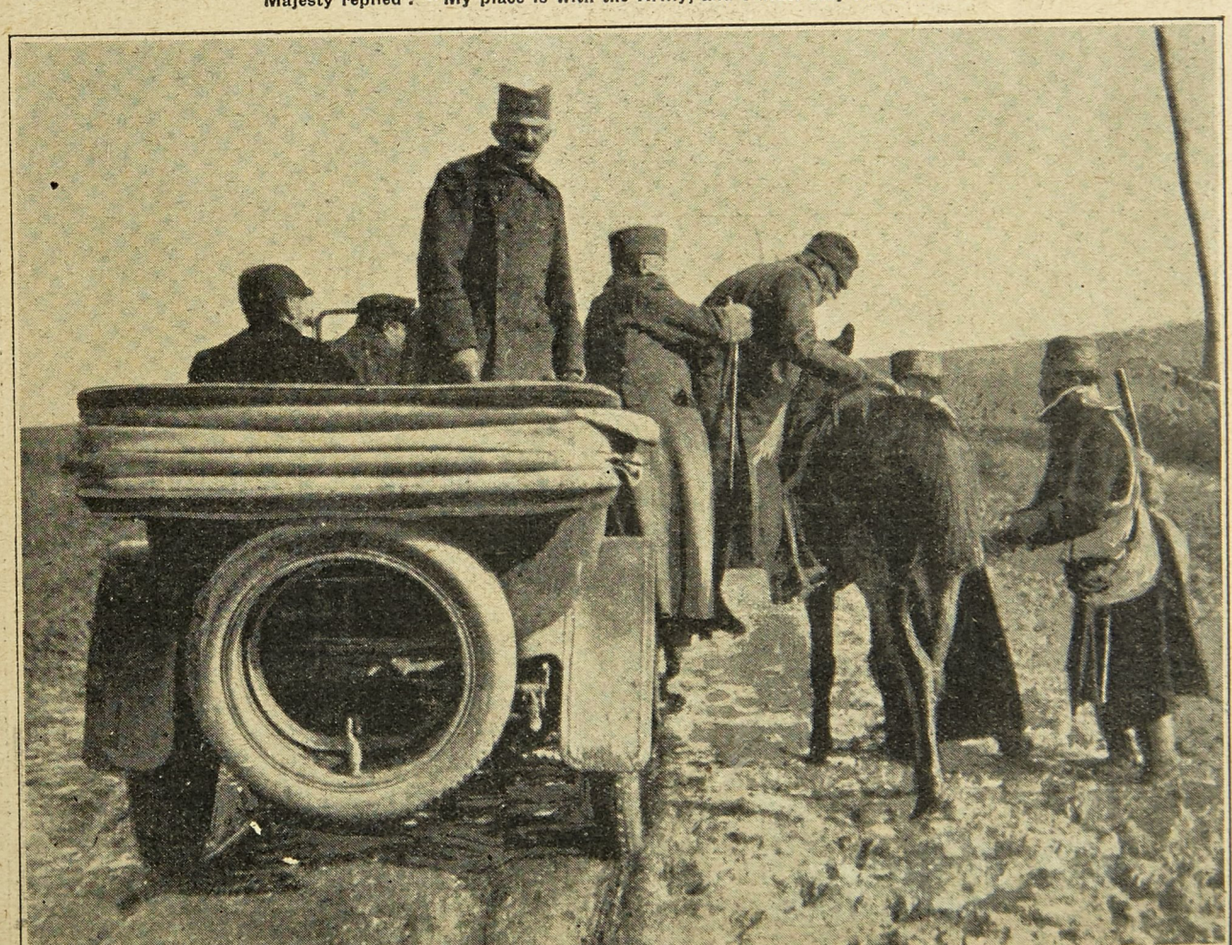
Cavalry patrol out scouting. Our mounted troops are keenly anticipating taking an active part in the next great push. On the right: Two cycling non-coms. studying a map at the cross-roads.



A kitchen in the first line of trenches, with the cook preparing food in a dixey over a charcoal fire. Above: What one of their villages looked like when the conquering Belgians finally drove the Germans out of it after a stiff battle.

King Peter's Flight from his Tragic Kingdom

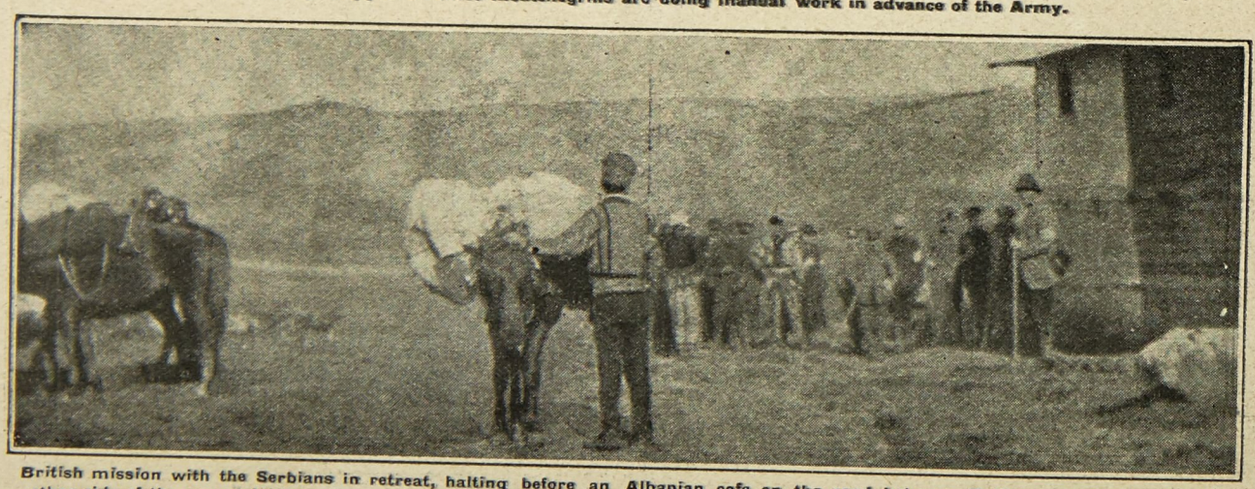
Though pitifully frail and ill, King Peter of Serbia insisted on staying among his heroic soldiers in their tragic retreat. Here the aged monarch is seen on horseback, though scarcely strong enough to keep in the saddle. When urged to seek refuge in Italy, his Majesty replied: "My place is with the Army, and I must stay till the end."



King Peter being lifted on to his horse. While the roads were good enough and petrol was obtainable, his Majesty accompanied his troops in a motor-car. Then he rode on horseback, until so weak that he had to be carried on a stretcher. (These photographs were sent by aeroplane from Scutari to Durazzo by a correspondent with the Royal suite.)

Our Special Photographer in the Serbian Lines:

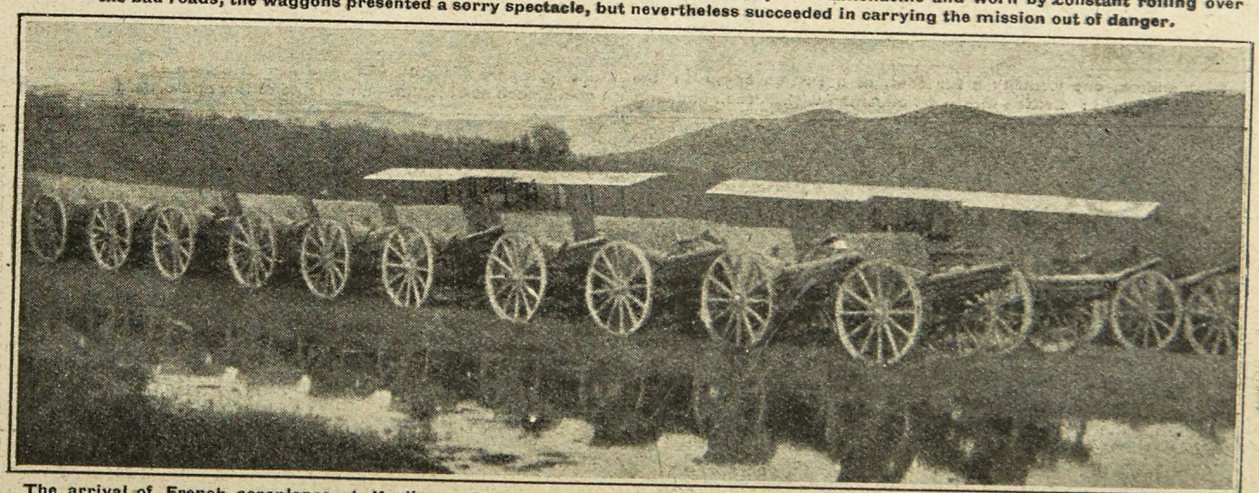
Montenegrin women repairing the roads to facilitate the retreat of the Army. In these outlying corners of the world war women are taking almost as active a part in the campaign against the Teutons as their men folk. Many Serbian women have appeared in the firing-line, just as these Montenegrins are doing manual work in advance of the Army.



British mission with the Serbians in retreat, halting before an Albanian cafe on the road between Tutijne and Rojai. On the other side of the mountain the enemy, in superior numbers, were gradually pushing the remnant of the Serbian Army before them.

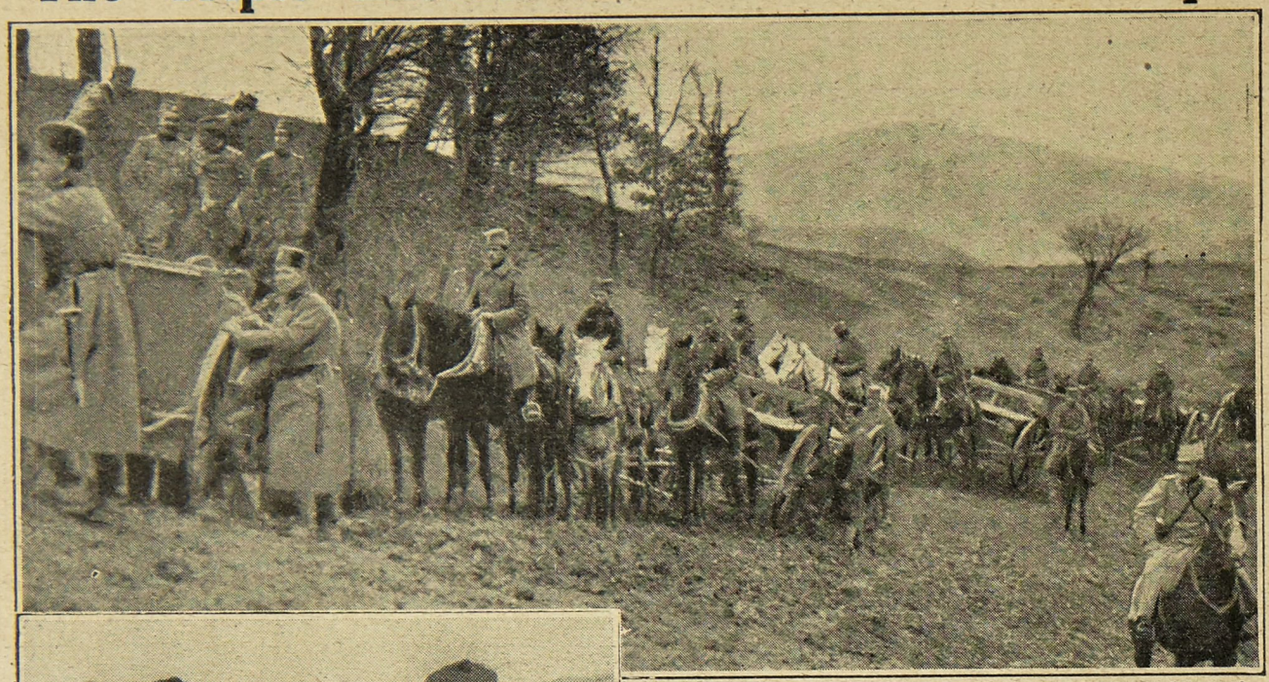
The British Red Cross Mission in Retreat

A member of the British mission and two of the waggons on the road to Tutijne. Ramshackle and worn by constant rolling over the bad roads, the waggons presented a sorry spectacle, but nevertheless succeeded in carrying the mission out of danger.

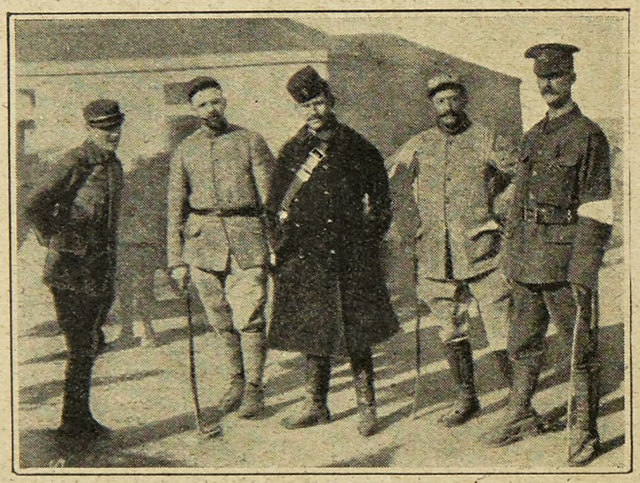


The arrival of French aeroplanes at Kralievo. In the foreground a whole row of the Allies' guns which had to be spiked by the gunners, as they could not be withdrawn to safety before the enemy in vastly superior numbers arrived. (The four photographs on this and the facing page are exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")

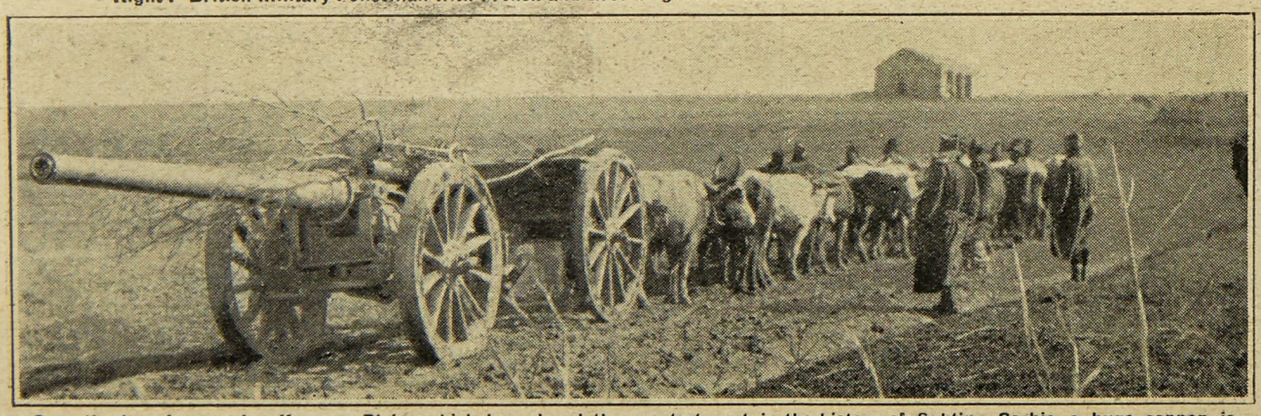
The Triple Entente in South-Eastern Europe



Serbian guns which had been rushed to a sorely-pressed part of the line. In spite of hardships, these splendid Serbian artillerymen seem unaffected in their patriotic enthusiasm.

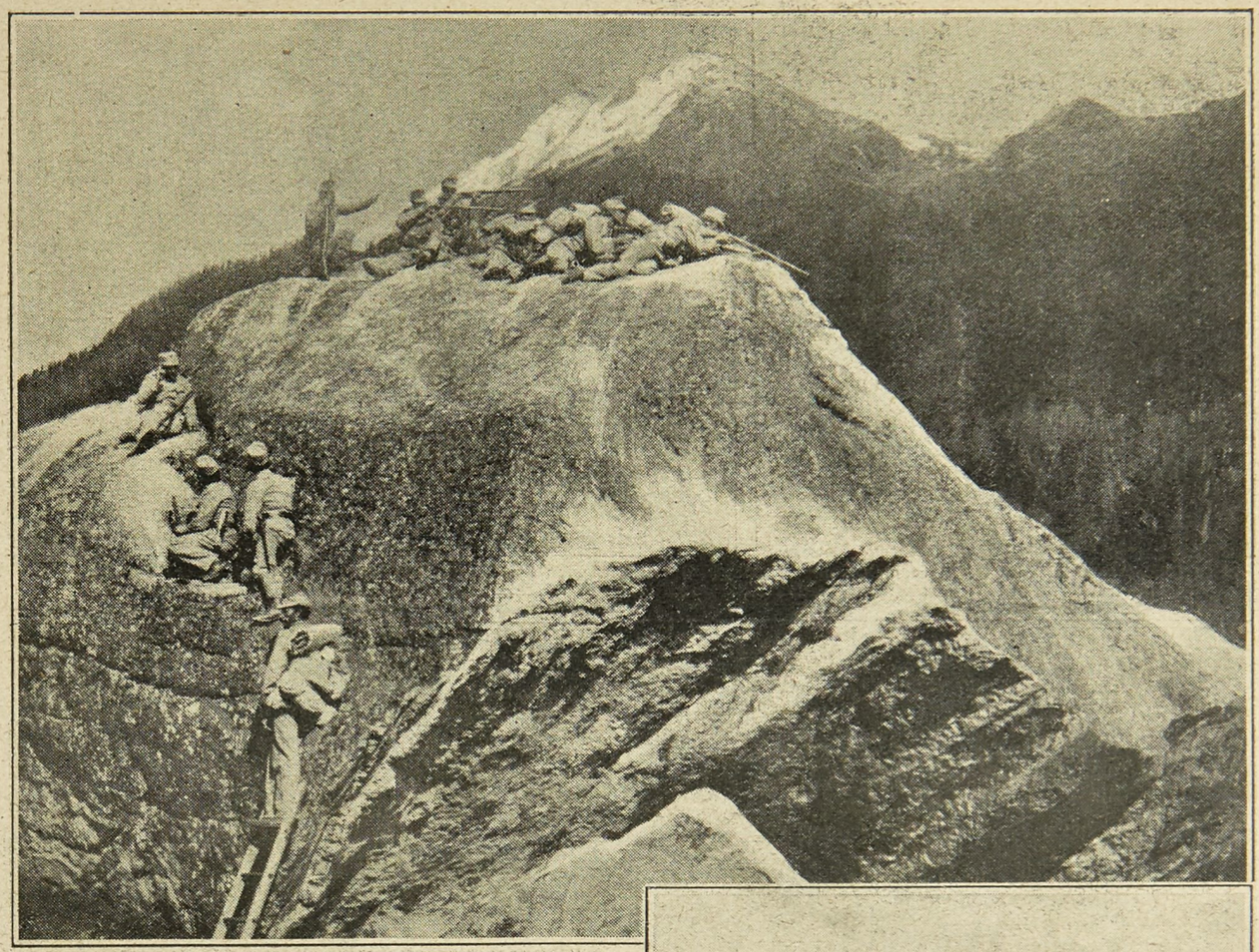


Highlanders, one wearing a fur coat, at a British camp in the Balkans, where the cold and mud are as severe as in Flanders. Right: British Military Policeman with French and Grecian gendarmes at Salonika—an entente of law and order!



Over the broad, sweeping Kossovo Plain, which has played the greatest part in the history of fighting Serbia, a huge cannon is rumbling laboriously behind a team of twenty-four oxen. Soon it will be barking at the enemy from another part of the line.

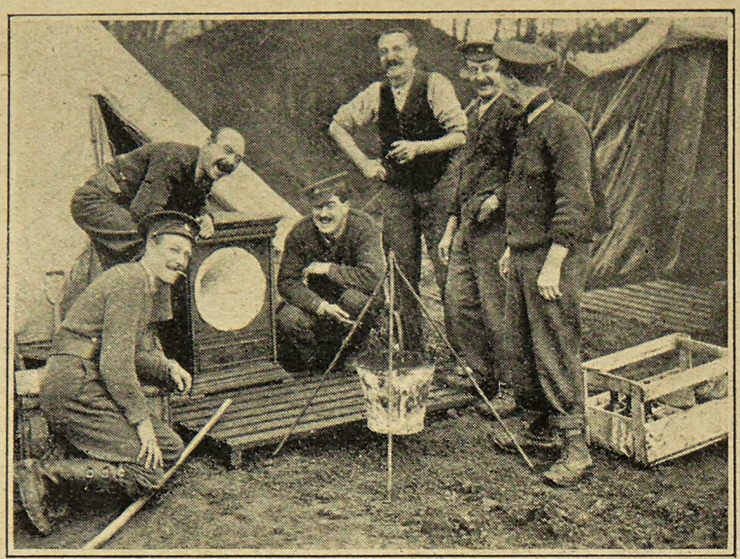
Where Mountain Echoes Answer the Clash of Arms



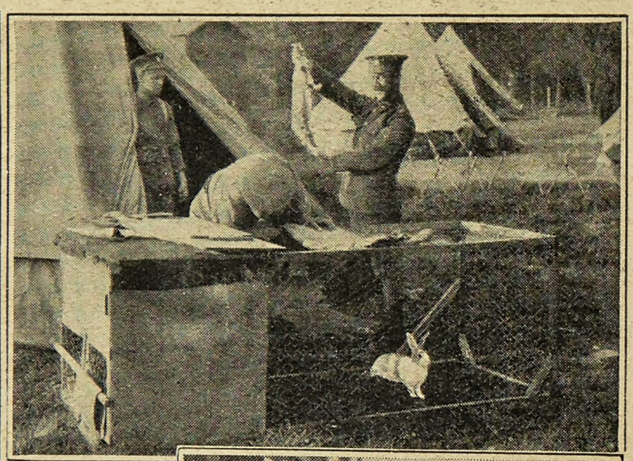
Austrian Chasseurs firing on an Italian outpost from the summit of a peak near the Isonzo front. A persistent guerilla warfare has been waged by Italian and enemy patrols in the Alps, especially in positions where trench or artillery fighting are impossible.

Italian scouts following the tracks of an Austrian patrol at a great height "somewhere in the Alps." Above: Italians climbing a wall in an Austrian village. The Italian invasion of Austria witnessed much street and house-to-house fighting.

Echoes of the Festive Season in the Front Line



Left: Last thoughts from the "trench train." "Tommies" at Waterloo Station posting letters home just before entraining for the front. Right: A gramophone, loaded with "munitions" of mirth, and retailing a revue song to some soldiers.



A "capture" by the camp cook that is always welcomed. Right: Selecting rabbits at a camp in France to be sent down to the mess-tent.

Bulls destined to provide some of our men with a change from "bully-beef." British soldier buying cattle in a French market-place. Right: "Tommies" on leave who, with thoughts for the children, visited a toyshop before going home.

Crêche for Women Munition Workers' Children

MANY women who might be willing to take an active part in war-work are debarred from doing so by the prior claim upon their time made by their little children, whose life and health are perhaps more important to the State now than they seemed to be in times of peace. To release these women, creches have been started in many places, and a new one has been opened lately in Birmingham. Only the children of women employed on munition work are accepted, and for the modest charge of sixpence a day the children are bathed, dressed in uniform overalls, and provided with plenty of good food. There are cots for the infants, and any quantity of toys.

"Bye-bye!" Some of the cots where the babies are taken when the "sandman" comes. In the circle: "Ta-ta!" Nurse Reynolds, the matron, with a happy little maid whose mother has just said good-bye.

"Din-din!" One especially delightful moment in the delightful day. Dinner at a dear little table, in dear little chairs, all just the right height for dear little people. Being photographed is interesting, but not so exciting as the actual sight of dinner coming.

THE ARMISTICE.—If the British casualties in the Gallipoli "gamble" were something over one hundred thousand men, the losses suffered by the Turks may be estimated at a considerably higher figure, judging partly by the frequent requests from the Ottomans for armistices to bury their dead. This unique photograph, taken by a wounded soldier after the Battle of Lone Pine Plateau, so called from the stunted tree seen in the centre of the photograph, shows a number of Turkish ambulance men wearing the Red Crescent, as distinct from the Red Cross, superintending the removal of the wounded and interment of the dead. One Turk is holding aloft a white flag, the universal symbol of truce.

The Gloom and Glory of Gallipoli

By Our War Correspondent, F. A. McKENZIE

THE story of the Dardanelles campaign is at once the most brilliant and the most sombre in British annals; the most brilliant because of the heroism of the men engaged, the most sombre because of the miscalculations that marked almost every stage of the campaign.

Let me recall a few of the leading facts.

Early last year a combined British and French fleet made a determined attempt to force the Dardanelles. Naval and military experts were convinced that the only satisfactory way to attempt the Dardanelles was to make a simultaneous land and sea attack. At that time the fortifications on the Gallipoli Peninsula were in a comparatively unprepared state, and could have been captured by a determined attack on shore. The Government, however, decided that the Navy could do the job alone.

Heavily armed ships, like the Queen Elizabeth with its 15 in. guns, were sent out. Apparently our authorities thought that because heavy German artillery had destroyed the fortifications of Liège, Namur, and Antwerp, and on the Russian front, with minor loss to the attackers, so our big naval guns could force the Dardanelles.

Warning the Enemy of Our Attack

There were two miscalculations here. First, the current of the Dardanelles made any Allied ships open to very effective torpedo and floating mine attacks. Next, the German artillery which destroyed the French, Belgian, and Russian fortresses was howitzers, whose angle of fire is wholly different from that of the heavy naval gun. The howitzer is the weapon for attacking fortified positions, not the naval 12 in. or 15 in. gun. This elementary fact was overlooked.

Despite the utmost bravery of the Allied sailors, the naval attack failed. It was doomed to fail from the beginning, and Nelson himself could not have made it a success. Lord Fisher, the First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, is said to have been opposed to the scheme, and resigned office as soon afterwards as possible. Thus we lost the services of our ablest sailor in his own supreme field during some of the most critical months of the war.

After the failure of the naval attack we proceeded with preparations for a land campaign. The Australasians were brought from Egypt and were kept for some time in transports off the coast, thus fully advertising our intentions to the Turks, giving them ample time to prepare for us.

They did not neglect the opportunity. The points on the coast where we could have landed with ease in March were now protected by wire entanglements, rifle pits, and machine-guns. Under the direction of German officers, ranges were exactly taken, all available guns were placed at the most vital points, gun positions were concealed, stocks of ammunition hurried up, and the Turkish troops at the Dardanelles greatly reinforced.

The "Impossible" Brilliantly Achieved

The Turks and their German instructors undoubtedly considered that it would be impossible for our troops to effect a landing anywhere on the coast, more particularly at the point where we chose for attack. Our landing took place on April 25th. Even now we can hardly realise the tremendous obstacles facing our men.

The capture of Seddul Bahr on April 26th ranks among the most splendid feats of arms in the history of the world. The bare, rocky, precipitous Peninsula, an ideal defensive position, was stormed by our men. The Turks, strong in numbers, well armed, and magnificently brave, fought hard to recover their lost ground, but in vain. Our men went forward and forward, under the very shadow of Achi Baba.

Even now, although our position was much more difficult than it would have been in March, victory was still possible. Had there been ample men, had our attack been pushed, not at one point, but at several points in Gallipoli, had we thrown our real forces into the business, we might well have got through. But here divided council—which has been the curse of so many of our operations—apparently weakened the hands of the soldiers on the spot. Some military men were wholly against the Dardanelles campaign; they considered that all our strength should be concentrated in France and in Belgium. Our Government did not appreciate the bigness of the Dardanelles task. We were blinded with two delusions. The first of these was that the Turkish supply of ammunition was speedily failing, and the second was that the Turks were only half-hearted in the business. The Turkish ammunition did not fail, and every day made the essential Turkish positions stronger. The line of big forts was linked up, until in the course of a few weeks they became as nearly impregnable as any such fort could be.

Government and Country Completely Deceived

At home we were being kept quiet by delusive forecasts, uttered with every show of authority. Everyone remembers Mr. Churchill's speech at Dundee on June 5th, 1915, when he declared that our Army and Fleet were "separated only by a few miles from a victory such as this war has not yet seen." And then he forecasted a brilliant and formidable triumph that would shape the destinies of nations and shorten the duration of the war. Even in September, Lord Robert Cecil declared that we were then near a great success, a success which would have an enormous effect in all parts of the world.

There is no doubt but that, just as our Government was completely deceived concerning the requirements of the Dardanelles campaign, so also was the country completely deceived about the position of the enemy.

On the Peninsula itself growing difficulties arose. We had vast numbers of men crowded in a very small space, in the fierce heat of a Dardanelles summer. All the sanitary precautions in the world could not prevent epidemics of sickness. Invalids were soon counted by tens of thousands.

The sea fighting and splendid deeds of our warships, the heroism of our mine-sweepers, and the daring of our young submarine commanders form a fascinating part of the story. By the end of July it was evident that something more must be done on land. Then came a series of advances and successes, the storming of the range of Anafarta, the landing at Anzac, the successful attack on Sari Bair, and the great advance from Anzac.

Important as these successes were, they did not touch the vital strength of the enemy, so a big movement was planned at Suvla Bay, in mid-August, which was to cut all the rear lines of the enemy and to isolate them. Why the landing at Suvla Bay was not attempted earlier is one of the mysteries of this mysterious campaign.

At the moment of writing this article the full story of Suvla Bay cannot be told. We expected a great and decisive victory; we had undoubtedly a great failure. Our casualties at that point have been placed as high as 40,000. They were certainly enormous.

How the End of the "Gamble" Came

Sir Charles Monro succeeded Sir Ian Hamilton in command of the Dardanelles forces in the middle of October. It is an open secret that Sir Charles Monro, after surveying the position, recommended that certain parts of it should be evacuated. The Government then sent Lord Kitchener to inspect in person. Even now there were weeks of delay which cost us very dearly in further sickness and further losses during the winter storms. The withdrawal from the Anzac and Suvla Bay positions, when finally settled upon, was carried out with the greatest success.

"It is easy enough to be wise after the event," some readers may say. "Why rake up unfortunate incidents?" I, for one, cannot dismiss a campaign which has had over 200,000 casualties as an incident. The only use in recalling and admitting the mistakes of yesterday is to help to avoid the same mistakes to-morrow.

Heroic and tragic, the tale of the Dardanelles forms one of the most glowing, the most sombre, the most splendid, and the most deplorable chapters of our Imperial history.

The German and the British Doctrine of War

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S statement on Tuesday, December 21st, on the munitions question was one of a profoundly interesting character. It was an indictment of our past lack of preparation, a spur to action in the present, and a vision of hope for the future.

Nothing that has ever been said has come so near to shaking our faith in the Napoleonic maxim that the moral is to the physical as three to one. Not until the last moving appeal did we feel the real triumph of the moral in the appeal to labour to save the situation.

The listeners realised once again that the very weight of the material which could win this war depended not merely on the moral spirit of the Government, but on that of the employer and the worker as well.

The last Franco-British offensive was, it is stated, based on an expenditure of six million high-explosive shells. At one stage of his speech Mr. Lloyd George led us to infer that there was enough, but at another he inferred that we might have done much more if shells had been more plentiful. That is a material fact of a very impressive character.

We have gone through successive material stages of sacrifice. Before the war we were unwilling to prepare because we wanted the money for social reforms. In the first part of the war we were unwilling to sacrifice "the silver bullet," or give up our power to make exports for the purpose of substituting munitions, and now we are still fearful of making the complete sacrifice to achieve a speedy victory.

German Initiative in Aircraft

The Germans have in no way shown themselves superior to us in inventive genius, but overwhelmingly superior to us in organisation and in the national purpose to treat war as a serious business. For instance, taking the Navy, for which any Government can obtain all it wants in this country, I do not know of a single point in which the Germans gained on us through inventive genius applied to the material afloat except in the matter of giving greater elevation to all guns for the purpose of fighting long range actions. They also obtained some very efficient sea scouts in their dirigibles, or Zeppelins, and it must be confessed that the national enthusiasm carried them right ahead of us in this class of aircraft.

Making allowance for these exceptions, there is in evidence, then, a great change for the better in regard to the Navy since the days when we were behind other Powers in the adoption of steam, breech-loading guns, armour, and capped projectiles; or since Colomb up to 1867, to use his own words, "had such enormous difficulty" for eight years to persuade his "brother officers and the Admiralty" that flashing lights had solved the night signal question.

Supreme Value of Criticism

He was told by the Board "not to be a fool!" For eight years he was ridiculed and censured for persisting in what seems now so obvious and can be taught to children. The document found after his death concludes by saying that he won out "by dint of hard work, anxiety, worry beyond telling, and certainly by the loss of all professional recognition or reward." Cody experienced somewhat similar difficulty with his useful man-carrying kites.

My own belief, and one I have stated over and over again, until finally I embodied the theory in a lecture at the Royal United Service Institution, shortly before the war, is that a disciplined profession lacks imagination and produces a tendency to a wooden judgment unless a large measure of criticism and discussion is encouraged. I spoke at a time when discussion in the two Services, except in India, had reached its lowest ebb owing to direct discouragement in Whitehall.

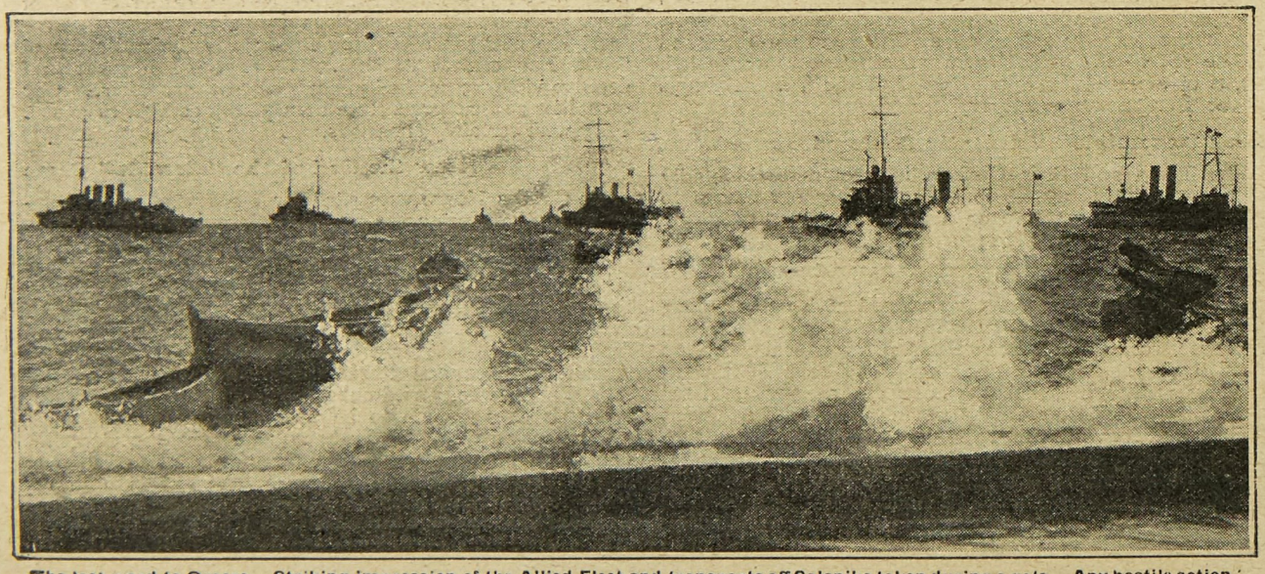
The German doctrine of war, with the knowledge that at a given date they would provoke a war, gave them a great advantage. The doctrine was to spend large sums on preparation, much of which might turn out to be in a wrong direction, but some of which was bound to be right, since it was on *all kinds* of material, and this outlay would all be returned by the spoils of successful war. To this Germany applied a well-nigh perfect system of co-ordination and standardisation between army and navy and with her Ally, making unheard of efforts as well to get the supplies of guns and other materials of war for the smaller nations into her hands.

There was no such preparation, co-ordination and standardisation between Great Britain and her Allies in this war. It was inevitable that the whole weight of material would tell against the Allies in favour of the Germanic Powers for at least twelve months, in spite of the fact that sea-power gave them access to the supplies of neutral countries.

We have under the stress of war made most praiseworthy attempts to mobilise the inventive talent of the country; but it is too late in the day to co-ordinate and standardise the material of war used by all the Allies. Sir James Stephen presided over a committee in 1887 which considered the material generally, and in his very able report he stated that: "Inventors in general, and leading gunmakers in particular, are afraid of entering into communication with the War Department. It is because they think that any committee with which they communicate will either adopt or take hints from their inventions without paying for them."

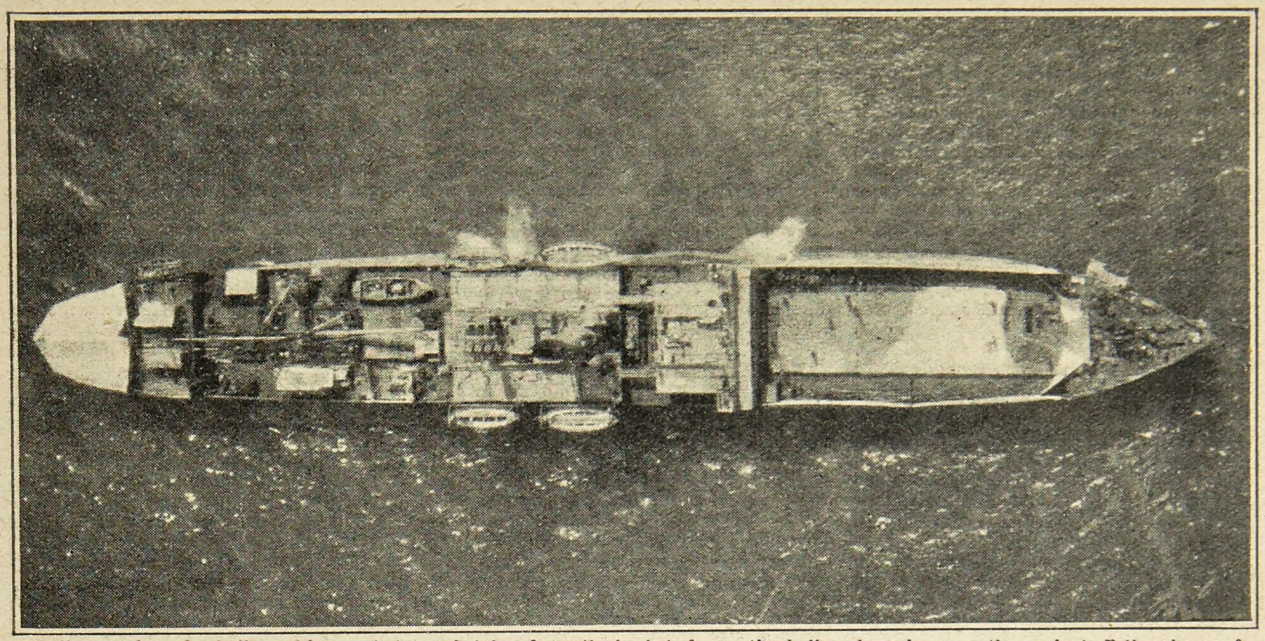
Mobilisation and Time

I think that there was good ground for this suspicion, and it is fatal to the mobilisation of invention in peace-time. Mobilisation, however, in the main, means making the best use of what we have already got while depriving the enemy of as much as possible. This can only be prepared for long in advance. Only two months ago there was announced in the Press as a result of a speeeh in the Prize Court "a new discovery" by which the Germans manufactured glycerine from the lard we supplied them with. The discovery belonged to the period of the War of American Independence, but this, of course, was unknown to the Chief Law Officer of the Crown who made the speech. It was again sheer ignorance which framed the list of articles in the Declaration of London which were in no circumstances to be contraband.

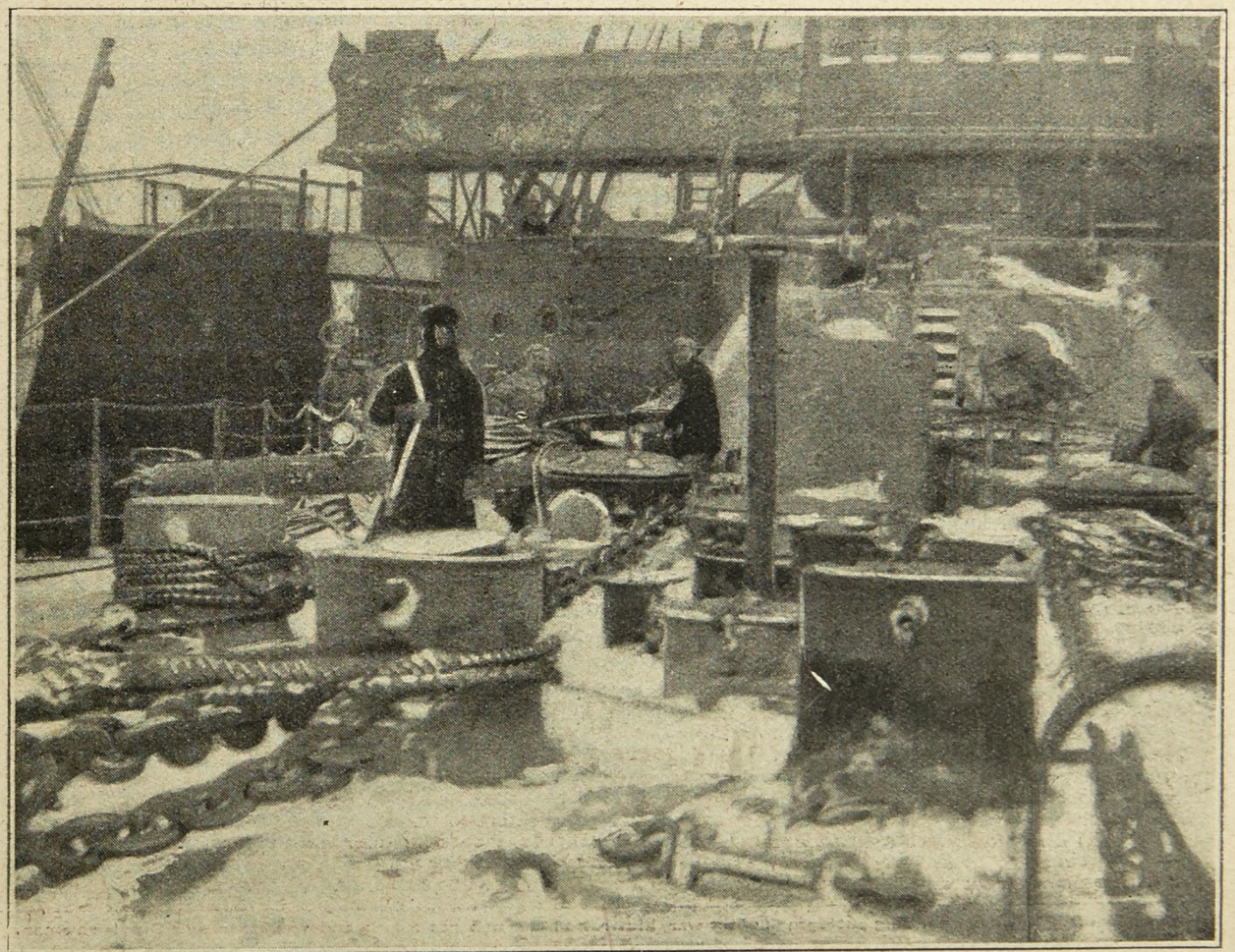


The last word to Greece. Striking impression of the Allied Fleet and transports off Salonika taken during a gale. Any hostile action on the part of Greece would bring a heavy gun-power to bear on all the Grecian cities of importance which are on the seaboard.

Balloon and Deck Views of the British Fleet at Sea



Bird's-eye view of a balloon ship ; a photograph taken from the basket of a captive balloon hovering over the sea just off the shores of the Gallipoli Peninsula. The clear space in the forward part of the vessel holds the balloon when it is not in the air observing Turkish movements or searching for enemy submarines, which can be discovered better from a balloon or aeroplane than from the deck of a ship.



Typical winter scene aboard a British man-of-war patrolling the North Sea. Though High-Admiral von Tirpitz still considers that Germany's naval policy is best served from the Kiel Canal, the men of the Grand Fleet have not been so entirely ignored by "Admiral Winter"—a hard foe to fight in the cheerless wastes of the grey North Sea.

Physical Perils of Active Service Flying

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

A GERMAN medical paper has recently been discussing the effects of too much flying on military aviators. It describes the symptoms, splitting headaches, dizziness, pains in the eyes, and so forth, which it ascribes to the sudden variations of temperature and atmospheric pressure endured by those who fly on active service, and winds up by saying that relief from these pains is only obtained by the heavy sleep into which the victim automatically falls. The subject is one which is really worth consideration, for these pains and aches are likely to prove a very real danger, and the causes of them have really only arisen since war began.

Height Records Before the War

In the pre-war period military aviators generally flew at perhaps 4,000 or 5,000 feet above the ground. Generally 3,000 was considered enough for ordinary cross-country flying, because if one is higher it is impossible to choose a landing-place till one gets down to about 2,000 or 3,000 feet, for one is too far away to see whether a field is really a field or not.

The only reason for going higher was, for instance, in crossing the Channel, so as to be able to glide near the shore if the engine stopped, or when crossing high hills, so as to be able to glide to flat, open land beyond them. Consequently, it was only now and then that an exceptional flier on an exceptional machine went up as far as 10,000 feet. The British height record stood at 15,400 feet for a long time, and was only put up to 20,000 feet about April or May last. The Germans hold the world's record with 25,000 feet, and a Frenchman has got up to 22,000 feet; but few pilots before the war had ever reached 15,000 feet, and even they did so on very few occasions, and consequently felt little ill effect.

"Mountain Sickness"

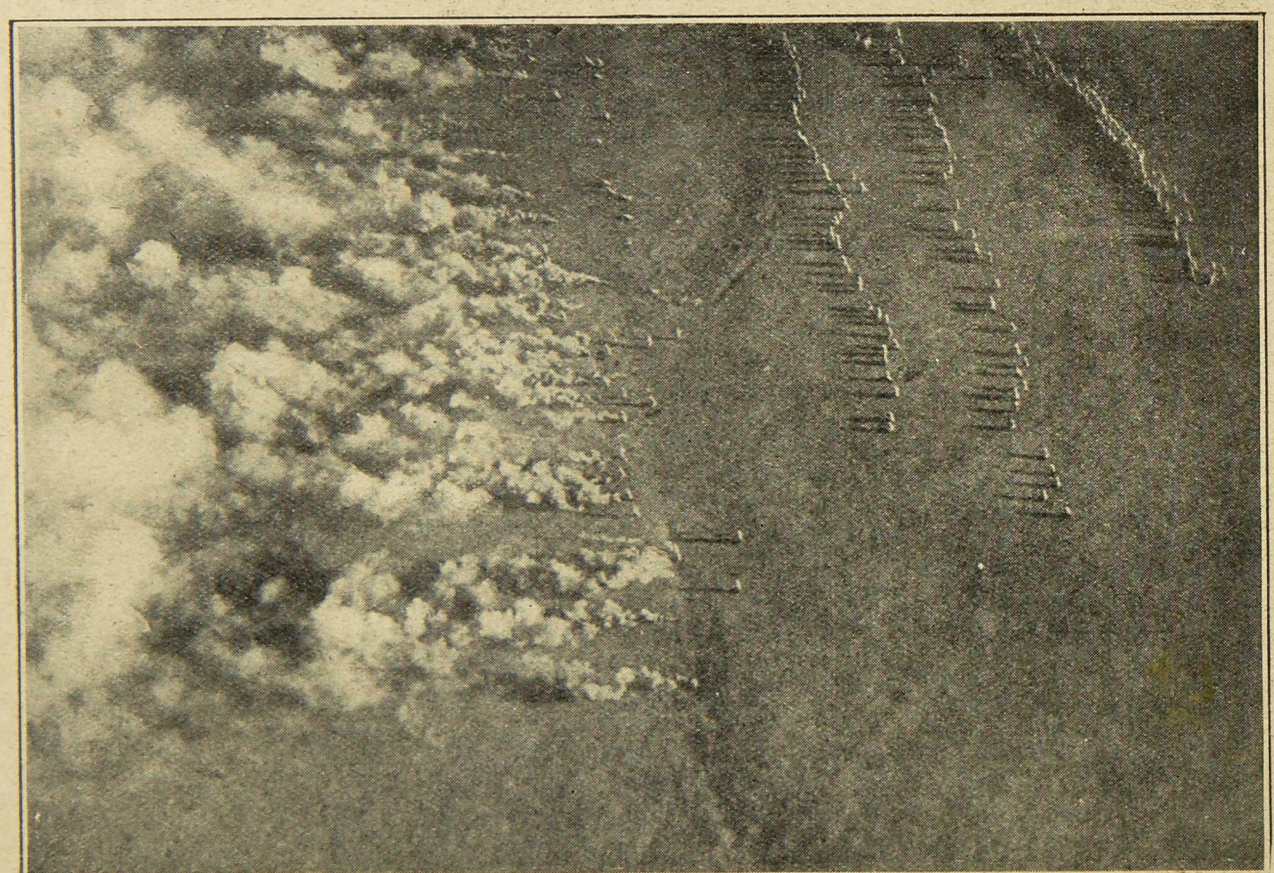
However, when war began it was found that at 4,000 feet an aeroplane was within easy range of rifle and machine-gun fire. Even at 6,000 feet they were frequently hit, and 8,000 feet was regarded as the lowest really safe height. Then, after a few months, the German anti-aircraft guns, which were always ahead of those of the Allies, began to shoot a great deal too well, and our pilots found that they had to fly at something over 10,000 feet to be even moderately safe. The Allies' guns also improved in range and in shooting, so the German pilots found 10,000 feet barely safe, and the Allies' pilots had to climb to well over 10,000 feet when they wanted to catch the Germans.

As the result of all this 10,000 feet has become a common height for ordinary scouting, and to be really safe from gun-fire one has to keep at about 15,000 feet. Now, at this height the air is very thin and the cold is intense, as anyone knows who has ever been on top of a mountain anything over 10,000 feet high. And the cold is intensified by the speed at which the machine rushes through it. "Mountain sickness," which causes pains in the head and sickness, is the result of thin air on high mountains rather than the cold, so that one naturally expects flying-men at 15,000 feet to suffer in the same way.

The Doctor's Opportunity

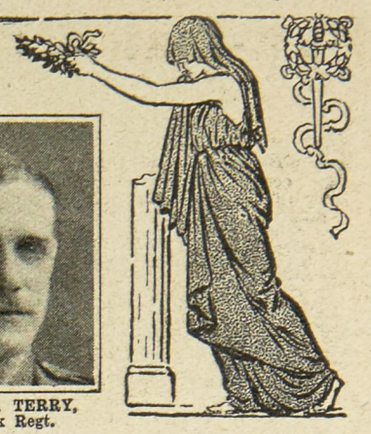
But the man on a mountain climbs and returns slowly, whereas fliers may go up to 12,000 feet in half an hour or less, and may come down in a mere ten minutes or so; therefore the flier's internal economy is subjected to sudden violent changes in atmospheric pressure such as no one in the world has ever felt except divers, especially those who work in air-locks and "caissons" when building bridges and so forth.

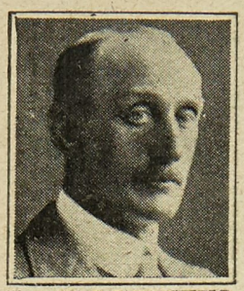
Divers are subject to a particular disease called "caisson" disease, due to these sudden changes of pressure, and it is quite possible that we may ere long hear of "airman's disease" of a similar kind, unless some clever doctor finds a remedy.



This undoubtedly the most amazing photograph of the war illustrates a German gas attack, and was taken by a Russian airman. The fata. fumes have been released from the gas cylinders and are rolling towards the Russian trenches. Behind the men working the cylinders three lines of enemy infantry are about to follow the gas. The first two are in open formation, the last is massed.

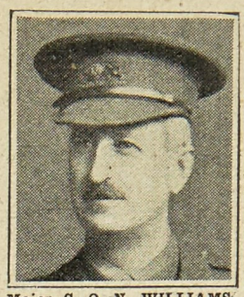
Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead



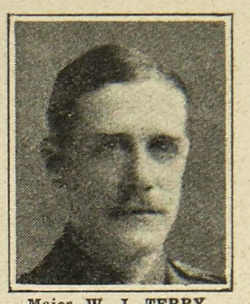


Lieut.-Col. E. E. BOUSFIELD, 123rd Outram's Rifles.

Major F. A. BLIGH, Royal Field Artillery.

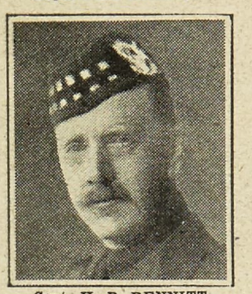


Major C. O. N. WILLIAMS, 8th Royal Lancaster Regt.

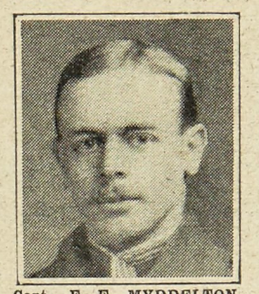


Major W. J. TERRY, 1st Suffolk Regt.

Capt. C. R. CLEAVER, 29th Punjabis, I.A.



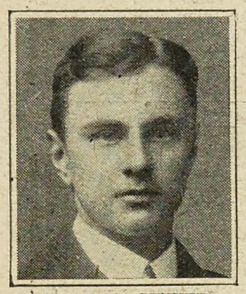
Capt. H. P. BENNITT, 7th Seaforth Highlanders.



Capt. F. E. MYDDELTON-GAVEY, 2nd Worcester Regt.

Capt. R. W. L. OKE, Royal Berkshire Regt.

Capt. A. V. NEWTON, Royal Flying Corps.



Capt. B. G. GUNNER, 1st Northumberland Fusiliers.

Lieutenant-Colonel E. E. Bousfield, 123rd Outram's Rifles, attached 1st Gurkha Rifles, gained his first commission in the South Wales Borderers in 1889. In July, 1892, he joined the Indian Staff Corps, and was gazetted-major in 1907. Major C. O. N. Williams, 8th Royal Lancaster Regiment, had been second in command of this Service Battalion since April, 1915. Major W. J. Terry, 1st Suffolk Regiment, was gazetted second-lieutenant from the ranks of the Imperial Yeomanry in June, 1901. From November, 1911, to August, 1914, he was employed with the West African Frontier Force. For his services in South Africa Major Terry had the Queen's Medal with two clasps.

Captain C. R. Cleaver, 29th Punjabis, I.A., died from wounds received in German East Africa. Captain Cleaver was gazetted in August, 1905, joining the Indian Army in the following year. Captain H. P. Bennitt, 7th Seaforth Highlanders, was first attached to the 2nd King's African Rifles. He saw service in the Somaliland, Gambia, and Gold Coast Expeditions, for which he received the general African Medal with three clasps. Captain F. E. Myddelton-Gavey, 2nd Worcestershire Regiment, entered the Indian Army in 1908, and was then attached for a year to the York and Lancaster Regiment at Quetta. He served with the 10th Jats at Alipore and Hyderabad, Sind.

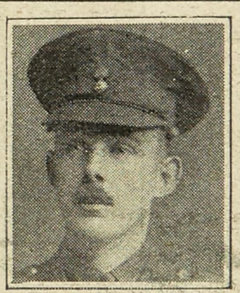
Captain B. J. Deighton, 1st Middlesex Regiment, entered the Army as a drummer when only fifteen years old.

Lieutenant G. F. Whidborne, 3rd Coldstream Guards, had been mentioned in despatches and awarded the Military Cross for his services. Lieutenant A. Anson, 3rd Grenadier Guards, was the younger twin son of the Hon. Frederic Anson, and nephew of the Earl of Lichfield.

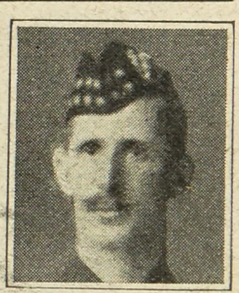
Capt. B. J. DEIGHTON, 1st Middlesex Regt.

Lieut. G. F. WHIDBORNE, 3rd Coldstream Guards.

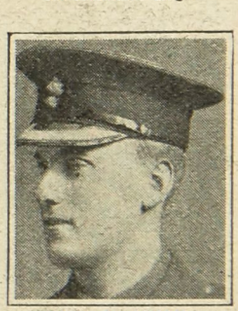
Lieut H. A. CRUICKSHANK, 3rd Royal Scots Fusiliers.



Lieut. H. H. McCORMAC, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.



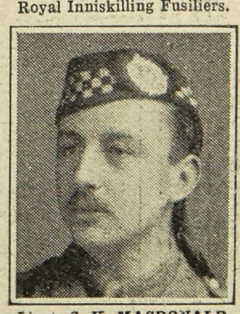
Lieut. W. MILNE, Gordon Highlanders.



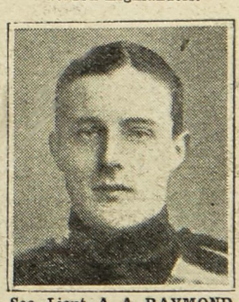
Lieut. A. ANSON, 3rd Grenadier Guards.

Sec.-Lieut. F. B. O'CARROLL, Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lieut. S. W. BAKER, 8th Somerset Regt.



Lieut. C. K. MACDONALD, 10th Argyll & Sutherland H.



Sec.-Lieut. A. A. RAYMOND, Royal Irish Rifles.

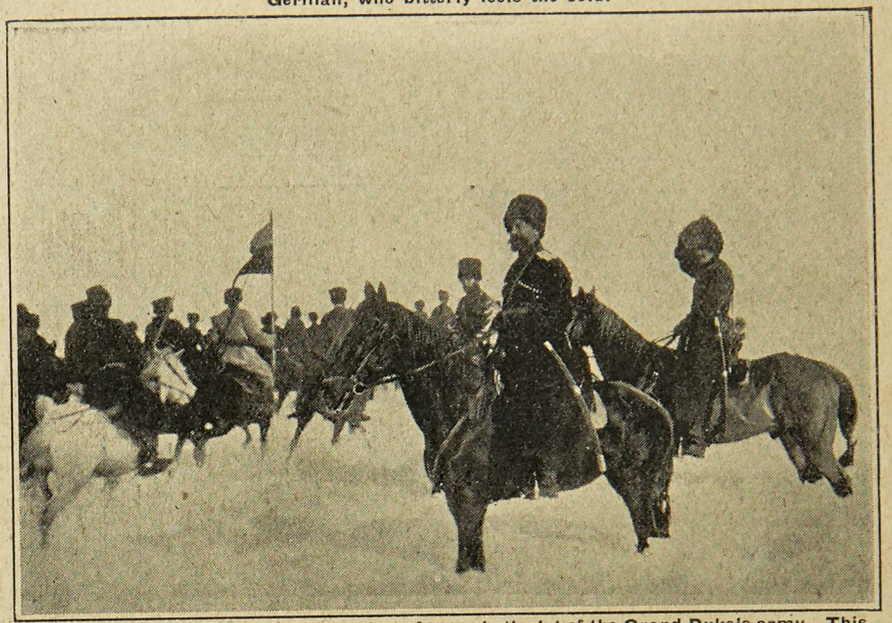
Lieut. G. W. R. BURROWES, Royal Munster Fusiliers.

(Portraits by Bassano, Lafayette, Swaine, Russell, Elliott & Fry, Lambert Weston, Hughes & Mullins.)

This appealing snapshot, which recalls the impressive painting of the retreat from Moscow, shows a troop of Russians advancing to meet the enemy. Clad in their winter kit, they are taking the road over the frozen snow-field, ammunition waggons bringing up the rear.

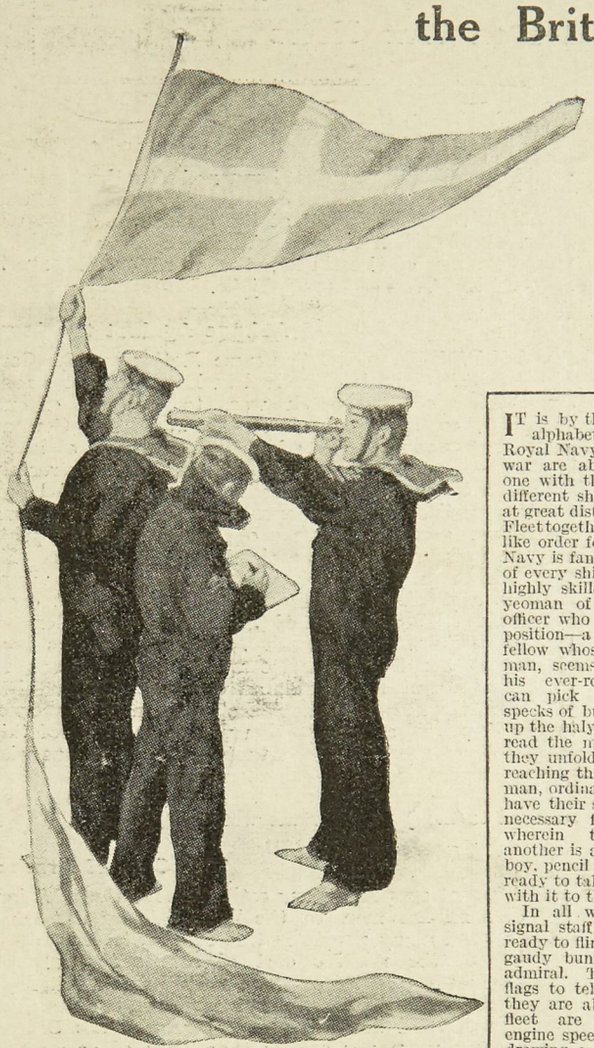
The element of snow seems associate eternally with Russian military achievement. The hardy Cossack during the winter months is more than a match for the less acclimatised German, who bitterly feels the cold.

General Tamishkevitch, the Grand Duke's Chief of Staff, embracing a Russian soldier after having conferred on him the Order of St. George, the V.C. of Russia, for exceptional heroism.



In the frosty Caucasus, where many feet of snow is the lot of the Grand Duke's army. This spirited photograph shows some Russian officers watching a troop of cavalry canter past, colours flying, in desolation's waste of white.

When Ship Speaks to Ship: Signalling Flags of the British Navy



"The Bunting-tossers." A signalman about to hoist a long-distance message.

IT is by the aid of the Morse alphabet and the special Royal Navy code that ships of war are able to communicate one with the other by flags of different shapes and colourings, at great distances. To keep the Fleet together with that machine-like order for which the British Navy is famous, the signal staff of every ship has to consist of highly skilled men. The chief yeoman of signals is a petty officer who holds an important position—a keen-eyed, sturdy fellow whose sight, to a landsman, seems miraculous. With his ever-ready telescope he can pick out the flickering specks of bunting being hoisted up the halyards of the flagship, and can read the message of the flags even as they unfold in splashes of colour when reaching the block. The leading signalman, ordinary signalman, and boys, each have their special duties. One takes the necessary flags from the pigeon-holes, wherein they are neatly stowed; another is alert to hoist the reply; the boy, pencil and notebook in hand, stands ready to take down the message and run with it to the officer in command.

In all weathers the highly efficient signal staff of a fighting ship must be ready to fling to the winds, in splashes of gaudy bunting, the commands of the admiral. They must be alert with their flags to tell the next ship astern what they are about to do. The ships of a fleet are continually altering their engine speeds, and, therefore, to prevent drawing away or getting too near the great steel snout of their next astern, the speed flags have to be constantly leaping up and down.

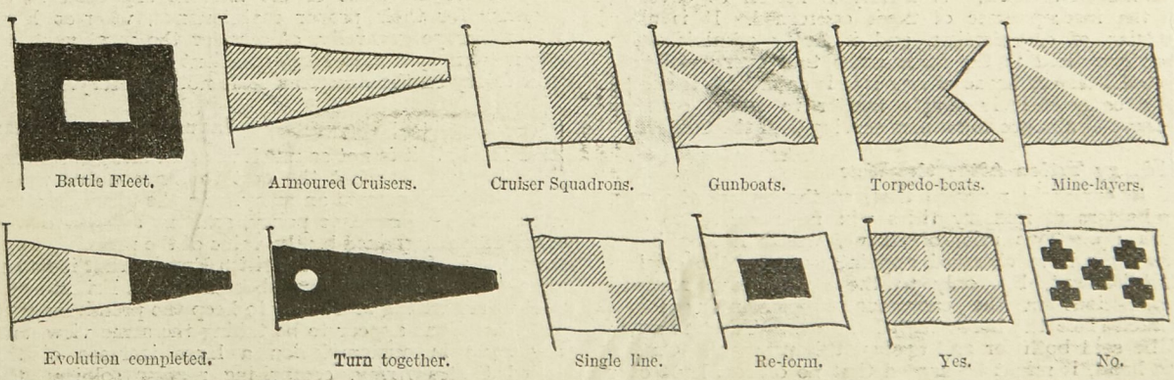
A "Flag-wagger."

THE main duties of the "flag-wagger" are concerned with the transmission of general conversation between ship and ship in clear weather, and when the vessels "speaking" are near each other. Taking his stand on a high quarter, the "flag-wagger," by rapid waving from side to side at varying angles, can quickly communicate with other "flag-waggers."

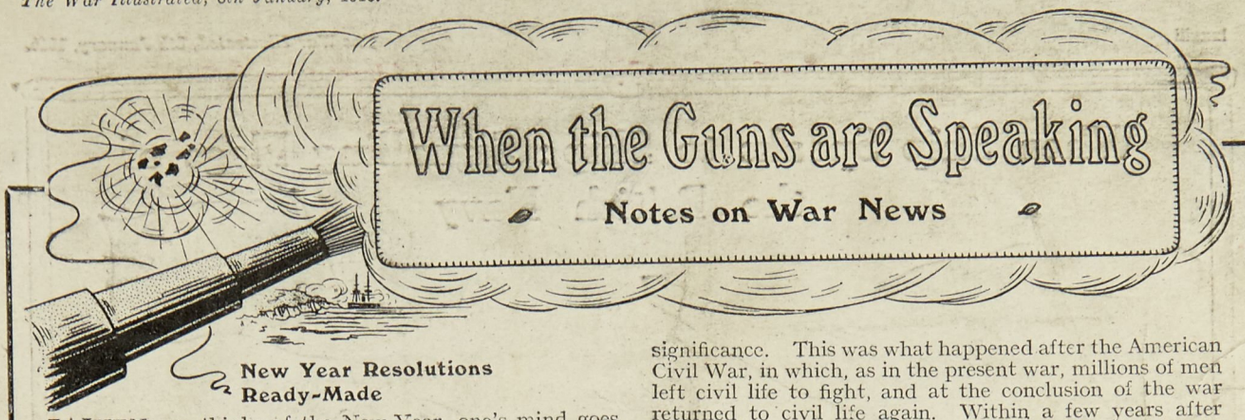
By constant practice these signallers become very expert, and can "chatter" away to each other in the Morse alphabet at astonishing speeds. Often they use their hands and arms without the aid of flags.

For working against a dark background, the white flag with a blue bar is generally used; should the sky behind be very light, a dark flag is used.

Altogether, like their comrades, the long-distance flag-signallers, the "flag-waggers" are important members of a ship's company. Expert, highly-trained men, they have eyes which rival the hawk's, and keen, active brains, quick to read off every letter and word which is transmitted at great speed by the flickering speck of bunting against the distant sky that acts as the silent "speech" of a sister ship.



The above selection of flags, among those which are very frequently in use on board our ships of war, are intended to give a general idea of the flags used for signalling in the Royal Navy. The left-hand illustration above the flags shows Naval signallers—a yeoman of signallers, an ordinary signalman, and a boy—engaged in long-distance flag-signalling. The right-hand drawing is of a "flag-wagger," and shows the method of "speaking" from one ship to another when distance permits.



When the Guns are Speaking

Notes on War News

New Year Resolutions Ready-Made

WHEN one thinks of the New Year, one's mind goes back irresistibly to the New Years of the days before Armageddon. How remote they are now, and how sunk into the tomb of time! Where are the proverbial comic drawings of New Year resolutions, and how they were kept? The inebriate's attempt to reform, the spendthrift's effort to economise, all, according to the artist, broken before the first week had waned? At the present time we are having our resolutions made for us by the State. Drinking is restricted to an extent undreamt of in the loose, lax days of peace, and he who does not save is guilty, not only of a sin against himself, but against the community. Truly war is a great tonic for our ills.

"Single Men First"

IN the history of war this appeal, ringing in our ears to-day with a sadness inexpressible and responded to in a manner too stirring for words to describe, belongs to the oldest of battle-cries. We find it, for example, in the fragments of one of the early Greek poets—Tyrtæus—who not only wrote poetry but served in the field, and whose war-songs inspired the Spartans during the Second Messenian War (*c.* 650 B.C.) :

> Base—base the sight if foremost on the plain,
> In dust and carnage the fall'n veteran roll,
> . . . While youths shrink back.

The popularity of the elegies of Tyrtæus was such that it became the custom for the soldiers to sing them round their camp-fires at night.

The Problem of Leave

IT seems incredible, yet there are persistent statements to the effect that there are still men at the front, in France and Flanders, who have been out there without leave since August, 1914. If this is true, it is one of the greatest minor scandals of the war, and something should at once be done to put a stop to it. The official statement on the subject in the House of Commons, that "Leave is a matter resting solely within the discretion of the Commander-in-Chief," is merely a means of covering up the incompetence of those concerned. It is all a question of organisation, and if Army administration were organised in the same sense that every well-conducted business house of any size is organised, it should be a comparatively simple matter to insure equality of leave of absence to all men serving with the Colours.

Military Titles After the War

IT is currently reported that, at the end of the war, holders of military titles will be required to give them up. This rule, of course, would not apply to those who have obtained appointments on the original establishment, but only to those who have received commissions in the enormous supplementary forces created since the beginning of the war. There is much to be said both for and against this proposal. On the one hand, it might be argued that no officers have ever won better right to permanence of title than the men who have fought in the greatest war in history; on the other hand, it does seem undesirable that after the war the country should be flooded with so many captains, majors, etc., that these titles would be in danger of losing their significance. This was what happened after the American Civil War, in which, as in the present war, millions of men left civil life to fight, and at the conclusion of the war returned to civil life again. Within a few years after the cessation of hostilities, the word "colonel" in America had become a sort of joke.

German Animus Against the Jews

ACCORDING to the "Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant" there is a revival in Berlin of the strong anti-Semitic feeling which was, to a great extent, dissipated on the outbreak of the war. The German attitude towards the Jews has been ever one of bitter intolerance, so much so that it was made extremely difficult for the "Chosen People" to hold official and military positions of any importance. The national ban on Heine, most fascinating of German lyrical poets and philosophers, has remained consistent since his exile. Throughout the whole of the Fatherland, where there is a passion for memorials, no monument commemorates the existence of this outstanding German Jew of the nineteenth century. Semitism knows that victory to the German arms would be disastrous to Jews throughout the world, an overwhelming number of whom have rallied to the Allies' cause in consequence. In the course of a conversation with a member of this cosmopolitan race I learned that the colossal financial and spiritual power of Judaism could be enlisted against Kaiserism by a guarantee that Palestine would be restored to the Jews after the war.

The Cost of Armies

THE recent supplementary estimates for the addition of a million men to the British Army will have made a good many people in this country look into the question of the relative cost of armies in different countries with something more than languid interest. It has been troubling some of our American cousins, too, for it is admitted that the regular Army of the United States costs more per soldier than that of any other Power. This, of course, is because it is a volunteer army. So is ours, but the pay here is only about half what is given in the United States, because American officers are paid on the basis of the amount supposed to be necessary for their proper maintenance, whereas here, and in Europe generally, officers for the most part are chosen from men who have sufficient private means to make salary on the American scale not necessary.

Insurance by Armies

AFTER all, it is not so much what an army costs that matters as what the cost to the country would be if it did not possess an army. In the ultimate sense an army is an insurance policy, and the amount of the premium is determined by the value of the property to be insured. In the case of the British Empire that is rather large—modesty of language is becoming to a Briton—and all of us are willing and ready to keep the premiums paid up. Americans appear to be taking the same view, and they have in contemplation a large increase of the United States Army, comprising regular soldiers, the National Guard, and a continental army of volunteers. They would want every man they could get before many years if Germany won this war, but even though Germany is not going to win it, their administration is wise in its new policy.

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.

The War Illustrated, January 15th, 1916.

Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

Salonika and After, by Commander Bellairs, M.P.

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly

Vol. 3 General Townshend : Anglo-Indian pluck and resource hold up Turkish hordes in Mesopotamia No. 74

Chivalry and Romance in 1916

THAT "Romance is dead" is one of those banal remarks which are dropped without provocation by those dreadful people who seem to think that by some natural law yesterday was better than to-day, and that to-morrow will be unthinkably worse than to-day; purblind people who fail to see that their drab philosophy is contradicted by the very law of evolution. For, of course, it is not true. Once the remark was overheard at the Hendon aerodrome, and a denying laugh from another man followed instantly upon it; for the moon had just risen, a September full moon, enormous as it cleared the horizon, and at that self-same minute a biplane passed across its huge disc; romance was visible as man flew easily as any bat in that glorious autumn evening sky, and the croaking pessimist was revealed ridiculous.

CHIVALRY is the lawful child of romance, and is as alive and strenuous to-day as in the legendary realm of Lyonesse or the hardly more real glades of Sherwood Forest. The knights wear different armour, though even in this respect there is a rather notable return to older forms, but the precepts of knighthood are the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, and they are enforced as rigidly and practised as simply and fully as they were under King Arthur's rule.

JAPAN is the country to which one must turn for the latest survival of a recognised knightly order as part of the body politic, and the unwritten code of morality known in Japan as Bushido is deserving of some rather close consideration in view of the rule of life which has been adopted and practised by our British soldiers in the Great War. Some years ago Professor Okakura delivered a series of lectures at the University of London on the Japanese, regarded from the point of view of comparative sociology, and these were published in a volume entitled "The Japanese Spirit," to which anyone who is interested by these brief notes is recommended to turn. Dr. Nitobé, of the Imperial University of Kyoto, has also written a book entitled "Bushido: The Soul of Japan." It is not suggested that these books should be read now for the sake of the information they give about the Japanese; their topical interest is the proof they furnish that among ourselves knightly rules of conduct are the governing rules of life, and that chivalry is a live and potent force.

BUSHIDO means the "Path of the Samurai," and it is interesting at the very outset to observe that "Samurai" is the substantival derivative from the verb "samurau," which means to serve; our English counterpart is "knight," which has raised itself from its original sense of a retainer to the honourable meaning which it now bears. Service is the fine thing about knighthood, evidenced again by the motto worn in the helm of our own Prince of Wales, "Ich dien." To be a Samurai in the true sense of the word has been, Professor Okakura says, the highest aspiration of a Japanese, and he explains the true sense of the word by saying that our word "gentleman" when understood in its best sense conveys an approximate idea of it if a dash of soldier blood is added to it. Rectitude, courage, benevolence, politeness, veracity, loyalty, and a predominating sense of honour are the chief colours wherewith to paint an ideal Samurai, and his list of desirable qualities cannot be considered complete without a well-developed body and an expression of the face that is manly but in no way brutal. Could colours be chosen wherewith to paint more accurately the British soldier of to-day?

WHAT the origins of Bushido were, it is not the purpose of these short notes to indicate; they are traced in the two books referred to, and it is, of course, true that the philosophers had a great deal to do with the matter in Japan. But it is pertinent to say again that the code as practised by the Samurai was an unwritten code, grown up in much the same way that our British constitution has grown up, and an integral part of the national life. It was this that gave it its dynamic; and the significant thing is that the rule of life seems to be clearly understood and actually practised by every officer and man in our colossal new British Army. As M. Jourdain spoke prose all his life without knowing it, so have our soldiers, drawn from every rank of life, been actual knights in the strictest meaning of the word. Their code of honour is the same that was taught by pundits of whom they had never heard, and they stand before the world living proofs that chivalry is an undimmed jewel in their Empire's crown.

THAT courage has its proper gaiety was another point on which Bushido insisted. Samurai were expected to pass from glowing life into the cold grasp of death with a smile and to meet the hardest decrees of Fate with the resolute calm of stoic fortitude. Here is another point of closest resemblance between the British soldier and the Japanese Samurai which surely is of interest; and not of interest merely because of the resemblance of the chivalry of one country to that of any other. Bushido was the force that made Japan what she is; Japan owes everything to her Samurai. They were the flower of the nation, but they were its root as well; they set the moral standard for the people and guided them by their example.

ONE fancies that that is what the British Army is doing now. There can hardly be two opinions that we had reached a point of luxuriousness and self-indulgence and moral laxity which were pregnant with danger for ourselves and the whole world. If chivalry had been dead, as the croaking pessimists declared, this new and wonderful British Army could not have come into being, and certainly could not have done the amazing deeds which it has done. Its high courage, its endurance, and—not least—its cheerfulness under conditions that appal the imagination, have set a standard to which the people of the Empire will have to live up for all the future, and if they attain it and maintain it, who can say to what heights of spiritual and temporal greatness the British Empire may not go on?

ONE further point may, perhaps, be suggested. Courage was scarcely deemed worthy to be counted among virtues by the Samurai unless it was exercised in the cause of righteousness. For "valour misbegot" they had no use—merely reckless daring for an end that was not worthy in itself. But where their honour was concerned, and where their loyalty was called upon, they were sure rocks of defence. No life was too dear to sacrifice in the cause of loyalty, and no life was worth living if personal honour had been stained. For a righteous cause they were quick to draw their sword, which they never sheathed again until their cause was won. Is there not a parallel there to something which our own Prime Minister said, not in vainglorious boasting, but with calm and purposeful assurance? For a cause which they deem to be righteous four million Britons are under arms to-day, four million as true knights as ever entered tourney. In all the chequered history of the world no such spectacle has been seen as the chivalry in flower at the beginning of this latest of the years.

C. M.

15th January, 1916. No. 74. Vol. 3.

THE WAR *Illustrated*

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON

THE PHANTOM SENTINEL.—Modern warfare has produced some strange equipment, gas masks and steel helmets being among the most remarkable; but surely this winter kit of an Italian Alpine sentinel is the most extraordinary. At close view he has the appearance of a Polar explorer. The merit of this uniform, apart from its warmth, is that the wearer is invisible against the snow.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

XXXII.—The Amazing Withdrawal from Gallipoli's Crescent of Death

IN the third week in December, 1915, the situation of the Australasian and British forces clinging to their twelve-mile front in Northern Gallipoli seemed desperate beyond parallel. We had lost some one hundred thousand men in vainly trying to break through the enemy's fortressed crescent of heights, and in stubbornly holding on to our precarious position. The most distressing feature of our increasing list of losses was that disease began to disable our forces at a far more rapid rate than did the enemy's weapons. Nearly half our total losses were due to sickness.

This, in turn, was due to our inferior military situation. The Turks were superbly entrenched on a great amphitheatre of dominating hills. From the mountain clump of Sari Bair to the rugged crest of the Kavah Tepe range, the hostile artillery observation officers had points one thousand feet above sea-level from which to direct their guns. The principal hills on our northernmost sector, such as Chocolate Hill and Green Hill, were less than two hundred feet high, and even the highest Anzac trenches, that rose six hundred feet, were closely overshadowed by the sombre mountains held by the Turks. Only by entrenching in folds of the broken ground, where howitzer shells alone could be pitched on to our dug-outs, were our troops able to escape sweeping destruction. The enemy was everywhere firing down on them, and at one critical spot, known as Sniper's Nest, the Turk remained, after eight months' desperate efforts to push him back, within less than half a mile of our landing beach.

Lord Kitchener at Anzac

Such was the military situation, as Lord Kitchener saw it in November, when he climbed to Russell's Top at Anzac. But the hygienic situation was still worse. In the heavy rainy weather, with fierce sou'-western gales, the heights of Gallipoli streamed with water. Tracks running up between the bushes and hummocks of rock changed from dry footpaths into torrent beds, and as our trenches were everywhere below the Turkish lines, our great system of linked earthworks served to drain the mountains. Here and there a battalion, clinging to a trench blasted in the rock on the edge of a precipice, still lived in want of water; but as a general rule our deeply-dug lines were exceedingly wet. Our sappers had to use high and ingenious skill and immense labour in order to carry off the mountain flood-water, and prevent the trenches becoming strong, swirling water-courses. Then as winter deepened, the climate on the northern rocky shore of Gallipoli became extraordinarily severe for so southern a region. Some of our sentries were found frozen to death at their posts. Practically all our positions were fully exposed to the bleak, north-eastern winds sweeping from the remote Russian steppes across the Balkans, where the winter rigours of the Siege of Plevna were still remembered.

After studying all the conditions, Lord Kitchener agreed with Sir Charles Monro, the new commander of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, that it would be best to retire. This decision was strengthened by the need for veteran troops of the finest quality in the new Balkan theatre of war, to which the 10th Division, the spearhead in some of the Suvla Bay battles, was first despatched. But when a complete retirement from both Suvla Bay and Anzac had been ordered, the task of carrying it out appeared superhuman.

On Sir William Birdwood, who directed the operations of retirement, the burden and the gloom were very heavy; for this gallant general, who had led the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps from the first landing battle, was still confident that he could win to the Narrows and decide the fate of the Ottoman Empire.

The "S O S" from Serbia

All he wanted was a large reinforcement. But the defection of the Bulgarians, the sinister waverings of the Greeks, and the overthrow of the heroic Serbians had made Gallipoli a theatre of war of secondary importance. We had decided to hold the entrance to the Dardanelles, beneath Achi Baba, and thus facilitate the daring operations of our submarine crews in the Sea of Marmora, while the old and new armies on the northern coast moved to the more vital region of Salonika.

The German Staff thought that our main force in Gallipoli was trapped. We were supposed to be in the position of a man who had got a wolf by the ears, and was holding on in despair because he could not safely let go. The Turks were of the same mind as the Germans, and in some fairly well-informed circles in London there was very dark apprehensions. How many men a hundred would it cost us to evacuate our position? Some put it as high as twenty-five, and it was generally expected that there would be a terrible rearguard battle, with some eighty thousand Turks, roused to the full height of fanatic courage by the spectacle of our withdrawal.

The Conception of the Bluff

But Sir William Birdwood and Admiral Robeck did not fear anything of this kind. Their chief anxiety was the weather. If only the sea was calm, so that the heavy guns and other ponderous material could be shipped quickly and easily, the general and the admiral rather looked forward to a farewell scrap with "Johnny Turk." Happily, the weather on the critical night, Sunday, December 19th, 1915, was serene, and though the moon, being nearly at full, cast an unwanted amount of light, the operation was conducted with marvellous success.

By way of a beginning, a rearguard battle, on an economic scale, was arranged. By the work of many nights, the sappers built a series of mines in front of our lines, and our machine-guns were so arranged that their comparatively small sections could sweep every yard of the ground. Then, out at sea, the naval gunners stood by large stores of shrapnel shell, with the ranges exactly fixed, ready at a wireless signal to maintain a fire curtain, twelve miles long, from Suvla Point to Gaba Tepe.

But though the Turks had German observation officers at the principal points, and well-trained observers of their own race, with good night-glasses, peering from the mountain tops, no attack was launched. At one spot the Turkish trenches were only seven yards from ours, and the moonlit sea and the beaches were crowded with our warships, transports, small boats, and retiring troops. The men came down in thousands from the hill tracks, and winded in thousands across the plain by Salt Lake. But neither German nor Turk divined the meaning of the continual movements going on beneath their eyes. Great guns were lowered to the beaches, hoisted by derricks into lighters, and thence lifted on to steamers. All the ammunition was re-shipped. The machine-gun parties were removed, and after some quarrelling among the men of Anzac for the right to be the last to leave, all the battalions were embarked.

More than Success

At half-past three on Monday morning the last of the Australians fired a forty-five-feet-deep mine under the Turkish trenches, as a farewell act of battle, while volunteers with fuses set light to some large dumps of bully beef, and by five o'clock on the dark, midwinter morning the evacuation was complete. The total casualties were one officer and four men wounded.

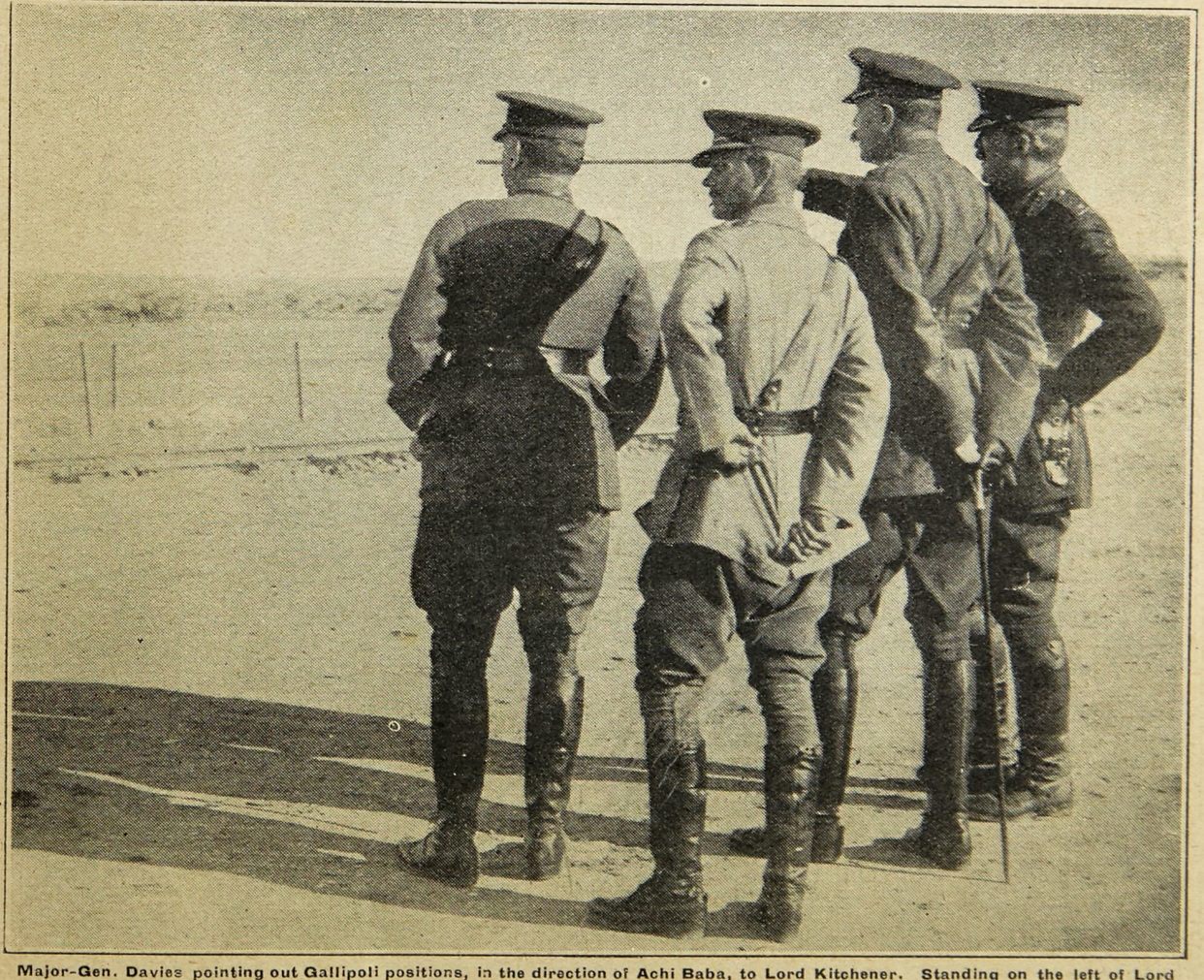
It was one of the most surprising feats in the history of war. It was because it seemed impossible that it was so smoothly accomplished. Local conditions made it easy to control the enemy's spy system, the Greek pedlar being absent, so that the German commander and his Turkish and German subordinate generals had to rely upon their own sense and intellect. Over-confidence in their advantages, and over-estimation of our difficulties completely blinded them.

Even when every Briton and Australasian was safe aboard ship, and our naval guns were destroying the breakwaters and landing-stages, the Turks did not stir from their trenches. They did not know, when dawn broke bright and clear, that no enemy faced them. Their guns bombarded the bonfires, shelled our battleships, and peppered the abandoned front in an erratic way.

It was mainly Staff work of an extraordinary excellence that extricated the Australasian and British forces from an apparently hopeless situation. What can the members of the German Staff do when men like Sir William Birdwood perform miracles? Some happy day we shall know what Enver Pasha said to his German generals when they told him that our Suvla-Anzac forces had escaped from long-prophesied, certain destruction without a single death.

Lord Kitchener Personally Inspects Anzac Land

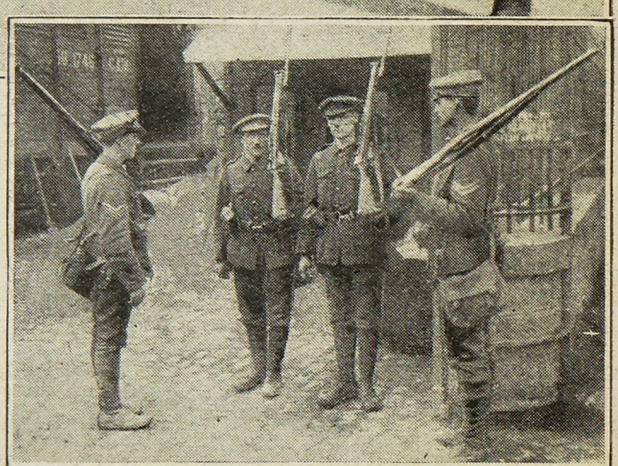
The Secretary for War in the trenches at the Dardanelles. On one occasion Lord Kitchener passed within twelve yards of the Turkish line, hundreds of Ottomans being quite unaware of the near presence of their formidable adversary.



Major-Gen. Davies pointing out Gallipoli positions, in the direction of Achi Baba, to Lord Kitchener. Standing on the left of Lord Kitchener are General Birdwood, of Anzac fame, General Maxwell, K.C.B., the General Officer Commanding in Egypt. The youthful appearance of Britain's distinguished leader will be remarked.

Round About the Allies' Balkan Positions

Highlanders, marching through the snow to the skirl of the bagpipes, on their way to the British trenches near Doiran, in the south-eastern corner of Serbia.

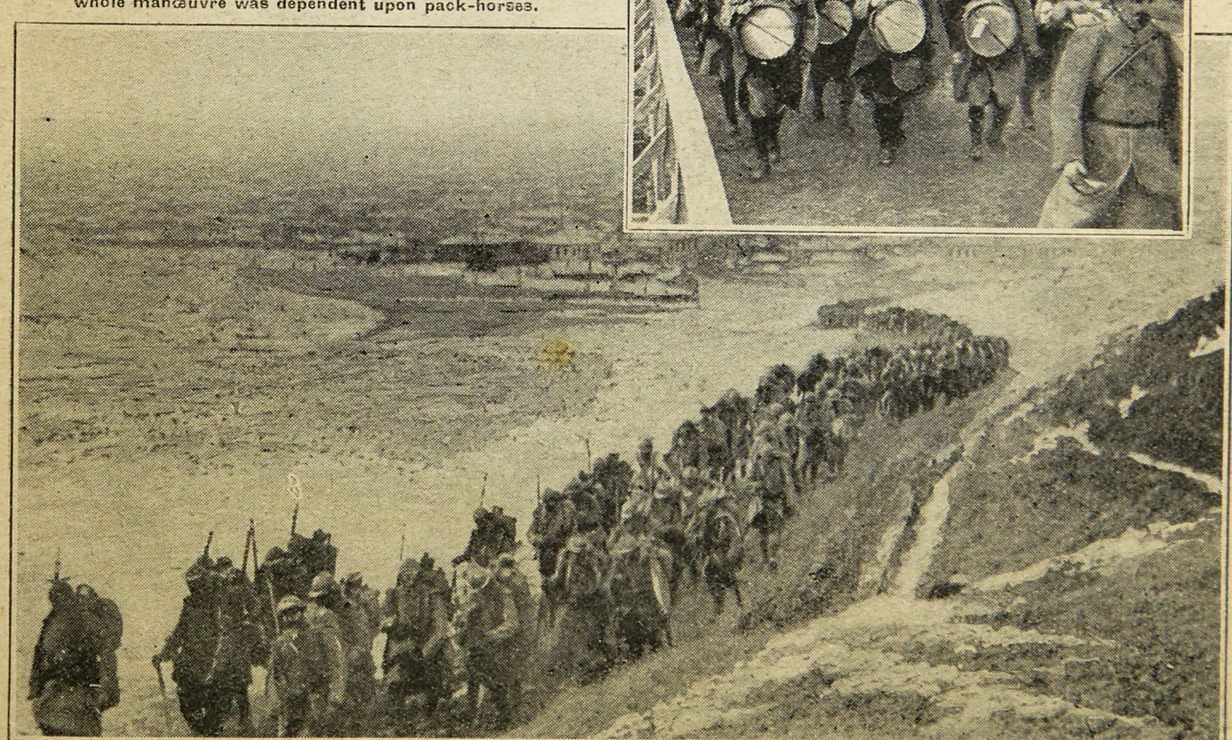


Changing the guard at a railway station near the British camp on the outskirts of Salonika.

At the junction of the British and French lines in Serbia. A British transport column bringing up supplies to a newly-captured position. Inset above: British Red Cross nurses landing at Salonika, the Allies' base in Greece, where two German aeroplanes dropped bombs for the first time on December 30th, but without causing damage.

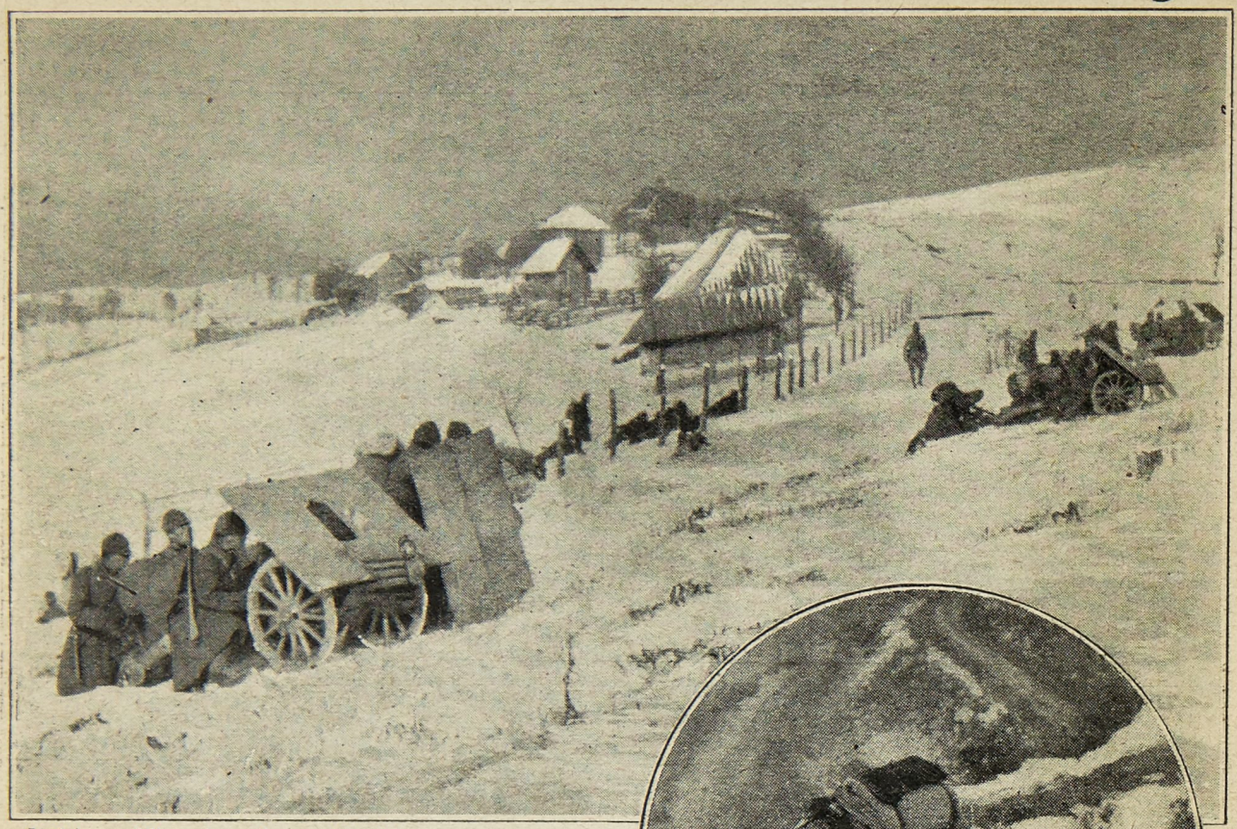
With the Tricolour over the Wintry Balkan Hills

Part of the large French force withdrawing from Kavadar to Salonika via Negotus. Owing to the absence of railways, the whole manœuvre was dependent upon pack-horses.



Another view of the steel-helmeted French troops retreating over the mountain tracks to Salonika via Negotus. The inset photograph shows the van of the retreating forces marching out of Kavadar with a band at their head.

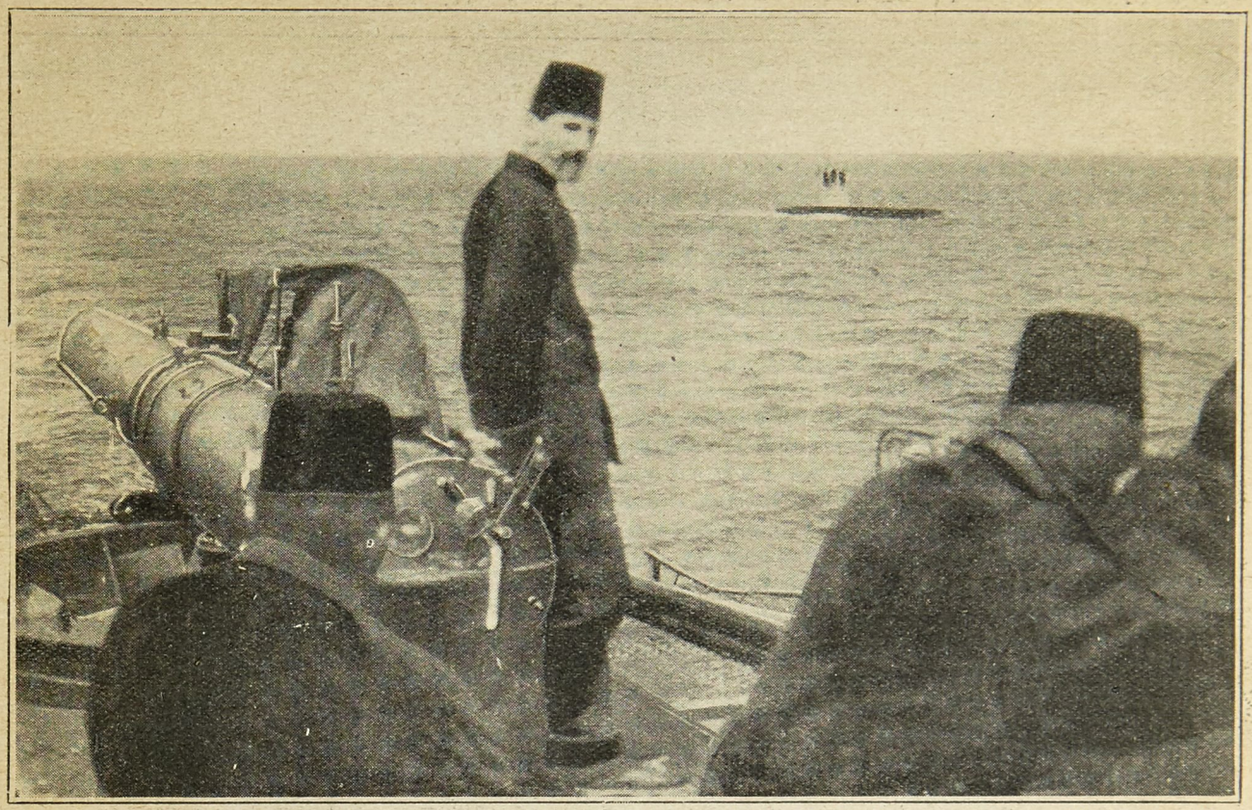
Winter War Scenes with Austrians in Montenegro



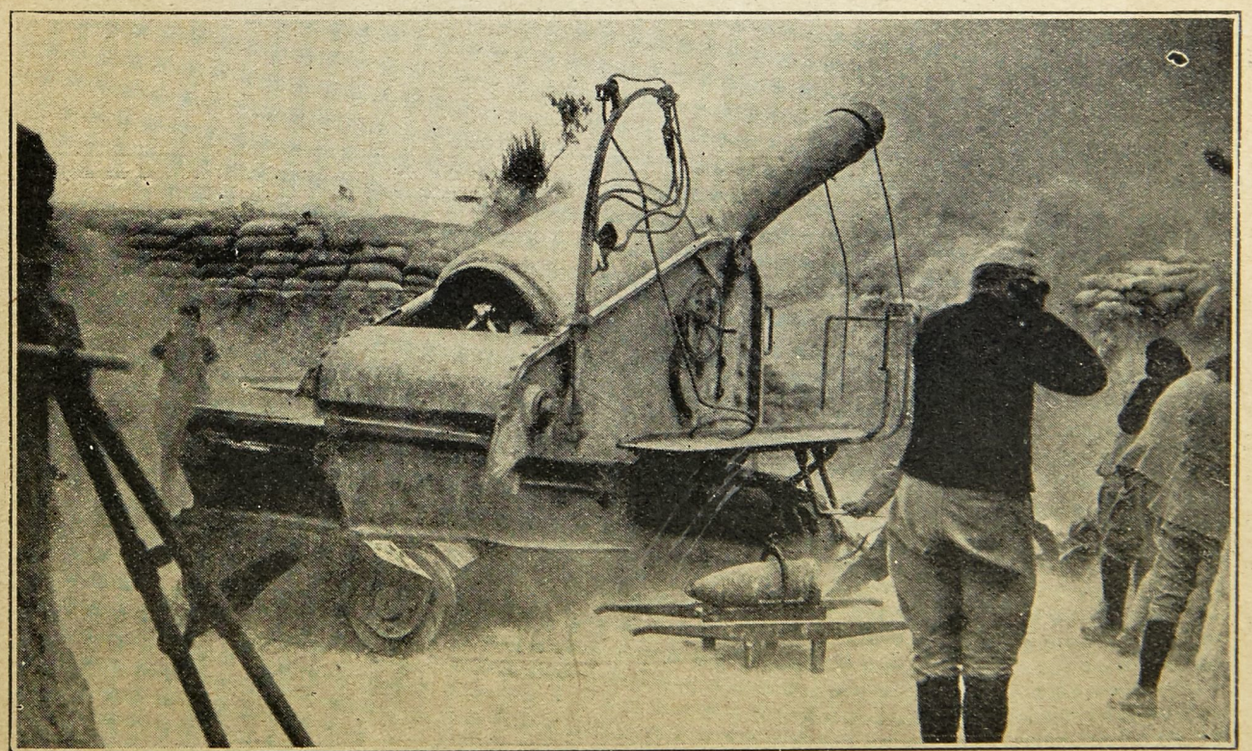
Austrian artillery in action amid picturesque snow-covered country near the Montenegrin frontier. Right: Austrian sharp-shooter firing from a hill post.

Austrian sappers preparing a gun emplacement at a new position along their front. Reinforced by a Serbian corps, the Montenegrin Army resumed the offensive on December 22nd, driving the Austrians from Montenegrin territory. The allied success at Lepenatz on the following day cost the Austrians over 2,000 killed and wounded.

Dwarf Craft and Giant Gun at the Dardanelles



A fleeting glimpse of the Turkish Navy. Submarine full steam ahead awash in the Dardanelles, as seen from an Ottoman torpedo-boat. Whatever the Turks may have achieved on land, with the organising abilities of the Germans behind them and every natural advantage in their favour, their Navy may well be considered a negligible quantity.



French 9·2 in. siege-howitzer replying to a Turkish gun christened by our men "Weary Willie," and situated on the Asiatic shore. The emplacement and surrounding defences seem solid and thorough, while the attitudes of the gun-crew give some idea of the nerve tension prevailing at the moment the photograph was taken.

Cold Work and Hot Dinners Behind the Lines

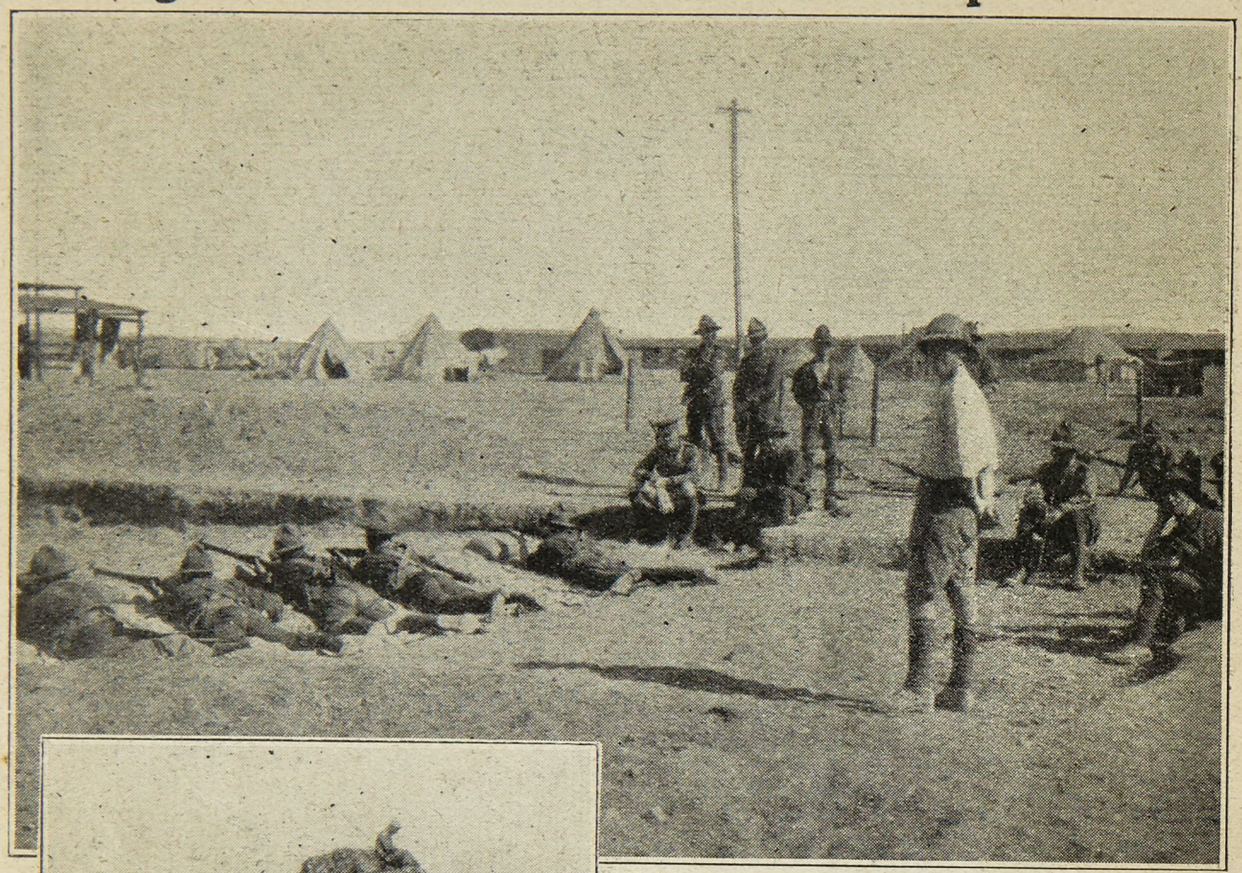
Old-fashioned wintry weather in France. British soldiers on their way to collect the mail from home. Well fed and warmly clad, they seem to enjoy the snowy weather as their horses plough through the cold slush.

Jovial group of Devons preparing a mid day meal outside the camp kitchen, a dug-out built up with logs and sandbags. On the day this photograph was taken the menu included rissoles of bully-beef, biscuits, and fried potatoes.

A Casualty in the Red Cross Canine Contingent

French Red Cross dog having his wounded paw dressed by an Army doctor. This dog, struck by a stray bullet while searching for wounded behind the firing-line, wears an expression of patient optimism, almost as though aware that he had suffered in his country's cause. Dogs play very useful parts with the French Army, some as sentries and others as Red Cross helpers. In this latter capacity it is their duty to search for wounded men who may have been overlooked, possibly through having crawled into undergrowth. When the dogs find a soldier they take his kepi or something else belonging to him, and hurry back with it to the ambulance workers.

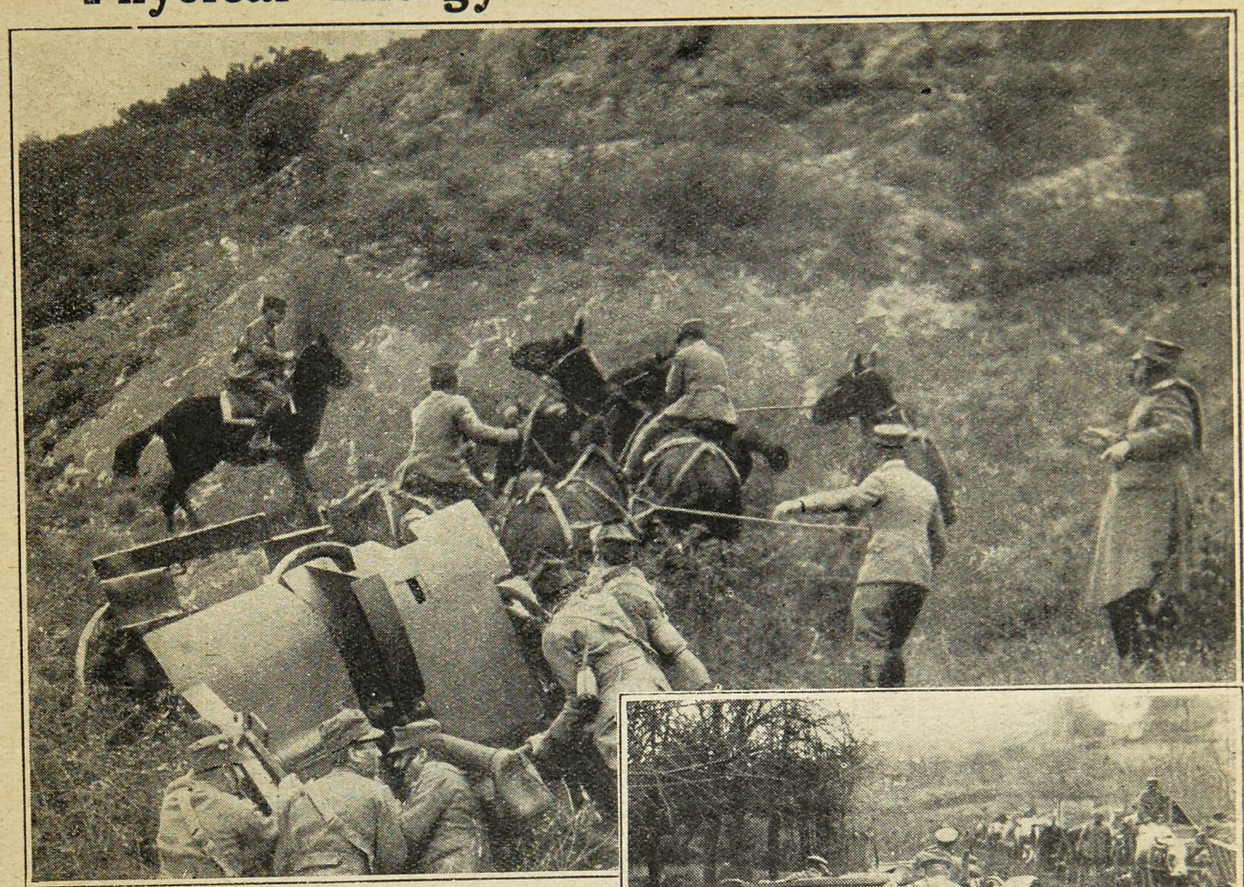
Solving Modern Problems in Ancient Sphinx-Land



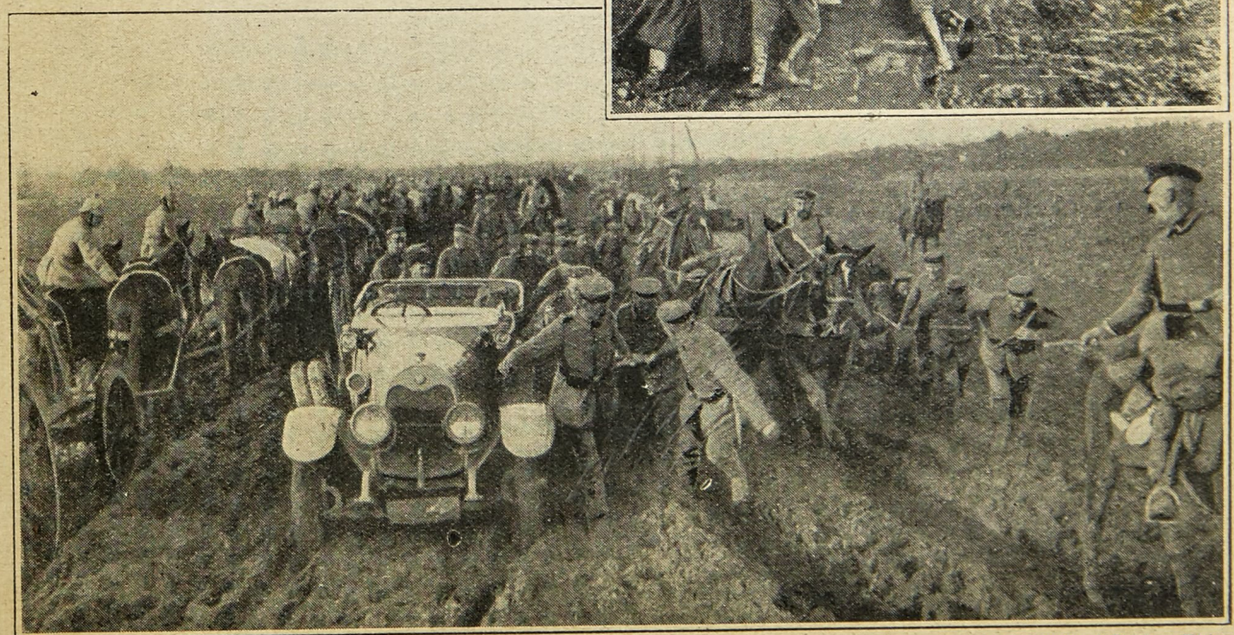
New Zealanders, encamped on Egyptian sands, firing at imaginary foes on their rifle range.

Men of the Army Service Corps unloading forage at a base camp in Egypt. Inset: Army Service Corps waggons, loaded with forage, and being driven by natives from the docks to a British camp in Egypt.

Physical Energy versus Rocks and Mud



Hauling a gun over a rough mountainous road. Italian artillerymen, with the aid of horses, are dragging a mountain weapon into position. Whatever may be said of the difficulties in the Balkans, the intense cold of the Baltic, the barren wastes of Gallipoli, the Alps must ever remain the most arduous arena of Mars.



The roads in Serbia, consequent upon heavy rains and unwonted transport of machines and men, are like ploughed fields. This striking photograph depicts a German Staff officer's car stranded in the mud, a convoy of ammunition waggons going up to the front on the left, and a column on the right is passing to the rear. Inset: Helping to get an officer's car out of a rut.

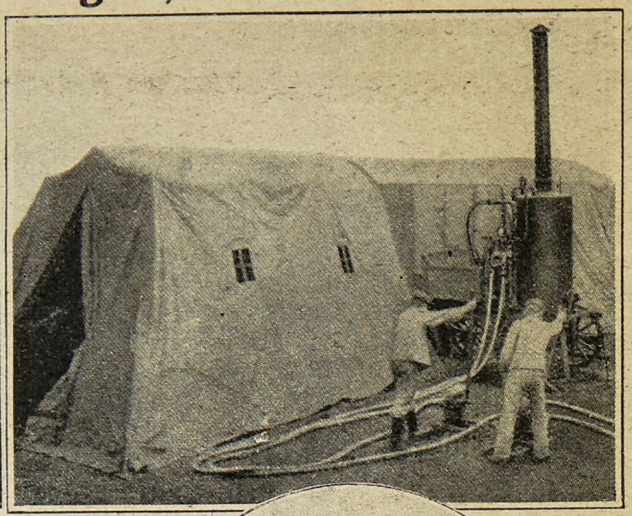
Père Joffre Reviews his Devoted 'Chil

THIS superb impression of General Joffre and his Staff reviewing French troops in Lorraine calls to mind various celebrated incidents of warfare under the relentless but picturesque "General Winter." The paintings of Napoleon with his army on the St. Bernard, the Retreat from Moscow, and the clashing Battle of Hohenlinden are but a few. Nowadays, the camera is sometimes successful in portraying with as much reality such striking episodes which were once the exclusive province of the brush and pencil.

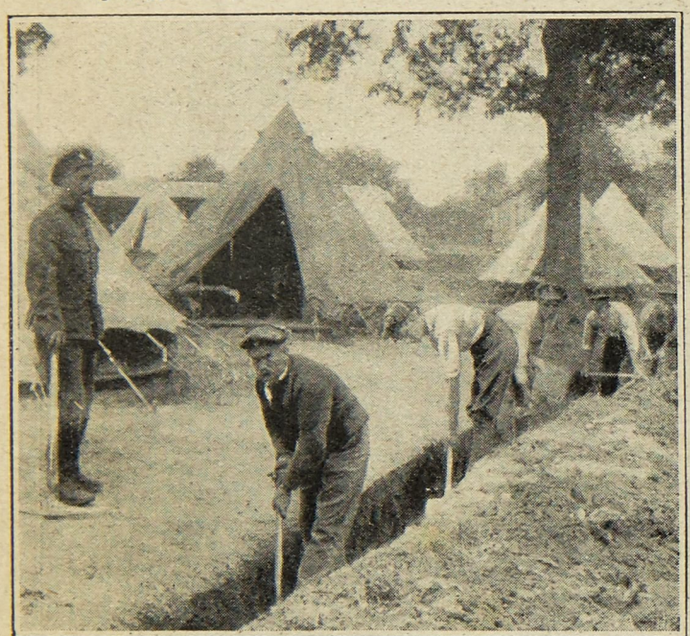
dren' on a Snow-white Field of France

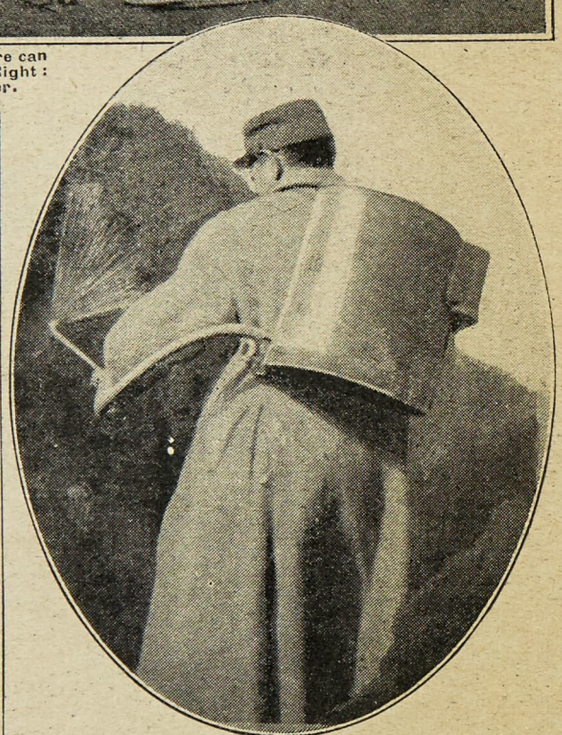
Here in snow-covered Lorraine, some of Père Joffre's "children" are seen drawn up for inspection. Tricolour to the fore, the peculiar long French bayonet fixed, in full winter kit, including the invaluable steel helmet, they stand ready to the last gaiter button; prepared to go forward and complete the reconquest of this beautiful Rhine province at the decree of France, under the direction of the most magnetic leader since the "Little Corsican" led the Republican armies to victory in the first years of the nineteenth century.

The Campaign Against Plague, the Common Foe

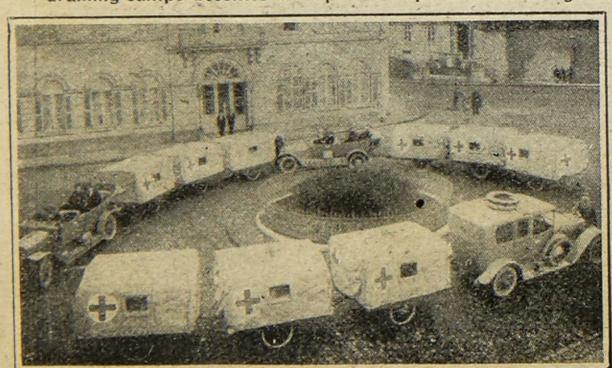


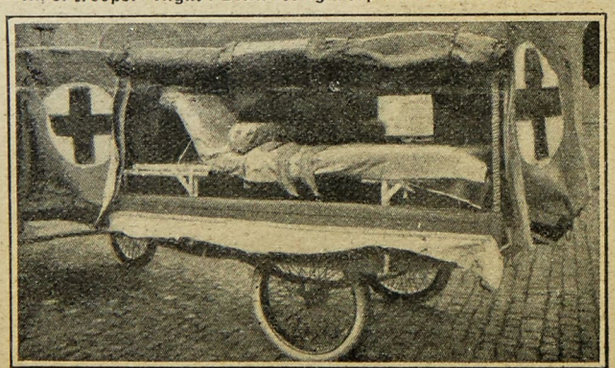
Collapsible field steam laundry used in the German Army. The structure can be taken to pieces easily and conveyed to another part of the front. Right: Bathing-waggon being worked outside a tent containing baths of hot water.





British soldiers perfecting the drainage system of a camp in France. In view of the inclement winter weather the question of draining camps becomes of supreme importance to the good health of troops. Right: Disinfecting a captured German trench.



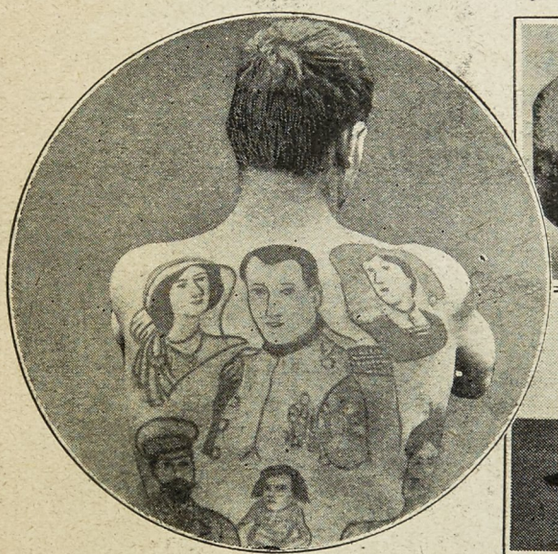


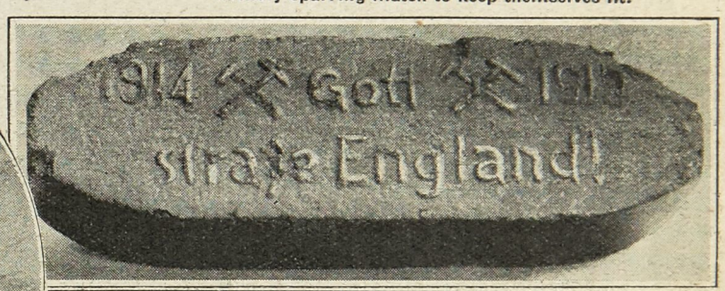
Motor-drawn German Red Cross waggons of a new type. As illustrated in the right-hand photograph, the canvas sides and ends can be rolled up, allowing ambulance workers to attend to the wounded without having to remove the men, and also obviating the dreadful jolt that cannot be avoided when the stretchers themselves are pushed head-first into ambulances.

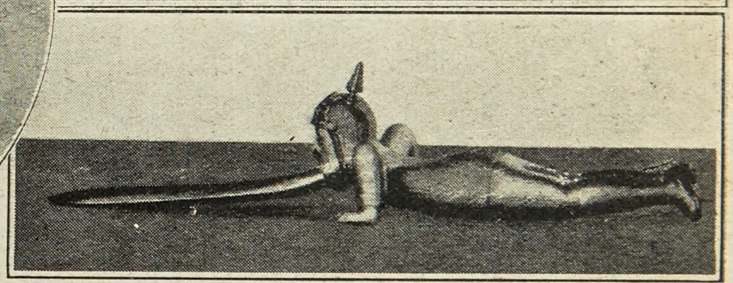
New Year Novelties of the Ever-Wonderful War

Regimental mascot symbolical of its owners' homeland. "Dickey," the pet kangaroo of an Australian unit, aboard a transport.

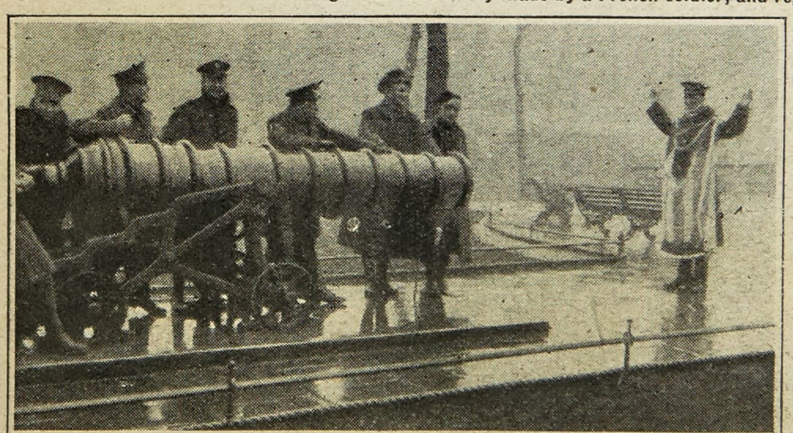
Fisticuffs on the deck of a troopship. Two soldier boxers having a friendly sparring match to keep themselves fit.







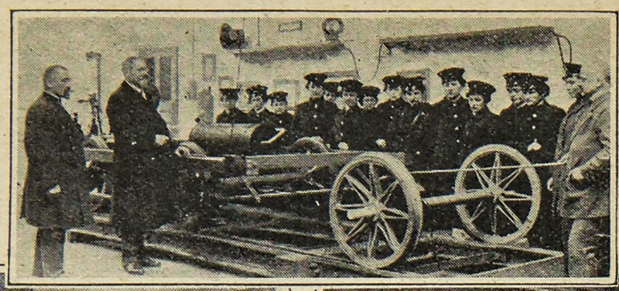
Patriotic "needlework" on the back of a French soldier—tattooing emblematic of Britain, France and Alsace, Russia, and Italy. Right, above: The "fuel of hate!" The "motto" stamped on a lump of patent fuel affords an amazing illustration of the Teuton's lack of humour. Below: An ingenious leather toy made by a French soldier, and representing the Kaiser as an ant-eater.

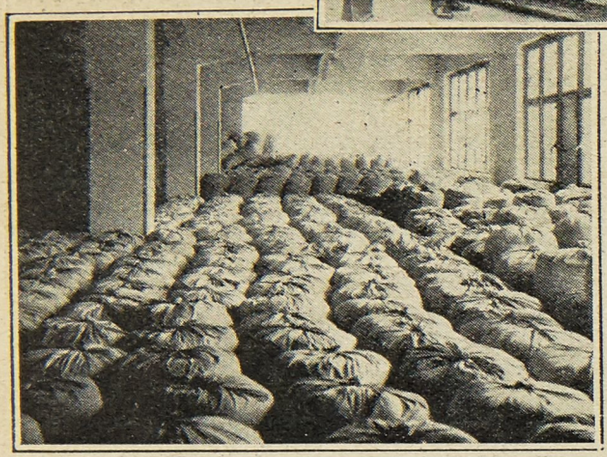


"Glad-rag" trophies of the "Canada crowd." Canadians with one of the banners they captured at the peace meeting they raided in London. The soldiers have invented a ceremony at which they gravely "shoot" the banners with a Chinese gun at their headquarters. Right: Trooper W. T. Hickinson painting one of his clever cartoons at Springfield Military Hospital.

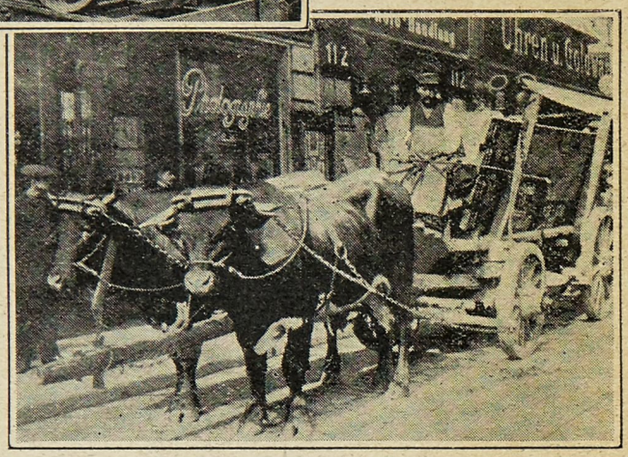
Evidences of 'Thoroughness' in War-time Berlin

ACCORDING to reports, the poor quarters of Berlin are in a sullen mood. Food cries are heard, and the military have more than once dispersed the menacing mob. As the war drags on and the long-promised final triumph of Kaiserism remains unfulfilled, the German populace grows incredulous. Whatever the attitude may be, however, Berlin is able to show to the enemy signs of united energy. The photographs on this page tend to prove that a seriousness exists even on the Spree. Women tramway conductors and window-cleaners have for months been a feature of Berlin. The photograph depicting the construction of trenches outside Berlin shows that Germans are, as usual, leaving nothing to chance.





Huge store of flour, one of many in Berlin, which are under the supervision of the Government.



A distinctly rural touch in the streets of Berlin. Owing to the shortage of horses, oxen are being used for draft work.

Thoroughness in excelsis. Preparations for the siege of Berlin. Trenches constructed outside the city, which are inspected daily by Berliners in charge of an officer. The first photograph shows some would-be women drivers learning all about tram-car mechanism.

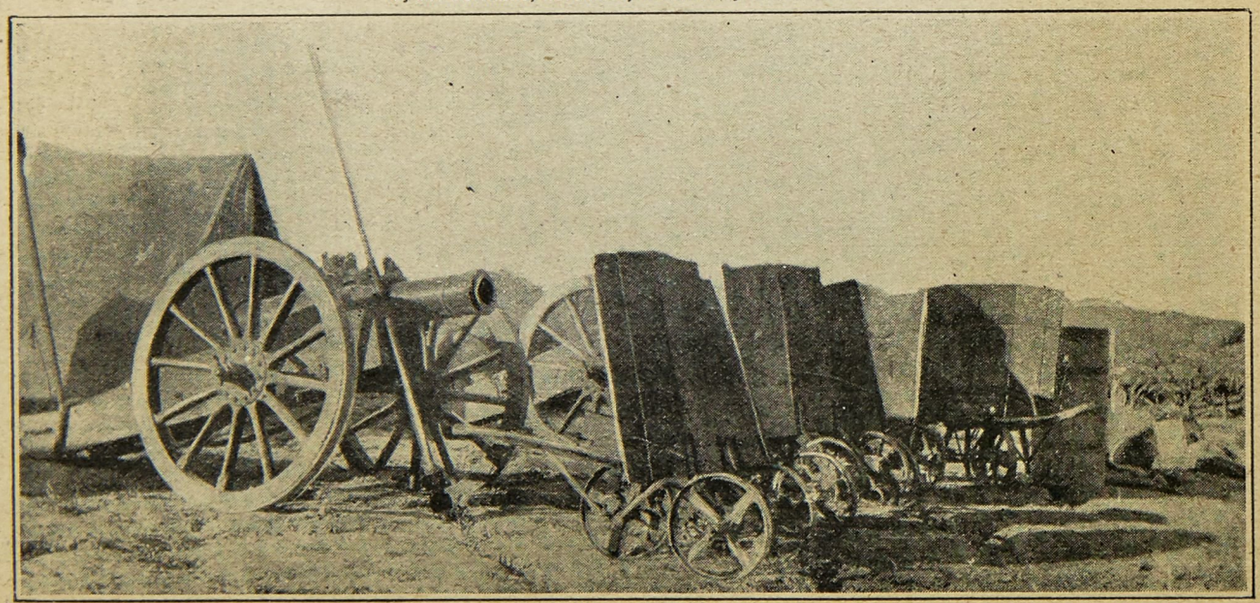
The Genial Slav Soldier in his Natural Element

There is every indication that the Russians, since the advent of winter, have shown a marked superiority over the enemy all along the eastern front. Winter is Russia's season, and under this hard taskmaster the Slavs have undoubtedly achieved the best military results in their history. The Germans have lost the initiative in the Riga region, and as a whole are suffering from the intense cold. Furthermore, the Russian equipment for this season is thorough to a degree, as witness the uniforms and head-dress of the soldiers in the above photograph, most of whom are so hardy that they can actually sleep in the snow without discomfort.

Fighting the Mussulman along the Tigris Bank

Concourse of Arabs interested in a steamer arriving at Kut-el-Amara, on the River Tigris, some hundreds of miles from the Persian Gulf. Continuous fighting is prevalent in this district of Mesopotamia.

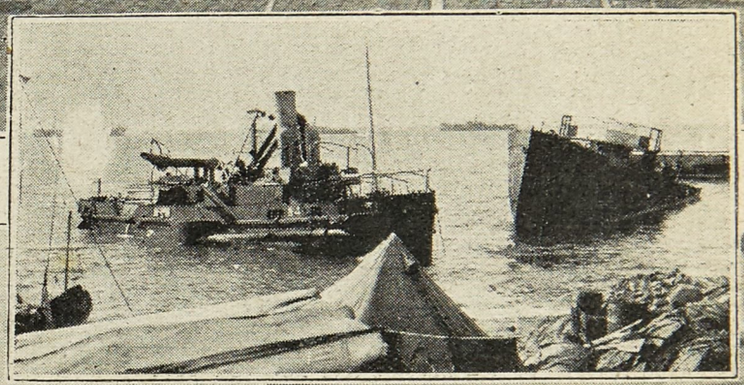
Group of Turkish officers captured during the Battle of Essinn, under an Indian guard. The Ottoman officer has proved himself no mean adversary, either in point of brains or courage. Certainly since he discovered that the stories of the Allies' barbarity, circulated by the Germans, were false, his chivalry is incontestable.

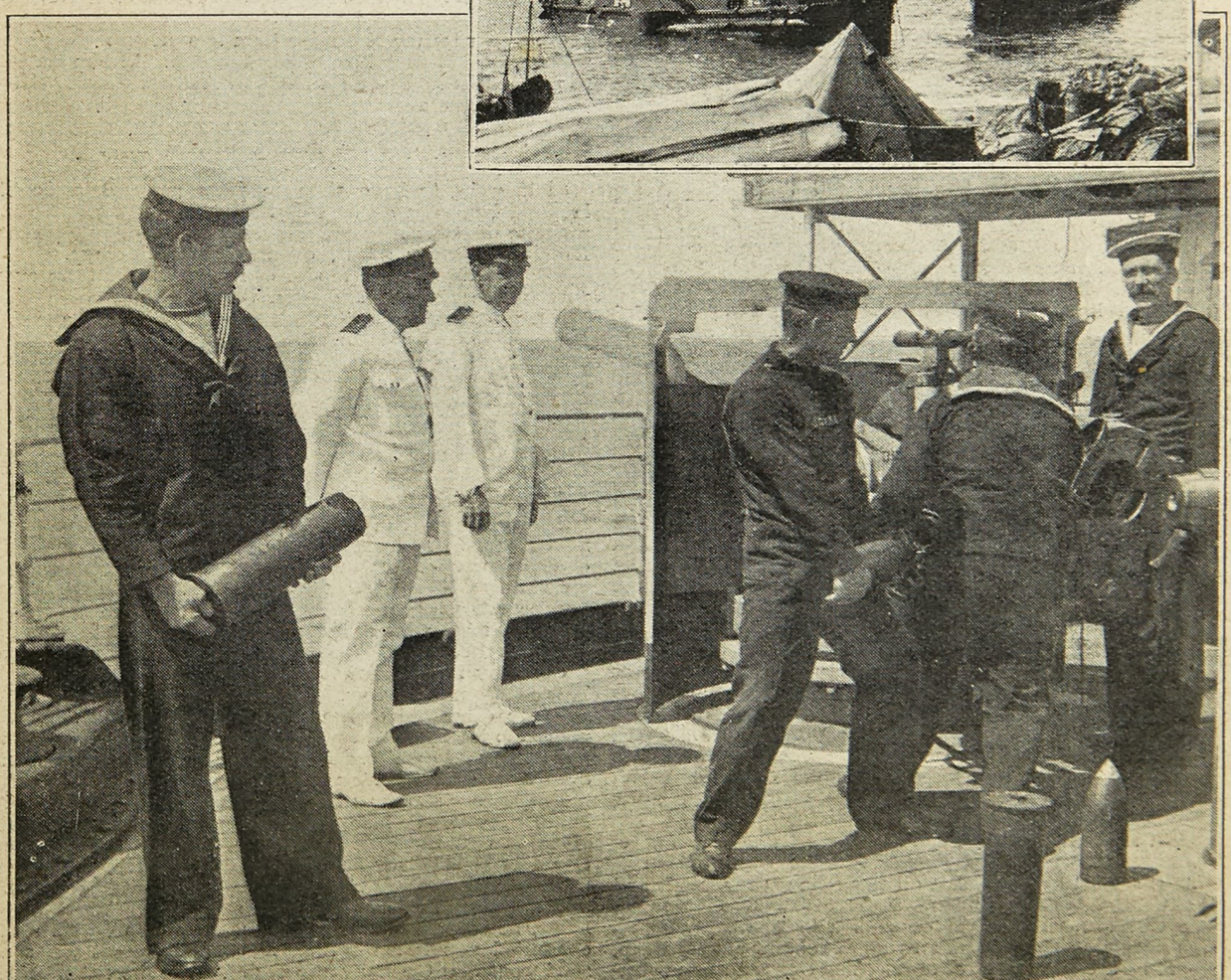


Primitive Turkish weapon and trolleys for conveying ammunition captured at the Battle of Essinn. These conveyances are in the form of wheelbarrows to which a shield is attached, rendering some protection to men bringing up munitions under fire.

Off Suvla Bay During the Big Anzac Bluff

Lifebelt parade aboard a British troopship—an important part of the daily duty in waters that may be patrolled by enemy submarines.





Gun drill on a British transport in the Ægean Sea, under the keen eyes of gunnery officers. Inset: A shell fired by the Turks at H.M.S. Louis, falling in the sea about one hundred yards wide of the vessel. By their skilful evacuation of Suvla, which is fully described on page 506 the Anzacs achieved the biggest "bluff" in the history of war.

Hunger in Germany

By Our War Correspondent, F. A. McKENZIE

IS Germany nearing the end of her tether? Are there signs of exhaustion of men or exhaustion of supplies? If so, how far are these likely to bring the war to an early close?

These are questions which many men are asking themselves to-day. Leaving alone for the moment the question of the resources in men, let us examine the question of the supply of material.

Germany entered into this war anticipating that the back of the French resistance would be broken within a fortnight, and the Russians definitely defeated a few weeks afterwards. The extreme possible length her economists and military experts believed the war could last was one year. That, they thought, would cover the very maximum of their enemy's endurance. They prepared amply for a year of war, and allowed a margin over that. The war has lasted now for over seventeen months, and we are prepared to carry it on for five years if necessary.

Little Money and Less Food

The wheat harvest of 1915 was in many parts of the country a failure. I am aware that the contrary has been stated by various authorities, particularly by Germans. The first-hand evidence that has reached me at various times has convinced me, however, that a considerable part of the crop was harvested in such a condition, owing to the great wet, that it sprouted, moulded, and rotted.

At the beginning, German publicists used the menace of our blockade as a weapon against us, telling of a threatened shortage of food supplies and possible starvation of women and children when there was no shortage. This, however, served two purposes. It helped to arouse hostility to us in neutral countries, and it drove the need of economy home to German civilians. By June last, however, a real shortage began to be felt. This shortage was only partly relieved by the harvest, and has since been steadily and in the end rapidly increasing.

At the present time a large part of the civilian population of Germany is living mainly upon potatoes, and upon potatoes, rye flour, and a birch-bark preparation made into bread. This applies to many country people as well as townsfolk. In the great hotels of Berlin a certain show of plenty is kept up. Those who have money can purchase a variety of foodstuffs. But most people have very little money indeed.

The endeavour of the German Government to regulate and control the price of food has only been a partial success. Recently, in order to impress the outside world with the abundance of food, the price of butter was officially reduced from 3s. 2d. a pound to 2s. 8d. The immediate result was that the butter merchants hoarded their stocks and refused to sell. Milk is unprocurable in many parts. Even potatoes are beginning to fail. In Brussels and in Belgium generally, where there is not the same scarcity, the German authorities recently ordered every person owning more than fifty kilos (nearly a hundredweight) of potatoes to declare them, intending to appropriate them at their own price.

Privations of the Poor

The foreign observer who visits Germany, the Swede or the American, often stays at the best hotels, and does not see the real life of the poor. It has been my good fortune to meet with a number of people recently, drawn from different parts and not knowing one another, who have been living among the working-class population of Berlin and among the peasantry of the country. The one thing they have emphasised, first, last, and all the time, has been the horrible dearness and the terrible scarcity of food.

It is argued by some that all this scarcity is a bluff, and that the German Government has ample resources in reserve. The Government that played such a bluff, weakening its own people by hunger and stirring discontent among them, would be a Government of fools. The German administration is certainly not that. The food riots in Berlin and elsewhere, the sacking of shops, the scanty food supplies of many of the German troops at the front, all tell the same tale of real scarcity.

This scarcity may be relieved in two ways—by imports from abroad, or by a new harvest. The possibility of supplies from abroad is very limited. The direct effect of the British Foreign Office arrangements with the Dutch Overseas Trust has been largely to check the imports through Holland. Here, again, I say this from the facts that come under my notice, and not from common report. Presumably the outcome of the Danish Agreement will be the same. Some imports can be had through Rumania and through Bulgaria, but not enough to make up the necessary German food supplies.

If, however, Germany is allowed to harvest crops over the great Polish plains this summer, her food shortage will be partly over. These plains are enormously fertile. It is essential for us, if we desire a quick end to the war next winter, to cut off the German connection to Mesopotamia, with its fertile lands, and to drive the Germans back from Poland.

The Problem of Footwear

There will be severe and growing discontent in Germany during the next three months. But it would be extravagant to suppose that this discontent will end the war. The German Government would shoot down rioters in front of the Berlin Town Hall as resolutely as it shot down unarmed peasants in Belgium.

The next most serious shortage is in leather. Armies eat up boots. A soldier on active service cannot reckon on his footwear lasting him more than two months. Germany wants four million pairs of boots a month. Where are they to come from? The high boots of Russian prisoners have been cut down and the boots of the dead are used for the living. Every possible substitute is employed. But four million military pairs a month, besides the supplies for civilians!

Civilian boots have risen in price more than double. Holland has been drained of leather, at any price. This problem of boots may prove a very bad one for Germany. Even the German soldier cannot fight barefooted.

The shortage of petrol and of rubber is visible in every part of the Empire, and even the reconquest of Galicia has not redressed it. "When the Germans first came to Brussels," one Belgian merchant recently told me, "their officers were all the time madly careering about the streets in powerful motor-cars. To-day they have no essence (petrol). Cars are only used for official purposes, and not then more than can be helped. The thing has made a marked difference in the animation of our streets." This is what I hear from everywhere where the Germans are.

Cause for Encouragement

The scarcity of nickel has led to the withdrawal of small nickel coins. The shortage of rubber—a vital necessity of civilisation—made the authorities ask, over a year ago for children to surrender even their rubber balls. "We had no cakes for months before I left," said a young lady who had lived with a noble German family, and who left Berlin in December. "Formerly we always had plenty."

Germany is feeling the pressure of the British blockade. This pressure will grow. It will drive the German Army to more desperate endeavours to secure victory. It will make the lot of British prisoners in Germany, I am afraid, more hard. It will cause the German civilian population even more suffering than it is doing to-day.

But history shows us that no nation worth its salt yields because it suffers. If we rely on the pressure of our blockade alone to end the war for us, we shall be disappointed. Our only satisfactory finish for the war must be the defeat of the German armies in the field. That must be our aim, and nothing short of that must satisfy us. What we do know, however, is that an army short of food, with a discontented population behind it, cannot present the same solid front that Germany at first did. The present situation gives us abundant reason for encouragement but none for slackening.

The Deserter: A Tragic Picture of the War

Of the innumerable photographs published in "The War Illustrated," this probably is the most tragic. It shows a young French soldier about to die, not as thousands of his more fortunate comrades have done, in the heat and glory of battle, but as a traitor to the immortal flag of France. Degraded in the presence of his company, his equipment defaced, the deserter is on his way to execution. All concerned in this isolated episode of the war are feeling their position acutely, as the expressions on their faces testify.

Salonika—and After

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

THE Greek report of our landing in the Gulf of Orphanos is probably accurate. The gulf, which is a great stretch of water, twelve miles wide at the entrance, and stretching inland for about fourteen miles, making an irregular square, is shown as Rendeni on some maps, but is known to sailors as the Gulf of Rufani.

It is this latter name which is also used in the sailing directions and on the Admiralty charts. At one part, where the Struma River flows into the gulf, there would only be about a fifteen-mile flight for an aeroplane to the Ottoman railway, along which three Turkish divisions are supposed to be working. It is also possible to have important observation points on the mountains near by, such as Pilaf Tepe, within ten miles of the railway, and with cables laid on the sea, possibly with the occupation of Thrasos Island as well, where the existing cables land, we can establish an excellent system of intercommunication. These steps are all possible on the Allies' right because it rests on the sea in this large Gulf of Rufani, where plenty of sandy beach is to be found for landing, and deep water for the co-operation of the Navy.

To Defend Salonika

The public is familiar with the fact that the unfordable Vardar River is about ten miles to the west of Salonika, at the point where the Oriental railway leaves its valley to branch off eastward to our base, and that it emerges about fourteen miles to the south-west of Salonika at the head of the bay.

Our only preoccupation on the west side of the Vardar will be to prevent guns being brought down to the coast to interfere with our transports. It cannot be repeated too often that it is beyond the power of ships with flat trajectory weapons to locate guns in concealed positions on the land, and the enemy has to be kept from the coast by other means.

With this reservation, the defence of Salonika, as distinguished from the defence of its communications, consists of a line about fifty miles in extent on the east side of the Vardar, with its right resting on the British Navy at sea in the Gulf of Rufani. It is probable that the "thirty large transports" referred to in the telegram brought a complete division to form the right of the allied line. It would be natural for it to consist of men already experienced in this matter of landing on beaches.

It is important to remember that we have more enemies to fight than those who are in front of us, and having regard to all one used to hear of the health of Salonika and the surrounding country, this other enemy of sickness probably preoccupies the allied commanders on the principle that prevention is better than cure. Too much attention cannot be given to it. The other enemy may never come, and if so, we shall have to double our forces in order to break through his defences of the road to Constantinople. This means more and more transports by sea in the Mediterranean.

Destroyers Wanted

It is therefore well to bear in mind the warning conveyed in this column in the past—viz., to bring to bear all the anti-submarine craft we can from all the Allied Powers, and especially Japan, which has no other occupation except to make munitions, in order to hunt the German and Austrian submarines out of existence. So surely does it seem to be the best course for the Germanic Powers in view of the lines we occupy, and the advantages those lines possess as compared with Chataldja, which they resemble, that we ought by apparently high-handed action—which is synonymous with prestige and confidence in the East—to force the enemy to attack. The Chataldja lines gave the Bulgarians their one defeat at the hands of the Turks in the Balkan War, and since they must form the most important part of the German-directed forces, they are not likely to underrate the task of attacking the new lines. Here then, in the intriguing atmosphere of Salonika, is an example in miniature of the correlated action of politics, military action, and sea-power.

I doubt whether even the most provocative political action will tempt the German-led forces to attack the lines of Salonika, which are better than those Wellington adopted on the Tagus, though not offering as good opportunities for an advance against the enemy. If so, we cannot afford to waste our men on the defensive, and we must increase our force in order to take the offensive.

Germany's Stumbling-Block

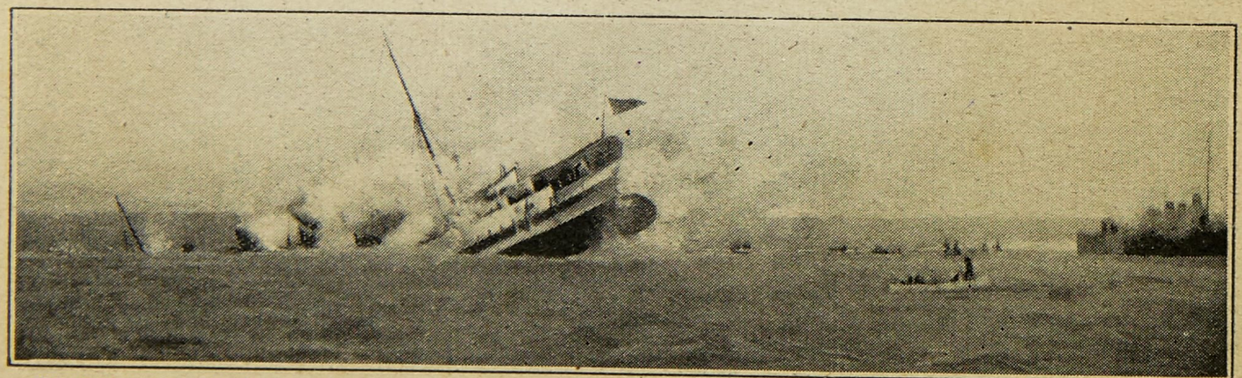
I am glad, however, to find that those best qualified to judge hold a different opinion, and "The Times" correspondent states that "in British official circles an advance by the enemy is considered probable." This view is shared by "The Times," which on December 27th wrote that "there are many indications that a converging attack upon the Franco-British positions before Salonika will begin within the next few days. . . Germany must in any case deal with Salonika before she turns her face towards the morning sun."

Except for its hygienic conditions, which modern science can grapple with, Salonika offers many advantages in addition to its strong defensible situation. It is a good harbour, and has very fair accommodation in the way of quays, which can be improved upon now that Greek obstruction has been removed. Sebastopol and Plevna are instances of what terrible losses improvised defences can inflict when communications remain open, and Salonika has much better communications.

With the exception of Wellington's position on the Tagus, when the bulk of our army was diverted to perish miserably in the swamps of Walcheren because of the lure of Antwerp being preferred to the main object of war with the enemy's army, no parallel occurs to me for Salonika. Toulon, occupied by the British Fleet in 1793, might be suggested. In Toulon, however, the garrison was insufficient for the lines required for the security of the town. The key of the position was recognised by Major Bonaparte, and so France gained Toulon and Napoleon Bonaparte gained France. Toulon formed a rallying point on which the whole insurrectionary movement in France could pivot, and through which it could obtain supplies. The moment that insurrection was suppressed, its value was gone, for it had no army capable of holding the lines, still less of advancing.

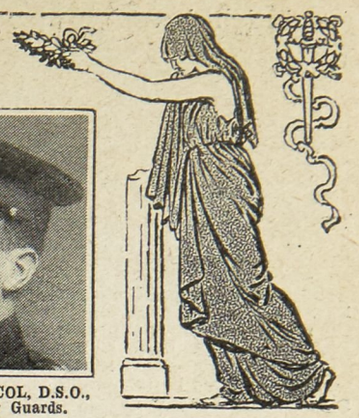
Naval and Political Triumph

The Salonika lines are within striking distance of Serbia and Bulgaria, and about 180 miles by land of the Turkish frontier at Maritza. By sea, the right of the line is about 100 miles from Enos, in Turkey. Not only, if we can convince the enemy we are going to base ourselves on sea-power and wage offensive war, will the enemy be backed up for the defence of his communications, but he will have to consider the defence against landing along the coast. Occupying Salonika we deprive Germany of an ideal submarine base, and politically we have insured that Greece and Rumania will not be forced to side with Germany.

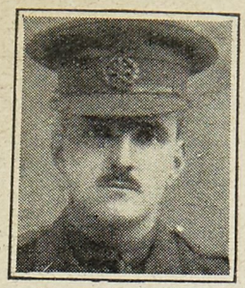


The final plunge of the Anglia, the British hospital ship, which struck a mine in the Channel on November 17th, 1915. The heroic nurses remained to the last to help the wounded into the boats and several of them lost their lives. Their grave was marked by the emblem to which they had devoted their lives, for the Red Cross continued to float from the flagstaff above the water.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead



Capt. A. D. L. CAMPBELL, 15th Durham Light Infantry.

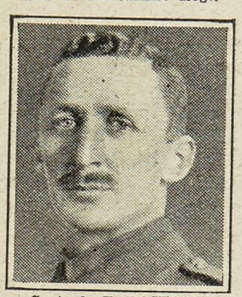


Capt. F. A. BAGLEY, 2nd S. Lancashire Regt.

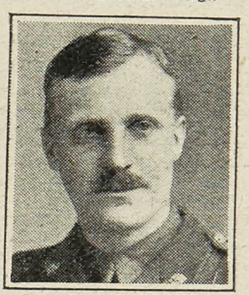
Capt. R. C. FIPPARD, 14th W. Yorkshire Regt.

Major W. E. NICOL, D.S.O., 1st Grenadier Guards.

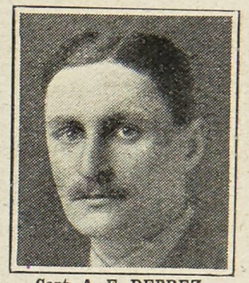
Capt. G. G. DUGGAN, 5th R. Irish Fusiliers.



Capt. A. T. BOSTOCK, 14th Northumberland Fus.



Capt. G. S. ROBERTSON, 13th Royal Scots (Lothian R.).



Capt. A. E. DEPREZ, Royal Field Artillery.

Capt. N. H. L. MATEAR, 2nd Royal Warwick Regt.

Capt. D. MACLEOD, 10th (Scottish) Liverpool R., T.F.

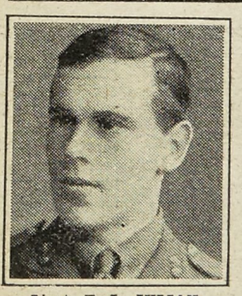
Major W. E. Nicol, D.S.O., 1st Grenadier Guards, received his commission in August, 1900, gaining his captaincy eight years later. For his services in the South African War Major Nicol was awarded the Queen's Medal with two clasps. Afterwards, he was employed with the the Macedonian and Turkish Gendarmerie. Capt. G. G. Duggan, 5th Royal Irish Fusiliers, was in the Territorial Force several years before the outbreak of war, and held a lieutenant's rank in the Dublin University Officers Training Corps. Captain D. Macleod, 10th (Scottish) Liverpool Regiment, T.F., was an old member of the King's Territorial (Scottish) Battalion.

Captain R. Kerr-Clark, Seaforth Highlanders, was the elder son of the late John Kerr-Clark, of 35, Great Cumberland Place, and the husband of Lady Beatrice Kerr-Clark, only daughter of the ninth Earl of Drogheda. Lieut. W. O. Fortescue Darling, 1st Royal Irish Rifles, was educated at Haileybury, where he became a member of the Officers Training Corps, and on the Medway, one of the Mercantile Marine training vessels under Lord Brassey's scheme. Lieut. R. J. R. Richardson, 1st South Staffordshire Regiment, was an undergraduate of St. John's, Cambridge, and rowed for his college in the "Mays" last year; he also rowed for Molesey Boat Club.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *invites relatives of officers killed in action or dead from wounds to lend photographs, with brief biographical notes of these heroes, for inclusion in "Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead." Address:* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *Fleetway House, London, E.C.*

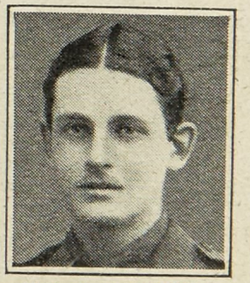
Capt. R. KERR-CLARK, Seaforth Highlanders.

Sec.-Lieut. O. H. BEAUFORT, 6th N. Staffordshire Regt.



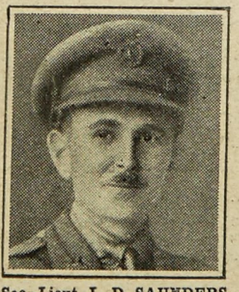
Lieut. E. L. JULIAN, 7th Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Lieut. W. O. FORTESCUE DARLING, 1st R. Irish Rifles.

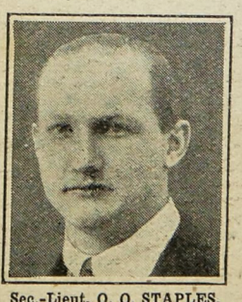


Lieut. B. A. KNIGHTS-SMITH, 12th Rifle Brigade.

Lt. R. J. R. RICHARDSON, 1st S. Staffordshire Regt.

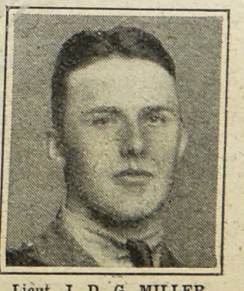


Sec.-Lieut. L. D. SAUNDERS, 1st S. Wales Borderers.



Sec.-Lieut. O. O. STAPLES, 6th Royal Scots Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lieut. W. F. ELRINGTON-BISSET, 9th Gordon H.



Lieut. J. D. G. MILLER, 9th Black Watch.

Sec.-Lieut. G. A. SMITH-MASTERS, 6th Bedford Regt.

(Portraits by Lafayette, Speaight, Vandyk, Elliott & Fry, Swaine, Lambert Weston, Bassano, Malcolm Arbuthnot.)

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, December 1st to 31st, 1915

DEC. 1.—In Belgium, east of Boesinghe, Allied batteries inflict important damage to enemy defensive works.

Russians rout Turks near Lake Van.

DEC. 2.—Baron Sonnino announces that Italy has signed the Pact of the Allies to make no separate peace. British air raid against Don Station.

Fall of Monastir.

DEC. 3.—General Joffre appointed Commander-in-Chief of the French Armies.

In Belgium, south of Lombaertzyde, the French retook a small post which had been captured by the Germans.

DEC. 4.—**The Bagdad Reverse.**—Announced that General Townshend, on the night of November 30th-December 1st, fought a rearguard action at Azizie against greatly superior Turkish forces. Two river-boats disabled by shell fire and abandoned.

Our total casualties in the various actions amounted to 4,567.

DEC. 5.—Artillery active in the West. In Artois our batteries vigorously reply to violent bombardment of our trenches at the double slag-heap south-west of Loos.

DEC. 6.—Rumanian military authorities commandeer all vessels of foreign ownership anchored in Rumanian ports.

British Submarine Exploits.—Admiralty announces that British submarine operating in the Sea of Marmora fired at and damaged a train on Ismid Railway, torpedoed and sank Turkish destroyer Yar Hissar, and sank a supply steamer off Panderma by gun fire.

It is announced that General Townshend's force has reached Kut-el-Amara without further fighting.

General Joffre presides at first general meeting of Allies Military Council of War in Paris.

DEC. 7.—In Champagne fighting continues for possession of the advanced trench south of St. Souplet. Counter-attacks enable the French to regain a large part of the lost ground.

French troops in Balkans reported to have withdrawn from Krivolak to Demir Kapu.

DEC. 8.—Our losses in the action near Bagdad, announced as 643 killed, 3,330 wounded, and 594 missing.

German attacks in Champagne. East of the Souain Hill French counter-attacks succeed in overcoming the German attack, launched on December 7th. Artillery violent on both sides.

DEC. 9.—The first War Office report of Balkan operations states that on December 7th the Bulgarians drove our troops out of their position, who under cover of darkness withdrew to a new line. On the 8th they repulsed all attacks, but withdrew to a new position.

Hard fighting on the Champagne front. A counter-attack by the French east of the Butte de Souain pushes enemy back.

DEC. 10.—**Russian Stroke in Persia.**—Petrograd announces Russian success between Teheran and Hamadan, in which several thousand Persian rebels were defeated.

DEC. 11.—On the Heights of the Meuse, in the sector of the Bouchet Wood, the French artillery causes serious damage to the German first line and supporting trenches.

DEC. 12.—**Details of British Fighting in Balkans.**—An official bulletin shows that one British division had to fight its way back against heavy odds. The gallantry of the troops, especially of three Irish regiments, enabled the withdrawal to be successfully accomplished. Eight British guns were lost; our casualties were 1,500.

Text of American Note to Austria on sinking of Ancona issued.

Close of Derby Recruiting Campaign.

DEC. 13.—Despatch about Kut-el-Amara published. Turks attacked British positions on December 10th and 11th. On latter day enemy repulsed with heavy loss.

Announced that Greece has agreed to allow the necessary freedom of action for Allied troops at Salonika.

Arab force in Western Egypt defeated by British under Colonel Gordon.

DEC. 14.—Messages from Greece show that the Allied troops have completely retired from Serbia into Greek territory. Salonika fortified by the Allies.

Reported that Belgian powder works near Havre have been blown up; 100 killed and over 1,000 injured.

General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien appointed to supreme command of the British forces in East Africa.

North Sea Air Fight.—Off Belgian coast British seaplane chases and destroys a large German seaplane. British machine, severely damaged, falls into sea; pilot and observer both rescued.

DEC. 15.—**Sir John French's Successor.**—It is announced that General Sir Douglas Haig has been appointed to succeed Field-Marshal Sir John French in command of the army in France and Flanders. The latter appointed Commander-in-Chief of the troops in United Kingdom, and created a Viscount.

DEC. 16.—Announced that Italian troops safely landed in Albania.

General Townshend reports that in the attack against British positions at Kut-el-Amara by the Turks, on December 12th, the latter lost 1,000 men.

DEC. 17.—Heavy artillery actions in Champagne north and east of Massiges and east of the Mesnil Ridge.

Russian troops under Grand Duke Nicholas occupy Hamadan.

German cruiser Bremen and a torpedo boat accompanying it sunk by Allied submarine in the Baltic.

DEC. 18.—**French Aeroplanes attack Metz,** municipal museum and station damaged.

DEC. 19.—**German gas attack against British lines** north-east of Ypres frustrated.

DEC. 20.—Men enlisted under Group System who are classified in Groups 2, 3, 4 and 5, notified by Public Proclamation that they are to be called up for service forthwith.

Evacuation of West Gallipoli.—Announced that all the troops at Suvla and Anzac, together with guns and stores, have been successfully transferred with "insignificant" casualties (three men wounded) to another sphere of operations.

Another report from General Townshend at Kut-el-Amara published. On night of December 17th-18th, British and Indian troops surprised Turks in their advanced trenches. In actions on December 1st and during night of December 12th-13th, the Turks lost 2,500 men.

Greco-Bulgarian incident. At Koritza, in Albanian Epirus, Greeks and Bulgarian troops exchange shots.

DEC. 21.—Announced that Sir William Robertson, Chief of the General Staff of the Expeditionary Force, appointed Chief of Imperial General Staff.

General Russky retires through ill-health.

General De Wet and one hundred and eighteen other prisoners released.

Russians reported to have occupied Kum, one hundred miles south-east of Teheran.

In the Vosges, on the Hartmannsweilerkopf, French troops occupy a considerable portion of the enemy's works and capture some prisoners.

Text of Dr. Wilson's Second Ancona Note to Austria published.

Japanese steamer, Yasaka Maru, sunk by submarine in Mediterranean.

DEC. 22.—**Continued French success in Alsace.**—Our ally forces his way from the summit down the eastern slopes of the Hartmannsweilerkopf, and takes 1,300 prisoners.

Sir Charles Monro appointed to command the First Army Corps in the west, in place of Sir Douglas Haig, being in turn succeeded by Lieutenant-General Sir A. Murray. Major-General Kiggell, appointed Chief of General Staff to Sir Douglas Haig.

DEC. 23.—Renewed fighting in Alsace. French admit that their left wing has returned under pressure of German counter-attacks to their former positions on the Hartmannsweilerkopf. Their centre and right retain the ground captured from the enemy.

Total Dardanelles casualties to December 11th announced as 112,921. Total British casualties on all fronts up to December 9th announced as 528,227.

DEC. 24.—Montenegrin troops attacked near Mutchido, but enemy everywhere repulsed.

DEC. 25.—Another German attack on the Hartmannsweilerkopf repulsed.

Hostile Arab force defeated by British in Western Egypt at Mersa Matru.

DEC. 26.—In the Vosges a French battery fires on a munitions train in the railway station of Hachimette, to the south-east of Bonhomme.

Russian forces in Persia occupy Kashan.

DEC. 27.—Germans, after a bombardment, attack near Hill 193 in Champagne, but are easily repulsed.

Battle at Kut.—India Office reports that Turks have been repulsed in attacks upon a fort at Kut-el-Amara, on the right flank of the British position. Their loss 900; ours 190.

General de Castelnau, French Chief of Staff, at Athens.

DEC. 28.—**Indians leave France.**—Official communication gives text of stirring message of thanks from King-Emperor, delivered by Prince of Wales, to the Indian Army Corps, and states that this corps has departed from France, as its services are required "in another field of action."

Renewed fighting in the Vosges.—French troops capture enemy trenches on the Hartmannsweilerkopf.

Cabinet decides by a majority that they are bound by the Prime Minister's pledge, and approves the principle of compulsion.

DEC. 29.—More gains by the French in the Vosges. A series of German works between the Rehfelsen and the Hirzstein captured. Since beginning of the operations 1,668 prisoners taken.

DEC. 30.—Announced that Italian army which landed at Valona approaching frontier of Epirus.

Austrian destroyer sunk and another blown up by a mine in sea fight off Cattaro, between Austrian and Allied vessels of war.

German, Austrian, Bulgarian and Turkish Consuls arrested at Salonika, and placed on board French warship.

French occupy island of Castellorizo, between Rhodes and the mainland.

P. & O. liner Persia torpedoed forty miles off Crete; one hundred and ninety-two missing.

British cruiser, H.M.S. Natal, sunk in harbour, the victim of internal explosion. Fourteen officers and three hundred and seventy-three men saved.

DEC. 31.—German infantry attack in the Vosges completely repulsed by the French.

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The War Illustrated

Map indicating the sphere of operations in Mesopotamia. Continued fighting has been prevalent in the neighbourhood of Kut-el-Amara and Ctesiphon. At the latter place the Turks are reported to have lost about 2,000 men in a futile attack on December 12th. At Kut-el-Amara, during December 24th-25th, the enemy sustained another 700 casualties. The ostensible objective of this campaign, was Bagdad, the fall of which city would go far to strengthen Britain's prestige among the subject races of the Empire in the East.

Reflections
Cast by the Flame of War

Journalism in the Trenches

THE French seem to have been the first to produce a trench periodical, and one of the most prized possessions of President Poincaré is a complete collection of all the magazines published by his soldiers along the front. The French are very good in their illustrations, owing to the fact that their young artists are well scattered about the national armies. Our most remarkable piece of real trench literature is the joint production of the 5th Canadian Battalion and some members of the London Sketch Club. It is called "A Christmas Garland from the Front," and both in point of get-up and in humorous sketches, interesting articles, and verses it is superior to any magazine of the commercial sort. Lieutenant Bagshaw, Sergeant Eassie, and Corporal Scanlon are the editors, and some of the jokes they publish have as deadly a point of wit as anything in the French trench magazines. Take, for instance, the following: "A soldier in the front line (on seeing for the first time a Staff officer in the trenches) to his pal in a dug-out: 'Come on, Bill; the war's over.'"

The Capture in the Cabbage-Patch

THE 5th Canadian Battalion was entrenched in front of a large cabbage-patch. On dark and stormy nights some of the cabbages looked like German helmets, which led to the patrols constantly reporting that German snipers were crawling among the vegetables. Two subalterns, with eight men each, took up a strategical position on each side of the market-garden. It was very dark, very cold, and raining heavily. At the end of an hour, one of the subs. crawled along to see if his men were on their jobs, and losing his way, called in an undertone: "Where are you, Rits?"

Ritson was one of his men. But Ritson was somewhere else, and the call was heard by the other sub., who thought a German was whispering to someone named Fritz. His heart gave a great leap. Silently signalling to the men near him, he pressed forward and leaped on the creeping form. In about a moment the captive was lying with his face in the mud, with a fourteen-stoner sitting on his head to prevent him calling for help. As the victorious party were returning to their trenches, they heard that the other side had lost their sub. It was decided to take the prisoner into our lines, and leave a party out to search for the missing officer. When the captive was allowed to stand on his feet he spoke in English, and his language was appalling.

The American Precedent

COMPARISONS have several times been instituted in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED between the present war and the American Civil War. The parallel is, indeed, extraordinarily close. Like the Allies, the Northern States were superior in number of men, and in material resources, the manufacturing industries of the country being almost exclusively in the North. In addition, the Northerners, like the Allies, had the command of the sea. The position of the Southern States, on the other hand, resembled that of Germany in 1914, inasmuch as they were, in a military sense, much better equipped than their opponents. Their armies were led by professional soldiers, the land-owning leisured classes of the South having in the pre-war days supplied most of the officers of the regular United States Army. The rank and file, too, drawn from the outdoor occupations of an agricultural community, were much more likely material for soldiers than the shopmen, clerks, and factory workers of which the Northern armies were largely composed.

Lincoln's Prevision of Victory

THE result of these advantages was that the armies of the South not only held the North at bay, but secured many notable victories, and for several weary years had much the best of it. A feeling akin to despair settled on the North. There seemed to be no way out of the impasse. But the great mind of Lincoln saw clearly that the ultimate victory of his cause was inevitable. Efficient armies were gradually evolved, and able generals found. Meanwhile, the Federal command of the sea became more and more pronounced, until the Confederacy was deprived of all supplies from outside. And so, when the Southern defence collapsed, as it did in the fourth year of the war, the victorious armies of Grant and Sherman found their formidable foe reduced to a mere shadow of his former self, and the ultimate end was a matter of a few months. Let us hope that history is about to repeat itself at no very distant date.

Gen. von Bissing's New Distinction

IT is truly in accord with the Prussian spirit of cynicism and irony to confer on Baron von Bissing the distinction of Doctor of Divinity. No doubt the Kaiser's "good old god" is overjoyed at the enrolment among the elect of this Mephistophelian Governor of Belgium, who could have saved Miss Cavell, and other women more or less guilty of some trivial crime, from the brutal bullet of the executioner. While on the subject, it is interesting to remember that Wilhelm, who has ever professed himself to be on terms of great cordiality with the Almighty, is also a Doctor of Theology.

Rolls of Honour

"ROLLS of Honour" are legitimate things, but our assent goes to the old guard of the House of Lords, who would not hear of a list being compiled of their sons and brothers who had only done the natural thing when they fought and, if it had to be, died for England. Their family history is their roll of honour. "Debrett" gives a synopsis of it, with brief mention of names and dates which are so many "squints" into the vistas of history. The new "Debrett" is illuminating about what our living peers have given to their King, who is the fountain of their honour, and their country, which it is their honour to serve.

The Record of the Lords

ONE member of the Royal House, six peers, sixteen baronets, six knights, one hundred and sixty-four companions of knightly orders, ninety-five sons of peers, eighty-two sons of baronets, and eighty-four sons of knights have fallen up to the present time. Eighty-one heirs to hereditary titles are in the lists, and as an immediate result of the war the succession has been unduly precipitated or the normal descent has been changed in over one hundred instances since hostilities began. As long as honour survives honours will be splendid possessions, and men holding old titles who find themselves left without heirs have our real sympathy in their regret. But they have our envy, too. By honourable service the titles came, and in honourable service the titles were extinguished. Could noble men ask more?

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.

The War Illustrated, January 22nd, 1916. *Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

The Marvel of the French "75," by Gen. Percin

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly

Vol. 3 **The North Sea Vigil: "Will they never come?"** **No. 75**

The Hun Caught in His Own Net

"There is a pleasure sure
In being mad, which none but madmen know."

HOW else can one explain the amazing phenomenon of the great men of a great Power, its Emperor and Chancellor, its statesmen, jurists, and publicists, concentrating all their intellectual strength, and succeeding only in producing a manifesto which provokes from the rest of the world one mighty outburst of Homeric laughter? And that precisely is what has happened in the case of Germany's memorandum, dated November 28th, 1915, in regard to incidents, amounting to murder on the high seas, alleged by her to have attended the destruction of a German submarine and its crew by H.M. auxiliary cruiser Baralong on August 19th of the same year.

THE memorandum was sent to the British Foreign Office with all the solemnity and ritual that so important a matter requires, through the medium of the United States Ambassador in London; and with most commendable promptitude Sir Edward Grey delivered the reply of the British Government. It is perfect in tone, in wording, in courtesy; in the language of diplomacy it is "correct"; it comes into the fetid atmosphere of Germany's chamber of lies like a breath of clean, invigorating fresh air, and it sets Germany and all her angels and ministers of disgrace on a high pinnacle for all the world to see and scorn; it exposes her as an arch-offender against all the laws of war, humanity, and God, and invites her to accept her own invitation to appear before an unprejudiced tribunal of honourable men, and abide the judgment which will expel her from the society of all right-minded people.

SELDOM has a more delightful document emanated from any Government. To us in England, Sir Edward Grey has always stood as representative of the very best traditions of English courtesy and high integrity, and we are familiar with the gracious manner which has made him liked as well as honoured by men of all parties. But he has excelled himself on this occasion by the deadliness of his exquisite rapier work. No one could have played a prettier sword, with the one possible exception of Mr. Balfour, whose co-operating mind we fancy we detect in the delightful result.

"HIS MAJESTY'S Government notes with great satisfaction, though with some surprise, the anxiety now expressed by the German Government that the principles of civilised warfare should be vindicated, and that due punishment should be meted out to those who deliberately disregard them." It does not suppose for a moment that it is Germany's intention to restrict unduly the scope of any judicial investigation which it is thought proper to institute. Obviously to single out the case of the Baralong for particular examination would be the height of absurdity.

HIS MAJESTY'S Government is perfectly ready to submit this case to the examination of a court composed, say, of officers belonging to the United States Navy, for these are all honourable men who would compose a court of honour as well as of humanity. The case shall go there to-morrow, but on one condition, so reasonable that it cannot be refused. The charge against the commander and crew of the Baralong is negligible compared with the crimes "which seem to have been deliberately committed by German officers, both on land and sea, against combatants and non-combatants.' These, too, must be investigated by the same tribunal.

THEN the whip begins to curl around the poor victim. "Doubtless the German Government will urge that the very multitude of these allegations would so overload any tribunal engaged in their examination as utterly to defeat the ends of justice." When a whole army is involved in charges of murder, arson, robbery, and outrage, one cannot separate all the individuals who have taken a share in these crimes. This is a practical consideration which cannot be ignored, and his Majesty's Government is, above all things, anxious to make things as easy as possible for an investigation to be held. It is therefore prepared, for the present, to confine any judicial investigation to charges made against German and British officers at sea; and if this restriction be thought insufficient, they will be content to limit the present inquiry to incidents which occurred during the same period of time as that which saw the action of the Baralong in sinking the German submarine and saving a British ship.

NOR need the phrase "period of time" be interpreted very widely; forty-eight hours shall suffice. Will Germany agree that three—only three—incidents which occurred during those same forty-eight hours shall be submitted to investigation by the same tribunal of honourable officers and gentlemen? His Majesty's Government takes an answer in the affirmative as a matter of course. Is his Majesty's Government correct in that assumption? We shall see. But if Germany should happen to decline the proposition, she is for ever put outside the pale of reasonable society, as she is already outside the pale of Christian society.

WE are grateful to Sir Edward Grey for taking such full advantage of the opportunity given him by his most clumsy adversaries. There is an intellectual pleasure in watching wit and irony kill coarse, bludgeoning brains. Fools ought to be pilloried sometimes, as murderers ought always to be given over to the hangman. That Germany will be cured by this one most wholesome application of the whip we do not for a moment suppose. Lying and sophistry are the common tools of her statesmen, diplomatists, politicians, and journalists, and they cannot work without them.

"Destroy his fib, or sophistry—in vain;
The creature's at his dirty work again."

That that will be proved true once more by Germany, we, and Sir Edward Grey, know perfectly well. But every fib or sophistry destroyed is one fib or sophistry the less, and that is so much to the good. And a man or a nation cannot feel happy when in the pillory, with the eyes of a mocking world upraised and fixed upon it. And we do not want Germany to feel happy—yet. She has got to be punished properly for something else than the three incidents which occurred during the forty-eight hours when the Baralong was busy with one of her submarines.

AND therefore we hope that those words "for the present" will not be lost sight of by and by. We have the promise of our Prime Minister that certain other "shocking incidents" shall be investigated, and the protagonists in them brought to justice. We must see that that promise is kept. Somewhere the "roll of dishonour," which was referred to before on this page, is being kept inscribed up to date, and the names upon it shall yet be transferred to another chronicle—a kind of Newgate Calendar. But even before that, something has to be done—the men who owned the names and disgraced them so hideously shall hang as high as Haman. Every day the war lasts is adding to their number but also every day is bringing their doom more near. C. M.

22nd January, 1915. No. 75. Vol. 3.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON

"HIS MAJESTY KING BABY."—An up-to-date version of a popular picture. This snapshot shows a French soldier in full fighting kit on domestic duty in London, which city has been his home for many years. Madame and the infant are facing the fire of the camera with some trepidation, but the "Poilu" and "Bobby" evince conspicuous courage, and not a little pride that they are helping to compose one of the most charming and novel pictures of the ever wonderful war.

THE "75"—MARVEL OF MODERN QUICK-FIRERS

Specially written for "The War Illustrated" by General Percin, of the French Army

Posterity will accord to General Percin and Colonel Deport much of the credit for the superb condition of French artillery on the outbreak of war, and consistently throughout the whole campaign. Colonel Deport invented the splendid 75 mm. gun, which has been picturesquely described as the "Saviour of France," and General Percin, after laborious experiments, inaugurated a system of firing which made this weapon the most redoubtable ordnance in the world. General Percin was born in 1846. Entering the Ecole Polytechnique in 1865, he made a special study of artillery. He took part in the '70 war, was twice wounded, and achieved the distinction of rising to be a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour at the early age of twenty-five. After his initial struggle with the "Boches," General Percin devoted himself to the problem of rapid gunnery, and in the following article he puts us in possession of some little-known facts about the "75," the wonder weapon of the Great War.

NO gun, since artillery first came into use, has been more justly praised than the French "75," and no gun has been more feared by the enemy. Sometimes, indeed, it has received exaggerated praise—as when this gun was said to have dethroned the infantry, hitherto considered the "Queen of Battles."

The truth is that there has been no change in the role of the different weapons in action. The infantry remains the "Queen of Battles." Its mission, ever more glorious, because ever more full of peril, is always to drive the enemy from his positions. And never, as the present war has proved once again, has the most overwhelming artillery fire been able to bring about this result. Nothing but the assault of the infantry, or at least the threat of assault, can force the enemy to give ground.

But the infantry would have great difficulty in advancing if it had no other support than the rifle. For, on the one hand, while the attack is advancing it does not fire, whereas the defence can maintain an uninterrupted fire. On the other hand, the defence being behind shelter, exposes only a very small portion of the body, while the attack is entirely exposed during the advance. In this duel of rifle fire the defence holds an immense advantage over the attack.

Conditions are completely changed if the friendly artillery takes up a position at a point outside the range of rifle fire from the objective of attack. By firing from this point upon the defence, which can make no effectual reply, the guns compel it to put "nose to ground." The attack can then advance unchecked by rifle fire.

Bombarding the enemy sharpshooters who fringe the objective, and thus assisting the advance of the friendly infantry, constitutes what is known as "supporting the attack."

The Futility of Slow Fire

Down to 1895, the only available support for infantry attack consisted of guns firing one shot a minute, that is, sixty shots per hour. This slow rate of fire made little impression on the defenders of the position. Between each gunshot the sharpshooter felt secure during a whole minute, and could fire on the assaulting party quite at his ease.

After 1870, artillerymen understood the advantages to be derived from possessing a gun firing ten times more rapidly. Not that they proposed to fire six hundred rounds an hour, for no possible supply of ammunition would have permitted so large a consumption; but it was hoped to make a more judicious use of the sixty shots which would still be fired in an hour. For example, a "rafale" (squall) of five or six shots might be delivered, followed by a silence lasting several minutes; then another "rafale," followed by another interval of silence, and so on, the duration of the "rafales" and the silent intervals being varied at the will of the firer in order to surprise the enemy.

In order to obtain this result, it was necessary to perfect the method of loading, and to get rid of the recoil, which obliged the gunners to haul their piece forward again and lay the sights after every shot, thus greatly prolonging the operation.

General Percin, the French artillery expert, who contributes the above article to "The War Illustrated."

The Artillery Duel in Peace

Krupp began experiments by placing blocks of india-rubber at the points where the force of the gun's recoil was exerted.

In 1880 the English artillery tried a gun of 76 millimetres (3 in.), whose cradle was connected with the rod of a piston moving in an hydraulic cylinder fixed on the carriage. The force of the recoil being thus imprisoned, combined with that of a spring, drove the gun forward again, and the carriage remained almost motionless.

Krupp adopted this idea, and applied it in 1883 to a gun of 84 millimetres. He subsequently perfected it, and adapted it to the quick-firing gun of 77 millimetres which he manufactured in 1896.

France followed suit, but discovered at the first attempt a hydro-pneumatic brake far superior to the German pattern, and applied it in 1897 to the "75" gun created by Colonel Déport. The secrets of this brake and of the other details of the gun were so well kept that the Germans had to wait several years before improving their "77"; but the imitation was not so good as the model. France maintained her lead, not only as regards the brake, but still more as regards the breech mechanism and the gun-laying apparatus. Above all, she maintained it as regards methods of fire, in the application of which the French gunners had acquired a skill that the Germans never managed to equal. Indeed, they confess as much in letters found on prisoners, killed and wounded.

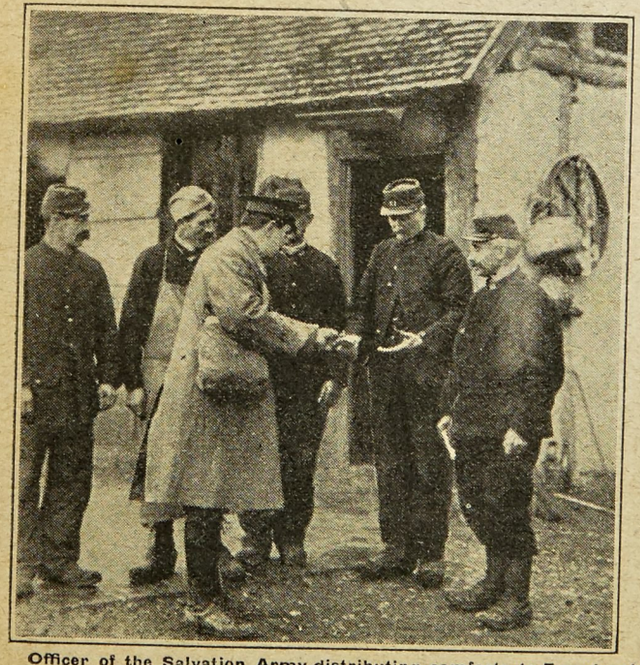
Deadliness of Indirect Fire

The most original part of the French fire methods, that in which France has gone ahead of all the other Powers, is the general employment of *indirect fire*; that is to say, a kind of fire in which the gun-layer aims, not at the actual target, which may alter from moment to moment, but at a fixed point, easily visible and easily identified, situated in front, at the side, or in the rear of the gun; as, for example, a church steeple, a tree taller than its neighbours, or the corner of a solitary house. The aiming apparatus is so arranged that if the line of fire is made to form a certain angle with the line of sight, the gun is directed towards the target. This angle is given by the battery commander to the layer, who marks it off on his apparatus. By this means—for the old ways of designating the objective

(*Continued on page* 532.)

In France at the Junction of the Allied Lines

British soldiers, happy at having just been relieved from duty, passing French sentries on the way to their billets.



Officer of the Salvation Army distributing comforts to French soldiers at a lonely outpost. General Booth's "soldiers" are doing splendid work at the front. Right: British motor-cycle despatch-riders breaking journey at a French shanty behind the firing-line in order to replenish their stock of petrol.

MARVEL OF MODERN QUICKFIRERS

(Continued from page 530.)

are so laborious and liable to error—there is substituted the indication of a few figures, by virtue of which the fire is shifted to right or left, nearer or farther away, higher or lower, at the will of the commander, without the layer seeing either the shell-bursts or the target.

No lengthy remarks are needed when indicating the figures. The commander is therefore no longer obliged to remain near his guns. He can place himself at the point from which he can best see the objective, and from which he can best judge the effects of the fire. From this position he transmits his orders to the battery by signals or by telephone.

The guns can be posted behind a ridge or a wood, or at the bottom of a valley. They are thus invisible to the enemy. Their position can be ascertained only by aerial observers, whose information is not available until an appreciable time has lapsed. This means that they can be shifted before the enemy opens fire.

At the beginning of the war the Germans, being less skilful than ourselves (the French) in the application of these new methods, had a considerable number of guns demolished by the French artillery, whose losses, on the other hand, were very trifling. The Germans hoped, thanks to the superior numbers and the greater calibre of their field artillery, to reduce ours to fragments; but they destroyed only a very small number. In the long run, they followed our example, the result being that the artillery on either side contrived to do very little damage, the one to the other.

When Artillery is Vulnerable

The characteristic of the present war is just this—the considerable diminution of the losses sustained by the artillery, and the increased losses of the infantry, who are obliged to expose themselves during the advance, while the guns can remain under cover.

On the other hand, never before have so many guns been captured. This is a new fact easily explained.

It is impossible to destroy a masked battery piece by piece, as artillery in view is destroyed. All that can be done is to subject it to "watering-pot" fire (tir d'arrosage). If the guns are in battery formation, the crews protect themselves from this kind of fire by sheltering behind the shields. But if the guns get on the move, they become very vulnerable. If one of the six horses forming the gun-team is badly wounded, this is enough to stop the gun and prevent its being shifted. The gunners then run the risk of being destroyed by the following bursts of fire.

For artillery under fire, if the enemy infantry succeeds in approaching, only two courses are open—surrender, or a half-turn, which involves destruction without the chance of winning fame. Sooner than suffer this latter fate, it submits to capture, conscious of duty done by seeking to hold out to the last possible moment.

This, then, is the new fact. Hostile artillery is no longer destroyed, but captured. To effect a capture the infantry are sent forward; and to enable the infantry to reach the guns their advance is supported by fire directed either on the enemy infantry, who are destroyed if they come into view, or on the enemy guns, which are pinned to their positions but not destroyed, unless by some lucky chance—some grave mistake on the part of the enemy. Thus it comes about that the increase in the destructive power of the artillery, which is the consequence of adopting the quick-firing gun, brings this result—that on both sides the artillery remains comparatively uninjured, while the infantry suffer heavy losses.

The Death Dealt Out by the "75"

The statistics of the losses inflicted by the artillery have not yet appeared, either in Germany or in France. But we now know that they have been heavier on the German side. This difference is largely due to the efficiency of our high-explosive shell, which is far superior to the similar shell employed by the Germans.

The shell of the "75" sends out a considerable number of small chisel-edged fragments, which are death-dealing up to twenty yards from the bursting-point. Moreover the gases released by the explosion cause a kind of asphyxia—unless, indeed, it be the shock produced on the brain and vertebral column which kills all those men whose bodies show no apparent wound.

The dead, according to the official communiqué of August 26th, 1914, were fixed rigid (cloués) in the position of aiming.

"What makes the strongest impression," wrote a soldier in the 'Guerre Sociale' of October 25th, 1914, "is the attitude of the men killed by the explosive shell of the '75.' Few of them appear to have been wounded. You find them in the position in which they were struck, with their eyes starting from their heads, and a trickle of blood on their lips."

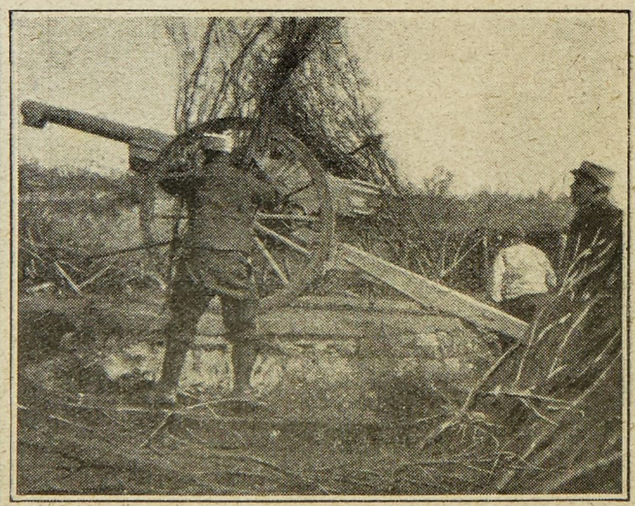
"Your '75,'" said a captured German officer, "is not a gun, it is an instrument of butchery."

"The German soldiers call your gunners *the black butchers*," said General von Bülow to a French landowner (chatelain) on whom he had billeted himself.

Such are the effects of the "75" explosive shell. But it is very evident that these effects would not be so terrible if the gun, as formerly, could fire only one shot a minute, and if our gunners did not excel in the art of sending the projectile precisely where or when it is required.

The effects of our shell are therefore the resultant of its own qualities or rapid loading, of the value of our methods, and of the skill of the gunners in applying them.

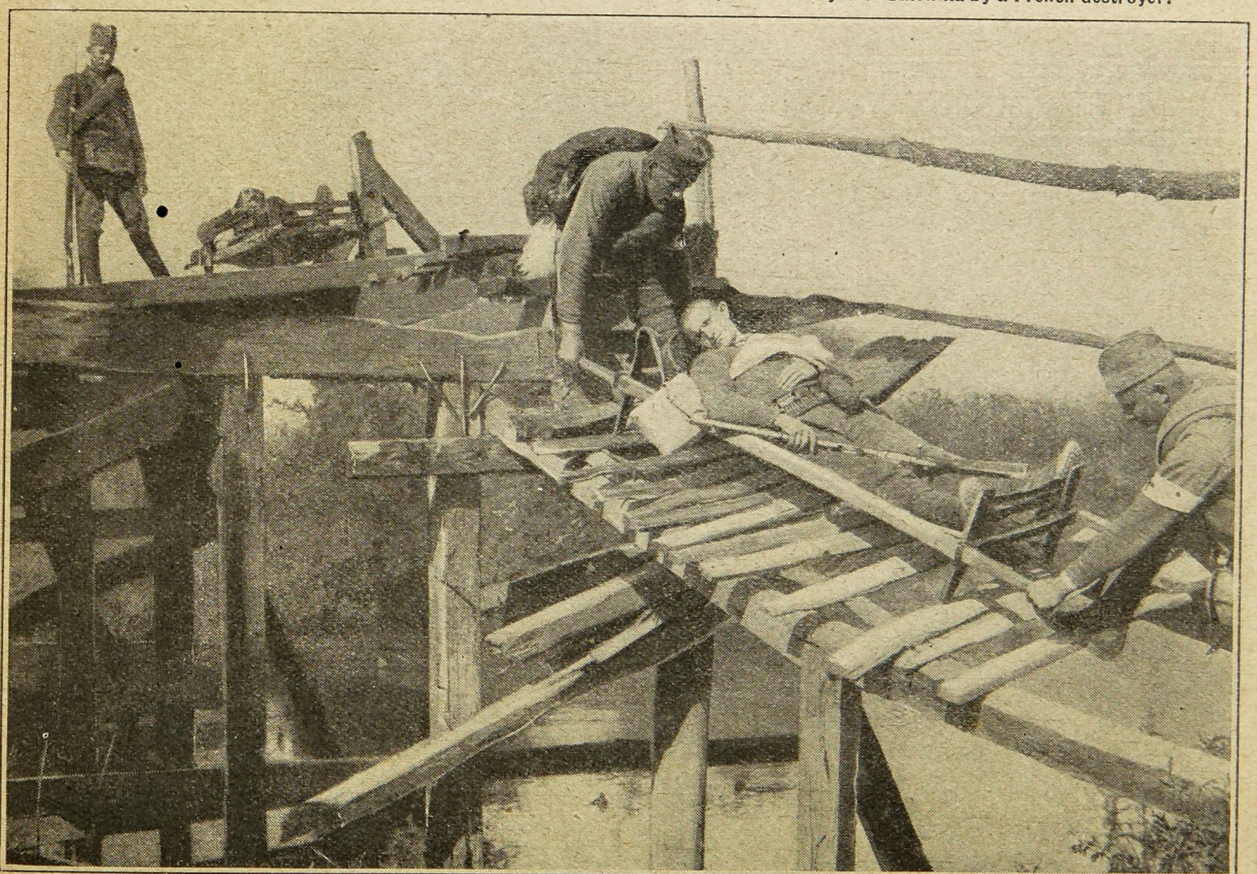
Somewhere on the French front. Well-screened "75" in action. A gunner is about to reload, while others are getting ready a plentiful supply of shells.



"75" gun on a specially-made emplacement. A member of the crew is placing the machine in position again after the recoil, which is hardly noticeable with this weapon.

King Peter's Tragic Farewell to His Native Land

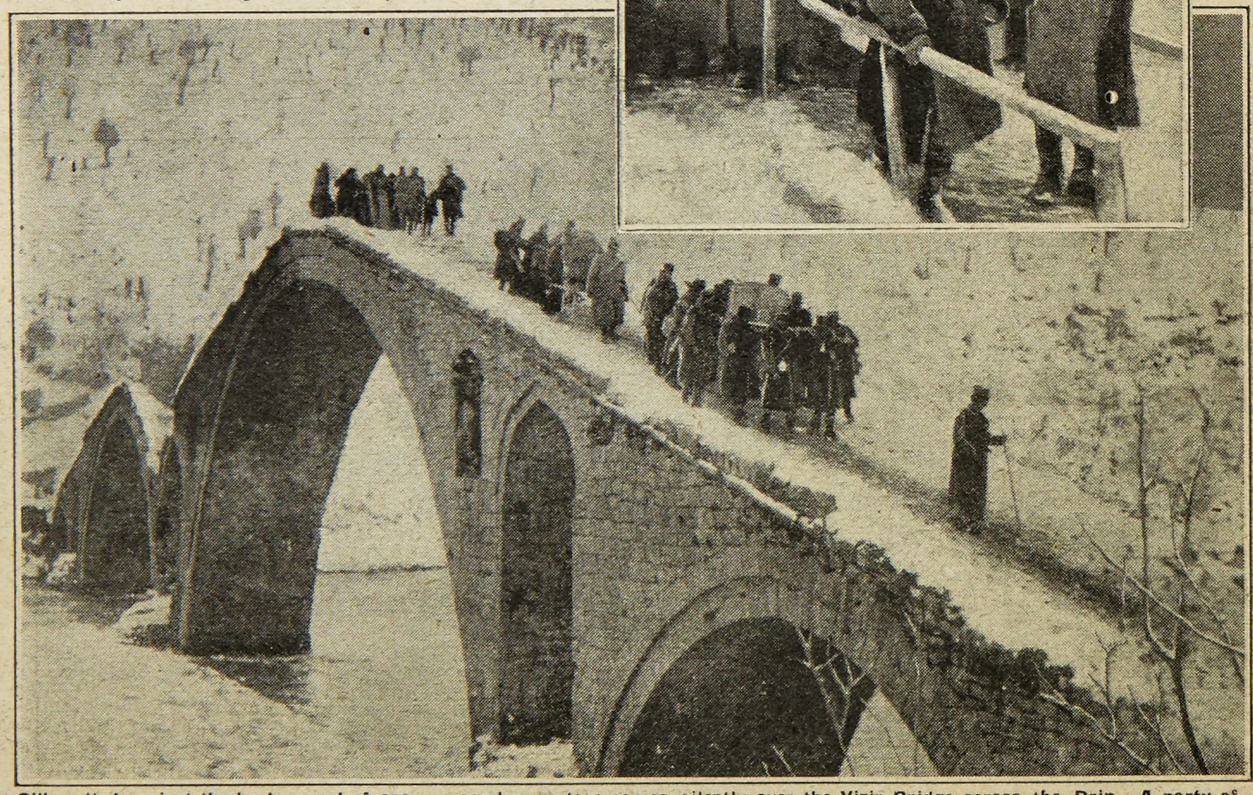
The stories of King Peter's last ride over his kingdom into exile are many and various. Pictorial proof exists that part of the way his Majesty travelled by car, and this striking photograph shows the ill-fated Karageorgevitch seated on a gun-carriage drawn by a team of bullocks at another stage of the retreat. It has also been reported that he was carried on a stretcher, and that he even walked through the danger zone in a peasant's costume, finally arriving at Valona, to be conveyed to Salonika by a French destroyer.



Perilous work for the stretcher-bearers. Serbian Red Cross workers dexterously moving their suffering burden over a broken bridge across the Morava. In spite of the heavy losses in the Serbian ranks, it is estimated that there are still about 200,000 men waitnig to advance against the enemy when they have been re-equipped and strongly reinforced by the Allies in the Balkans.

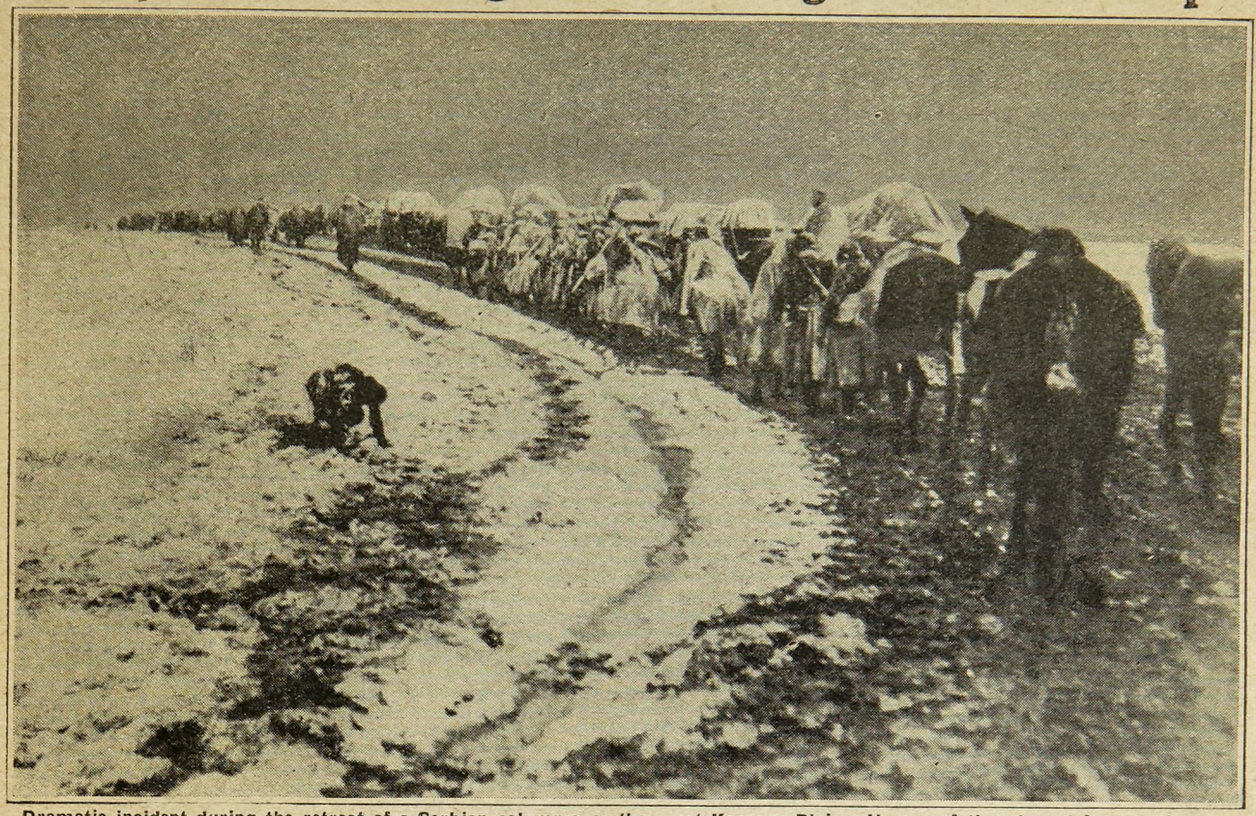
Serbia's Flight Over the Snowy Albanian Alps:

King Peter's faithful escort crossing the River Drin, which winds along at the foot of the Albanian Alps. In such an environment one can only too well imagine the hardships of the Serbian Army.



Silhouetted against the background of snow, a sombre cortege comes silently over the Vizir Bridge across the Drin. A party of soldiers are supporting a Sedan chair in which General Putnik, the venerable and invalid leader of the Serbian Army, is being carried to Scutari. Inset: A near view of the chair and its bearers.

The Sombre Cortege of a King and His People

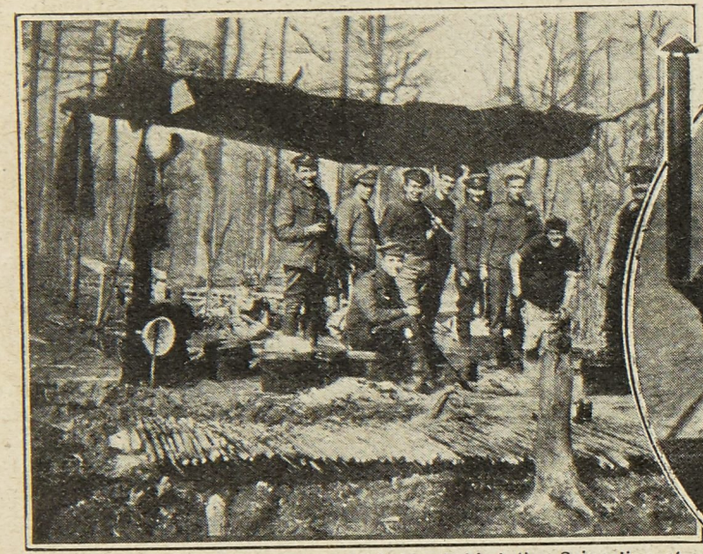


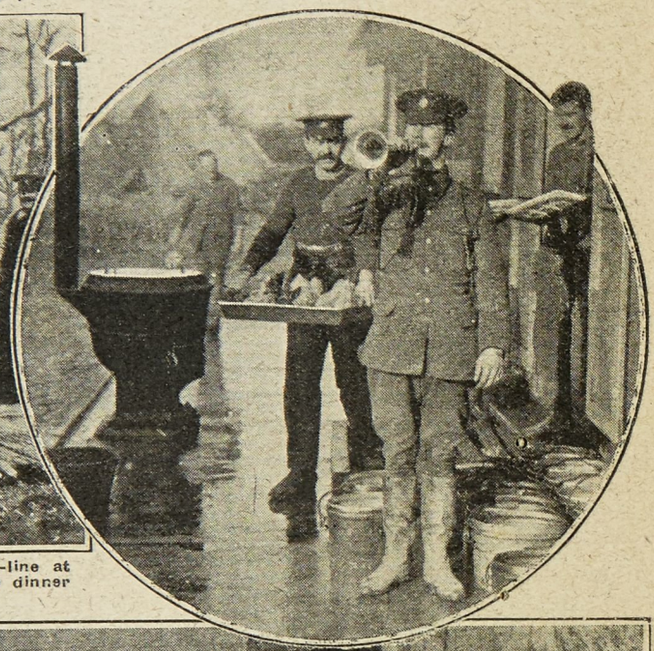
Dramatic incident during the retreat of a Serbian column over the great Kossovo Plain. Hungry, fatigued, and frozen, a hapless unit falls out of line to collapse in the snow-covered field. It is impossible to render him succour. He is left to his fate, and his comrades, phantom-white from a heavy snowfall, trudge on into the distance.

Serbian engineers fording a stream, dragging their pontoon bridge behind them over the mountain of Yoshibatz. There is an atmosphere of tragic beauty about this casual snapshot. The docile team stops to drink by the way. The bleak scene is relieved by abundant trees appealing even in their winter barrenness.

Merry Interludes Relieve the Trench Monotony

"Bons camarades!" Frenchmen helping British soldiers to exercise their knowledge of the French language. Right: A "billet orchestra" at the front that discourses popular choruses, with a biscuit-tin obligato!

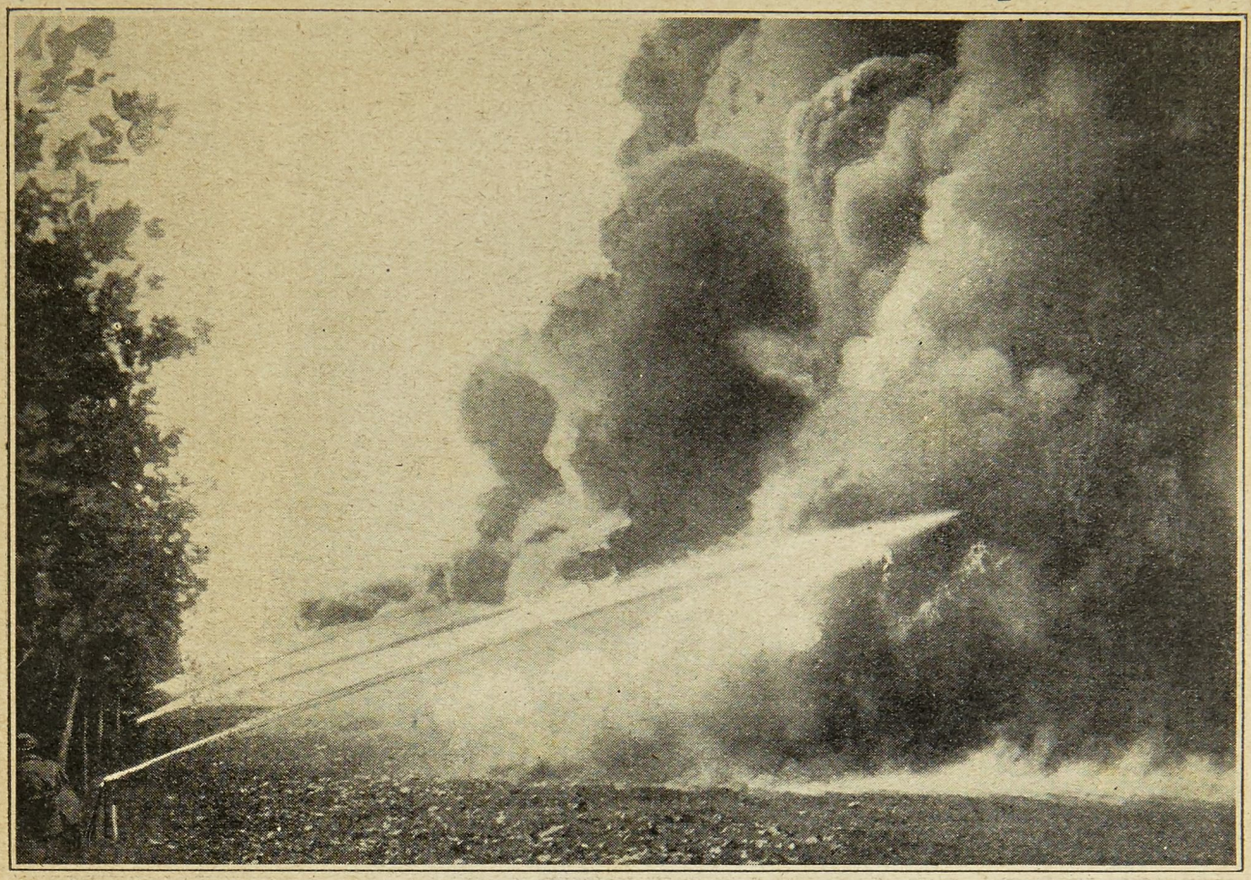




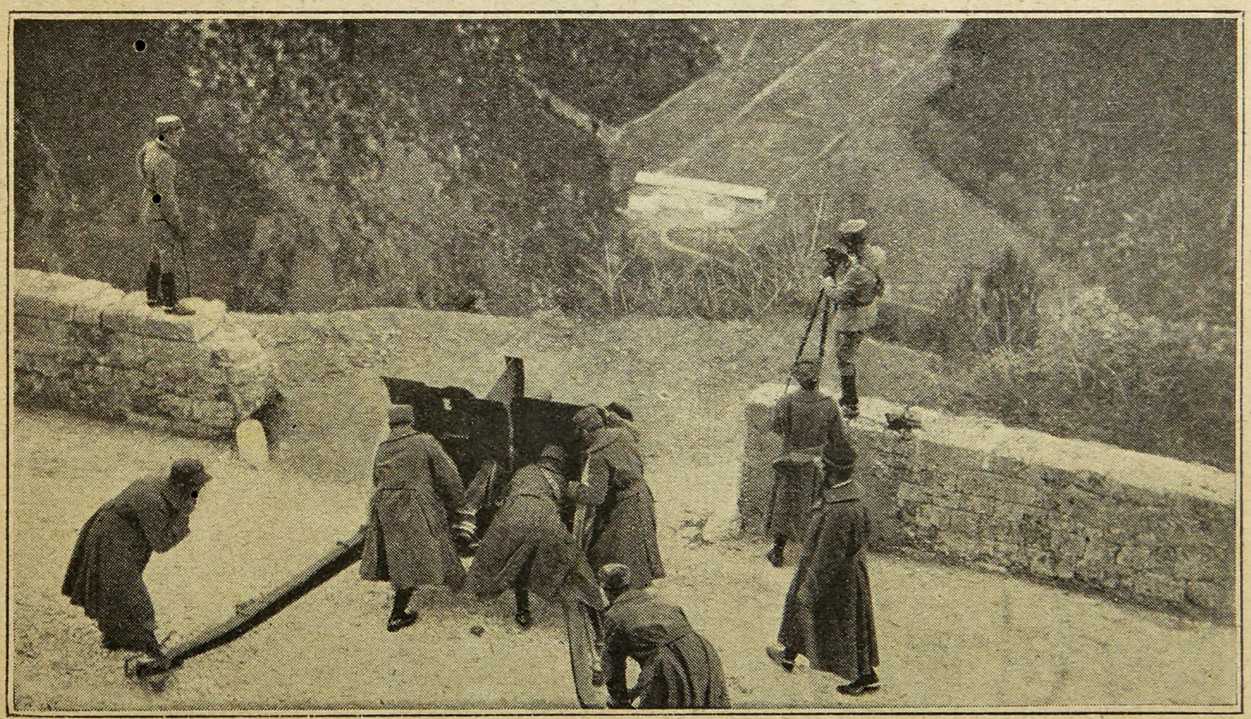
The London Rifle Brigade's field kitchen behind the firing-line at "Plug Street." "Come to the cookhouse door, boys!" The dinner call being sounded at a camp kitchen at the front.

A fair French cook at a British billet near Ypres preparing a meal for soldiers to the strains of a gramophone.

The Cloud of Poison Settles on an Alpine Peak

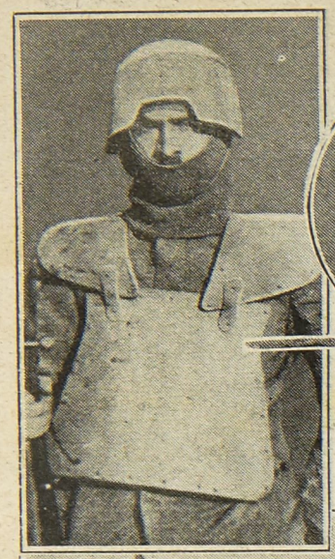


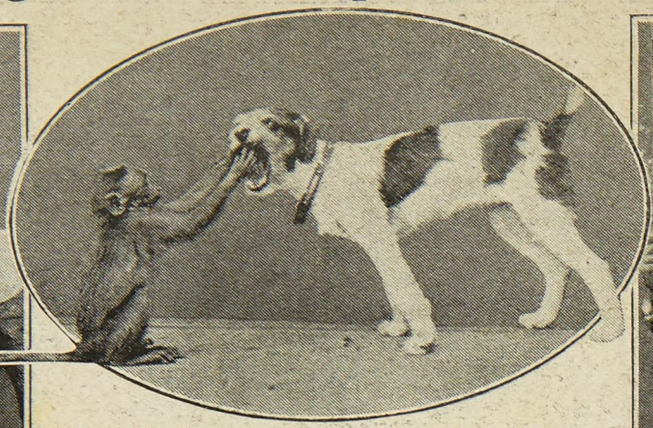
Some idea of the volume of gas emitted by the high-pressure cylinders can be gathered from this photograph, which shows the beginning of an Italian attack against the Austrians. Nothing could survive in such a poison cloud.



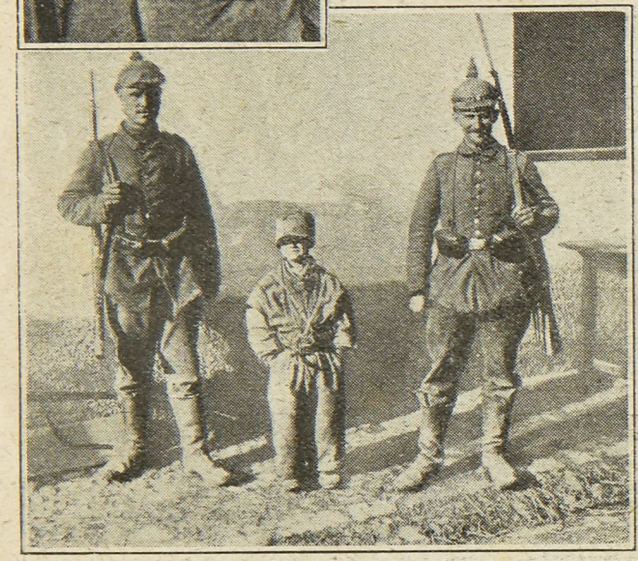
Making ready a gun for action on a mountain road overlooking a valley. An Italian officer is locating the range from what appears to be a singularly exposed position.

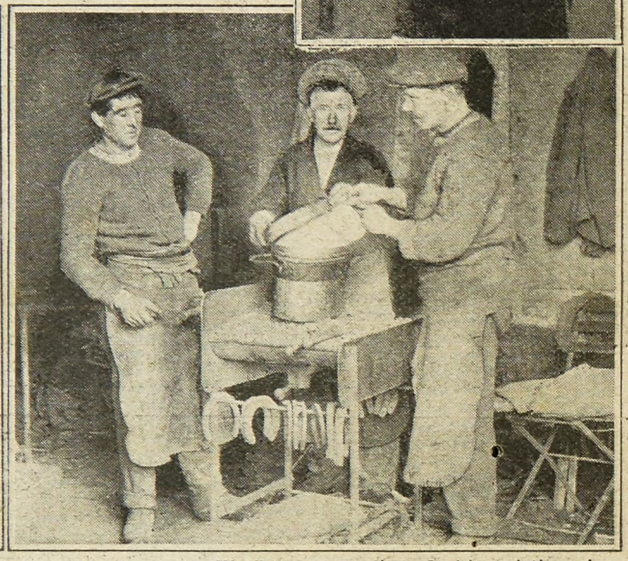
Queer Things Thrown Up By The Tide Of War



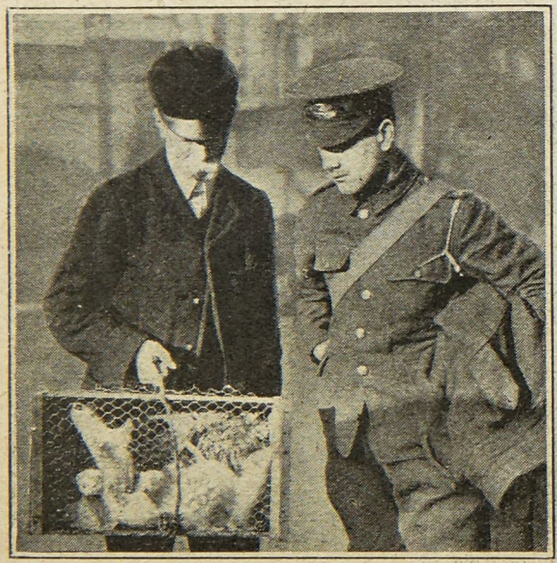


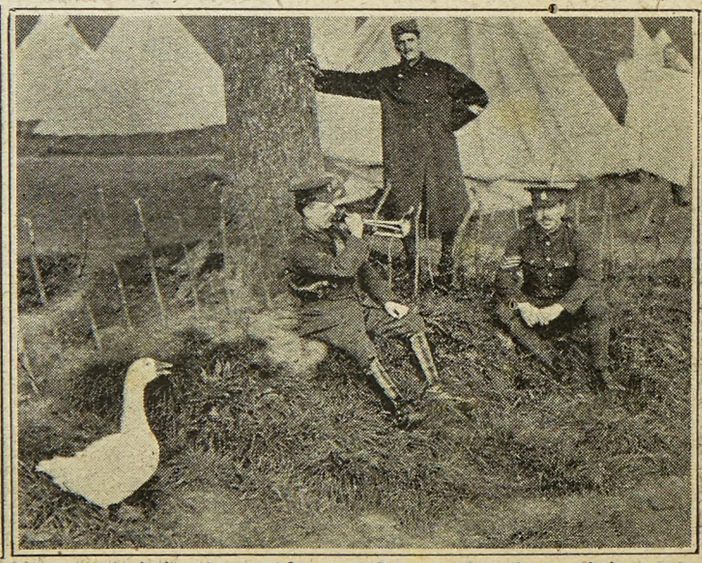
Left: Italian lieutenant of engineers in steel breastplate and helmet—an almost mediæval outfit. Above: Simian dentistry. "Jacko" examining the teeth of his fellow mascot aboard a battleship. Right: Equipped for the "tourney." Another Italian officer in ancient armour.





Recent German capture in Serbia that is certain to be made to serve good purpose by the Wolff Bureau—a little Serbian victim who wandered too near the German lines. Right: Military blacksmiths cooking a midday meal on their forge at a base in France.

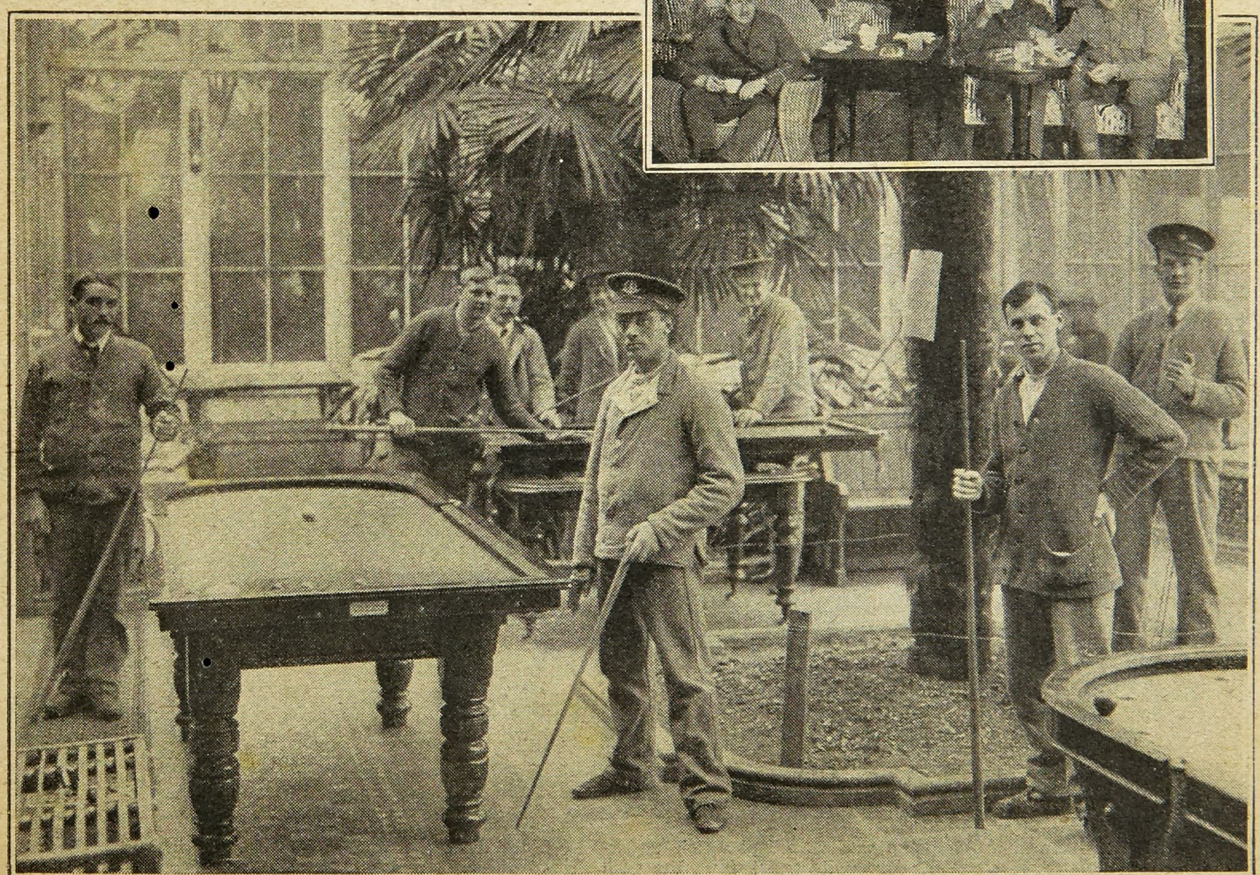




Ferrets about to be sent to the trenches. Dealers have lately been commissioned to send ferrets to France, where they are being used to fight the rats that add to the hardships of trench life. Right: Goose stepping to the bugle call! A humorous incident in France.

Some Rare Pleasures For The Man-of-Arms

Jolly scene at the Zoological Gardens, where a number of sturdy "Jocks," straight from the front, are being wheeled to lunch by a squad of feminine admirers. The usually self-conscious Scot seems to have adapted himself to this charming hero-worship with as much sang-froid as he did to the bitterness of the Huns

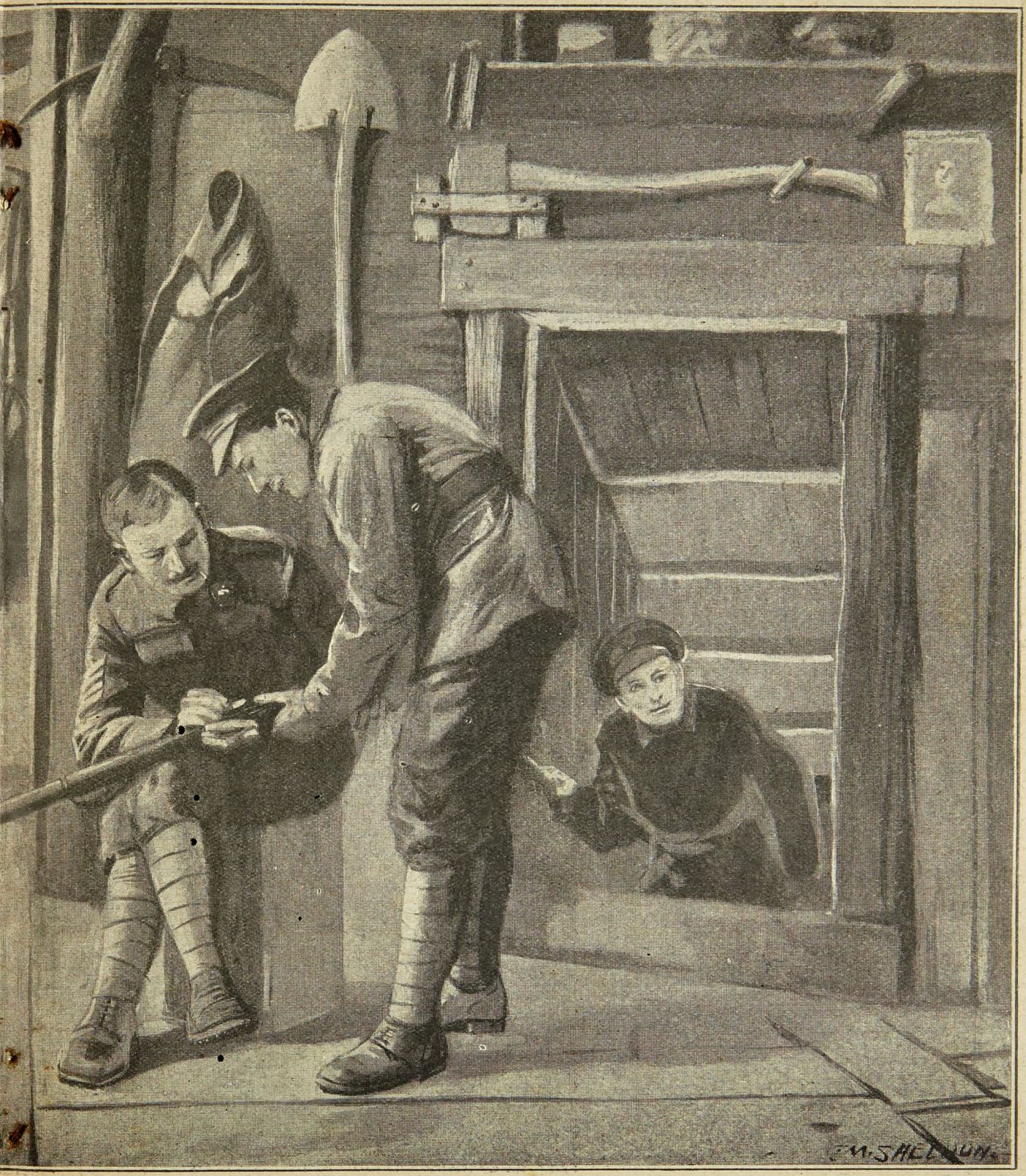


Wounded soldiers playing billiards in the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's famous Orchid House, Highbury, Birmingham, which is being used as a V.A.D. Hospital. Inset: Wounded officers taking tea in the Baroness de Forest's house, Grosvenor Street, London, which has been converted into a club for their benefit. Newspapers and games are provided.

Luxury in the First Line: 'Home, Sweet

LAST year winter in the trenches was an ordeal which undermined the strongest constitution, quite apart from the peril of death from shot and shell. In some parts of the line soldiers were knee-deep in mud, and continually exposed to wind and weather. Since the campaign has settled down into a deadlock siege, every effort has been made to render life underground tolerable, not to say comfortable. This drawing, designed from a soldier's description, is an interior view of a British first-line trench to-day. It has the

Home' in the Trenches of Northern France



appearance of a long gallery, the sides, floor, and ceiling of which are consolidated with wood. It is lighted by loopholes, about eight inches square and eight inches deep, in order to penetrate the outer earthwork. Beneath the loopholes a wooden platform runs along the trench, and hooks are placed in the ceiling to support rifles and equipment. Pasted to the walls of the trenches are pictures, post-cards, and photographs. On the right of the drawing is the dug-out, from which a soldier is seen emerging.

Is the Great Advance Coming?

By Our War Correspondent, F. A. McKENZIE

THE man who forecasts coming events is always rash. To forecast anything in this war is doubly rash. A critic who began to make a collection of the mistakes of the prophets since August, 1914, could soon have a very full list. Yet, human nature being what it is, we all continue to seek to peer into the future, and to judge what is ahead.

A few weeks ago I ventured to express my belief that the winter months would be marked not by quiet but by much activity on the western front. Up to now the main attacks and counter-attacks have been in the Champagne district. On our own lines there have been continuous, or almost continuous, heavy artillery duels and aeroplane battles, the usual preliminaries of an advance. There came a pause at Christmas, a pause which went further than is generally known.

Everyone was confident that there would be no Christmas truce this year, such as took place on Christmas Day, 1914, and no fraternising. There was none over most of the line. But here and there the spirit of Christmas was too much even for the spirit of war. In one corner of the field known to me the heads of the men on either side of the narrow "No Man's Land" popped up on Christmas morning, friendly words were exchanged, the enemies met one another, exchanged greetings, shared each other's good things, sang together, and then parted. A few hours later the work of death began once more.

The Reason for Winter Inertia

Do the present activities on the British and German sides mean an early advance or not? The probability is that they do.

The first great argument against a winter advance is the mud. This mud is due not only to the rains, but to the low-lying lands, and to the tremendous destruction of roads through heavy traffic. The light Belgian roads were not made for the constant passage of heavy guns and of heavy motor-waggons. Mud hampers the rapidity of fire of field artillery, particularly of the heavier guns now in almost universal use on both sides.

But if we are to wait, or if the Germans are to wait, for the roadways to be in good condition, nothing will be done until April. This will suit neither side. Situated as Germany is now, with increasing economic strain on her civilians, military activity is necessary to sustain the spirits of the nation. People who are suffering from shortage of food, as the German people are, are not in a mood for long pauses. Even great generals in autocratic lands have to yield more or less to national demands. The German desire for military activity may, to some extent, be met around Salonika or on the borders of Egypt. But it will look to Flanders.

The Fatality of Waiting

Following their usual course we may expect the Germans, if they have the men to spare, to attempt an attack on us shortly before they anticipate one from us. They believe in the old military axiom, "Attack! Attack! Attack!" and here they are undoubtedly right. The one wrong thing in war is to sit still. Sometimes an army has to. Then it is a misfortune. Sometimes generals choose to do so. In three cases out of four this shows the incompetence of the generals. This is proved by the military history of previous wars. The proof has been strengthened by our experiences in the present war.

During long pauses troops grow stale, discipline is apt to degenerate, men lose the keen edge of their enthusiasm, and armies lose their efficiency. Sickness, the almost inevitable accompaniment of campaign life, takes a toll of men often greater than battles would do. The machinery and niceties of organisation grow more and more elaborate until every soldier groans under a crushing weight of rules, regulations, and limitations galore.

Apart from all this, we have the heavy financial cost of waiting, which even Great Britain, the richest of the fighting nations, cannot afford to ignore.

Hence my belief that before many weeks, as soon in fact as the weather makes it at all possible, one or both sides will strike, not with heavy guns or aeroplanes, but by a great forward move.

Our soldiers at the front, from the top to the bottom, believe that the advance when it comes will be successful. "It will cost a lot, but it will be worth the price. The thing has got to be done, so the sooner it is finished the better." That sums up the average soldier's point of view.

The general public, which talked lightly last January of the "Great Push" that was to drive the Germans out of Belgium, knows better now what such an effort means. An advance against positions such as the Germans and ourselves have prepared in Belgium is as formidable a task as could well be devised. The real difficulty is not to capture lines of trenches, but to hold them. By the concentration of heavy forces, and the employment of sustained high artillery fire, it is possible to make almost sure that part at least of the enemy's front line will be taken. But then the real trouble begins.

Hidden Terrors for the Attackers

Every trench has its traps, and the traps are likely to be more elaborate now than ever. The trench may be mined, and the soldiers who seize it will be blown up with it. It may be enfiladed by a concealed machine-gun. It may be within the range of hidden bomb-throwers who, with a few well-distributed hand-grenades, can make terrible havoc. It is certain to be swept immediately by sustained artillery fire from various points in the enemy's position. The first trench when secured is only the preliminary to a still more formidable line behind, and it in turn the key to another line farther back.

The thing can be done at a price. Provided supports are thrown up automatically in sufficient numbers, the flanks are kept covered, and the whole advance is made along a sufficiently extensive line, success may come. But let there be a failure in Staff calculations, let some brigade take a wrong turning, let some high commander in the heat of battle lose his grip, and the whole effort will be thrown away. The fight at Loos taught us many very valuable lessons.

Speculation on the Great Move

To-day we have superiority in numbers in Flanders. Our advance when it comes will be part of a concerted move along different fronts, which will prevent the Germans from diverting troops from other parts to meet us. An attack on the Belgian coast, or a threatened attack on the coast, may take place simultaneously.

Supposing that, as we all hope and pray, the advance is a complete success, what then? By a complete success, I mean that we break through the German front along a sufficient length to threaten their flanks and endanger their communications.

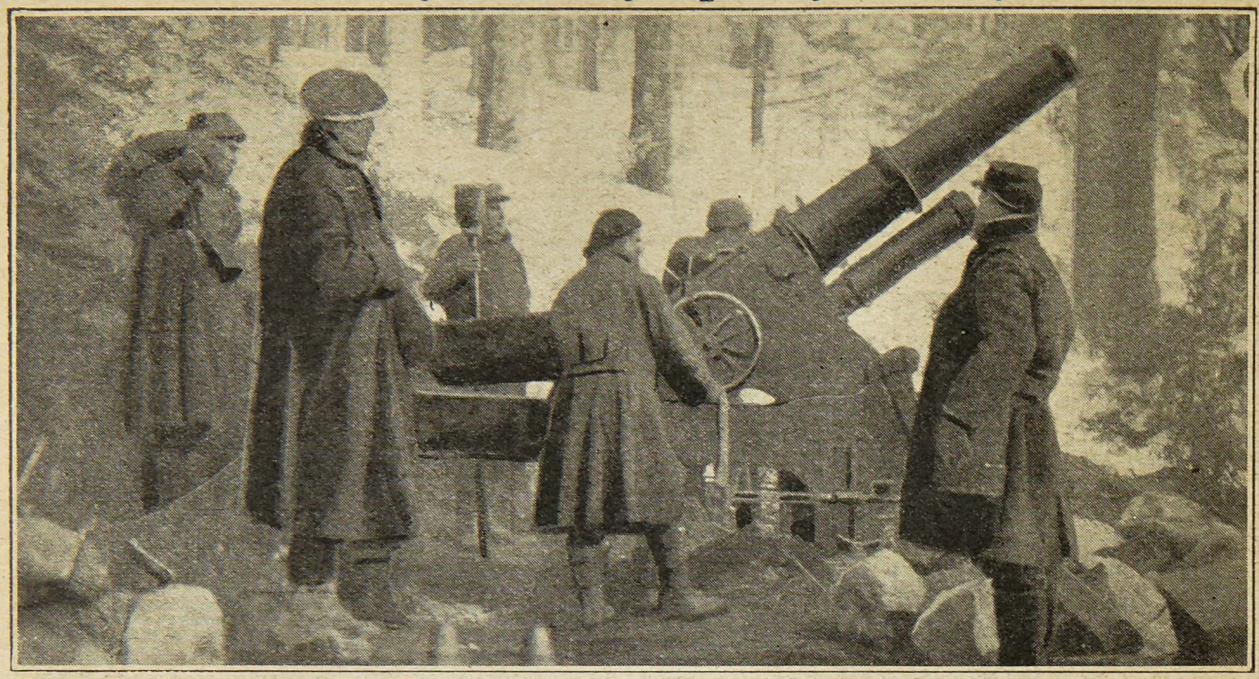
A year ago our soldiers dreamed of pouring a strong cavalry force through the gap, and sweeping through the enemy's rear. Probably the events of the past few months have shown the danger of this. Cavalry would be mowed down at every turn by concealed machine-guns. The break through the first sets of lines will only be the beginning of long, sustained, village-to-village fighting. The only thing that might prevent this would be a wedge-like advance from South-East Flanders that threatened to surround the German armies in Western Belgium.

Will there be a collapse of German *moral* once we break through? I see no reason to anticipate this, much as I would like to. No one dislikes or feels more bitterly about many of the unworthy methods of war employed by the Germans than myself. But it would be foolish to deny that they have shown much physical courage, high discipline, and great determination. To underestimate or to despise your enemy is a sign of your own weakness. We can only base our calculations for to-morrow on the Germans showing the same resolution in the future as in the past. Even though they do, we are going to win.

French Cavalrymen Save the Day as Infantrymen

Cavalry which, owing to the exigencies of siege warfare, has had little chance to exercise its powers, has been used to a great extent as infantry. A notable incident in which two squadrons of French Hussars saved the day in a charge on foot took place in the Champagne offensive. The infantry had been brought to a standstill by a number of small forts. The cavalry came to their relief, only to be held up themselves by a withering machine-gun fire. Thereupon the gallant Hussars dismounted and charged the enemy trenches with drawn sabres, rallying the infantry to enable them to shatter the German resistance.

Notes of Victory and Sympathy in Loyal Alsace



French 155 mm. gun barking at the Boches from an Alsatian forest position. Snow has fallen heavily in this region, and all the gunners are warmly clad in thick winter overcoats. (Exclusive photograph.)

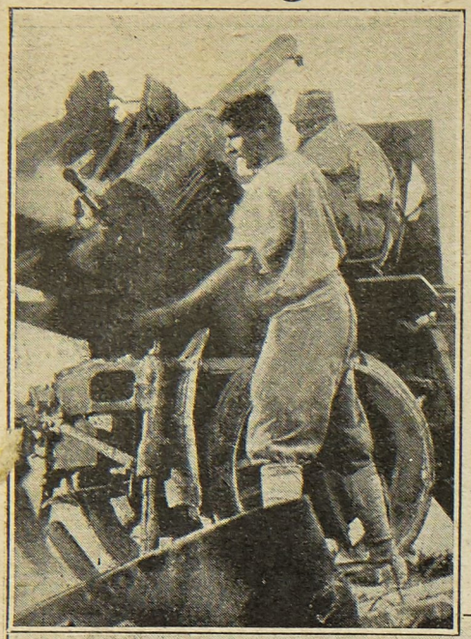
The Allies in Alsace. Representatives of the European Coalition recently visited the Rhine province as the guests of the French Army. This charming photograph shows an Italian officer with two Alsatian girls in their picturesque costumes. He is holding a bouquet in his left hand. In the background a Serbian officer and a number of French soldiers are seen, together with inhabitants of the village.

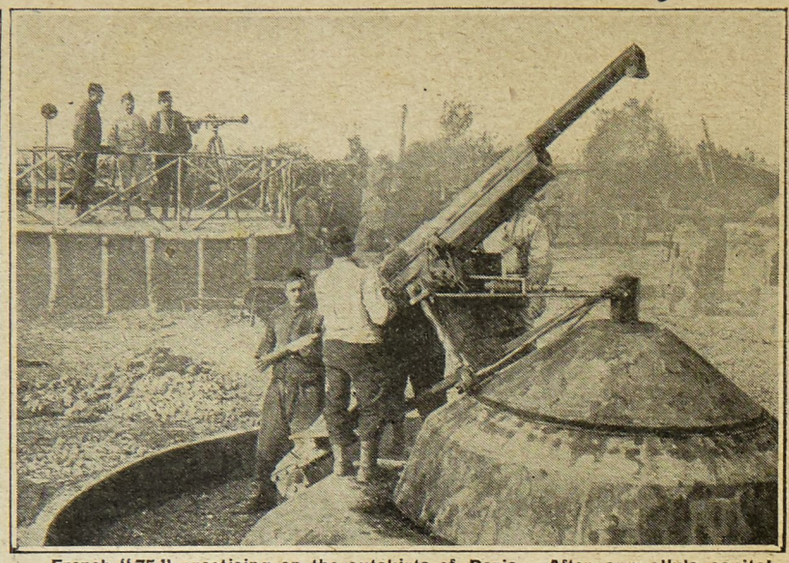
Trenches near Souain When the Huns had Left

This waste of torn earth, strewn with sandbags, once formed the site of German trenches near Souain, in Champagne. After being bombarded out of all semblance to defence works by the French gunners, the infantry captured the position.

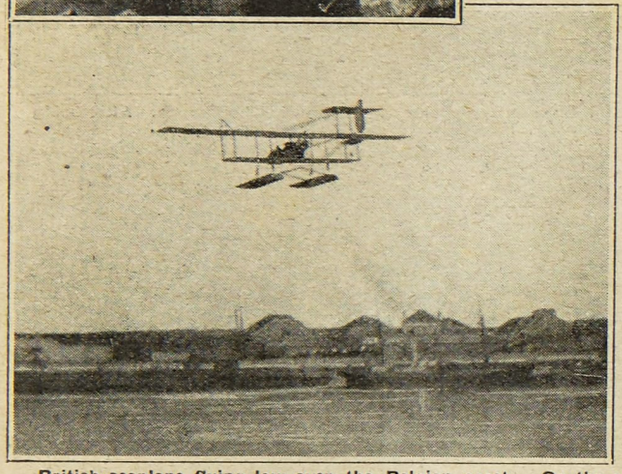
French engineers laying field telephone connections in recently captured German trenches. So fierce was the artillery battle that waged before the position could be conquered, that nothing remained of the defence works but the bare trench-groove in the battered ground.

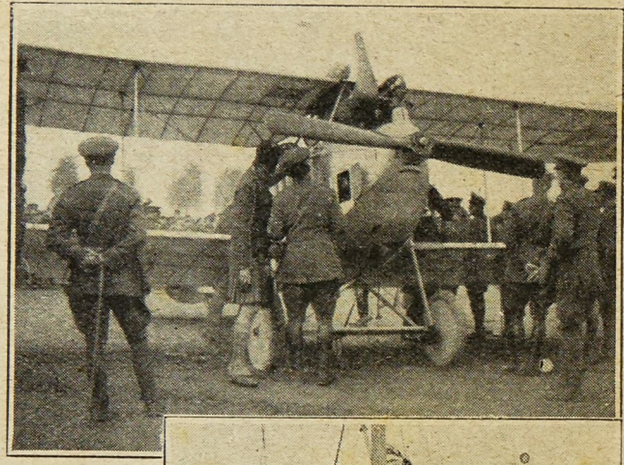
Battling With the Iron Birds of Prey



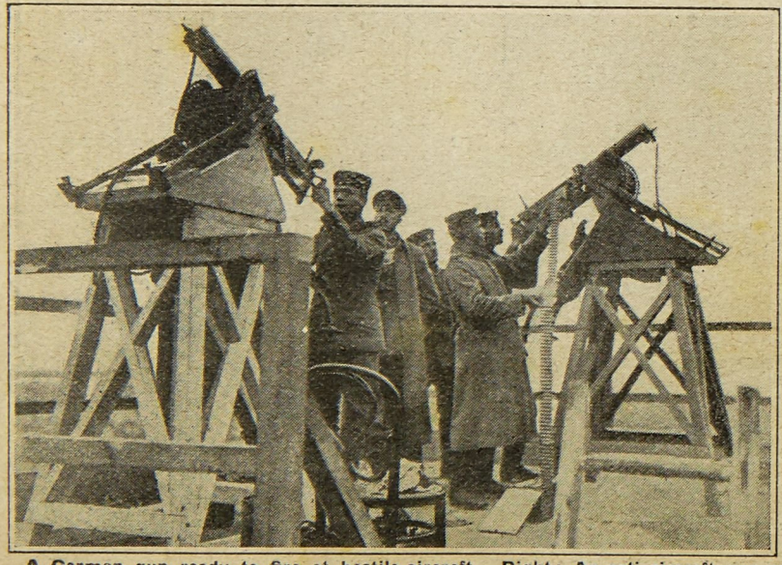


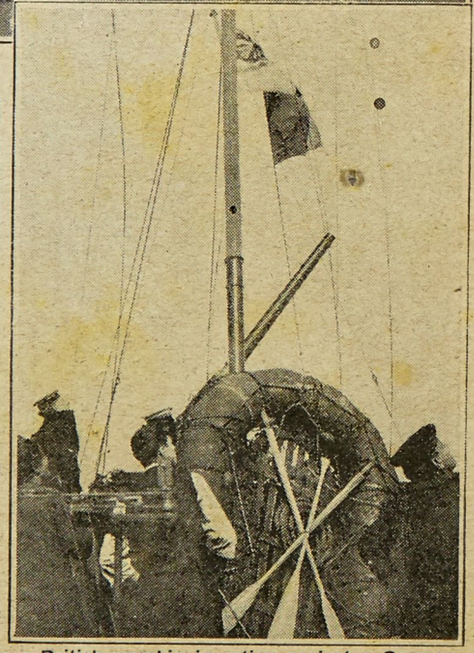
French "75" practising on the outskirts of Paris. After our ally's capital was ringed with these guns enemy aircraft gave it a wide berth. Left: A French anti-aircraft gun in action in Northern France.





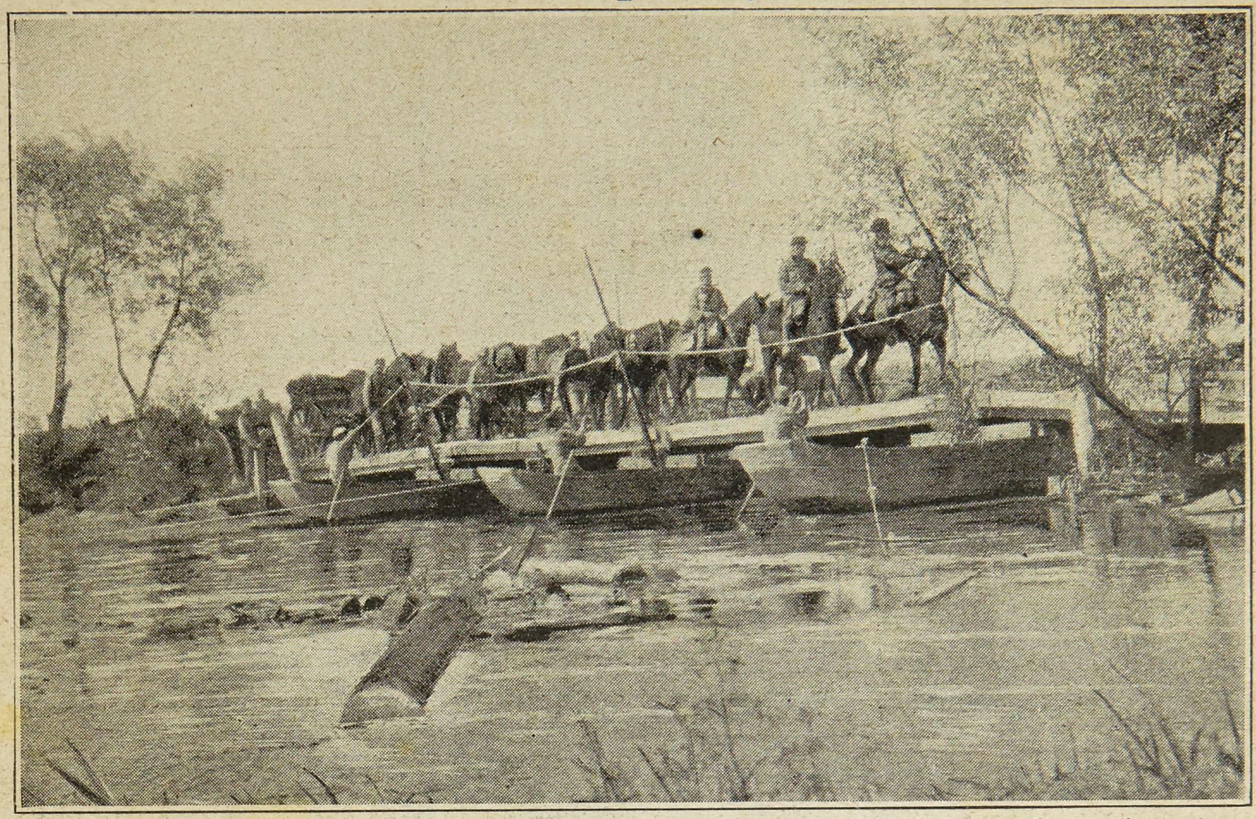
British seaplane flying low over the Belgian coast. On the right: German aeroplane brought down undamaged in Artois. The officers were taken prisoners.





A German gun ready to fire at hostile aircraft. Right: An anti-aircraft gun on a British warship in action against a German aeroplane which hovered over our fleet and dropped bombs, without, however, doing damage to any of our ships.

Austrians Cross the Pripet by Pontoon and Ford



Austrian pontoon bridge hastily constructed over the Pripet Marshes. A column of ammunition is proceeding over the structure, which is being kept to some extent stable by soldiers with punt poles in the boats.

Another view of the munition column crossing a stream in the Pripet Marshes. The movement of the horses is admirably demonstrated. Quite a number of Austrian officers are seen in the background supervising this inconsiderable manœuvre.

Some Losses and the Moral

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

WITH the King Edward VII. and the Natal we have lost altogether, in over seventeen months of war, eight battleships and six armoured cruisers. Five of the battleships perished in those Dardanelles operations which have now been terminated by a final withdrawal. The writer has always held the opinion that had certain obvious precautions been taken by using a number of old merchant ships, in conjunction with the warships, it was possible, in association with searchlights and guns, used solely for blinding and distracting the gunners on shore, to have passed a naval force into the Sea of Marmora, with much less loss than was incurred in the long-drawn-out operations which have cost us so dearly ashore and afloat.

The Alternative Plan

The result would have been to render the subsequent operations on shore comparatively easy, for the communications of the Sea of Marmora would have been completely cut, and Constantinople terrorised. The only alternative plan was combined operations by sea and land, as should be the case in all bombardments, except where the bombardment is not for the destruction of the forts, but for some definite attainable object, such as shipping, which the forts are intended to protect. We adopted neither of these plans.

We revealed our intentions when secrecy was essential, and we practised secrecy when it should have had no place. The bombardments revealed our intentions, and the Admiralty further disclosed to the world two months in advance the intention to land by a grandmotherly reassurance to the public—in announcing the disasters of March 18th—that ample naval and military forces were on the spot!

The Failure of Secrecy

I deduce from Sir Ian Hamilton's despatch that we practised secrecy where it should have no place. The Suvla Bay landing shows that this long-planned affair was very imperfectly understood by those who had to carry it out. To have, for instance, a difference of opinion between the Navy and Army as to where men are to be landed during the height of so delicately balanced an affair as a planned landing, shows imperfect co-ordination in the preparation of the plan, traceable only to a desire to keep the secret of the plan in as few hands as possible.

Yet, of all operations, these landings on a strange coast, and the subsequent advance, have to be gone over and over again with the most painstaking attention to detail.

In the preparation of the plan, the saving of minutes here and there, time was comparatively unlimited. Once it was started, time was more scarce than even the water supply proved to be. We have now cut our loss, which shows courage, and this would have been of the highest if we had cut our loss immediately we failed in this subsidiary field of the war. We have withdrawn without loss because every man understood what he had to do; the spirit of Staff secrecy had been scotched by Suvla.

The public should nowise be discouraged by the loss of eight battleships and six armoured cruisers. If the forces of the Allies had not been so overwhelmingly superior, our losses would have been greater, for our enemy would have had greater freedom to harass us.

Cause for Congratulation

What is most remarkable is that not one of these ships had been lost during this long period by the ordinary risk of navigation, and only two by accidents in no way due to the enemy. I refer to the Bulwark and Natal, for the supposition of treachery may be dismissed. If one refers to these losses at all, it is only worth while in order to emphasise the wisdom of those who urged the country to give the Navy a margin of safety in order to provide for these very accidents which are bound to occur in greater measure to ourselves because of the wide-spread demands made on our Navy by our vast maritime interests and amphibious operations.

It would be wrong indeed to estimate losses from the point of view of that admiral of whom Nelson wrote that he was perfectly satisfied if each day passed with no losses to his fleet. Take Nelson's own career. He served in a fleet which lost five battleships through storm and grounding prior to the Battle of St. Vincent, while the Culloden, which led into the fight, was leaking badly from a collision. He then went into the Mediterranean in chase of Napoleon's Egyptian expedition, parted company with all his frigates in a storm, and Troubridge's ship grounded in attacking at the Nile. At Copenhagen one-fourth of his force was out of gun range through grounding on a shoal.

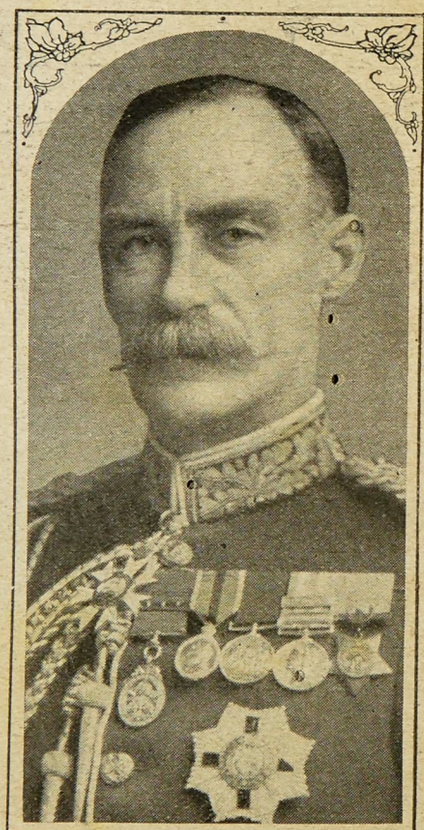
Take the period 1793-1802, when our seamanship was so superior to that of our enemies in France, Spain, and Holland. We lost from causes other than fighting eighteen battleships, as compared with ten for the three allies, and forty-six frigates, as compared with nine for the allies.

The Japanese in 1904-5 lost one-third of their battleship force by mines, and the Mikusa blew up through spontaneous combustion of her cordite shortly after the war concluded.

Stronger Than Ever

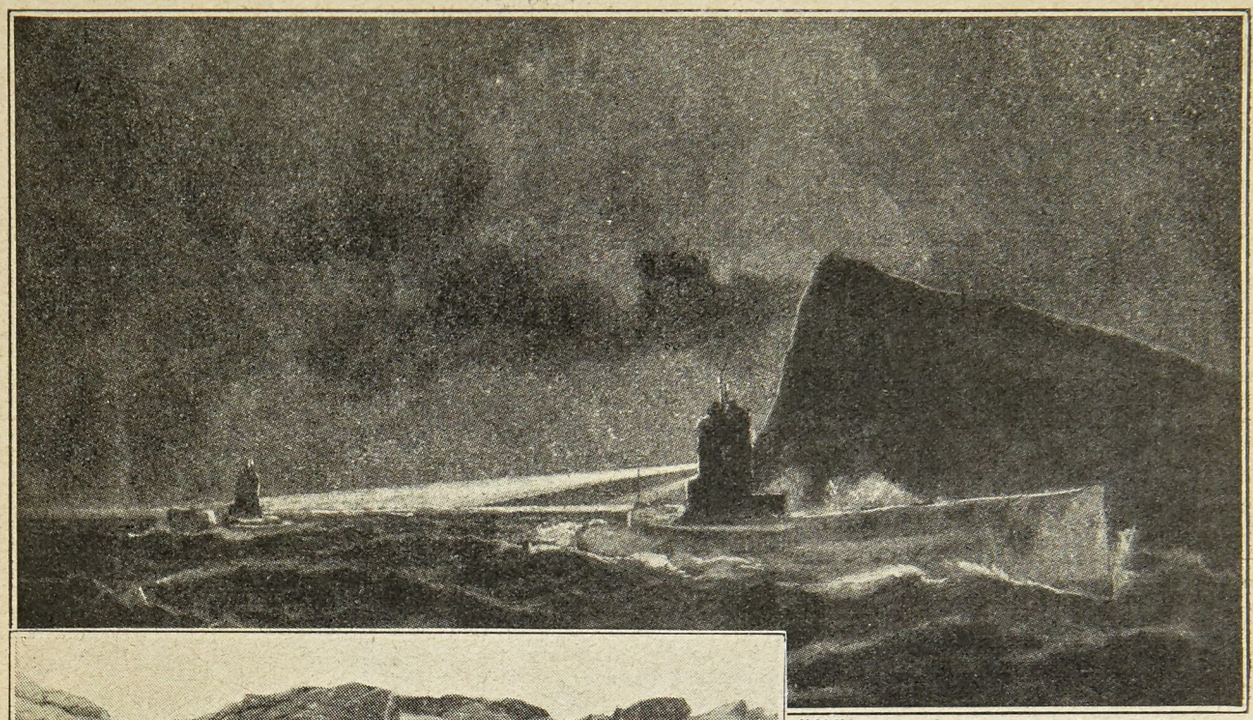
Since the enemy has given the Grand Fleet no opportunity of incurring losses while securing annihilating victory, it only remains to congratulate the Grand Fleet on the way it has conserved its strength. So small has been the wastage outside the Dardanelles adventure that actually the Navy is much stronger in armoured ships through the addition of those building than it was on the outbreak of war, and it has gained in relative strength on the ever-anchored Fleet of Germany.

Gen. Sir JOHN ECCLES NIXON, K.C.B., who commanded the Expedition in Mesopotamia until relieved through ill-health by Lieut.-Gen. Sir Percy Lake.



Lt.-Gen. Sir PERCY HENRY LAKE, C.B., previously Chief of the General Staff in India, and now in charge of the British Expedition in Mesopotamia.

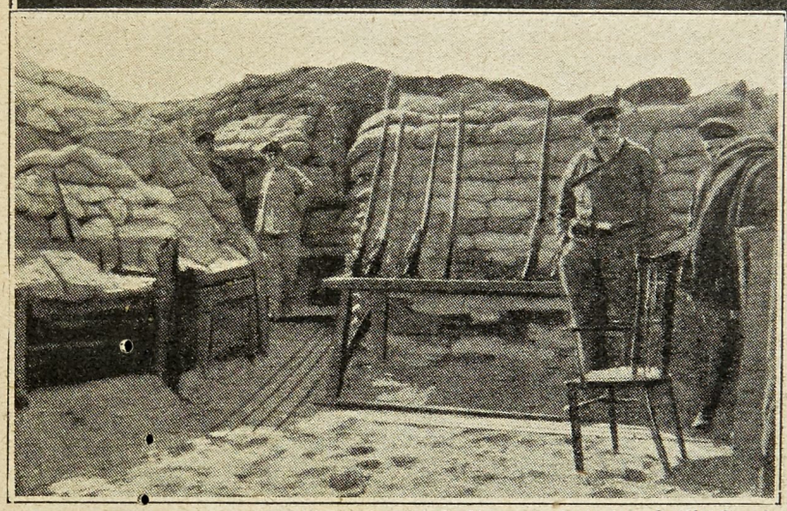
German Naval Activities in Fact and Fiction



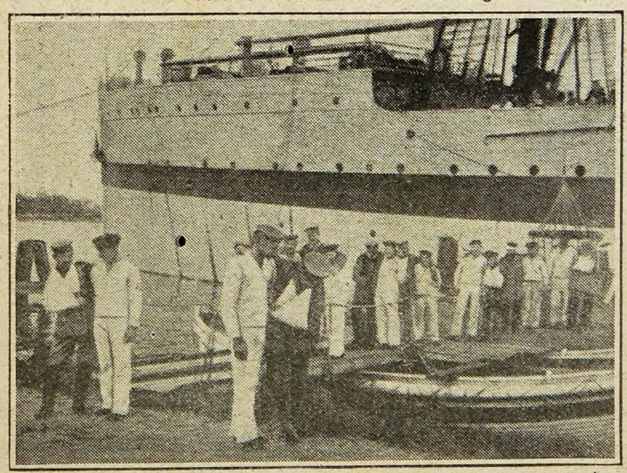
"U" boat passing through the Strait of Gibraltar. There is evidence to prove that the pirates have slipped through the lock of the Mediterranean, but it is incredible that they did it with the bravado so admirably represented in this drawing.

THAT the pirate "U" boats have slipped through the lock of the Mediterranean is proved by the frequent cases of "frightfulness" which have occurred recently.

Thus science once more has triumphed over the "impregnable." No longer does the Rock of Gibraltar bar the way to hostile craft. While, however, the skulking submarines are active, the main German Fleet is still faithful to the Kiel Canal. The frozen Baltic is closed to the German Navy, and the chance of a stand-up fight with Britannia in the North Sea seems to grow more and more remote. Inertia spells defeat, and it is safe to say that no sea victory could be more complete than that which "bottles up" practically the whole of the enemy Navy.



German Marines have been utilised, since their Navy was locked up in Kiel Canal, for the purpose of holding coast trench positions. This photograph shows the interior of a barricade on the Belgian coast.



Safe work for the Kiel "bargees." German sailors are employing their surplus energy in assisting wounded soldiers on board a hospital ship in the Baltic.

Looking out over the Baltic. Group of German wounded, who are recuperating where they can meditate on sea-power and the impotence of Von Tirpitz's fleet.

Battle Machines and Sentinels of the Air

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

JUST now, at the beginning of a new year, it is well to glance briefly at what we have learned about war in the air during the past twelve months. First, we have learned that—as in the case of other munitions of war—we have been very short of aeroplanes of the right kind; and second—as in the case of the rest of the Army—we have been short of trained men—pilots, observers, and mechanics alike. This was but to be expected, considering that we started the war with only about a hundred military aeroplanes fit to fly, and probably about fifty fit for actual use over the enemy's lines. Therefore the officers who have commanded the Royal Flying Corps on active service have done extraordinarily fine work with the men and material available. These officers, Major-General Sir David Henderson, K.C.B., D.S.O., and Brigadier-General Hugh Trenchard, C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C., have been publicly thanked by Field-Marshal Viscount French in each of his despatches, and they deserved all that was said about them and the officers and men under them.

On the Offensive

In the early part of 1915 any aeroplane that flew well was used for all sorts of jobs—scouting, fighting, artillery fire control, bomb-dropping, photographing enemy trenches, or anything else that had to be done—but in the latter half of the year, as the supply of machines increased, and as the pilots discovered their own particular abilities, both men and machines were turned on to particular jobs.

It was the Germans who first began to talk about "battle-aeroplanes" as a special breed—these being big, powerfully-engined machines, carrying two men with machine-guns in addition to the pilot—and it was the French who first mentioned bombing machines ("aéroplans de bombardement"), and destroyers ("aéroplans de chasse"), the latter being small, fast machines carrying a single machine-gun, and designed by their speed and mobility to chase away German "battle-aeroplanes" which might endeavour to interfere with the fleets of bombing machines sent by the French to bombard German towns or German encampments.

To the French also belongs the credit of organising regular air raids on a really big scale. Quite early in 1915 one or two bomb-dropping raids were organised by the Royal Naval Air Service from Dunkirk on the German positions along the Belgian coast, and in these between thirty and forty aeroplanes were used at a time—as notified in Admiralty communiqués; but the French made a habit of constantly raiding German towns with fleets of aeroplanes numbering anything between thirty and a hundred.

Is Bomb-Dropping Worth While?

The biggest bomb raid of the war was that on the Forest of Houthoulst, in Belgium, where vast reserves of German troops were resting in specially laid-out camps. Here over one hundred aeroplanes took part, but they were drawn from all the Allies' forces, being French, British, and Belgian military aeroplanes, and French and British seaplanes. Many of the machines made several trips, after refilling with bombs.

Nevertheless, bomb-dropping—except when done on a very big scale, for its moral effect on people well behind the fighting-line—is scarcely worth while, as its destructive effect is not as great as that of heavy artillery fire, and so the best uses of aeroplanes are as artillery spotters, and as scouts, either in photographing enemy trenches to see whether any fresh line is being prepared, or in watching roads and railways for movements of troops. Their secondary use is in fighting in the air, either to prevent enemy air scouts from penetrating their territory to obtain information, or to drive away enemy battle-aeroplanes so as to leave a clear road for their own scouts. This use has developed so much that fighting aeroplanes have been produced specially for that job and nothing else, so now, instead of the "maid-of-all-work" aeroplane, all the belligerents are building distinct types—namely, small, fast scouts, small, fast single-scouts "destroyers," big, heavily-armed battle-aeroplanes, and big, high-powered, but unarmed, or lightly-armed bomb-droppers. And each of the new types is a vast improvement on those built for the same purpose a month or two before. Taking it all round, more improvement in the design of aeroplanes has been produced by the needs of war in the past year than would have been produced in five years in time of peace.

Patrol Machines

The deadlock on land along the western front seems to have turned the minds of the opposing commanders to the idea of producing almost a similar deadlock in the air, for the latest thing I hear about from France are "aéroplans de barrage," otherwise "barricade aeroplanes," or "back-stops," as one would say in cricket. France always invents the new terms, even if she does not invent the jobs to which the terms are applied. I believe it was the Germans who first put into practice the notion of keeping a number of big, fast aeroplanes, armed with two or more machine-guns, for the sole purpose of chasing up and down behind their own lines to prevent hostile air-scouts from getting in over territory held by the Boches to see what they were doing. What they called them I don't know; probably it was some horrible word looking like a centipede and beginning with "Flugzeug," which means "fly machine." Anyhow, they were intended as an aerial barricade against French and British scouts, and they were by no means ineffective. They did not stop our people or our ally's sporting pilots from getting the information they wanted, but they certainly made the information more expensive. That is proved by the casualty lists, for despite the unpleasantly improved shooting of "Archie"—as all anti-aircraft guns are called—he does not bring down nearly as many aeroplanes, or wound as many pilots and passengers as do enemy aeroplanes—on either side.

Two years or more ago, Brigadier-General Henderson—now Major-General Sir David Henderson—first mentioned at a meeting of the Aeronautical Society that among other types of aeroplanes we should want a fighting type which was heavily armed to prevent enemy air scouts from penetrating behind our lines. That was the first mention I remember of the barrage aeroplane in principle.

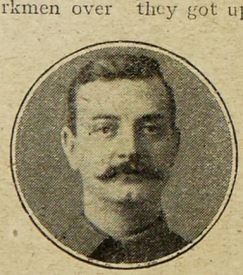
The International Result

This is very much the way most inventions have gone in the past. An idea is proposed in Great Britain and neglected. A German makes the thing, clumsily perhaps, but effectively. And then a Frenchman comes along with his quick intelligence and makes a job of it. And I am told that the French have made as good a job of their barrage by aeroplanes as their artillery have of the "barrage fire," which prevents German reinforcements from reaching trenches which the French infantry are attacking.

Things are becoming as highly specialised in the aerial part of the war as on the ground. Whereas at the beginning any kind of aeroplane had to do any and every kind of job, now we have special bomb-dropping machines, special fast scouts, special fast "destroyers" to act as escorts for the bomb-droppers, and we have also the more heavily-armed, if slower, barrier patrols to stop the enemy's scouts. When one thinks of the quaint box-kites which used to pass for real aeroplanes two or three years ago, it makes one smile.

Remarkable Story of Revenge

JAMES COOPER, a Burnley man, who has served eight years in the Border Regiment, and had made his home in America, was recently the central figure of a thrilling episode in Gallipoli. He worked in a New Bedford Mill, but the jubilation of the German workmen over the sinking of British ships so incensed him that he called them "pigs," and left right away for England. He became sergeant in his old regiment, and while on a visit to his sister in Burnley he threatened that if anything happened to the Lusitania, on which his wife and child were coming over, he would have his revenge. With the sinking of the ship Mrs. Cooper and child were drowned, and since then the sergeant, says his sister, had prayed for revenge for his dear ones. Eventually Sergeant Cooper got to the Dardanelles with his regiment, and one morning he left his trench and went over to the Turkish trench, 120 yards away. There, states an officer, he killed five Turks, and as he came "toddling back" the other occupants of the trench were so excited that they got up breast high over the parapet to fire at him, and the result was "the men in our line bagged several more."



Sergt. James Cooper.

Sergeant Cooper was untouched. It was an extraordinary incident, because no one can ordinarily put his hand over a trench for ten seconds without getting a bullet through it or near it."

There are numerous cases on record of individual soldiers killing six or seven of the enemy, but as far as one can tell this is the only authenticated instance of a British soldier setting out deliberately on an errand of personal revenge and achieving his object unscathed.

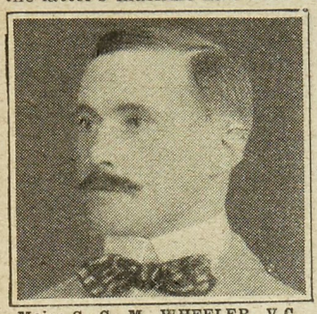
More Men who won Heroic Fame

MAJOR G. G. M. WHEELER gained the Victoria Cross for two acts of heroism at Shaiba, Mesopotamia. He led a cavalry attack, and so drew the enemy from their position; later he rode single-handed, far ahead of his men, towards the enemy's standards, but was killed. Private Thomas Kenny, V.C., when on patrol duty in a thick fog with Lieut. Brown, who was shot through both thighs, crawled about for over an hour with the wounded officer on his back, though heavily fired upon by the Germans. He refused to go on alone, but at last, utterly exhausted, he found a ditch which he recognised, placed Lieut. Brown in it, and then crawled to the British lines for help.

Corporal James Lennox Dawson gained the V.C. for his outstanding heroism at Hohenzollern Redoubt. During a gas attack he walked up and down, fully exposed to the enemy's fire, in order to direct his sappers. Finding three leaking gas-cylinders, he rolled them sixteen yards from the trenches, still under a fierce fire. His action saved many men.

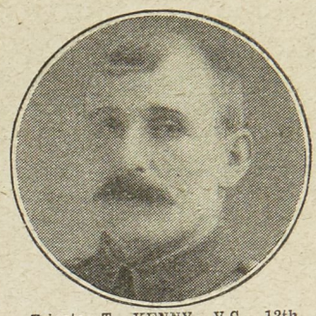
Lieutenant Guy Henry Frossard, 5th Regiment of Engineers (French Army), who was awarded the French Military Cross for conspicuous bravery, is the son of the Rev. C. E. Frossard, rector of Hemmerwick, near Lichfield.

Squadron-Commander R. B. Davies, D.S.O., V.C., planed down and rescued Lieut. Smylie after the latter's machine had been brought down by the enemy.

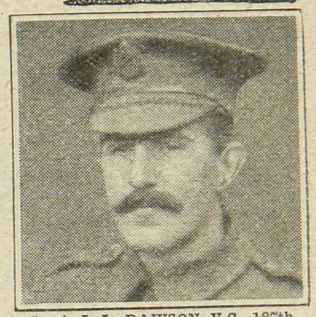


Major G. G. M. WHEELER, V.C., 7th Hariana Lancers, Indian Army, won the cross, but lost his life.

Lt.-Commander W. P. WARDLAW, who received the D.S.O. for gallantry in action.



Private T. KENNY, V.C., 13th Durham Light Infantry, who rescued an officer under fire.



Corpl. J. L. DAWSON, V.C., 187th Coy. R.E., a hero of Hohenzollern Redoubt.

L.-Cpl. T. F. MORRIS, 2nd Shropshire Light Infantry, who was awarded the D.C.M.

Com. R. A. WILSON, R.N., H.M.S. Mersey, who received the D.S.O.

Sq.-Com. R. B. DAVIES, D.S.O., R.N., who has been awarded the V.C.

Sec.-Lieut. A. W. GATES, 2nd S. Lancashire R., gained Military Cross near Hooge.

Private S. J. GAMBRILL, R.E., gained the D.C.M. for bravery at Ypres.

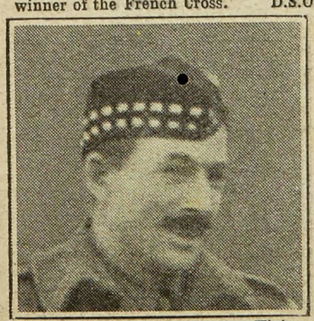
Lieut. G. H. FROSSARD (French Army), an English winner of the French Cross.

Flight-Com. J. R. W. SMYTH-PIGOTT, who gained the D.S.O. for daring air work.

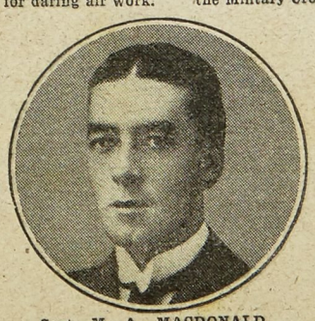
Lieut. A. WRIGHTSON, 7th Canadian Infantry, awarded the Military Cross for bravery.

Lieut. J. R. COSGROVE, 1st Field Coy., Canadian Engineers, Military Cross.

GEORGES CARPENTIER, the French boxer and aviator, awarded War Cross.



Major D. McLEOD, Gordon Highlanders, who was awarded the D.S.O.

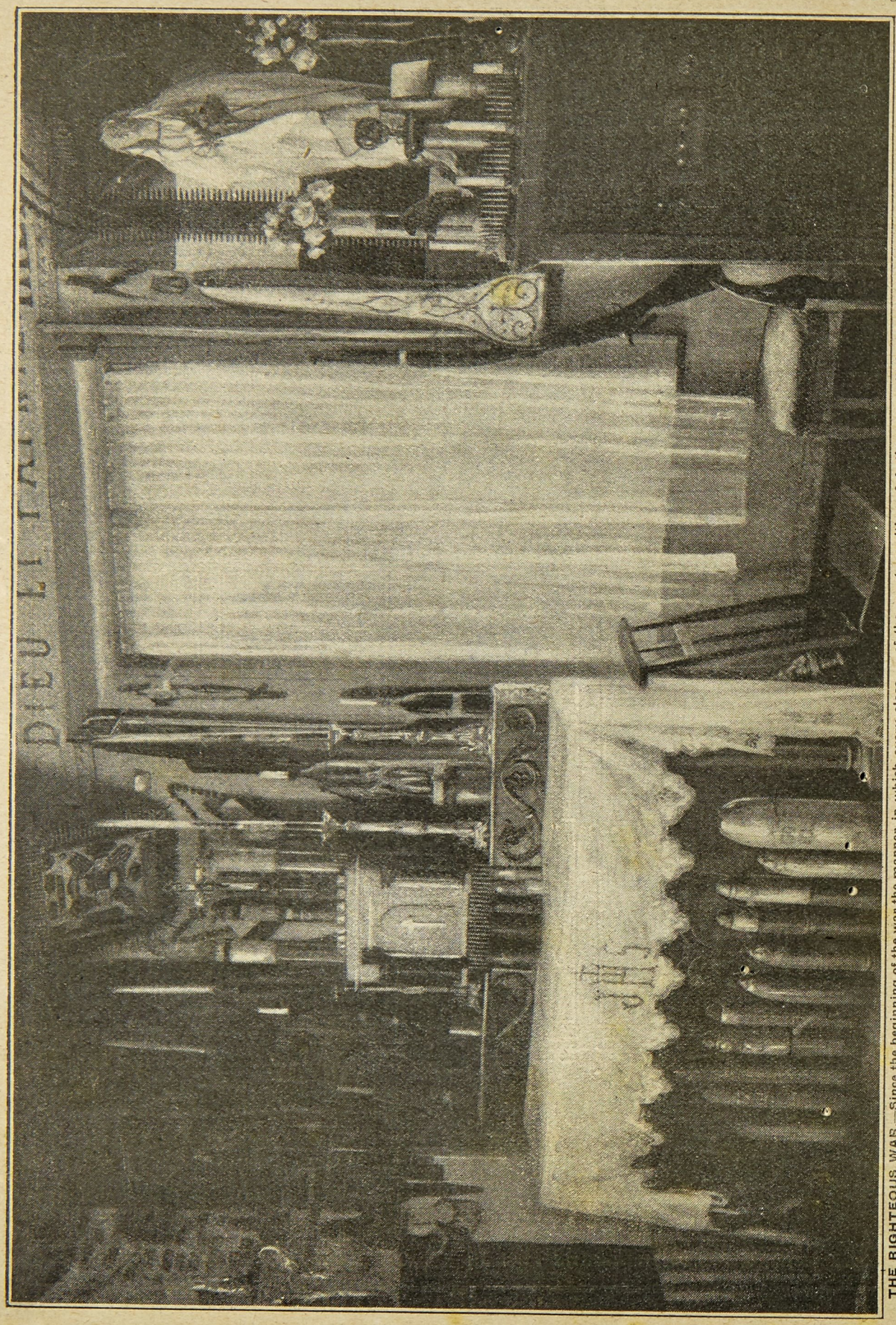


Capt. M. A. MACDONALD, R.A.M.C., gained the French Military Cross for heroism.

Capt. H. N. FAIRBANK, 117th Battery R.F.A., gained the Military Cross at Hulluch.

Subadar Major PARTAB CHAND, 59th Scinde Rifles, decorated with the Military Cross.

(Portraits by Russell, Vandyk, Lafayette, Brooke Hughes.)



THE RIGHTEOUS WAR.—Since the beginning of the war the manner in which every class in France has rallied to the standard is significant of our ally's determination to win. Nowhere has there been a dissentient note. The number of priests who have changed the cassock for the soldier's uniform is remarkable, and those who know something of the intense religious fervour of the most sensitive of Latin races will be doubly interested in this photograph showing the interior of a priest's house at Belleville. His church having been raked by shot and shell, he has erected an altar in his own dwelling, decorated by shells, cartridges, and military equipment. Even the figure of the Virgin stands between two exploded shells used as vases.

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SCENE OF A STIRRING BRITISH VICTORY IN MESOPOTAMIA.—On January 10th Mr. Austen Chamberlain announced that a strong Turkish force operating against General Townshend's Division at Kut-el-Amara had been repulsed, and was in rapid retreat. General Aylmer's army, leaving Ali Gherbi on January 6th, marched to the relief of Kut, and engaged the enemy on both banks of the Tigris near Sheikh Saad. On the right bank General Kemball's column scored a success, taking two guns and seven hundred prisoners. General Sir John Nixon, who was in supreme command, has been succeeded by Lieut.-General Sir Percy Lake, Chief of the General Staff in India since 1912.

The Permanence of Sea-Power

Notes on War News

Sea-Power and Rail-Power

SEA-POWER is as big a factor as ever in warfare on the grand scale, but it is doubtful whether it is sufficiently realised that in one important respect sea-power means very much less than it did during the Napoleonic Wars. In those days the British Fleet could always counter Napoleon's moves by its superior mobility, as compared with the slow movements of an army on the march. But the development of railways has changed all this, and, if it be true that, by means of their wonderful railway system, the Germans can convey an army of half a million men from east to west or to the Balkans in ten days, conditions would seem to be reversed. Yet mobility is not everything, and we can take comfort from the fact that in certain other respects sea-power is even stronger than it was a hundred years ago. It was years before Nelson cleared the seas of enemy ships; in the present war the same thing was done in a few months, with the result that the enemy's oversea commerce has been completely throttled, while our own proceeds with almost as much safety as before the war.

Naval Men at the Front

IT is said that during the recent visit of our sailors to the trenches they were very much struck by the accuracy and efficiency of our artillery. This testimony is particularly pleasing, for if there is anyone in the world who knows about gunnery it is the British sailor, who has to do most of his shooting under incredibly difficult conditions. As a matter of fact, the artillery arm was the one branch of the Service regarding which we had reason to have misgivings when the necessity was forced upon us to develop a large army on a Continental scale. Generally speaking, it takes years to make a good gunner, and it is very much to the credit of the new artillery that they have learned their job so quickly and so thoroughly as to win the praise of the representatives of the Fleet. There would really seem to be some truth in the frequently expressed statement that, though the German is more scientific than the Englishman, yet the latter has an extraordinary genius for adapting himself to new conditions, and improvising what is necessary to meet them.

When the Big Guns "Speak"

TALKING with a gunnery officer a few days ago I was told of some devices by which gunners in the Navy counteract the effects of gun fire. Some hold a pad of india-rubber between their teeth to prevent the "gun-headache" so often caused by the vibration of the heavy concussions. Others insert small rubber pads into their ears to lessen the effect of the air concussion. In the American Navy the men use a specially-constructed ear-pad which, while protecting the drums of their ears, does not greatly interfere with their hearing.

The Sergeant's Bad Luck

OF all cases of bad luck in the war, that of Sergeant Hammersley, of the 1st Canadian Division, must be one of the worst. He was captured by the Germans when his party was surrounded in the trenches, but after waiting for some time he managed to escape in the struggle round Ypres. He had then to get right through the German line while the battle was raging, but by making short rushes, and playing "dead dog" when he was spotted by the enemy, he reached our front. There, friendly officers directed him as best they could to his own battalion; but on the way he got mixed up with British charges. On three occasions in different parts of the battle-line Sergeant Hammersley charged the Germans, fighting with chance-met battalions of British troops. When each charge was over he resumed his task of getting back to his own western cavalry. Unwounded through all his adventures, he at last reached his brigade headquarters, and was informed where he could find his company. But he appears to have misunderstood the directions, and stumbled upon a German patrol, and his name appeared in one of the prisoners' lists from Germany.

A Junior Sub. and His Objective

THE tale is repeated after every battle on our French front since the men of the New Army began to arrive. The latest edition dates, of course, from the Loos affair. A very fresh young sub. was leading his platoon to the firing-line for the first time, and coming to a clump of miners' cottages, he hesitated which direction to take. Up rode a very businesslike Staff officer, who, seeing the youngster hesitating, wished to put him on the right road. "Where's your objective?" he said abruptly. The perplexed subaltern, too much worried to use his brains, fumbled vainly in his pocket for a periscope, telescope, or something of the sort. "Haven't got one, sir," he answered. And then the Staff officer used violent language.

What Soldiers Read

"SOLDIERS love something exciting with a murder in it, or something sentimental." Such, at all events, is the opinion of a distinguished novelist, Miss Beatrice Harraden. Speaking the other day at a gathering of the National Home Reading Union, the author of "Ships that Pass in the Night" said the books mostly asked for after Nat Gould's were by Baroness Orczy, Garvice, Rex Blake, William Le Queux, Oppenheim, Dumas (especially "The Three Musketeers"), the "Encyclopædia" (very often in request), "Sexton Blake," Conan Doyle, Mrs. Henry Wood (notably "East Lynne"), the Hockings, and other popular writers. Soldiers who began with "Treasure Island" kept on with Stevenson. Browning, Burns, and Shelley were asked for, as were "Gil Blas," "The Arabian Nights," and Kipling. Bushranger stories and books about England were in demand with Australians and New Zealanders. Tolstoy's "Resurrection" was asked for so often that several copies had to be got. Nature books and scientific text-books were very much liked by some of the men. Miss Harraden is joint hon. librarian to the military hospital in Endell Street.

Posthumous Decorations

IT is a great pity that honours for men who have been singled out for conspicuous courage and killed before such recognition could eventuate, are not, as a matter of course, given to the bereaved family. A token, indicative of a father's or son's bravery in the cause of his country would help to console those left behind as well as constitute an incentive to patriotic duty on the part of the younger generation. How much better it would be for a bereaved relation to receive the posthumous decoration than the prosaic, typewritten note from the War Office. If the V.C. is handed to relatives of the fallen hero, why not all the other honours?

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada. N
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The War Illustrated, January 29th, 1916.

Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

Is it a Capitalist War? By Sir L. Chiozza Money, M.P.

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly

Vol. 3 The Parthian Shot: Montenegrin Brave empties his rifle before surrendering **No. 76**

THE OBSERVATION POST

The Fear of Being Afraid!

SPECULATION about abstract things suggested by the tremendous concrete realities of the war is of absorbing interest to many people just now, and it is a little curious to note how the many focus their attention upon a single idea at a given time. An idea gets into the air and is carried hither and thither like the thistledown, light and elusive, blown by winds of seeming chance, but barbed with a seed that, falling on to soil, may cover a land with sturdy growth next year. The figure of the thistledown is not inept—a plant that is chosen by a nation as its emblem needs no apologist; and, truly, the thistledown spreads the germ of heroic qualities entirely proper to the happy warrior.

ONE such abstraction about which you may hear people talk much and animatedly to-day is fear. And here, as in respect of a thousand other matters, it is most noticeable how the world-tempest has swept away cloudy misconceptions, blasted sturdy growths of age-long prejudice, and let open daylight into the dark tangles of the people's mind; operating in a way similar to that by which a heavy thunderstorm clears the air, and leaves the whole environment fit for renewed and healthier growth.

NELSON'S boyish question, "What is fear?" has been quoted by many foolish folk as the prophetic utterance of a wholly fearless man. It was nothing of the sort, being really prompted only by the ordinary desire of a normal child to know the meaning of a word not yet enlisted in its own vocabulary. A fearless man, could such exist, would be an imperfect man; he would not be a brave one by sole reason of the deficiency of a natural emotion. Cowardice, not fear, is the antithesis of courage, and the brave man is the one who, conscious of his natural fear, overcomes it, and is even carried further along the way of heroism by the dynamic of his moral victory over himself.

HEROISM at its greatest has something of the quality of genius and, all the protestations of all the little men of talent notwithstanding, sanity is the distinguishing note of genius. "Temperament" is the devil's specious name for some wholly vicious things, and it has been accepted as excuse, or justification, for many vagaries of mere cleverness, which, in its essence, is an immoral thing. There have been many men of temperament enlisted in our deathless army in these past eighteen months, but it is safe to say that those of them who come home will do so having left their temperament behind them.

WAR throws a magnesium light on things and entirely alters ideas which had been formulated only vaguely in the chiaroscuro that prevails in normal conditions of life. The consequent alteration of character can be seen in the faces of those many young fellows who went out irresponsible, merry lads, and have come back, after a few months of service, grave and steady men. They are under no misapprehension now as to what true courage is. And if you can make them talk about themselves—a very difficult matter—you will find that most of them went out to the front full of fear of being afraid. But they were fortunate compared with their forebears who fought a hundred years ago, in that they belonged to an age which is neither inarticulate nor ignorant of psychology.

OF late years analysis of character and emotion has been a popular occupation, as is evidenced by the multitude of "psychological" novels, and the truth that fear is a natural emotion had become generally realised, with the result that fear was deprived of much of its terror. It was no longer regarded as a horrible, shameful form of demoniacal possession which might seize and shake and irretrievably disgrace its victim, but as a thing common to all men which they might discuss calmly among themselves, and take steps to overcome by friendly counsel, brave example, and—most likely in every case—by yet another agency. There was no shame to be confessed or felt for natural fear. The only shameful thing is to yield to it.

AND here, of course, they discovered the value of much of the discipline to which they had been subjected in training which may have seemed unreasonable before. Obedience is not a habit easily acquired, especially by a people not accustomed to conscription as a part of normal life. Yet obedience, immediate and unquestioning, is the first and last duty of the soldier, and to make it automatic is the object of military discipline. It had been made so in the case of these citizen soldiers of our New Army, and when the test came they found its efficacy to put entirely out of their thoughts the only thing of which they had felt doubtful in the case of themselves.

IT seems, then, that these soldiers of ours are heroes because they conquered their own fear—not because they were devoid of fear. And the point is one for us to ponder, and to carry a stage further into other domains than that of battle. Francis Grierson says that physical courage and moral cowardice are usually found as twins, and in a too short essay indicates directions in which the English as a race fall short in moral courage. His essay is most provocative of argument, but with one of his points it is possible to agree unreservedly—namely, that moral courage is a necessary antecedent to social progress. Moral fear, like physical fear, is a natural emotion of which there is no need to be ashamed, but it is of the first importance to realise how much we have of it and how much we are likely to be affected by it. That is self-knowledge. Then comes the question of mastery over it. That is self-control. And these two, with self-reverence, compose the trinity of qualities which may be called the Tennysonian standard for the ideal man for the ideal social system.

MORAL courage is being sorely tried to-day, and assuredly the end of the ordeal is not in sight, nor the full degree of severity of the test attained. Upon civilians especially is it incumbent now to realise their duty to the community and to do it patiently without fear or favour. There is such a general readjustment of values that a man may well be forgiven for uncertainty as to what cherished convictions he ought to abandon and what sacrifices he ought to make. The difficulties attendant on the problem suggested by mention of the single phrase "conscientious objection," brought into practical prominence by the Government's latest Bill, are a case in point. Moral courage of the highest order will be required by all parties to the controversies that will be raised by that; and there are other questions scarcely less difficult; the support of charities, for instance, in face of the ever-increasing burden of taxation. Justice must precede generosity, unless sentimentality is to be permitted to prevail—and in that direction confusion lies.

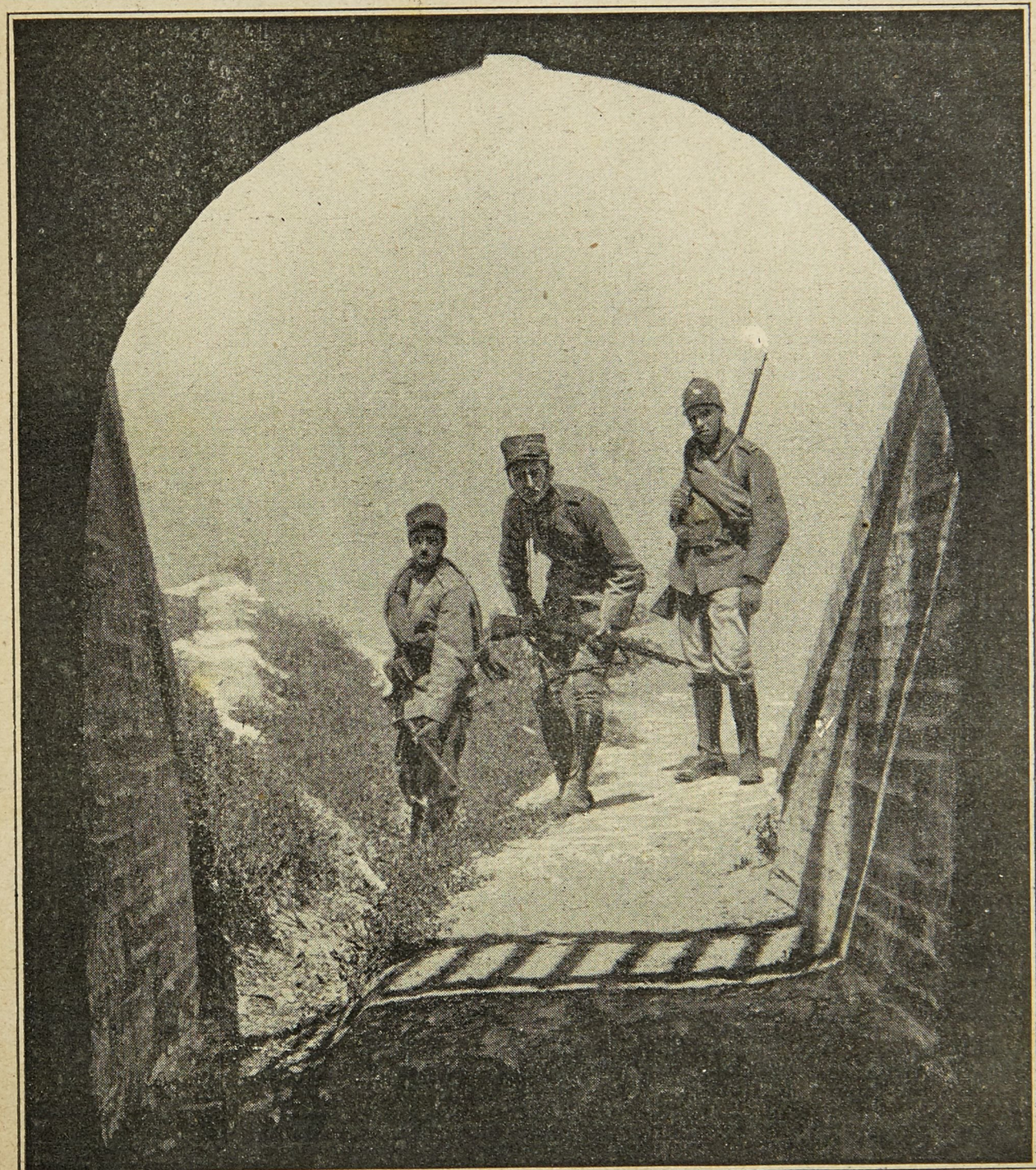
NO good purpose can be served, however, by anticipating trouble sooner than common prudence requires. What is vital is so to discipline and train ourselves before the event that when the event befalls we may have the self-knowledge and the self-control to enable us to meet it bravely and cope with it successfully. And in that respect our Army has set us all a most heroical example.

C. M.

29th January, 1915. No. 76 Vol. 3.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD of Events by Land, Sea and Air. Edited by J. A. HAMMERTON



THE ALPINE PATROL.—Ever on the alert, quick of eye, and firm of foot, this Italian patrol, somewhere in the mountain district of the Isonzo, is guarding a vital communication from enemy designs. Taken through the archway of the bridge, which forms a natural frame, there is an unusually forceful atmosphere of reality and tension about this casual snapshot from the Italo-Austrian war zone.

IS IT A CAPITALIST WAR?

The Employer's Duty to the State and the Worker's Proportionate Recompense

By SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY, M.P.

CONCURRENTLY with the European War there is manifest a modified version of the old feud between Capital and Labour. That the struggle of late has not developed any alarming proportions proves the patriotic goodwill of both employer and employee in the face of national danger. Each has rendered concessions, which before the war would have been inconceivable, in the common cause—the cause of victory. In some quarters, however, a strong feeling still exists that the struggle against the Germans is a war waged by and for the great controllers of industry. Sir Leo Chiozza Money, who, of course, expresses his own views, sets out to disprove this theory, and to demonstrate what the capitalists have rendered in the interests of the State, and how the workers have enjoyed their full measure of profits arising out of the unique industrial situation in the present hour.—EDITOR.

THE great mass of our people of all classes are one in the national cause, and in their determination to win this war. Nevertheless, there is at work in the country, inside and outside the walls of Parliament, a vigorous and bitter opposition to the war, which disguises itself in various forms, usually being too cowardly to acknowledge the real springs of its action. I remember that, a few days after war broke out, I had the misfortune to have to endure the remarks of a certain Member who boasted that the Germans "*will win everywhere on land*," and that in his precious opinion "*we ought not to send a single soldier abroad.*" Has that Member ever had the courage to get up in the House of Commons and say those words? Not he. We merely find him figuring as a leading opponent of the Bill which compels single men to serve.

Outside the House there are some opponents who are more honest than this particular gentleman. We find certain Labour men—a negligible minority in point of numbers, be it remembered—doing their best to persuade the workers that the war is a capitalist device to rob workmen of their liberties and to impose Militarism upon them.

The latter representation is aided by the fact that obviously you cannot fight an armed man unless you take arms yourself, and as the taking up of arms is plainly a militant act, it is literally true that we have to become "Militarists" while we are engaged in a war, there being no other way of winning it. It is not difficult, therefore, for an ingenious man to twist our belated—and in some respects amateur—military preparations into the expression of a desire to turn Britain into a second Prussia.

The real truth on this head is that the possession of an army does not condemn a nation to Militarism. Militarism is a spirit, and it is absurd to suggest that the British people are imbibing Militarism with the necessary growth of their Army in this war. I think the truer view is that this war is making the whole world "fed up" with Militarism, and that it is more likely to eradicate it in the places where it is native than to cause it to grow in places where it does not already exist.

Did Capitalists Want the War?

But let me come to close quarters with the main misrepresentation which is being so sedulously fostered on the Clyde and elsewhere. It is that this is a capitalist war, *made by capitalists, carried on for profit by capitalists, and used as a tool to cheat the worker of liberty and profit.*

What of the origins of the war?

On this head it ought to be sufficient to point out that, as Mr. Norman Angell so often said before the war, capitalism in modern times has become international. Its operations have reached right across political boundary lines, with a view to making profit indiscriminately out of all sorts and conditions of nations. You would find a tobacco trust, or a soap trust, or a steel syndicate, or a cotton-thread trust, ignoring national ideas, and setting up works in all sorts of countries with a view, not to the benefit of those countries, but to the benefit of the capitalist as capitalist. The suggestion that such a war as this helps capital is therefore not only untrue, but childish and absurd. Many a British capitalist who had works or branches or syndicated connections on the Continent has found himself in a very tight place because of this war. Thousands of industrial captains have found their operations cancelled or baulked.

Now for the second point. What about capitalism in relation to the carrying on of the war?

In this connection it is amusing to notice that some of the bitterest opposition in Parliament to the extension of the Army has come from capitalists. We have had not one, but scores of representations from capitalists in various trades *that they could not spare any more men for the Army.* Of course not, from their point of view. The capitalist in any trade is not to be trusted as an exponent of national ideas. His hand is subdued to the colour he works in, and I should never dream of taking his opinion in respect of any national need without a very large dose of salt.

Raiding the Capitalists' Pockets

As to the war making profits for capitalists, never before were capitalists' profits so raided as they are being raided now—not to speak of the further raiding that is to come.

Under both the Munitions Act and the last Budget, excess profits are specially taxed. The Finance Bill actually taxes *as war profits* profits made *before* the war, but enjoyed *during the war.* I wonder if the Clyde workers realise that, or whether anybody has taken the trouble to tell them?

But let me deal especially with the taxation of profits by the Munitions of War Act, the Act which the workers are told by some people is an instrument for the spoliation of the poor.

Take a munitions firm which in the average of the last two pre-war years made a profit of £10,000 a year. Let us suppose that owing to the war this same firm now makes a profit of £50,000 a year. What becomes of that profit? *Does the capitalist get it?* Here is the answer.

The Munitions Act allows the capitalist to take only one-fifth more profit than in time of peace. That is to say, to the average pre-war profit of £10,000 in the case named, £2,000 is added to arrive at what the capitalist can take. Therefore, we get:

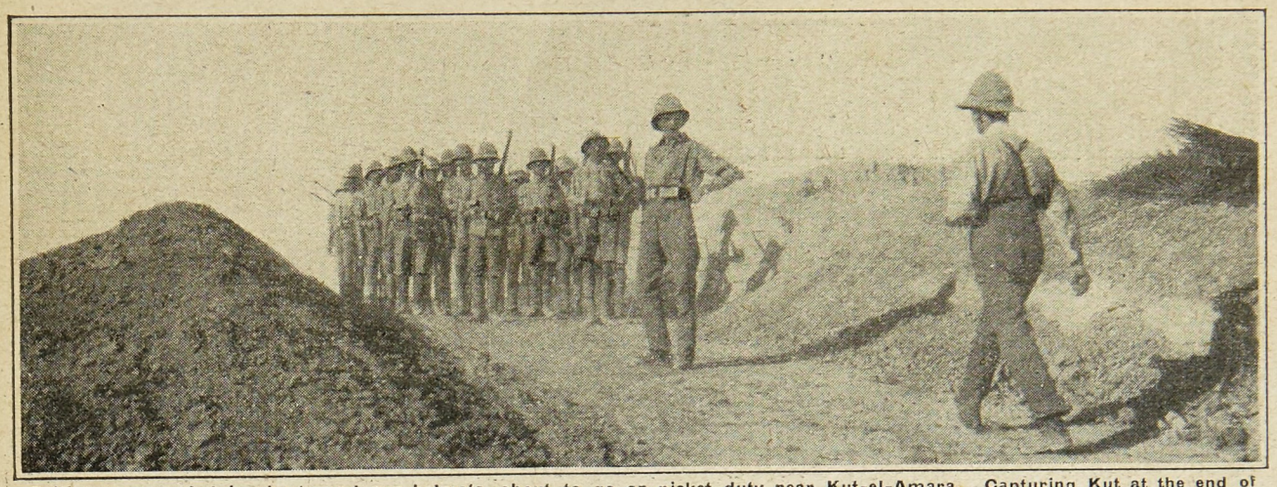
How the State takes the lion's share.

	£	£
Actual war profit		50,000
Pre-war profit	10,000	
Plus one-fifth	2,000	
	12,000	12,000
Taken by the State		£38,000

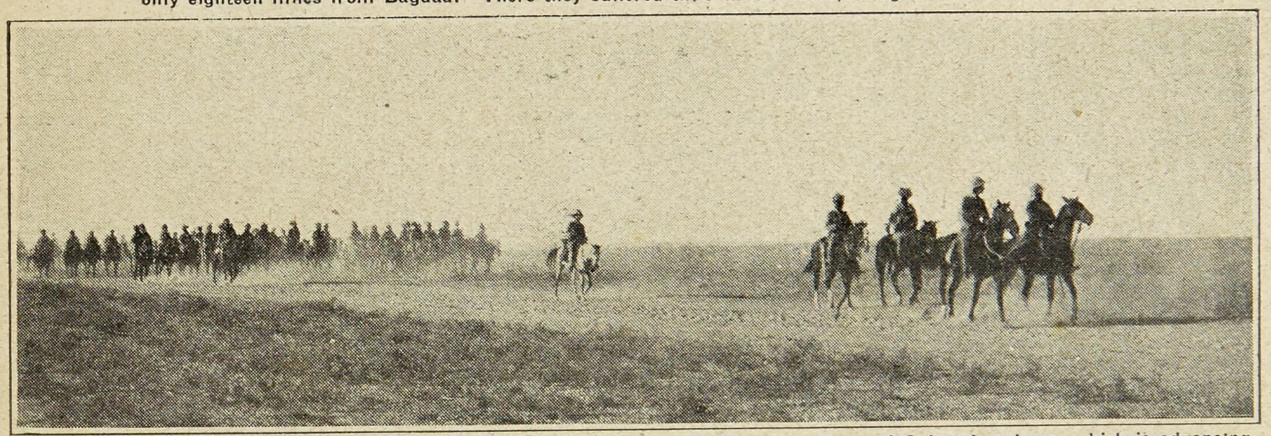
Thus, the firm makes £50,000 of profit, but the share-

Continued on page 556.

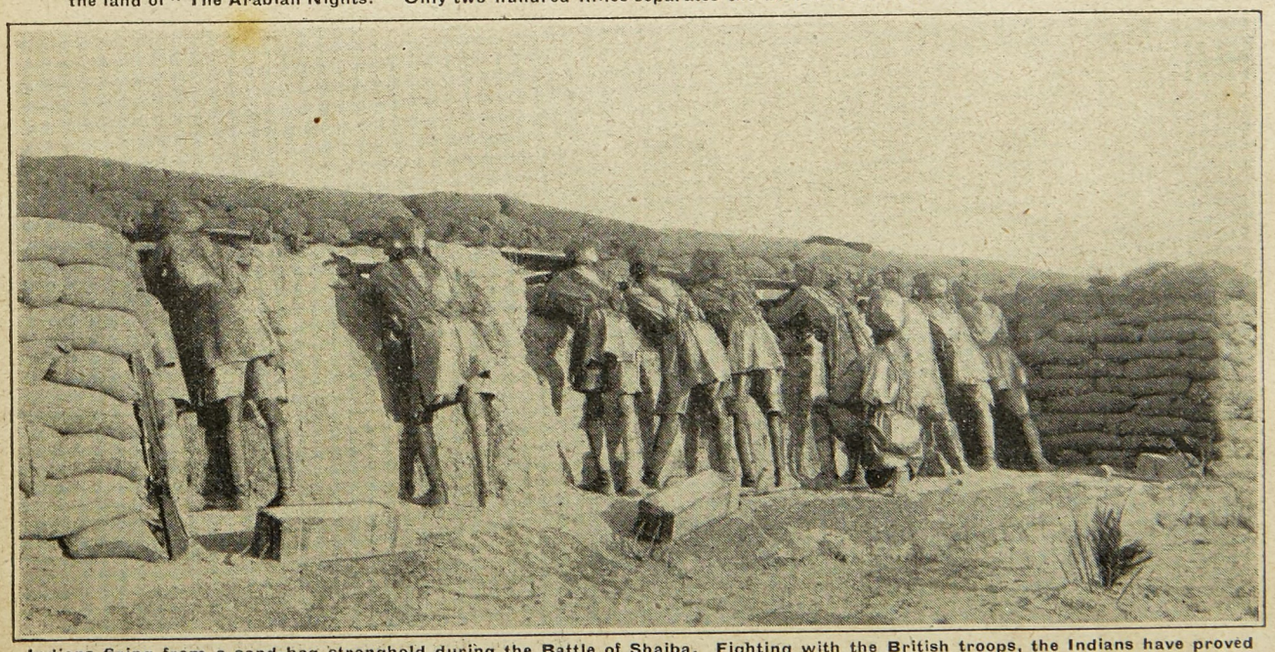
Britain's Warrior Hosts in Arid Mesopotamia



British troops, clad in shorts and sun-helmets, about to go on picket duty near Kut-el-Amara. Capturing Kut at the end of September, 1915, General Townshend's force, after a memorable march over the desert along the Tigris bank, reached Ctesiphon, only eighteen miles from Bagdad. There they suffered their first reverse, being forced to retire to Kut.



Indian cavalry, with their British officers, riding over the desert in Mesopotamia. General Aylmer's column, which is advancing up the Tigris to the relief of General Townshend at Kut-el-Amara, is fighting the Turks on ground famous in history and legend—the land of "The Arabian Nights." Only two hundred miles separates the British force from the Russians near Hamadan.



Indians firing from a sand-bag stronghold during the Battle of Shaiba. Fighting with the British troops, the Indians have proved admirably adapted to the desert warfare, and won high praise from General Townshend. (*Copyright: "Illustrated London News."*)

IS IT A CAPITALIST WAR?

(Continued from page 554)

holders are allowed to retain only £12,000, *while the State takes* £38,000. Nothing like this has ever been done in the world before, and as far as I know nothing like it is being done in any other country.

As for firms not making munitions, they are dropped on, as I have already said, by the Finance Act, and that, although their profits may not be war profits at all, but merely profits enjoyed during the war.

And that is not all. It is not merely that the capitalists' profits are taken. Most of the factories making munitions are controlled during the war by the State. The capitalists who nominally "own" them have to do what they are told to do, and cannot do what they want to do. Their establishments, their books, their stocks, their machinery are all at the nation's disposal. If a firm will not disclose particulars showing the basis on which it makes a price for munitions, the nation has power to inspect the books and to see for itself that the price is a fair one.

The Workers' Liberty and Wages

Now I come to the workers' liberty and wages.

As to liberty, the Munitions Act undoubtedly sets up certain limitations, but the limitations, as I have already shown, affect the capitalist, and they affect the capitalist more than the worker. The Trade Unions agreed to suspend their rules and customs for the national benefit during the war. This enables those opposed to the war to say: "See, you are giving up your rights, and these rights will never be restored to you." This is sheer dishonesty, for it is equally open for anybody to allege that the capitalist is robbed of his liberty, and that after the war it will never be restored to him. The truth about these two matters is this—that as a result of the war there can be no question whatever that while the workmen will get more liberty, the capitalist will be left with much less than he possessed before the war. To my mind, there is no doubt that the "go-as-you-please" and "trade-where-you-please" and "invest-where-you-please" which obtained for capitalists before the war will be a good deal limited after the war.

Finally, I come to the workmen's earnings during the war.

Benefits for the Employee

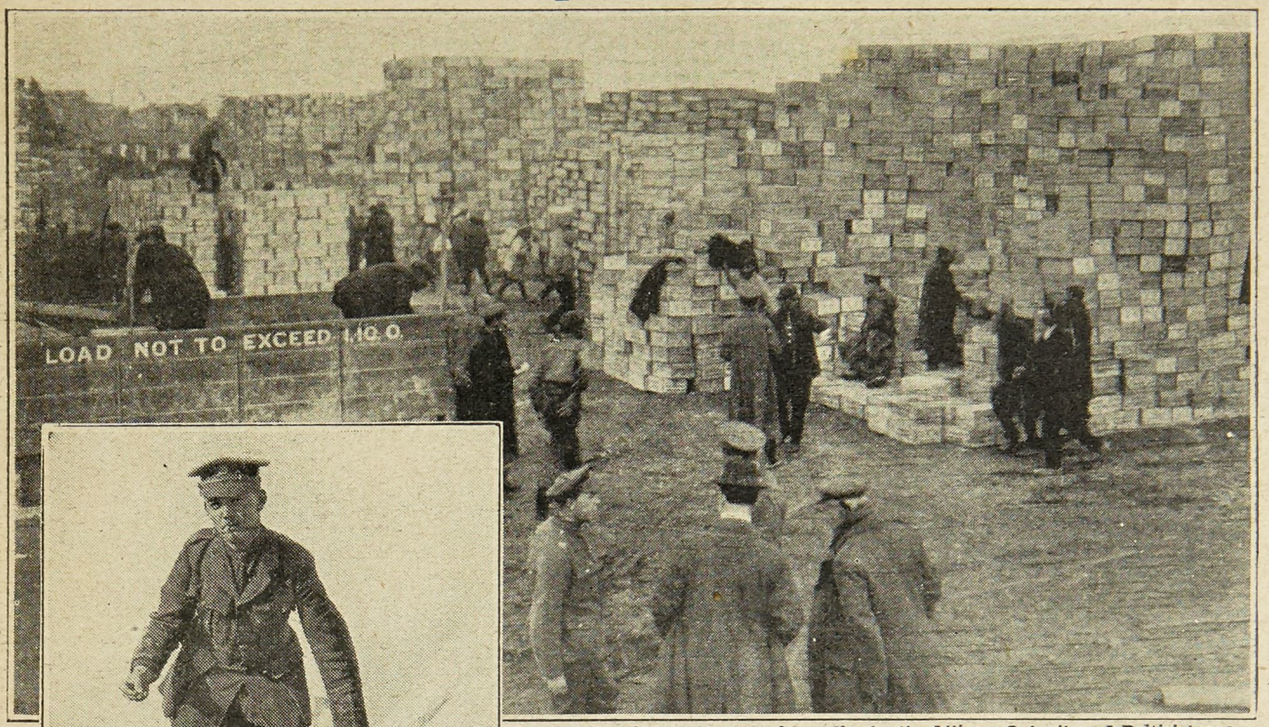
The truth on this head is that never before in the history of modern wealth did the workers in this country reap such profits as they have in this war. I have obtained authentic particulars of actual workers' earnings from all parts of the country, including the Clyde. As to the latter, I have before me the complaint of a Clyde Trade Unionist that whereas a Trade Union skilled man, a turner, is earning only £3 10s. a week, the unskilled man under him makes over £10 a week.

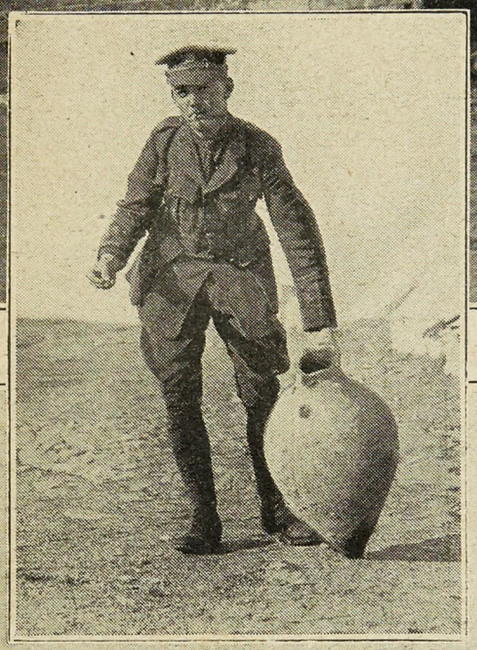
I have also before me a long list from a munitions works in the South of England, which shows that the men are making £3 to £8 per week, and that in a recent week one man earned £14. I have particulars of girls in London earning £1 to £2 a week. In another case I have a comparison with earnings before the war at a certain establishment, and it shows that the skilled men are earning twice what they did before the war, while the unskilled men are earning from two to three times as much as before the war. I may sum up the evidence on this head by saying that *never before was there such an equitable distribution of income in this country as has arisen during the war and because of the war.*

And to that I may add the confident expression of my opinion that, after the war, workers' earnings, although they cannot be maintained at the present high level, *will certainly not fall to the pre-war level.*

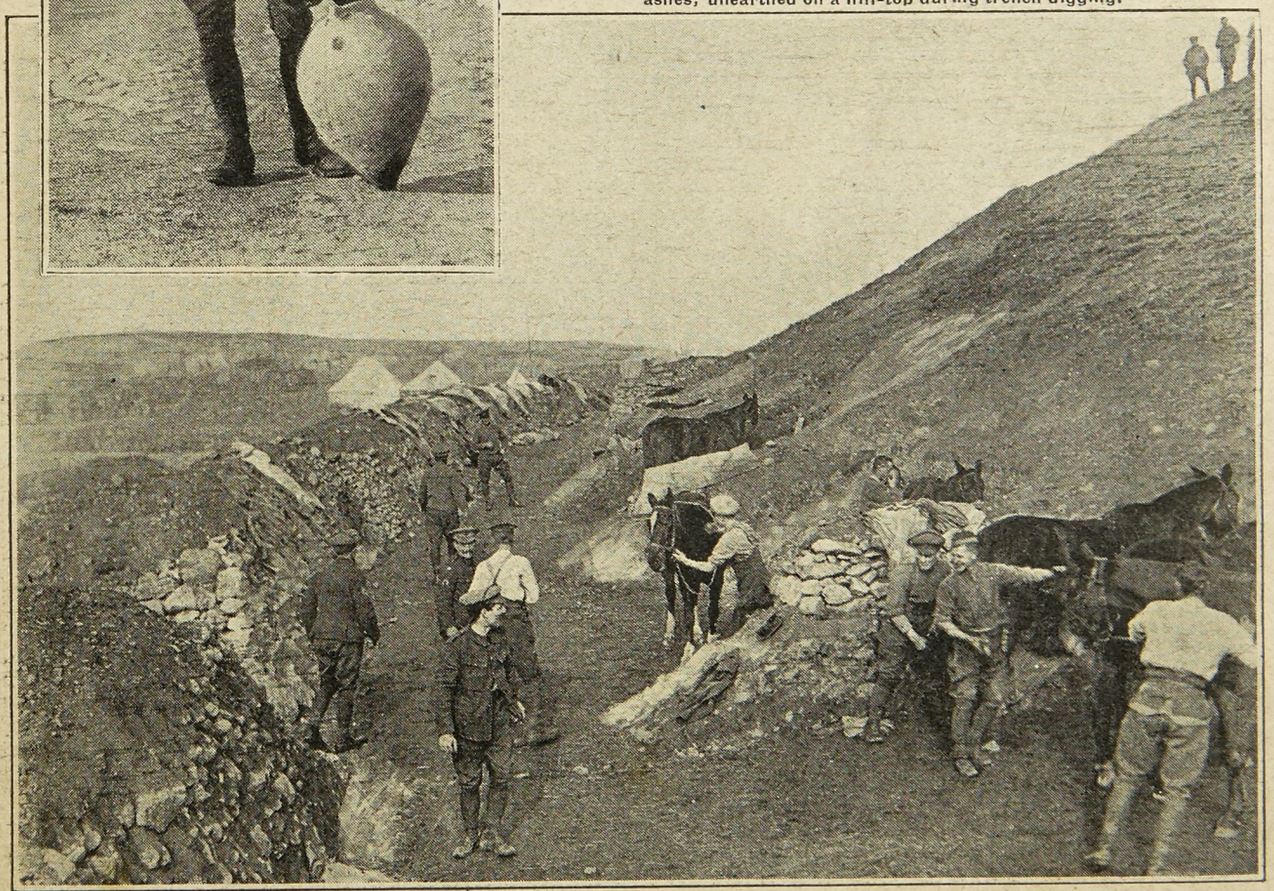
In bright winter sunshine a British convoy is traversing a plain in Macedonia preparatory to taking up a position near the firing-line. Each waggon is harnessed to a team of six mules.

Behind Britain's Deepening Lines in Macedonia



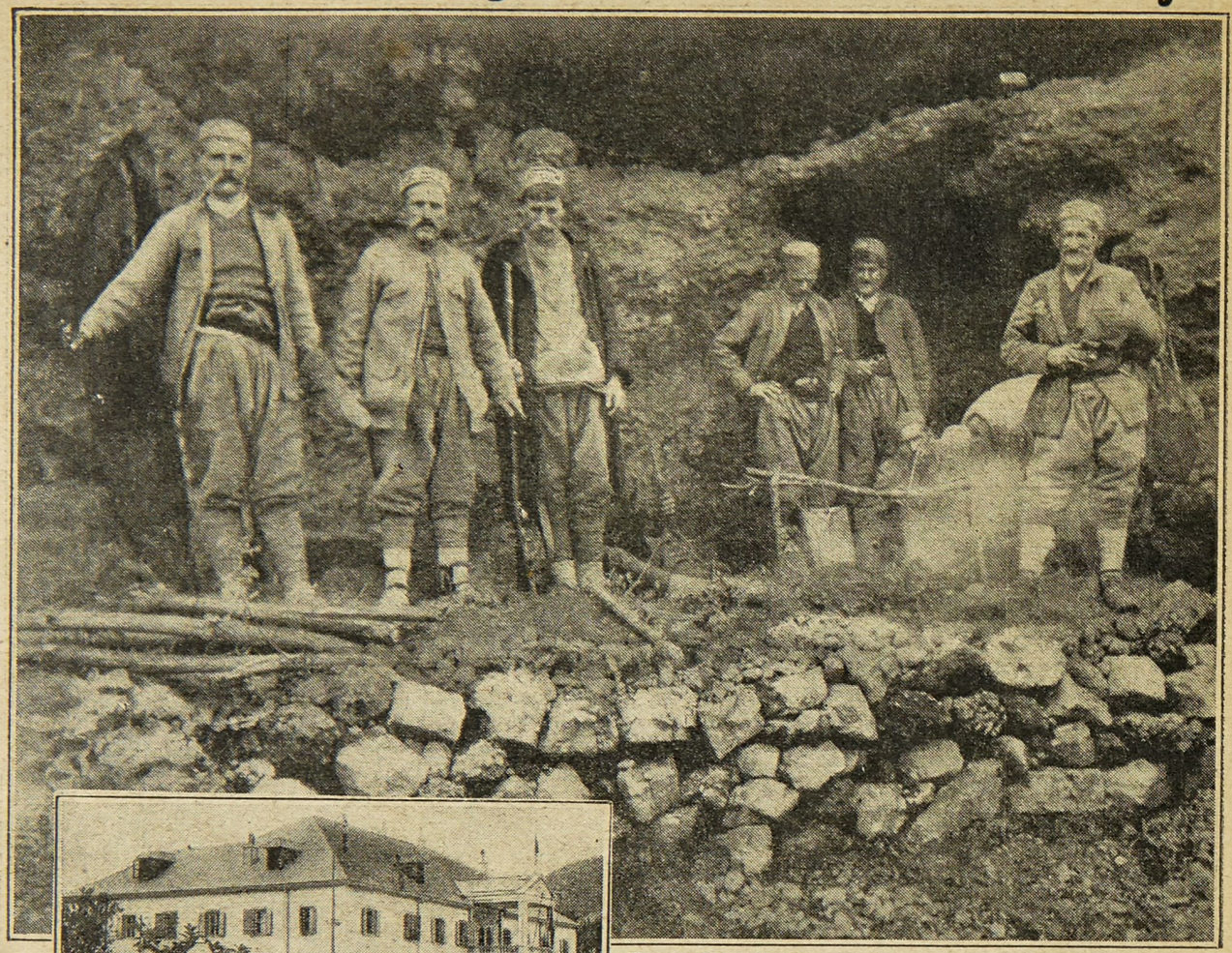


Impression of the vast store of supplies for the Allies at Salonika. A British transport lorry has just unloaded and is about to proceed to the quays for another consignment. Inset: Officer with an ancient Greek vase containing human ashes, unearthed on a hill-top during trench digging.

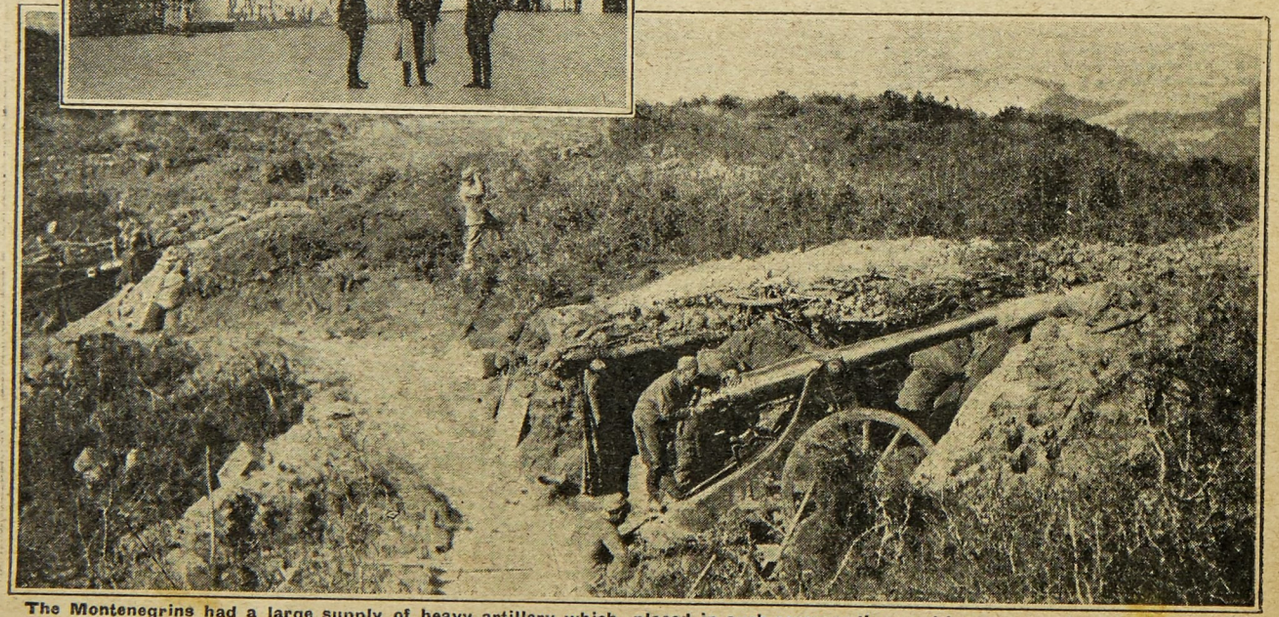


Stable dug-outs at the foot of Mount Arrowroot, near Salonika. Transport horses are being groomed after a hard day's work. Thus hidden the horses are, to a great extent, protected from artillery fire. The Allies' camp may be faintly discerned in the background.

With the Montenegrins in and Around Cetinje



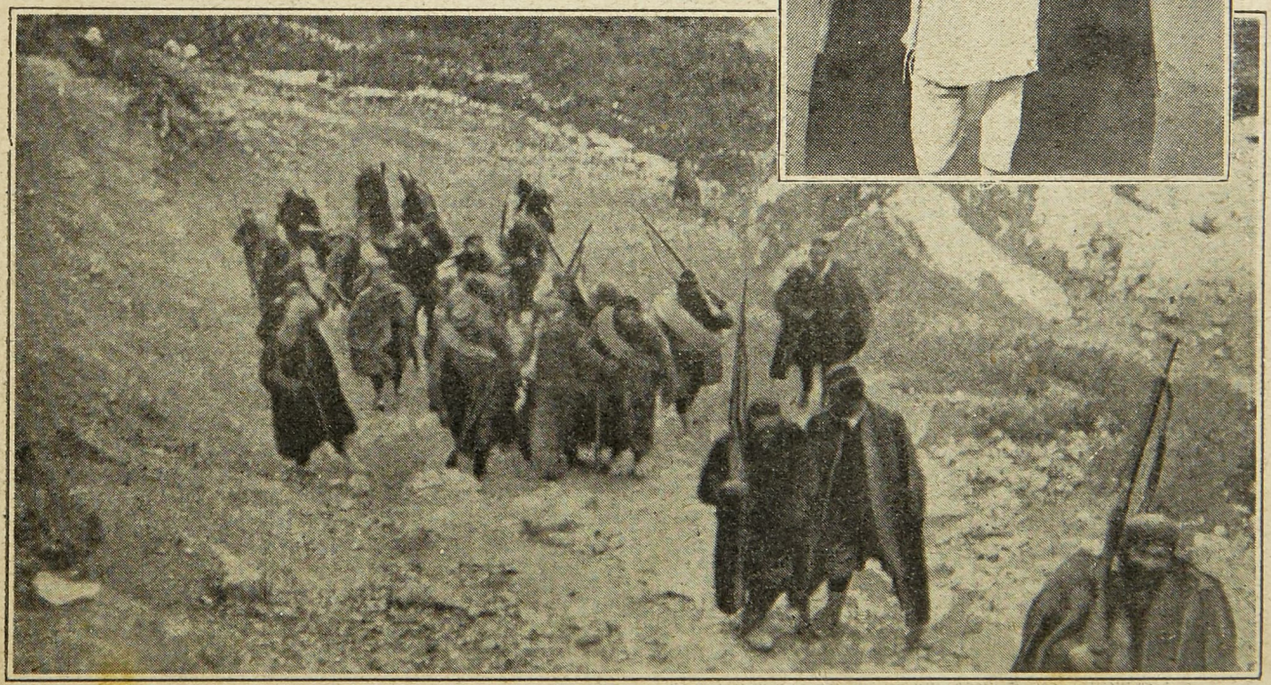
Types of hardy Montenegrin soldiers encamped in a mountain fastness near Cetinje. Most of them are middle-aged men. Inset: The palace of King Nicholas at Cetinje.



The Montenegrins had a large supply of heavy artillery which, placed in such commanding positions as seen in this photograph, wrought great havoc among the Austrians. With the fall of Cetinje and Lovtchen, however, another gallant little nation has been admittedly crucified by the Germans.

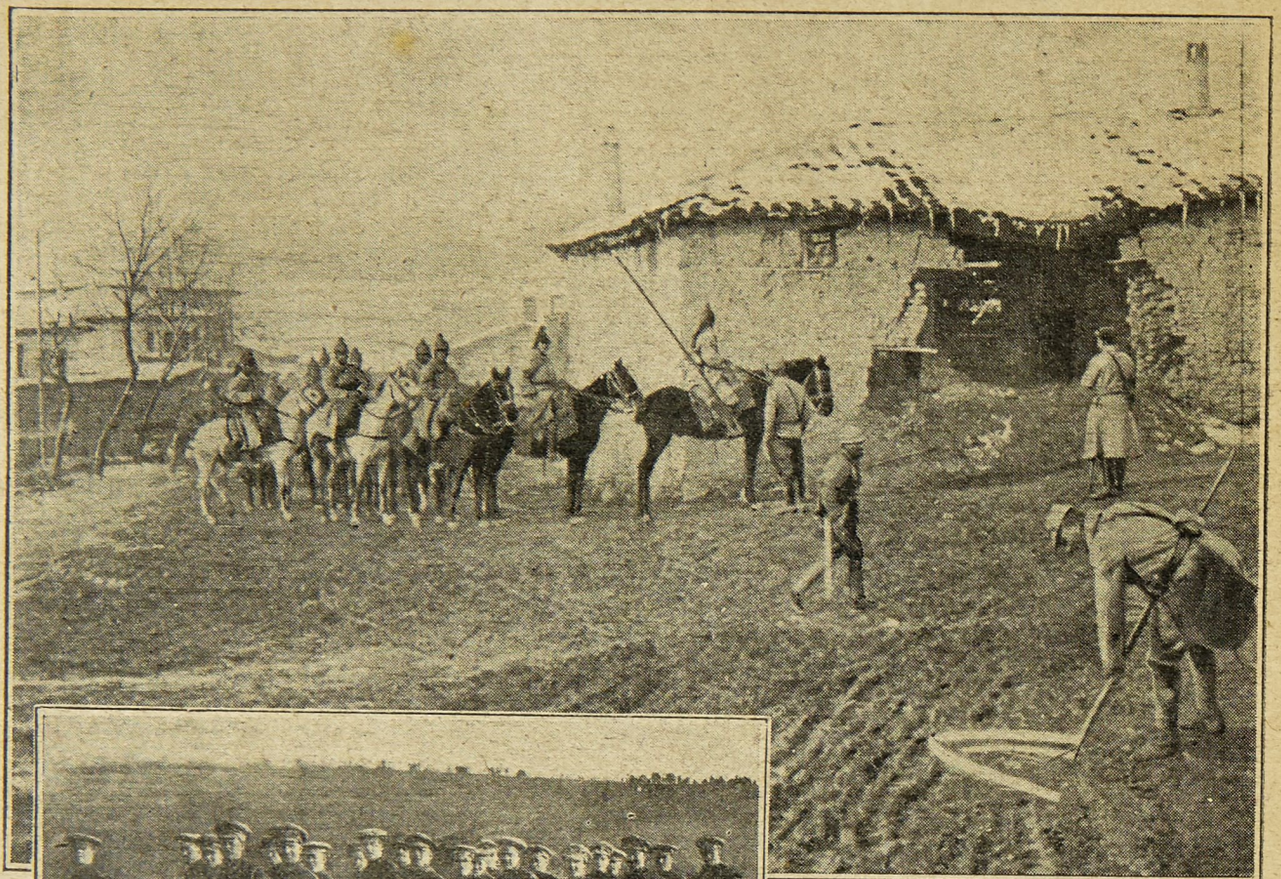
Montenegro Surrenders after Seventeen Months

Wounded Montenegrins being carried to field hospitals after a desperate assault. The capture of Cetinje, the smallest capital in Europe, on January 13th, marked a tragic epoch in the history of the gallant little Balkan nation.



Montenegrin soldiers going to the firing-line. Inset: Wounded Montenegrin, supported by his wife and mother, on his way to a hospital. By the fall of Cetinje, Austria gained the peaceful occupation of the port of Cattaro, and thus strengthened her naval power in the Adriatic.

Allied Cavalry & Infantry at the Salonika Front

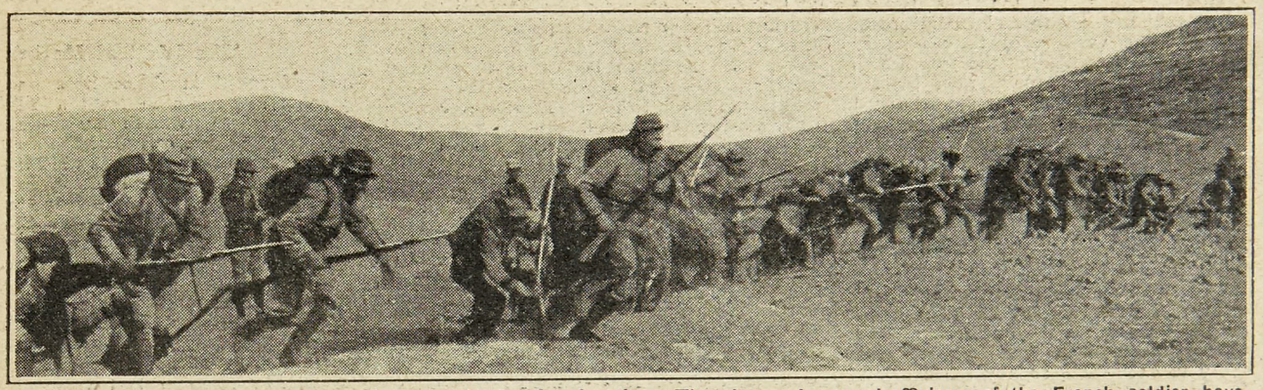


One of the French cavalry patrols guarding the rear of the troops when they moved from Kavadar to the strengthened defences of the Franco-British line.

Grecian transport column passing French infantry in Salonika. Inset: British soldiers, wearing their new leather coats, in Greece. Strongly reinforced, the Franco-British troops have been strengthening the defences of Salonika. The Allied and Bulgarian lines will face across the frontier—the Allies on a front from Karasuli to Kilindir, the Bulgarians on the line Ghevgeli-Doiran.

Steadily Preparing for the Threatened Attack

Greek soldiers and military waggons moving out of Salonika after the understanding was arrived at between Greece and the Allies that Salonika should be ceded temporarily to the Franco-British forces.



French soldiers charging the Bulgarians on the Grecian frontier. The elan and general efficiency of the French soldier have surprised the Bulgar, whose fighting experience has been confined principally to the Turks.

Piling up the shells. Men of the Army Service Corps transporting ammunition for the use of the British armies in the Balkans.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

XXXIII.—The Terrible French Defence in Champagne

THE swift, smashing defeat of the German offensive movement in Champagne on Sunday, January 9th, 1916, was an affair of great technical interest. The battle was merely a sudden, machine-wrought slaughter on a large scale; the interesting, illuminating thing about it was the method by which thirty thousand German troops of fine fighting quality were shattered. The event proved that the French had discovered the best solution of the problem of trench defence.

This problem has occupied the minds of the leading military men of the belligerent nations for the last sixteen months. They had to find the means of reducing the wastage of their infantry while these were holding the trenches so strongly that no surprise rush by the enemy could succeed. The old-fashioned British and Russian method of packing troops into the fire-trench and sweeping the zone of advance with rapid musketry fire was very expensive; for the men were too densely exposed to high-explosive shell fire, torpedoes, bombs, and mines.

The Enemy's Method

The Germans were able to save their entrenched infantry by a now well-known device. At the outbreak of war they possessed more than four times as many machine-guns as any allied army. As the struggle proceeded, they rapidly increased their productive plant, until by the winter of 1915 they had one Maxim, either fixed or pivoted, for every twenty infantrymen. They bristled the front with machine-guns, built machine-gun redoubts between their lines, and in the rear they protected their artillery and made a rallying line for their troops by means of a row of houses, hills, block-houses, and earthworks containing machine-guns. This rear row of Maxim posts, which stopped our advances at Neuve Chapelle and Loos, was the main element of the German defensive system. The mass of infantry, during the ordinary course of trench life, was sheltered in dug-outs, secure from practically every form of attack, except a gas cloud.

The French Counter-System

The French armies gradually increased the number of their machine-guns, but yet remained far behind the enemy in regard to this important secondary armament. Meanwhile, General Joffre had quickly to discover a regular system of trench defence which should avoid wastage, and leave the balance of the process of attrition heavily against the ingenious and foreseeing German.

We do not yet know the names of the French officers who invented and developed the national form of trench defence, but their work was a miracle of terrible, subtle skill. It reversed the German system. The forts, in their modern form of deep, narrow earthworks, with underground chambers of refuge, were placed well in advance of the fire-trench. Saps were dug at fairly wide intervals towards the hostile wire entanglements. Round the head of each sap a machine-gun redoubt was made and garrisoned with the gunners and artillery observing officers, connected with their distant batteries with telephone wires.

The modest name of "listening-posts" was given to these small advanced forts, but they were so arranged that the ground between them was swept by their machine-guns. They guarded the entire front from surprise rushes. The fire-trenches behind them were weakly held, chiefly by parties of infantry working trench mortars, periscoping for snipers, and watching over sappers engaged in driving mines or making saps for further listening-posts. The masses of troops were, like the main bodies of German infantry, sheltered in dug-outs in the second and third lines. Therefore the daily wastage was small.

On Saturday, January 8th, a movement was seen in the German lines behind Tahure Hill. The French commander divined what was about to happen; but, when the great hostile counter-attack was seen to be coming, he did not pack his fire-trenches with troops. On the contrary, he stripped his front line of men, but increased his artillery ammunition, and meanwhile brought his howitzers to bear on the German lines.

Shells and Fumes

The German guns, on Sunday, started a violent reply, and their fire rose to an intensity which would have been devastating if the French lines had been full of troops. It was the famous "drum fire," heralding an infantry advance—the fire in which the big guns make a continuous rolling thunder of enormous volume. The great shells, flung by the hundred thousand on the trench positions on the downland between the Suippes River and the Argonne Forest, were chiefly asphyxiating shells, and the green poison fumes spread over the deep trenches dug out of the chalk of Northern Champagne. Had there been two French riflemen to every yard in those trenches, the casualties might have been heavy. But the narrow, zigzagging cuttings were empty, except for a few masked figures in dug-outs, watching through periscopes, and, like their comrades in the out-flung listening-posts communicating by telephone to head-quarters and batteries.

The German gunners changed to high-explosive shell, with which they battered the first French line. Then they changed again to shrapnel and mixed explosive and bullet missiles, with which they curtained off their opponents' support trenches. This they did when a north-easterly wind enabled the German gas corps to float a terrifying cloud of chloride fumes towards the French trenches between the Hill of Tahure and the Hill of Mesnil. But the clerk of the weather on that Sunday afternoon was in an anti-German mood, for when the cylinders were opened, the wind changed, and a large part of the gas was driven into the grey masses of German infantry.

But these consisted of part of the Prussian Guard Corps, often reconstituted, but still inspired by its fine traditions, and regiments selected for their proved valour. In all there were two army corps drawn up for attack, and of these three divisions were actually launched against the French lines. Nominally, 60,000 German soldiers, therefore, were employed; but of these only 36,000 were infantrymen, and, in matter of fact, the battalions were already wasted by fighting, and not more than 30,000 men seem to have taken part in the charges.

The Wall of Melinite

They advanced in dense lines on a front some five miles in length. Their ranks were closer at both flanks—near the village of Tahure and near the down known by its peculiar shape as the Hand of Massiges. In the middle of the crescent which they formed their weight was lighter. But whether it was light or heavy, the result was the same. There was a marked line along the zone between the French and German trenches which no German passed; for thousands of French gunners, directed by officers in the advanced posts, maintained a rampart of melinite and shrapnel shell.

The French infantry had practically no work to do. They were gathered in the communication trenches and in the large shelters hewn from the chalk, in some of which an entire battalion could safely rest. They were loaded with hand-bombs and armed besides with daggers, and close at hand they had vast magazines of grenades capable of keeping them supplied for days. Practically all the dangerous work fell upon the small advanced parties, watching the enemy, noticing the effect of gun fire upon him.

Victory Complete

When night fell, the Germans made a last mad attack—their fourth. But the French gunners, having their ranges fixed mechanically, scarcely needed star-shells and searchlights. Only in two places, near either flank, did any body of attackers reach a French fire-trench, and the couple of hundred yards that was lost was quickly recovered by bombing parties, who rushed up the communication ways. By Monday morning the enemy held only a single listening-post near the farm of Maisons de Champagne. The French losses in the advanced and fire-trenches were under a thousand; the German losses exceeded ten thousand. It will thus be seen that our allies use their fine light field-gun, the 75 millimetre, with a more deadly effect in defence than the enemy uses his innumerable machine-guns. The French infantry seldom hold their trenches under heavy pressure; they retire and let their gunners knock the enemy out of the position, and then return with bombs to complete the clearance.

EDWARD WRIGHT

French Warriors Equipped for Wintry Weather

"Some" mud. French soldier in a waterlogged trench finds his long rubber trench-boots indispensable.

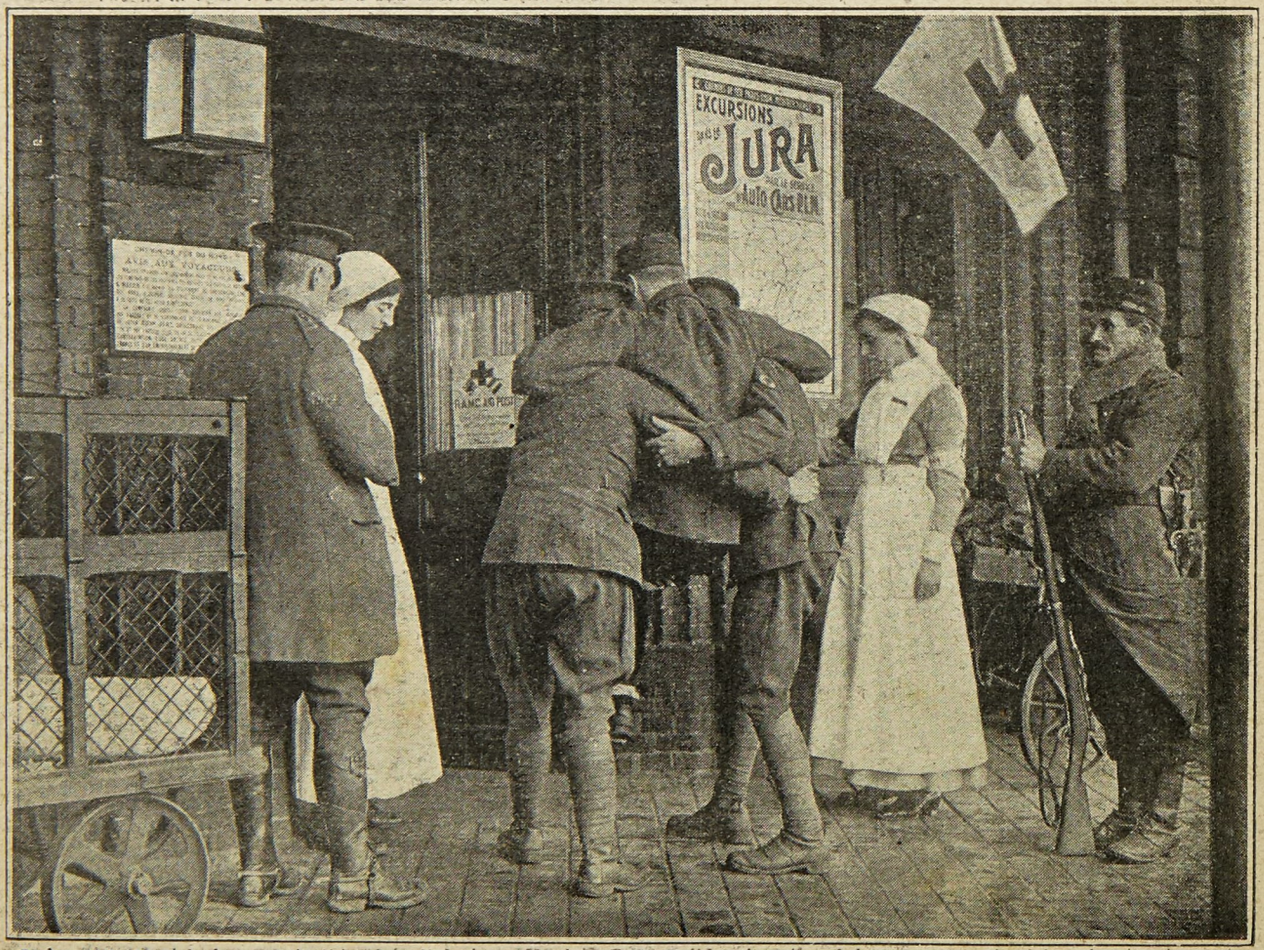
Japanese military attaches in French uniforms inspecting our ally's trenches and a shattered village in Artois.

A heavy bombardment having commenced, two French soldiers are entering a "funk hole."

French officers in full winter kit photographed in a corner of a first-line position.

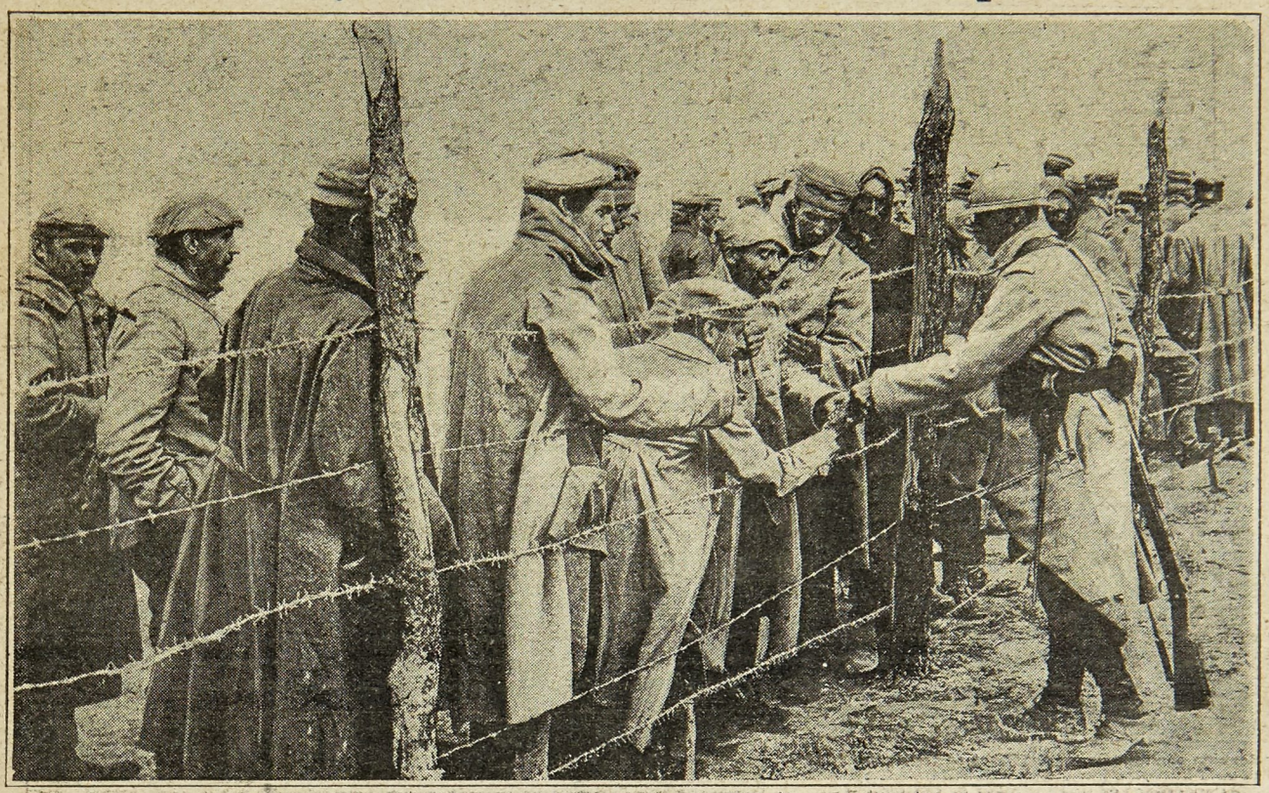
The Sentinel at Kavadar · An Entente Idyll

General view of Kavadar, whence the French retreat towards Salonika was conducted. Cavalry horses are seen watering in the stream known as the Valika, which runs round the town. A French sentinel is on guard in the foreground.



Scene at the headquarters of the first St. John Ambulance detachment to reach France after the outbreak of the war. This depot has been hard at work for both French and British wounded since the commencement of the war. In the photograph a French wounded soldier is being assisted into the ward by two R.A.M.C. orderlies.

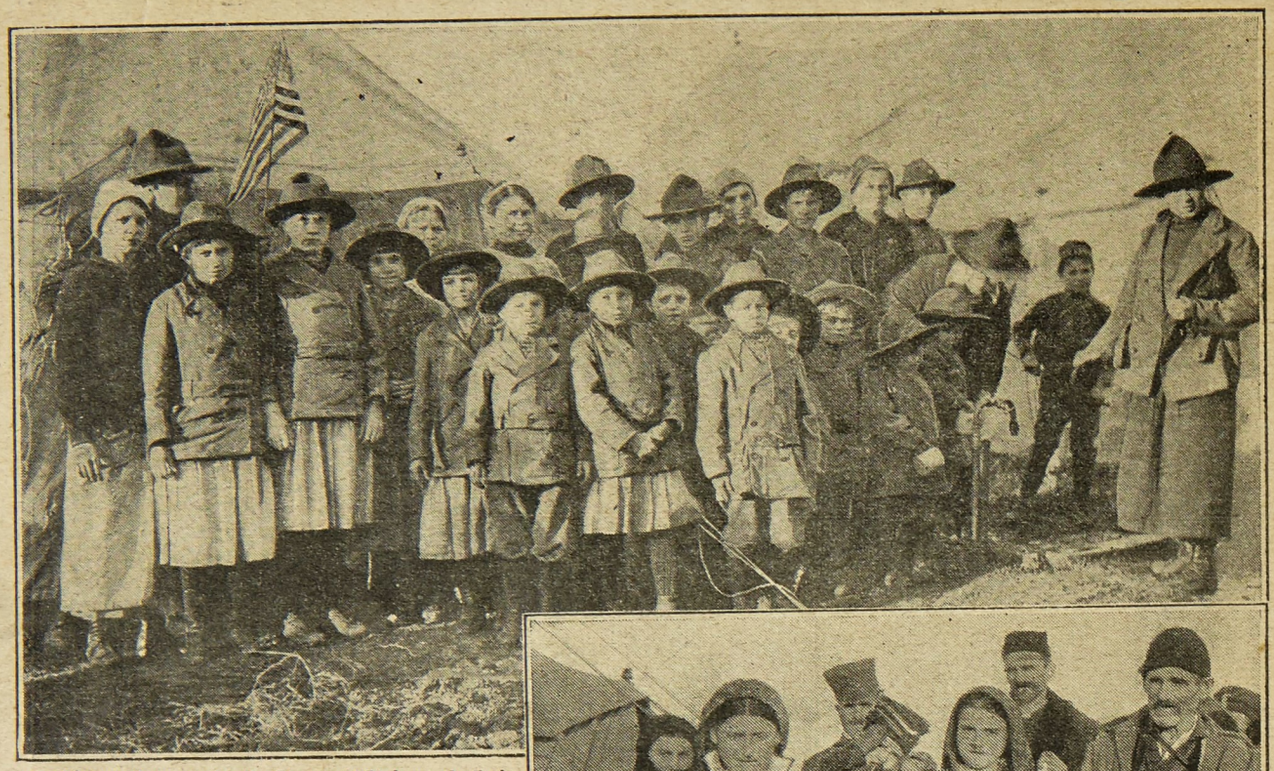
The Clemency of the French to the Captured Hun



French infantrymen distributing cigarettes among a recently captured batch of German prisoners. The captured Huns all seem very eager for the gifts, and generally look about as miserable a collection of Boches as one could possibly see.

French Tirailleur endeavouring to persuade a wounded German prisoner's comrades to look after the injured man. The chivalrous attitude of our French allies to captured Germans seems remarkable in view of the destruction that the Huns have wrought in France.

Uncle Sam's Little Serbian Nieces and Nephews



Serbian orphans under the Stars and Stripes. In their double-breasted jackets and slouch hats they have all the appearance of little citizens of the United States.

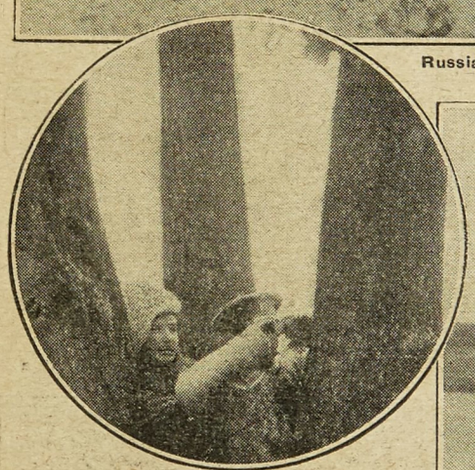
MUCH anxiety has been felt as to the fate of the countless Serbian women and children who followed the retreating Army out of their fatherland, over the Albanian Alps. It is reassuring to know that the refugees at last found a home in Salonika, where a large camp was placed at their disposal.

Neutral America has done much to alleviate the distress of the orphans caused by the war, and one of the photographs on this page shows some Serbian children dressed in American clothing. A refugee camp at Salonika is in charge of Mme. Grouitch, the American wife of the Serbian Minister.

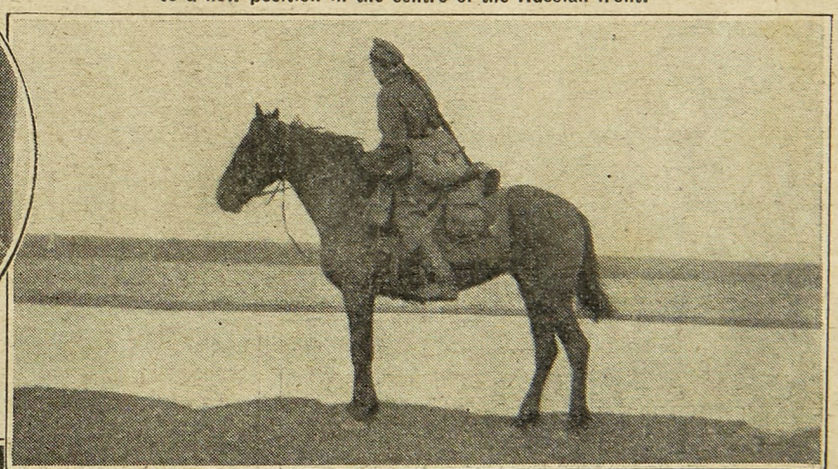
Some of the Serbian women and children who experienced all the horrors of the great retreat over the Albanian Mountains. After days of suffering, these innocent victims of the war found temporary sanctuary at Salonika. Inset: Scene at the Serbian refugees' camp in the grounds of the Russian hospital at Salonika.

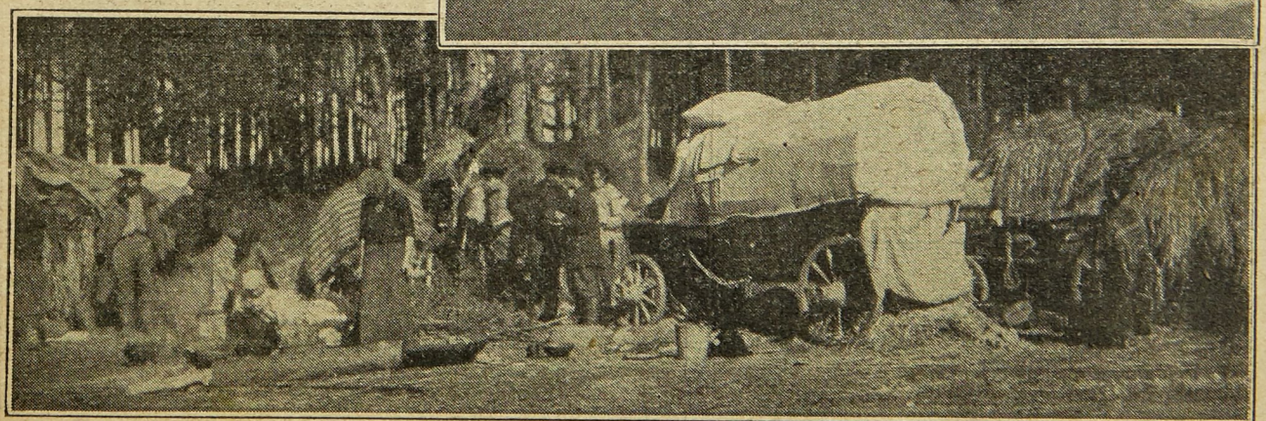
Germany's Weakened Hold in Eastern Tug-o'-War

Russian field-gun team driving down a steep pass near Grodno, on the River Niemen to a new position in the centre of the Russian front.



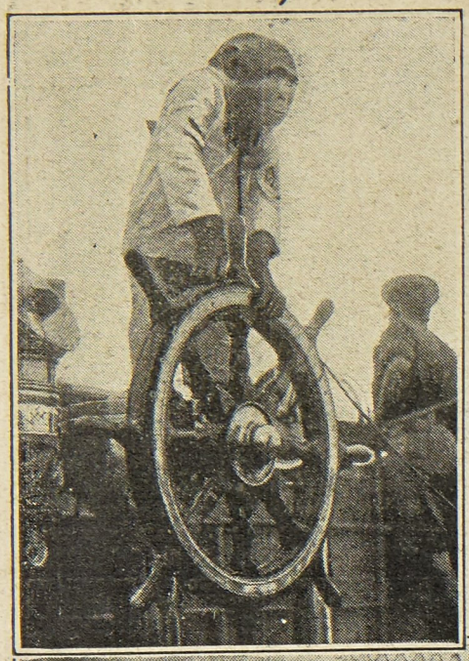
Scouts watching the enemy from a well-concealed "nest" in the fork of a tree.





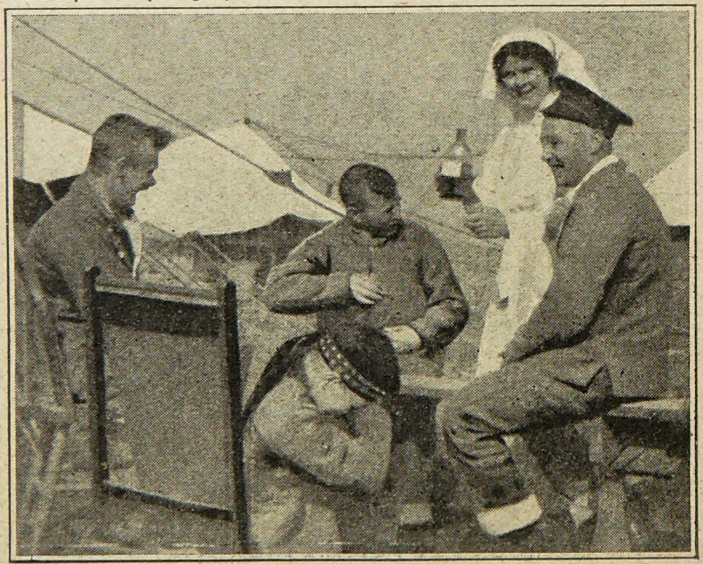
Refugees from the districts occupied by the Germans encamped at the edge of a wood. Above: Russian scout riding near a fort. The recent Russian successes are of great European importance, for the offensive was planned to foil the German initiative at a critical moment, while we were strengthening our positions in the Near East, fortifying and landing troops at Salonika, and evacuating Gallipoli.

Merriment, Mascots & Medicine Ashore & Afloat



Left: A mascot helmsman, the pet of a British troopship, clad in naval uniform. Above: Harmony, humour, and the ubiquitous "Charlie Chaplin." Amateur comedians entertaining their comrades on the deck of a British battleship.

"Kiss-in-the-ring." Wounded soldiers being entertained by the Society of Yorkshiremen in London. Right: Private Maidment, a clever ventriloquist, and a survivor from the mined hospital ship Anglia, who entertains his fellow-patients.

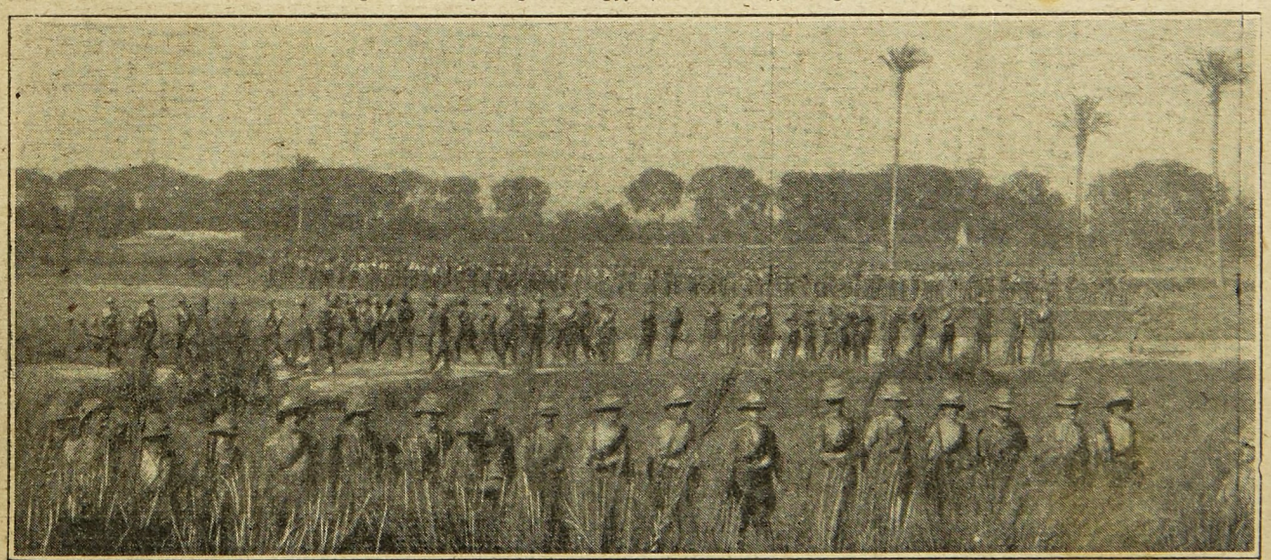


"Tiny," a donkey found dying on the roadside by the 26th Divisional Train at Salonika. He was cared for and adopted as a mascot. Right: Medicine time. A welcome visitor with an unwelcome gift at a convalescent camp in France.

Britons in Egypt Prepare for the Promised Attack

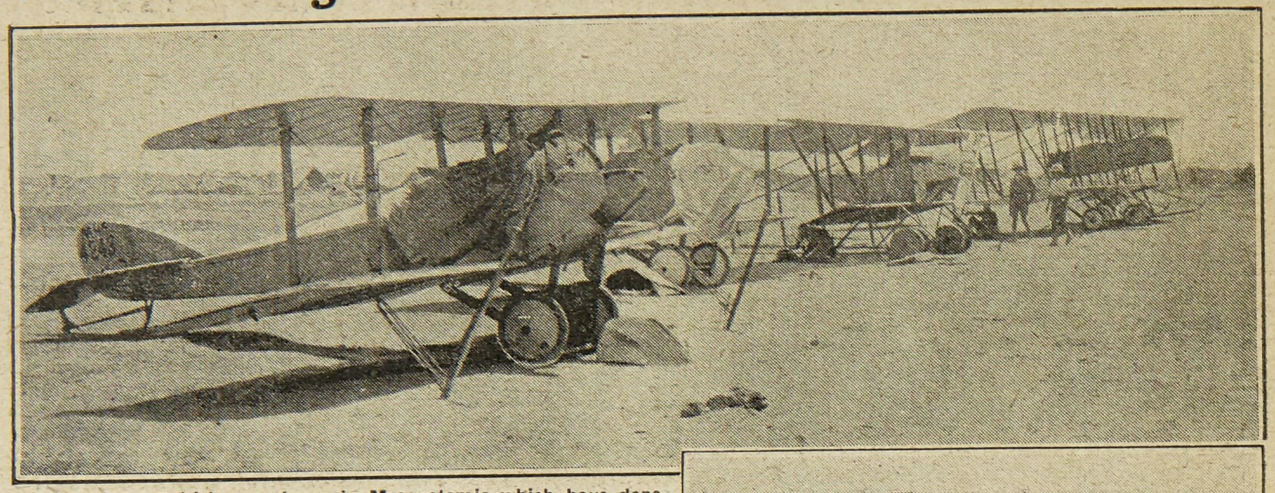
Men of the Berkshire Yeomanry practising a charge on the outskirts of Cairo. These large playing-fields were placed at the disposal of the men for training.

Brig.-General Briscoe, commanding the Cavalry Brigade in Egypt (in the centre), riding with members of his Staff along the desert.

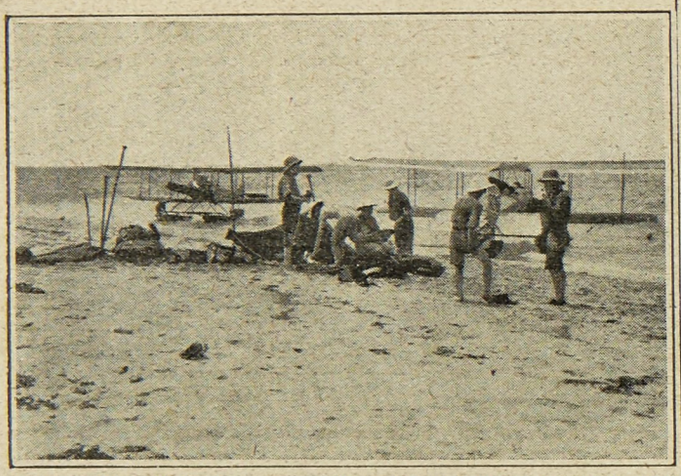


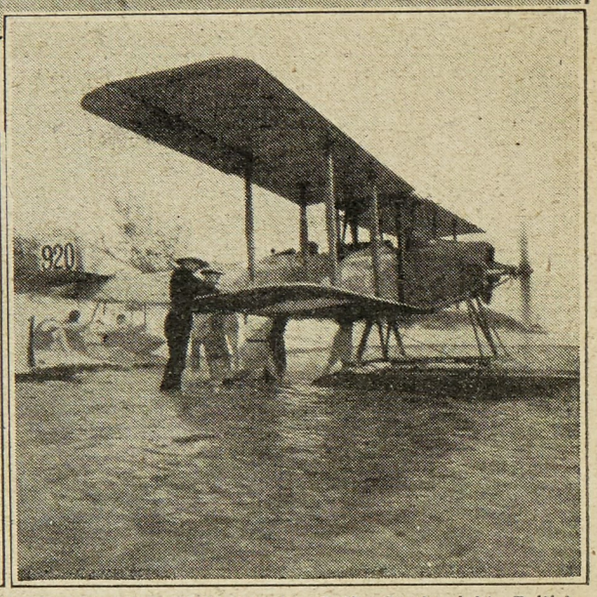
Berkshire Yeomanry lined up for a bayonet charge somewhere near Cairo. According to German reports, the enemy is supposed to be planning a great attack on the Egyptian Protectorate. He will doubtless meet with an even warmer reception than he experienced in the early part of last year, especially as Egypt has had so long to prepare against these eventualities.

White Wings of War over Traditional Eden

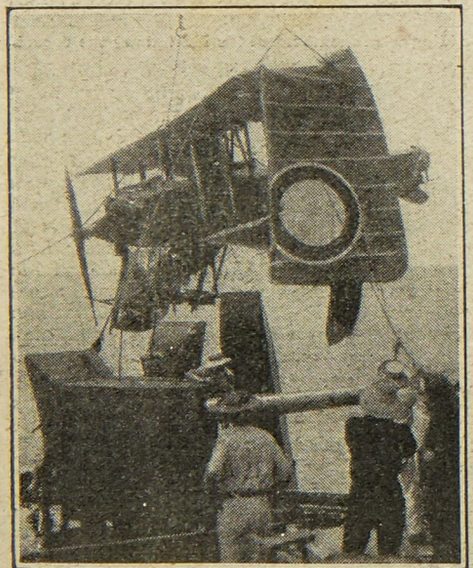


Some of the British aeroplanes in Mesopotamia which have done excellent service in reconnaissance during the fighting round Kut-el-Amara.

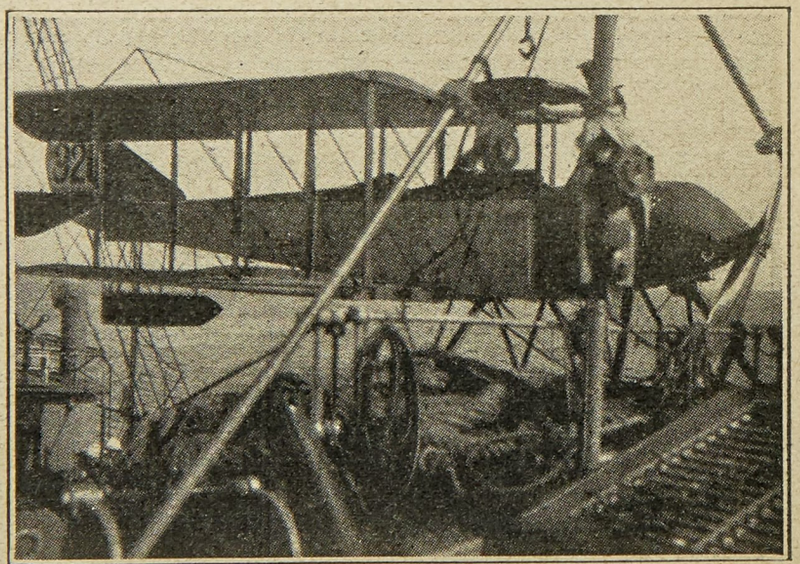




Two British pilots who were mentioned in despatches with their machines on the shore of the Persian Gulf. On the right: British seaplane about to start a flight over the Turkish positions.

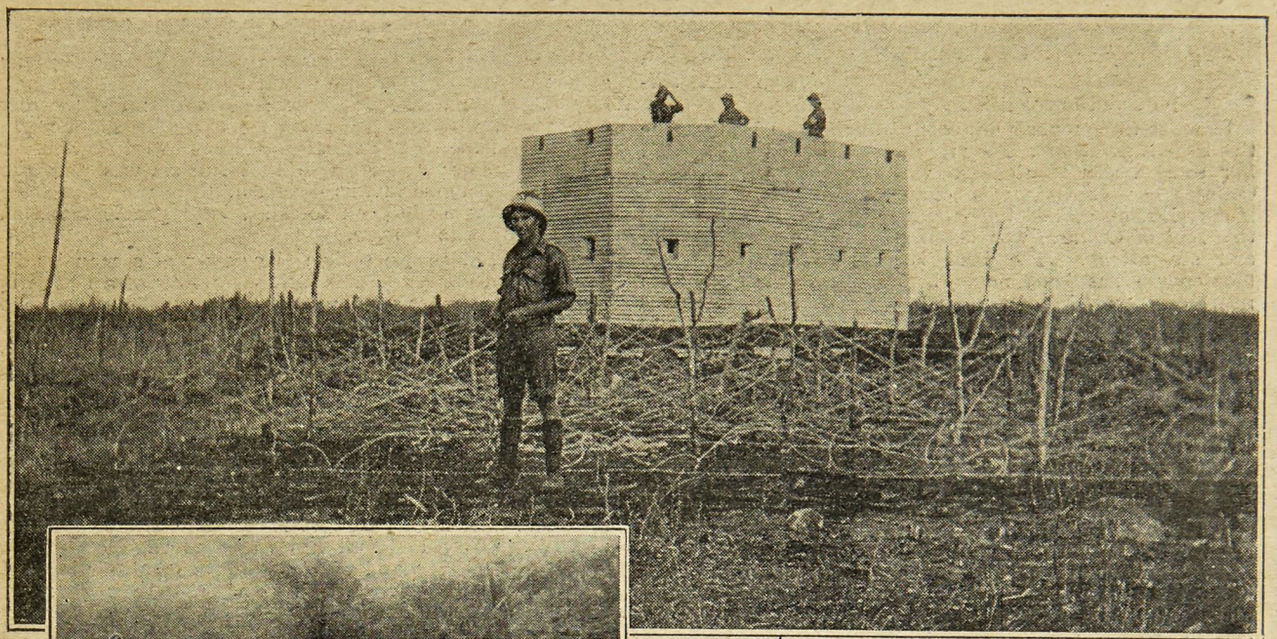


Hoisting a wrecked seaplane aboard a man-of-war. The pilot planed down on to the water, but was in danger of drowning and sharks.

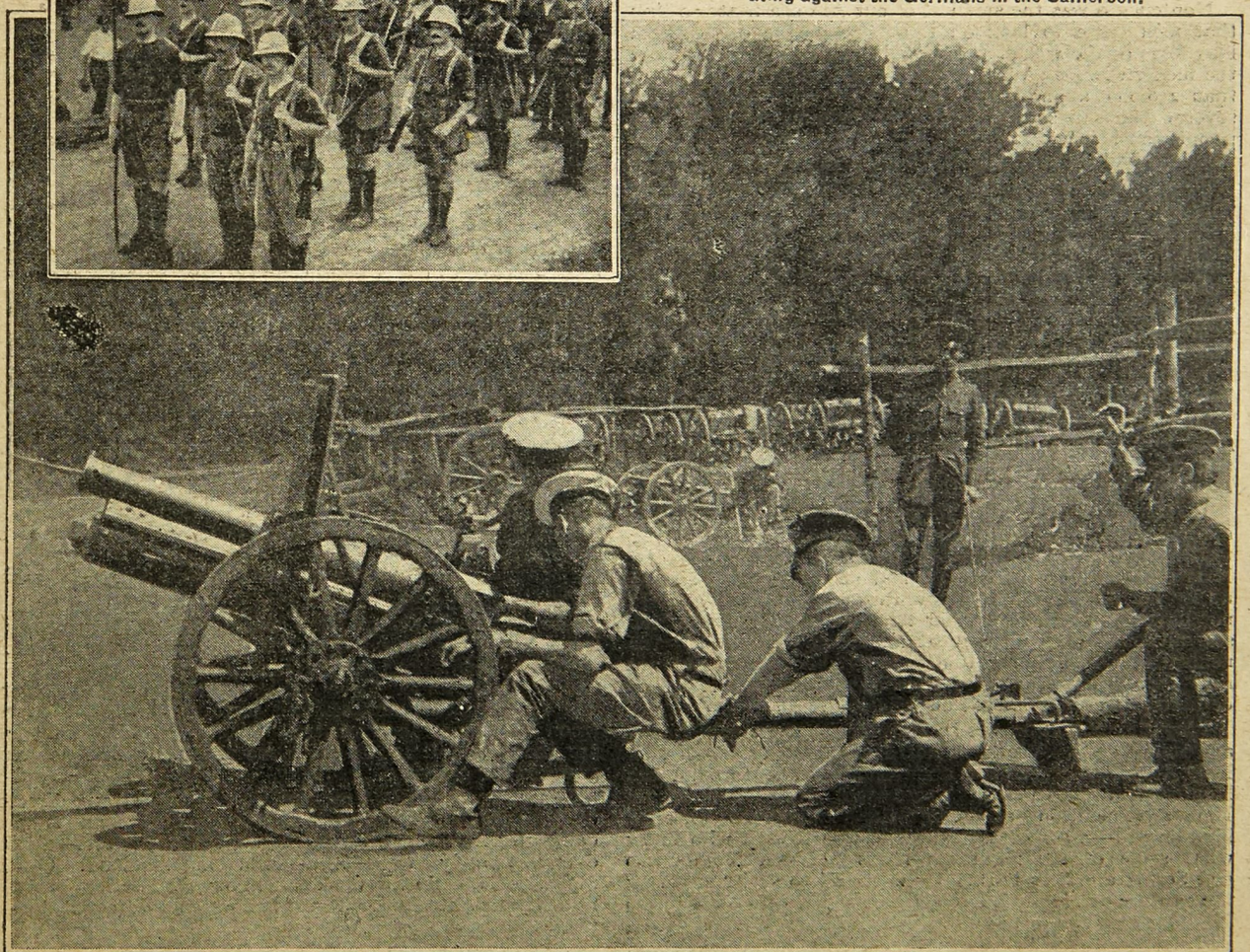


How a scouting aeroplane is carried on board a battleship, held fast by hawsers. The folded wings give the machine a more than usually bird-like appearance. Quite a number of aeroplanes are being used in the Mesopotamia campaign.

Britons in the Cameroon and East Africa



British blockhouse in East Africa protected by a forest of barbed-wire entanglements. Three officers are seen surveying the country for signs of the enemy. Inset: Squad of R.M.L.I. operating against the Germans in the Cameroon.



German guns in action against German East Africa. These weapons were captured during the campaign against South-West Africa, and notwithstanding the fact that they were spiked and the German gunners refused to explain the working, the officers and men of the S.A.M R. soon adapted them for use against their former owners.

The Eclipse of Montenegro and Its Effects

By Our War Correspondent, F. A. McKENZIE

ACCORDING to reports published in London as this article is being written, Montenegro has surrendered unconditionally to the enemy.

How far these reports are true will be known by the time this issue is published. They sound possible, if not probable. For some weeks Montenegro was very severely pressed. Cetinje, her capital, was captured on January 13th. Mount Lovtchen, the important range which commands the Bay of Cattaro, was taken after a tremendous land and sea attack. The land is over-run by the enemy. Montenegro has been made harmless from the German point of view. Whether the capture of its vital points has or has not been followed by the formal surrender of the nation is comparatively a minor point. Prince Bülow more than once made Montenegro offers of peace. We cannot wonder if it has accepted them.

Population Less than Nottingham

It would be easy to dwell on the comparative unimportance of Montenegro, on the paucity of its population, the scantiness of its resources, and on the absence of its value to the enemy. But to take this line would be an insult to my readers.

There are some things that cannot be measured by reckoning up face value. This is one of them. The defeat of Montenegro will, I am afraid, produce an effect on the world at large out of all proportion to the extent of its lands. The Germans, who are decorating their houses on account of the "victory," are not quite so foolish as some may think.

Montenegro was the smallest of our Allies, a State so tiny that men came to look on it as one of the comic-opera kingdoms of the world. Its population, in the days before the modern Balkan Wars had thinned it out, was not more than 250,000, about half as many again as Willesden, and several thousands less than Nottingham. Out of this population it raised, however, some fifty thousand fighting men. It had very few regular soldiers, but every man was a fighter. Its territory is perhaps the most mountainous and desolate of any in Europe. Its Government was patriarchal, and its people hard-working, poor, rural folk. Every writer who has dealt with the land has dwelt on its simplicity, its amazing attractiveness, and on the genuine sincerity of its inhabitants. In recent years the democratic Court of Montenegro may have attracted around it some elements corrupted by German gold. It is equally true that rumour which says this may be a lying jade.

The Mystery of Italy's Attitude

Montenegro was our ally, our smallest ally. She was faced by powerful neighbours. She was with us from the first, for the sympathies of the Montenegrins have always been anti-Austrian and pro-Russian. Now she is no more.

It has been usual to regard Montenegro as almost impregnable, because of the mountainous nature of her territory, and the warrior-like qualities of her menfolk. It is difficult to believe that, had she been fully backed up by her Allies with men, munitions, and guns, she could not have been made so. Her territory was open from the sea, although only up a great mountain way. What the neutral world is asking to-day is why her Allies did not help her. Doubtless there were good reasons. It would be better that they should be fully told.

Why did not Italy act? Italy could spare many men and many guns. We have heard rumours for weeks that Italy was landing troops and forcing them through the Montenegrin mountains. There was even talk of an Italian expedition attacking the Bulgarians through Montenegro—a somewhat fantastic tale to any who know what some of the mountain roads between Montenegro and Serbia are. As it is, Italy is bound to suffer much by the capture of Mount Lovtchen. This will convert Cattaro Harbour into one of the strongest naval bases of the world, and may prove a thorn in the side of Italy in particular, and the Allies in general for a long time to come.

It has been no secret for some weeks that the Austrian attack upon Montenegro was steadily developing. I have before me the Austrian reports of mid-December, telling of the battles then going on along the Montenegrin border, and the steady advance of the Central Powers. It was well known last autumn that Austria was preparing a formidable move in this direction. The use of powerful howitzers has made even so-called impregnable mountain positions open to capture.

In the East people reckon the power of a man by the way he protects his friends, and the power of a nation by the way it supports its weaker allies. The example of Montenegro will be drummed over Asia. Can anyone wonder, in view of this, that Greece stood off, and that Rumania, while neutral, tries to make friends with both sides?

Montenegro is only one section of the Balkans of great interest to us just now. The enormously strengthened Franco-British forces at Salonika, under General Sarrail, are facing the probability of an attack in force, by an army estimated at no less than 250,000 men. Our forces there have had time to prepare and occupy an enormously strong position. General Sarrail has the reputation of being a resourceful, daring, and able commander, and our interests should be safe in his hands. Undoubtedly some movements of the Allies of great importance are in preparation around Greece. What they are, it would be idle at this stage to speculate.

Present Facts and Future Theories

Our fundamental purpose in the Balkans is to cut a line through Bulgaria, so as to prevent through communication between Austria and Turkey. The sooner that is effected, the quicker will the end of the war come. So long as that way remains open, Germany will be able to tap more or less large parts of Southern Asia for supplies.

Salonika divides interest with Egypt. A serious attack has been planned and will—barring accidents—be made on the Suez Canal from the Asiatic side. There should be no real difficulty in defeating it, for we have ample men, and can bring into play, if necessary, the big guns of ships.

What is of importance for us is to stop even temporary local successes in this region, and so to punish the enemy when he advances that his fate will ring through Mohammedan lands. We must not have a repetition of the fiasco of 1915, when the foe was allowed to retire almost at leisure.

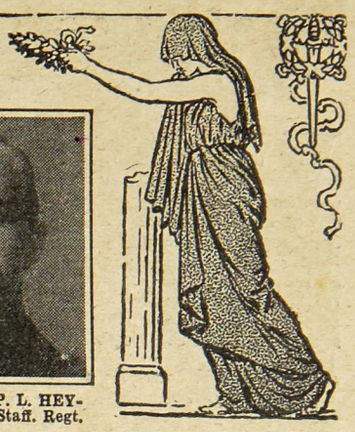
We are battling at this point for prestige. Our prestige has been shaken in Asia—it would be foolish to deny that. We may be, and are, confident that things are going better with us than ever, and that there can be only one end of the war. The Asiatic does not easily take such long views. He judges by the things of the moment. The Austrian seizure of Montenegro appeals to him more forcibly than a ton of argument about the coming economic exhaustion of Germany.

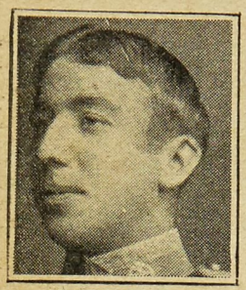
Egypt and the Man and the Moment

As everyone who knows the recent history of Egypt is aware, there has always been, since our domination of the land, a certain amount of unrest there. It was comparatively innocuous under Lord Cromer; it reached a danger point under his amiable, well-meaning successor; and its outward manifestations were at once swept away when Kitchener took control. But the roots of trouble are there, and it is for us to see that they find no fresh grounds for growth.

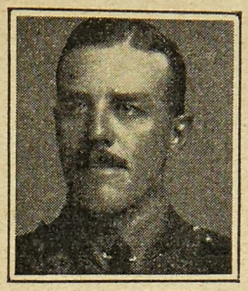
What the Near East requires to-day is a strong director of the combined Allied operations. One man is pre-eminently fitted for that post. He has important—almost overwhelmingly important—work in England. Others might perhaps do his work here, now that he has brought it to its present stage. There is no man who could do the work he might accomplish in the Near East to-day. Egypt calls Kitchener to come back to her, if only for a few months.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

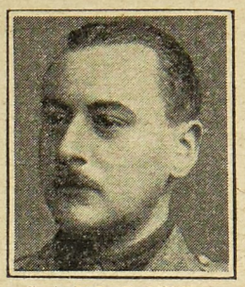




Major E. BARKER,
5th Middlesex Regt.



Capt. C. A. COOKE,
8th R. W. Surrey Regt.



Capt. J. R. F. LECKY,
5th Royal Fusiliers.

Capt. and Adjt. P. L. HEYWORTH,
7th N. Staff. Regt.

Capt. H. G. WOOD,
3rd L. North Lancs Regt.

Capt. L. F. CASS,
7th R. Sussex Regt.

Capt. J. HAILES,
Army Ordnance Dept.

Capt. P. S. G. WAINMAN,
2nd Worcestershire Regt.

Capt. W. W. COLQUHOUN,
11th Highland Light Infantry.

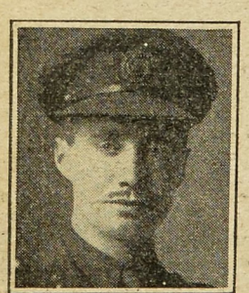
Capt. J. P. BOYD,
2nd Gordon Highlanders.

Lieutenant F. C. MacNaught, R.E., was a son of the late Dr. F. J. MacNaught, of Walsham-le-Willows, Suffolk. For seven years before the war he was in the Westminster Dragoons (2nd County of London Yeomanry), and was an acting squadron sergeant-major when he received his commission in the Royal Engineers in October, 1914. He went to France with the 91st Field Company in July, 1915. Lieut. Viscount Stuart was the eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Castlestewart. Lord Stuart was gazetted on October 8th, 1914. Lieut. Christopher C. Tower, aide-de-camp to the late Major-General Wing, 12th Division, and of Weald Hall, Essex, was the eldest son of Mr. Christopher J. H. Tower and Mrs. Tower, of Wealdside, Brentwood. He married Cynthia, elder daughter of Brigadier-General Surtees, C.B., D.S.O., and leaves a daughter and a son, Christopher, born in June, 1915.

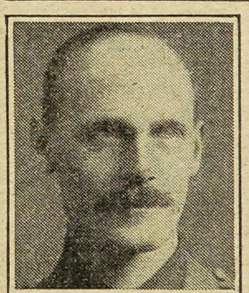
Lieut. John Montague Hammick Jackson was the only son of Colonel M. B. G. Jackson, R.A., and Mrs. Jackson, of Woodlands, Exmouth. He was only twenty years of age.

Lieut. Kenneth Vernon Dodgson was the elder son of the Rev. F. Vivian Dodgson, chaplain to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Barkingside, and volunteered on the day that war was declared. He was a grandson of the late General Sir David Scott Dodgson, K.C.B., Bengal Staff Corps, who entered Lucknow at the first relief of the city, on September 25th, 1857, the same day of the month of September on which Lieutenant Dodgson fell. Lieut. Henry Desmond O'Hara, D.S.O., received his commission in September, 1912. He had won distinction with the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, and was awarded the D.S.O. for his services in the fighting at Seddul Bahr, in February, 1915.

Capt. J. CLARKE,
R.A. Medical Corps.



Lieut. F. C. MACNAUGHT,
Royal Engineers.



Lieut. Viscount STUART,
6th Royal Scots Fusiliers.

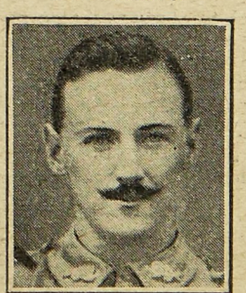
Lieut. C. C. TOWER,
Essex Yeomanry.

Lieut. J. M. H. JACKSON,
5th Oxford & Bucks L.I.

Lieut. K. V. DODGSON,
8th Devon Regt.

Lieut. P. B. G. HENRIQUES,
8th King's Royal Rifles.

Lieut. B. S. LAURENCE,
Westminster Dragoons.



Sec.-Lieut. P. G. M. SCUDAMORE,
2nd R. Lanc. Regt.

Lieut. G. M. MICHAELIS,
Royal Engineers.

Lieut. H. D. O'HARA, D.S.O.,
1st Royal Dublin Fus.

The Eyes and Ears of War

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

WE have got so accustomed to wireless telegraphy, cables, railways, microphones to listen for the noise of engines or screw propellers, scouting aircraft, etc., that we hardly realise the enormous difficulties the stronger naval Power had in hunting down the weaker and evading fleet in the old days. My readers may remember as an instance the famous two months' chase of the French squadron under Gauteaume in 1808.

A Hundred Years Ago

Collingwood then complained that the absence of information had driven him almost crazy. Spies could not be much used for naval purposes, and, indeed, Nelson repeatedly refused to use them, for he said that the only information he wanted was the French admiral's sailing orders, when he put to sea and where he went. If he had possessed a spy in Toulon, the latter had no telegraph cable to send a message to a neutral Turkey about a consignment of clothing for a pasha's harem, meaning that the French Fleet was getting under way going east. What Nelson could not find out for himself he had to get from trading vessels.

In the case of his great chase of Villeneuve, the latter had the luck to meet a neutral vessel on the day of departure. He gained valuable information, while Nelson obtained no news until two weeks later from another neutral ship. It was such information that led to Howe's Battle of the First of June.

Yet how old and imperfect it might be is shown by Lloyd's Lists of those times, when we find that it usually took fourteen days for news to reach us from Hamburg, and about sixty days from New York. Now what Collingwood complained about in 1808 was the absence of even this neutral information in the Mediterranean owing to the paralysis of trade. "At sea," he wrote, "there is no getting intelligence as there used to be on former occasions, for now there is not a trading ship upon the seas—nothing but ourselves."

Dangers of Wireless

The appetite grows by what it feeds upon, and infinitely more information is desired nowadays than was formerly the case. Early in February, 1915, I wrote an article on our "Commanding Meteorological Position," and I said then that "Germany ought to be unable to obtain any information as to weather conditions in Great Britain, except what is old and is, therefore, useless." It was not for a good many months, however, that we stopped the publication of weather reports, of which the most important from the Zeppelin point of view are the barometer pressures, and we are apparently still unable to impose our will on neutral wireless outside the three-mile limit. It ought to be made a condition, on neutral vessels calling at our ports, that they do not use their wireless for twenty-four hours or more after leaving, and then only for their legitimate business.

It was one of the misfortunes of this war that it came in the period when wireless telegraphy was a new-comer, and, like all new toys, it was used a great deal more by the authorities than was good for either naval tactics or strategy. It has now got into its ordered channels, and those who used it too much have had object-lessons which have not been forgotten. This is but a repetition of our old experience of telegraph cables that they are good servants but bad masters.

When we laid the cable from Varna to the shore of the Chersonese, during the Crimean War, General Larchy had good ground for writing: "They will be able to send orders and counter-orders from Paris which will shake the command of the Army." We quickly learned how to use the cable with discretion, and we have been even more prompt in regard to the proper use of wireless installations.

Very rightly we cut Germany's direct cable communications as far as we were able to do so, and then proceeded to deprive her of the powerful wireless installations she had set up in different parts of the world. So far as her own

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"THE GIBRALTAR OF THE ADRIATIC"—Mount Lovtchen, which dominates Cattaro and Cetinje, was captured on January 11th by the Austrians, who occupied the Montenegrin capital two days later. Our map also shows the island of Corfu, where French troops have landed to prepare for the accommodation of wounded Serbians.

Colonial territory was concerned, it was merely a matter of military operations. Elsewhere, one of our greatest difficulties was the German station at Sayville, Long Island, close to the German Ambassador's residence at Lawrence, in the same part of New York State.

For a long time the President's order as to the neutral character of the messages allowed was ignored. We had a similar difficulty with the German station in the republic of Colombia. These stations were used to help the German cruisers, and to arrange for steamers to coal and revictual them. Matters are now under fairly satisfactory regulation, and the elimination of all the German wireless stations at the islands in the Pacific and at Dar-es-Salaam, in German East Africa, Swakopmund, in South-West Africa, and at Togo, in Togoland, means that if a stray German cruiser did escape she would only be able to communicate within a certain radius of Nauen and Hanover in Germany, and, therefore, could not practise the raiding tactics of the Emden.

The Unseen Threat

On the other hand, the British Empire possesses a multiplicity of means of unimpaired communications. In fact, the forecasts of the writer from 1900 onwards have been exactly verified even to the detail that the only cable which has been cut (since repaired) was the one he repeatedly stated would be cut if laid by the Fanning Island route, viz., the Pacific cable.

One of the greatest boons conferred by the new factor of wireless telegraphy, applied as it is even in submarines or aircraft, is that it enables the Grand Fleet to take up a strategical position altogether out of sight of any enemy, thus becoming a most potent unseen threat. In the old days the French Admiral Richery hesitated to sail because of the unseen threat of the British Fleet, but when once the latter hove in sight he reported his intention to the Directory to sail that night: "They have now come in sight. I have seen from the hills the direction in which they are, and will sail to-night." It was under similar circumstances that Admiral Bruise escaped from Brest with thirty-five vessels, so that Lord Bridport lost all trace of him.

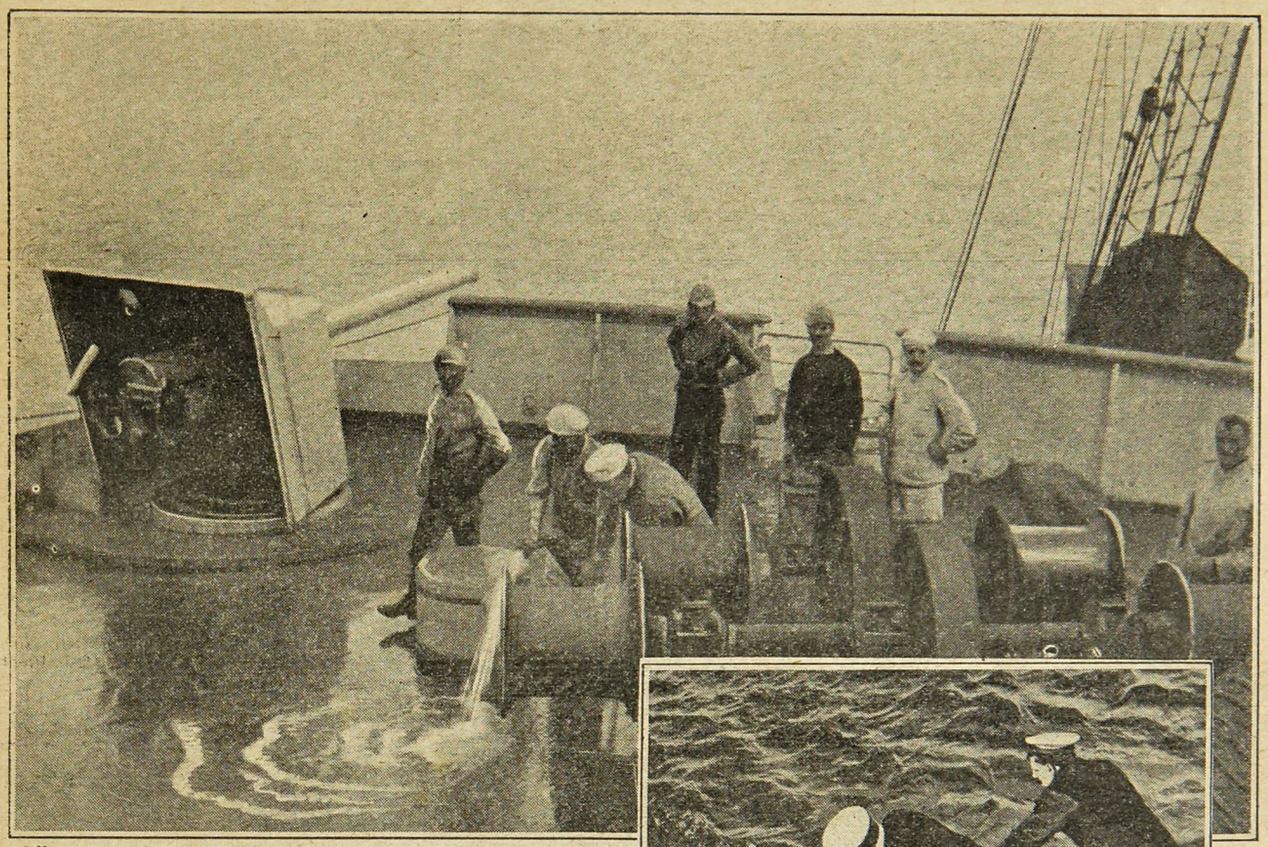
Now under modern conditions, when the Germans boast of having sent a squadron from the Bight of Heligoland to the vicinity of the entrance of the Baltic, we may be certain that they had reason to believe that the fog had deprived us of our usual wireless scouts, and that their Zeppelins had further assured them that this feat, so useless from the military point of view, might be undertaken with safety at the moment, so that the news would become public while people were disturbed over the loss of yet another German scouting cruiser, the Bremen.

A Forward Policy

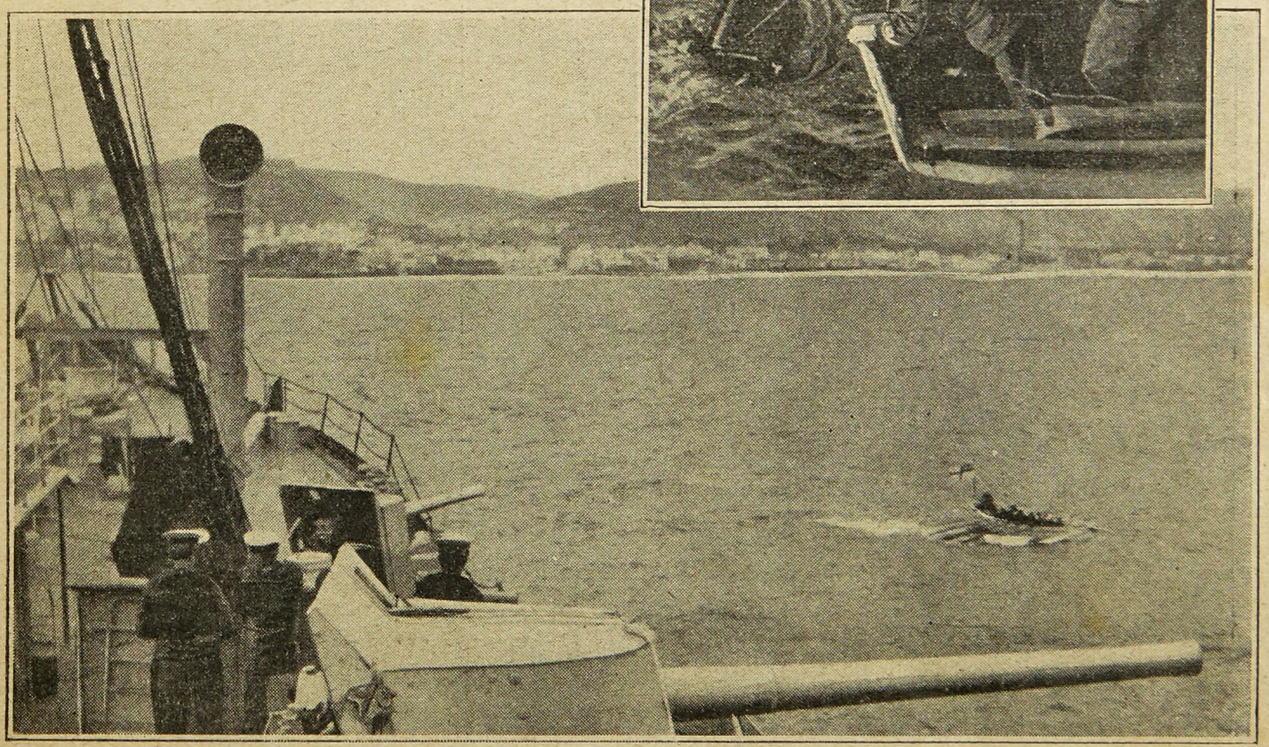
The insignificance of the feat, as compared with what was done by a far less efficient foe over a century ago, under Admiral Bruise, vindicates the text to which I have preached for years past that every maritime invention, and not least that of wireless telegraphy, adds to the stringency of sea-power and the certainty of the operations of a predominant Navy.

If only those responsible for the higher direction of the war would realise what this means, they would revise their military arrangements so as to be less like a game of football with a large proportion of the team stationed to defend the goal. War, it is true, has many concealed factors, whereas football is in open view, but this is certain that a forward policy is always to be preferred. In proportion as we can see more of the field of war than our enemy, we can run greater risks in taking men away from the sedentary defence of goalkeeping.

Daily Lessons of Duty in the Blue Water School

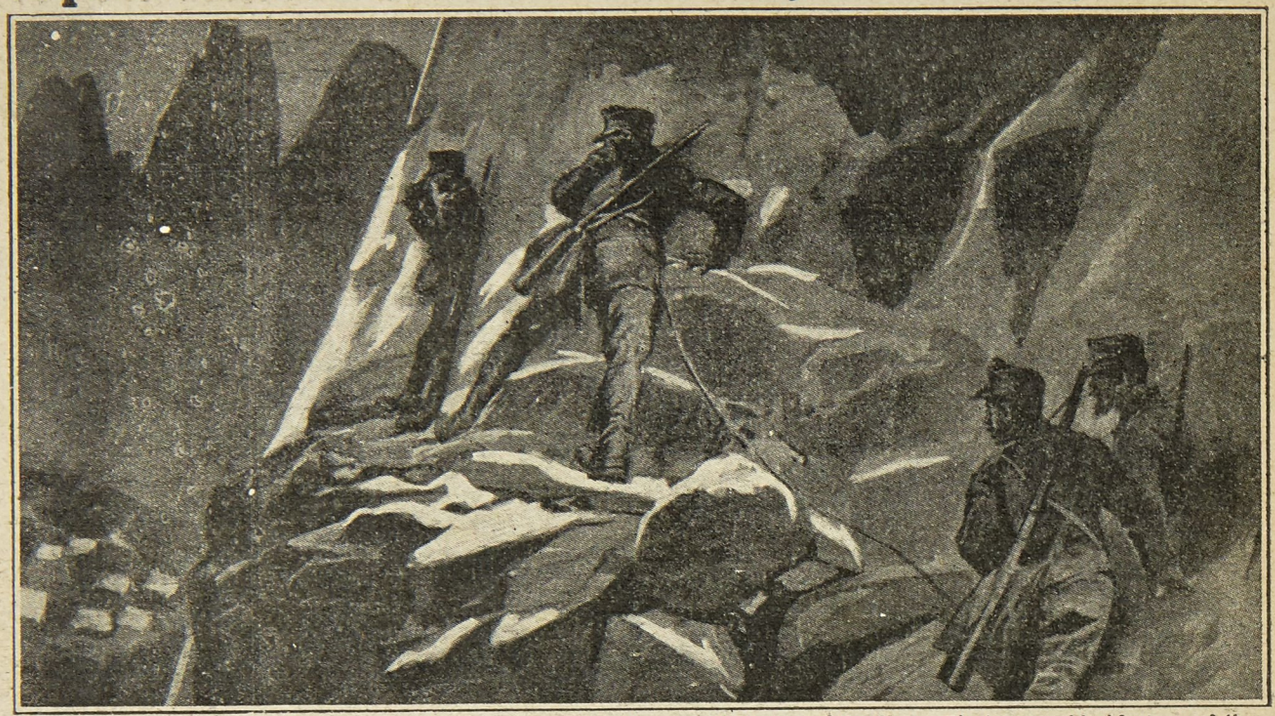


Life on a British patrol ship. Getting ship-shape again. British sailors washing down the deck after coating.



Cutter coming off from the shore with mails. Inset: Landing a dangerous "fish." Two naval officers drawing in a mine floating in the Dardanelles. Mine-sweeping is unquestionably the most hazardous of all patriotic duty.

Alpine Warfare as Pictured by an Enemy Artist



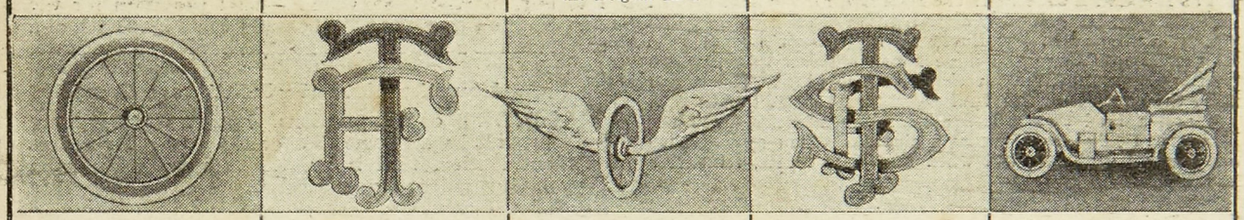
Austrian scouts spying at night on an Italian encampment in the rocky fastnesses of the Alps. The topographical features of the Alpine front provide splendid opportunities for the scouts and snipers of friend and foe. These men are usually mountain guides or chamois hunters, well versed in the narrowest foothold of the mountain sides.

Austro-Hungarian soldiers guiding transport waggons up a difficult and rocky mountain-side roadway in the Alps, where the Italians have made splendid headway on the highway to Austria. These drawings are reproduced from an enemy journal.

Regimental and Service Badges of the Belgian Army

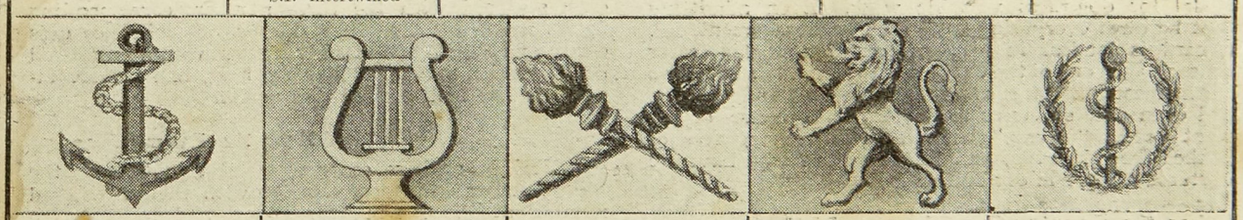
Number of Division	Number of Regiment	Artillerie à Cheval (Horse Artillery)	Canons Longs (Heavy Artillery)	Guides (Number of Regiment)	Mitrailleurs (Machine-Gunners)

Number of Division (Method of wearing)	Grenadiers A grenade	The universal Belgian button, showing the Belgian Lion	Royal Engineers A casque	Departmental Badge (Method of wearing)



Cyclists A wheel	Télégraphie Fils (Telegraphists) T.F. intertwined	Chemins de fer (Railway Company) Wheel and two wings	Télégraphie sans Fils (Wireless Telegraphy) T.S.F. intertwined	Chauffeurs A motor-car

Service Administratif S.A. intertwined	Secrétaire Intendance (Ordnance Corps) S.I. intertwined	Aviators Two wings and "A" interlaced	Balloonists A balloon	Secrétaire État-Major (Staff Secretary)



Pontonniers (Bridge-builders) An anchor	Musiciens A lyre	Projecteurs (Searchlights)	Interpreters A lion	Medical Services Doctors —on crimson Vétérinaires—on blue Chemists —on green

Obusiers (Bomb-throwers)	Ouvriers (Workmen, artisans on all services) A hammer and pincers	Gendarmerie (Army Police) A grenade	Travailleurs (Workmen for rougher work) A pick and shovel	Troupes d'étapes (Distributors of rations)

Distinguishing regimental and service badges worn by Belgian soldiers. As with most Continental armies, there are very few heraldic regimental badges, as we know them, their place usually being taken by plain numbers and letters or cyphers.

General Gordon's Prophecy

Notes on War News

Should Germany Gain Supremacy

A REMARKABLE instance of anticipation of the future has been furnished by the publication of a letter written in 1882 by General Charles George Gordon to Mr. James Purdy. In 1882 Germany had not embarked upon her naval policy and was in no sense a sea Power. She had no Colonial possessions nor, as far as was known, any wide Imperialistic ambitions. On the other hand there was considerable friction between Britain and France over the question of French Colonial expansion in Africa, friction which Bismarck was doing his utmost to increase. Here is Gordon's letter :

Every Briton should think of the future of his country and cause each one to insist on the Government passing a measure for compulsory universal military training ! So far as England is concerned, she need not, for the next quarter of a century, be under any apprehension of serious difficulties arising with any of her European neighbours, but in 1910 or thereabouts there will have arisen a naval Power which may prove mightier than she, and should she (Germany) gain the supremacy, England will become extinct both as a sea and a land Power, and all her dependencies, including India, will fall into Germany's clutches. You may live to see this. I shall not, but when that time comes, remember my words.

The Poisonous Professor

ONE of the most peculiar situations arising out of the world-war is the fact that, to no small extent, Great Britain is responsible for the phenomenal conceit of Germany. For many years we have been in the habit of lauding German achievements to the skies with as much spontaneous grace as we tipped the assiduous spy-waiter and barber. Instead, however, of creating a friendly feeling by this generous characteristic, we have only laid the foundation for the Doctrine of Envy and Hate. This fact is strikingly proved by the attitude of Dr. P. Lenard, Professor of Physical Science at Heidelberg University. This Teuton scientist, neglected by his own country, was received with open arms by the British Royal Society, and awarded the Rumford Medal for doubtless valuable work. Even admitting that he owes everything to British encouragement, Dr. Lenard is loudest in his condemnation of his foster country. In one of the German war pamphlets he insists on the most conspicuous humiliation of England possible, and even goes so far as to desecrate the names of our great dead. "Away," he says, "with the graves of Shakespeare, Newton, and Faraday." Truly, have we nurtured a viper in our breasts !

Dukes the Country Can Dispense With

MR. SWIFT MACNEILL had the sympathetic support of a good many people when he asked the Prime Minister whether something could not and, if so, should not be done to remove the Dukes of Cumberland and Albany from the roll of hereditary members of the House of Lords. They have been deprived already of their rank as Knights of the Garter. The Duke of Cumberland (and Earl of Armagh !) is the old irreconcilable who clings to his title of King of Hanover, and his connection with England is more or less remote. The Duke of Albany is on rather a different footing, being not only grandson of Queen Victoria, but closely connected by marriage with Queen Mary. It is an indecency that this young man should actually be in arms against the King of England and yet hold rights of inheritance in this country.

Single Men First

THE assertion has been made from quarters (probably not disinterested) that the obligation of married men to join the Army is greater than that of single men, because the former have more to defend. This is a plausible argument, but will not for a moment stand the light of criticism. The whole question really revolves round two primary considerations—the first military, the second economic. Take the military aspect first. There is not the slightest doubt that single men, being younger and stronger on the whole, will make better soldiers, while they will be more ready to undertake the risks of battle than those with wives and children. The economic consideration is equally convincing. The death of a married man in the fighting-line burdens the State with financial provision for the dependents that he has left behind ; while the death of a single man as a rule involves no such burden on the State.

How the Lists of "Killed" are Compiled

SOLDIERS of all nations, except Turkey, are provided with some disc or label, or other means of identification, that is practically inseparable from their body, and one of the courtesies of war that has not fallen quite into abeyance requires belligerents to remove these before burial from any of the enemy whose bodies are left on their hands and send them to the enemy authorities. The British soldier has a card stitched to his tunic and inscribed with his name, regiment, and other particulars, and his clothing is stamped with the number which stands against his name in the regimental records as well as at the county depot of his battalion. And at the beginning of active service he is supplied with an aluminium disc, the size of a florin, on which is punched in raised letters his name, regiment, official number, and religion. This is worn by a cord round the neck, and may not be removed except after death. The Japanese method is as elaborate, for every soldier wears three discs, one found his neck, one on his belt, and one in his boot, each stamped with the three numbers corresponding to his name, his corps, and his brigade. France uses cards, and Russia supplies her soldiers with a numbered badge, which is shaped like an ikon, and almost invariably has been blessed by a priest.

How the Enemy Manage

GERMAN soldiers carry a metal disc bearing the number which corresponds with their registered number at the Berlin War Office, and in reporting the "killed" after an engagement, only these numbers are sent in, the further particulars being furnished in Berlin. Great saving of time results from this method. The Austrian soldiers wear an ornamental gun-metal badge, fashioned like a locket, inside which are little leaves of parchment containing detailed information of the wearer's identity. Turkey, alone of all the nations now at war, furnishes her men with no means of identification. One Turkish Pasha, who was asked why this was so, replied with brutal callousness : "A dead man is no use to the Sultan, so why trouble about him ?" The assurance every Mohammedan feels that death in battle will secure him instant admission into a houri-crowded paradise may be very comforting to himself, in the moment of death, but one cannot help thinking that his family would be glad to know where and when he fell.

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand ; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa ; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

The War Illustrated, February 5th, 1916.

Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

The Man We are Fighting: Study of Falkenhayn

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly

Vol. 3 The Blockade at Work: British officer boards a neutral ship to examine the captain's papers **No. 77**

Concerning the Kaiser and "Swank"

ROYAL speeches and proclamations have a language and style of their own, and so perhaps one ought not to criticise the German Emperor's public pronouncements very severely. If the All-Highest may not indulge in high-falutin', who may? And, anyhow, only death will stop him. Nevertheless, he will be remembered as the most grandiloquent megalomaniac who ever opened his mouth outside a lunatic asylum; even his closest friends and warmest admirers must find it difficult to reconcile some of his speeches with sanity.

HIS birthday utterance is comparatively free from bombast. It requests his people to confine their celebrations of the day to loyal prayers, or, if their friendly sentiments are too exuberant to be so confined, to making charitable gifts to heal the scars of war. It is notable for its chastened moderation of language. "May the Lord God be further with us and our arms" is now the tone. Once it was "our dear old God and I," with a blasphemous familiarity that provoked from an American artist one of the most scathing cartoons that the world has ever seen—a representation of Satan remonstrating with the Kaiser, and saying "Quit calling me God: I detest the word." The mood has altered too. Once it was the indicative mood, confidently asserting "the Lord is with us"; now it is the subjunctive, humbly praying "may the Lord be with us." Some of his Imperial Majesty's cocksureness seems to have wasted away.

THIS birthday proclamation, then, is well enough. Coming from the Kaiser it is singularly unobjectionable in its phrasing, and it is quite justified by the occasion. Due observance of anniversaries, by the exchange of good wishes between friends, or the delivery of messages from kings to their people, is of very real importance. The amenities, as a clever essayist once pointed out, are one of "the three great ties" that bind civilised communities together. And its publication forms a convenient peg on which to hang a little article wherein it shall be suggested that it is not so much what his Imperial Majesty says that is significant for us as the fact that he says such a lot and says it all so loudly.

PROVERBS are the concentrated essence of wisdom extracted from experience, and the proverbs of all nations agree that noise is the manifestation of shallowness and weakness, while silence is indicative of depth and strength. Very early in his history man observed that Nature conducts her operations of genesis and growth in silence, and that it is only when she lets her forces loose for destruction that her voice is heard in the avalanche or storm. Only the untutored mind is terrified by noise; a child will cry at the roar of thunder and only blink at the lightning flash. The thinking mind perceives that silence is formidable; only the future will reveal with what it was pregnant.

HUMAN history corroborates the teaching of natural history, and we have discovered that the men who do things are the silent men; and observation of them, coupled with knowledge of what they have done, makes one very suspicious of garrulity. In the irresponsible chatter of youth, due to sheer animal spirits when life is running hot in the veins, maturity always finds pleasure and amused and sympathetic interest. It is "swank" that men of mature age loathe and despise, the former because it is such shocking bad form, the latter because it is impotent. And it is "swank" precisely which distinguishes the Kaiser from all living men. With our strong British sense of justice we make every allowance for his position as the head of a great empire, with his native vanity pandered and ministered to by courtiers, and perhaps played up to by diplomatists. Yet even then we compare him with other heads of great empires, the Russian and the British—the German, too, for he is the third, not the first, German Emperor—and the comparison is much to his disadvantage. The Kaiser is not ridiculous, but that is only because he has an organised empire behind him. The Crown Prince is not ridiculous, but that is only because he is degenerate and depraved. The father perhaps is mad. The son certainly is bad. Both are wind-bags, bladders charged with poisonous gas, and the world will be a sweeter place when both have been pricked and put empty away.

GARRULITY is a measure of shallowness, and the Kaiser's chronic indulgence in rodomontade is therefore evidence that a great man he never has been. But further it is worth while to remark that he has represented truly a large section of his people. His lyrical outbursts and rhetorical extravagances have been closely paralleled by many of his subjects. His "mailed fist" oration, which amused the whole world, is merely a varied expression of the spirit that made possible the Hymn of Hate, which delighted every British soldier who heard it sung in Flanders. What can one say of an Emperor and people who, as a result of their most passionate feeling, added "mailyphist" and "morning hate" to the vocabulary of the Anglo-Saxon races?

THE louder people of that sort scream, the easier in our mind we may be, and the freer to get on with our present business of knocking the bottom out of their empire. Our wisest men told us at the outset not to underestimate the difficulty of the job or the time it would take to complete, and having said that they have said amazingly little since, which is exactly how we would have it be. The absolute silence of the British Navy is the measure of its irresistible force. The man in the street cannot remember when Sir John Jellicoe last uttered a word, but there isn't a German ship freely afloat, except perhaps the Goeben. Lord Kitchener is not what might be called communicative, but the British Army numbers about five million men, and "contemptible" is not the epithet which Germans who have met it apply to it. The taxpayer's voice is not loud in the land, but he is stumping up an unimaginable number of millions of pounds, and the sovereign is worth nineteen and eightpence on exchange.

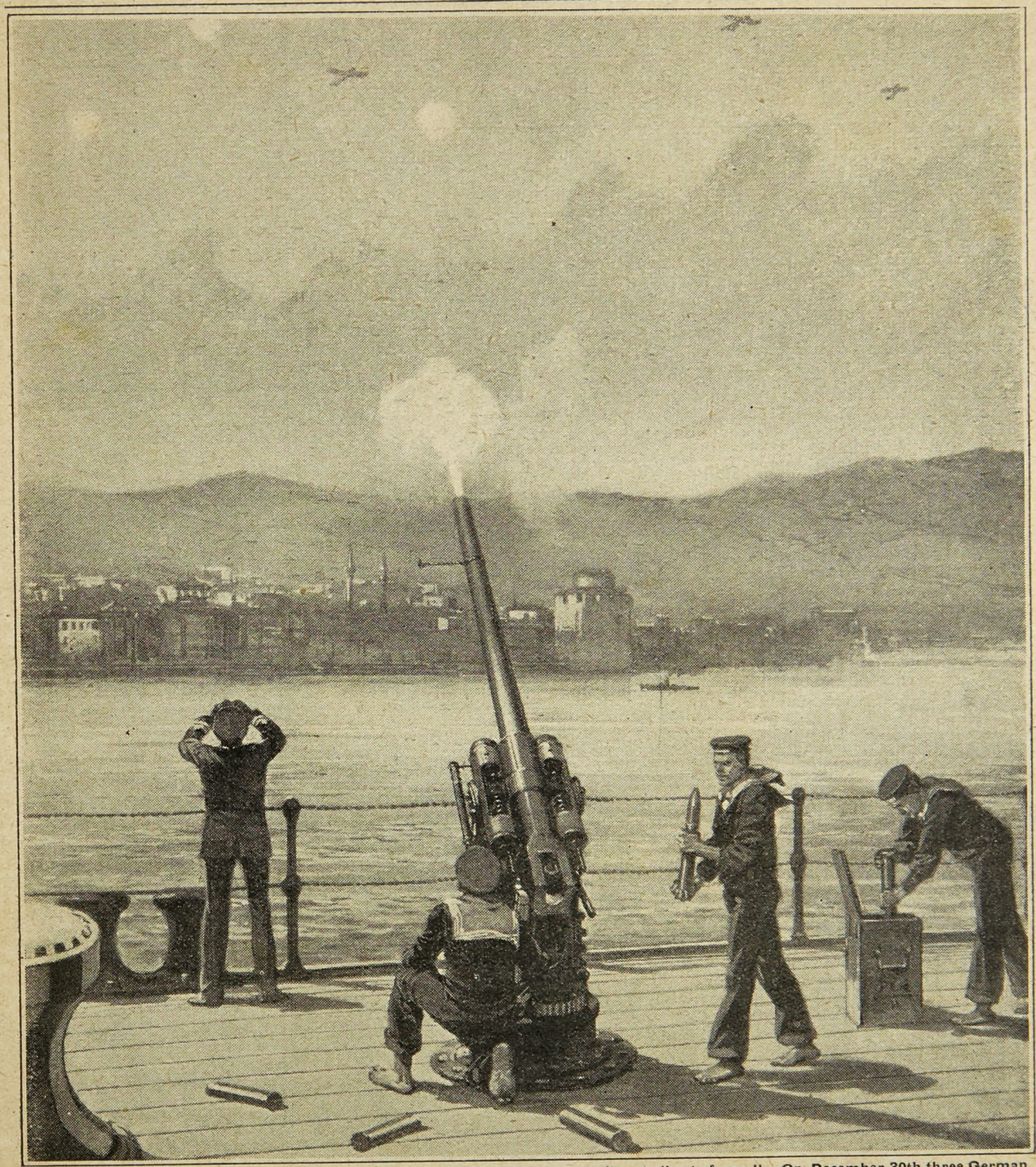
ALL of which things may well give the reflective German food for thought; seem to be doing so, indeed, for the Kaiser's proclamation anent his birthday is in a minor key, very different from the sharp major in which he used to pitch his characteristic scarlet blare of trumpets. In sober earnest the comparatively trivial matter has a great significance. For there are two sorts of silence. One is the silence that surrounds tremendous force at fullest pressure, the "sleep" of the spinning-top, if you like, or—more apt to the case—the noiseless gliding of a great river to the sea, a river too broad and deep for the power of man to dam; it is in that silence that the British Navy has done its work, and that the Allied Powers are doing theirs, and there is something terrible about it. The other silence is the one that reigns in the moon, a dead place, and in this world over regions where forgotten dynasties once held sway. It is towards that silence that the Kaiser is turning haggard eyes now, and the sure foreknowledge that he has brought his empire to that silent doom has stayed his arrogant tongue and frozen his soul within him.

C. M.

5th February, 1916. No 77. Vol. 3.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON



WHY THE CONSULS WERE ARRESTED.—The Greek and Germanophil Press made much of the arrest of the enemy Consuls at Salonika, and talked wildly of breach of neutrality and violation of international law, ignoring the fact that it was a just retaliation for a deliberate "act of war." On December 30th three German aeroplanes flew over Salonika and dropped thirty bombs, which caused a few Greek casualties. British anti-aircraft guns on board warships succeeded in bringing down one of these "highfliers."

THE MAN WE ARE FIGHTING

Concerning the Romantic Career of General von Falkenhayn, the Hope of the Central Empires

Contemporary with the Great War as we are, it is almost impossible to pick out the leaders of genius in these gigantic days. Frequently the thought occurs: Where is the Napoleon, the Cæsar, the Hannibal of 1915? *Only will the light of history reveal the men who really mattered in the greatest of racial feuds. The enemy, however, possesses one man whose career is as romantic as it has been so far triumphant. That man is General von Falkenhayn, on whom now rests the fate of the Central Empires and all the territories occupied by the Teuton peoples. Originally the son of a poor Austrian nobleman, Falkenhayn now towers far above Mackensen, Hindenburg, the Crown Prince, and even Wilhelm himself. In the following article Mr. Edward Wright, who is known to our readers as the brilliant author of the "Great Episodes of the War," gives an interesting study of this General's amazing personality.*

THOUGH the Germans do not think much of the fighting qualities of the Austrians, they have had to go to Austria for a leader; for since the German Emperor and his first Chief of Staff, Helmuth von Moltke, failed to break through to Paris in September, 1914, the direction of all the campaigns has been undertaken by Erich von Falkenhayn. He is by race a Bohemian Austrian, about fifty-three years old, and he owes his position largely to his southerner qualities. There is nothing of the stoic pose of the Prussian about him; a tall, handsome, and still youngish-looking figure, with bright eyes and mobile face, he has all the charm of temperament of the Viennese type.

Personality the Secret of Success

And it is by his personal charm that this son of a poor emigrant Austrian nobleman has made his way in life. His people left Austria about the same time as the Moltkes left Denmark, and after being educated in a cadet corps, Falkenhayn served as subaltern in 1880 with an infantry regiment at Oldenburg. Seven years later he entered the Academy of War in Berlin, which he left in 1890 with such distinction that he was given a position on the General Staff. There was no doubt that he was a man with a brilliant mind; but, like thousands of young German captains of merit, he would have risen very slowly in his profession had it not been for his great personal charm.

The First Rungs

After sixteen years of work and study he was only a commander of a company of infantry at Thorn when his fine drawing-room manner enabled him to climb out of the rut. At that time the great man in Germany was Count von Waldersee, the favourite of the elder Moltke, and his successor as commander of the forces. Waldersee was the principal intriguer against Bismarck, and it was mainly due to his influence that the young German Emperor threw over the old Minister, and began to prepare for a struggle with Britain. Falkenhayn made himself useful to Waldersee, and by way of reward the young captain was sent to China to help in the reorganisation of the Celestial Army. His handsome face and graceful ways helped him wonderfully at the Court of Peking. The Dowager-Empress liked his company, the Manchu Princesses made tea for him with their Royal hands, and the Order of the Double Dragon was conferred upon him.

General von Falkenhayn, the man of Destiny in the Central Empires, the leader who has the supreme charge of the Gemanic Armies, east, west, and south.

The Courtier-Soldier in the Orient

For two years Falkenhayn remained at Peking helping to instruct the army which Yuan Shi Kai was afterwards to use with such surprising effect. It is said that Falkenhayn's fame in China spread to Japan, and that he was asked to come to Tokio and work for the Japanese Staff. The tale, however, seems unlikely. Falkenhayn went to Berlin for a brief period of work on the General Staff, and then returned with the rank of major to China, where, after working at Kiao-Chau, he joined his old patron Waldersee when the German Expeditionary Force arrived during the Boxer troubles.

The death of Waldersee in 1904 interrupted his progress.

In 1905 Falkenhayn was a lieutenant-colonel, and six years afterwards he was given command of the 4th Regiment of Guards. All this time he was working on General Staff problems, and in the ordinary way he would have become one of those solid, well-experienced officers to whose obscure yet magnificent labours the efficiency of the German war-machine is due. But in 1912 he rose with an extraordinary rapidity that amazed the German public.

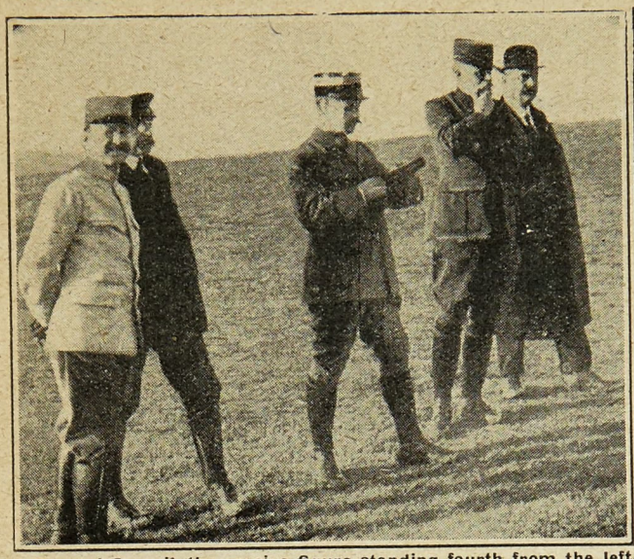
The Zenith of Fame

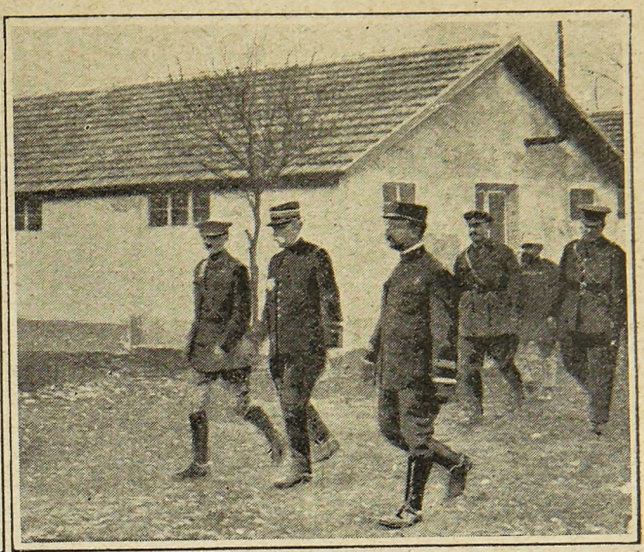
At the beginning of the year he was appointed Chief of Staff of the Fourth Army Corps; in April of the same year he was made Major-General; and in the summer of 1913 he became Minister of War. He eclipsed all records. Never had Germany had so young a Minister of War. Then, on December 1st, 1914, while still retaining his post as Minister of War, he became Chief of the General Staff. Even Roon and the elder Moltke had to split up the work of forming the armies and directing the operations; but Falkenhayn alone did everything.

The explanation of his surprising rise resides in his

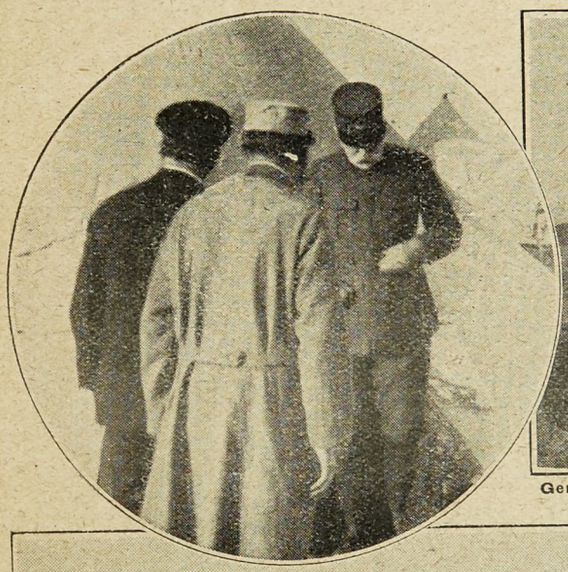
[*Continued on page* 580.

With General Sarrail on the Levantine Front

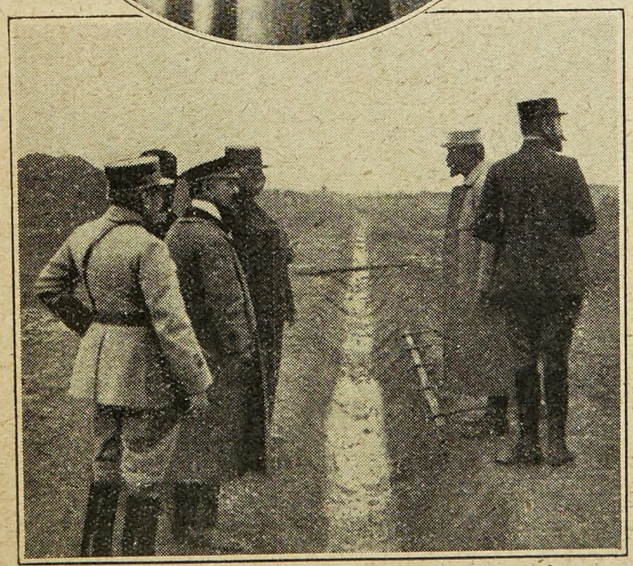




General Sarrail, the pensive figure standing fourth from the left. By reason of his excellent work on the western front he was promoted to supreme command over the allied armies in the Balkans. On the right: General Sarrail is seen with General Sir Bryan Mahon, the British Commander.



General Sarrail moving to another part of the field. On the left: Receiving members of the Parliamentary Mission at Zeitlenlick Camp.



Personally conducting the Mission over the allied positions.

The Mission inspecting camp bakeries with General Sarrail.

THE MAN WE ARE FIGHTING

(Continued from page 578.)

relations with the Crown Prince. Owing to his Chinese reputation, he had been charged with the military instruction of the heir to the throne; and while carrying out this task in an admirable manner, he succeeded in making his pupil his friend and admirer. Falkenhayn, besides being a charmer, was very great on strategy; and though all Germans then reckoned that General von Haeseler was their supreme military genius, yet Falkenhayn managed to win a high, sound position for himself by his talent for diplomacy. In the quarrels between the Crown Prince and the Kaiser, Falkenhayn, by acting as intermediary, gained the confidence of both parties. As is known, there were Haeseler and the war-makers behind the Crown Prince, and Ballin and other German industrial magnates behind the Kaiser. Falkenhayn pleased the war-party by the overbearing manner with which he put down in the Reichstag the agitation over the Zabern affair; and at heart, of course, he was as eager for war as any man on the German General Staff.

Falkenhayn Busy on All Fronts

Yet he succeeded in retaining the confidence of the Kaiser, and when the Emperor was won over and made to strike before he wanted to, Falkenhayn became his factotum. Instead of remaining at Berlin and watching personally over the administration of the Army, Falkenhayn travelled from front to front in the Kaiser's company. The administrative machine was so well constructed that it worked automatically, leaving Falkenhayn ample leisure to study the mistakes of his rivals.

And their mistakes were tremendous. Haeseler, who was supposed to be the greater Napoleon, failed in his great stroke at Rethel on September 2nd, 1914, and went to pieces in the Argonne Forest. At his command was the most powerful of all the German armies, consisting of six corps under the nominal leadership of the Crown Prince. The Kaiser in person, with Heeringen and Rupert of Bavaria to help him, made a bad failure at Nancy; and Helmuth von Moltke came near to smashing up the whole German campaign in the Battle of the Marne.

The Man Who Criticised Wilhelm

Falkenhayn, as Minister of War, with no responsibility for any operations, was able to criticise, and according to German rumour he showed himself, during the break-up of the original scheme of attack, a man of great moral courage; for it is said that he turned on the German Emperor, and gave him some very candid advice about not interfering in the technical business of the battlefield. Falkenhayn regarded the French field, in October, 1914, as a lost campaign. He had no desire to hack a path to Calais; and when the Calais coup failed, Falkenhayn was made, by one of the most surprising turns of destiny, the practical master of Germany and Austria-Hungary. He had completely subdued the Kaiser, and the Crown Prince regarded him as the only possible saviour of Germany.

Hindenburg alone stood in the way, and though Falkenhayn desired to see his brilliant friend, Mackensen, in supreme command on the eastern front, he had to put up with continual interference from the old Field-Marshal, who had become, by reason of his victory at Tannenberg, the idol of the public. It was not until Hindenburg failed before Warsaw, and allowed the Russian Army to stride the Carpathians and menace the wheatfields of Hungary, that Falkenhayn got a free hand. What he then did, with Mackensen as his spearhead, is a matter of history.

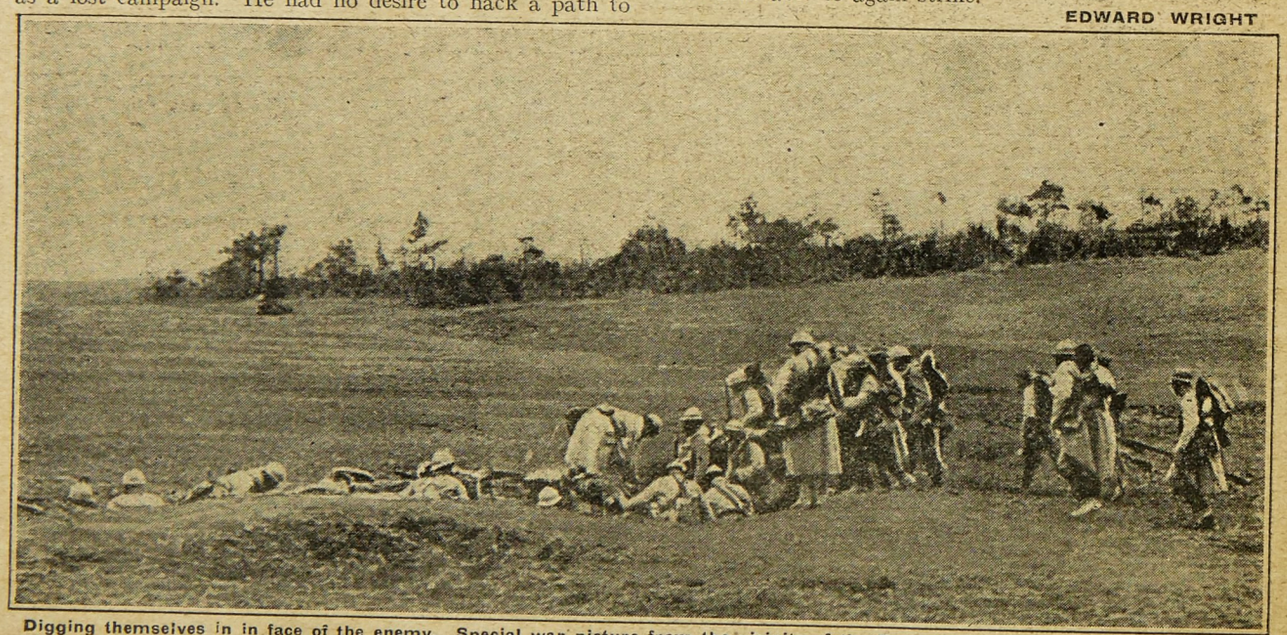
Could Have Taken Calais

It was Falkenhayn who organised the new munition factories in Germany and Austria, more than half a year before the Powers of the Triple Entente saw clearly that shells and guns would win the struggle. As early as the winter of 1914 the Germans were using fifteen shells to Russia's one. But Falkenhayn artfully restricted the number of rounds per gun on the western front, so as not to alarm the French and British commanders. When, at the end of April, Falkenhayn was ready with two thousand new pieces of heavy artillery, and a shell output of a quarter of a million a day, he could have won Calais with at least as much ease as he won Warsaw.

Falkenhayn's Bid for a New Empire

It was his personal predilections that largely determined his point of attack; and it was as an Austrian by race that he struck at Russia. His scheme was as grandiose as anything that Napoleon ever attempted. He estimated that in fifty years' time Russia would have three hundred million inhabitants, and Germany only a hundred million. With a view to preventing the Teutonic Empire from being crushed in the next war, Falkenhayn designed to create a new European Power of the first magnitude. It was to consist of Poland, Lithuania, Courland, and Southern Russia, with Odessa as its Black Sea port and Riga as its Baltic outlet. This new State was to be called "The Eastern Slav Confederation," and Falkenhayn, with the blood of the Bohemian Slavs in his veins, was to be its virtual founder. He won over the Kaiser to his way of thinking, but while he was still trying to overcome the dislike of the Austrian Court to losing their Polish territories, Russia created a new army and resumed the offensive six months before Falkenhayn thought she would be able to again strike.

EDWARD WRIGHT

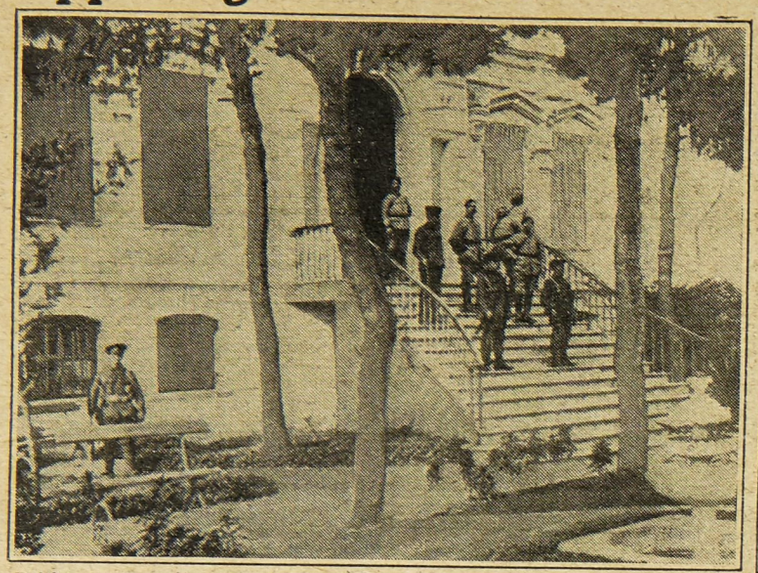


Digging themselves in in face of the enemy. Special war picture from the vicinity of the Butte de Souain, where sixty thousand Germans recently attacked the French positions and were repulsed with terrible losses.

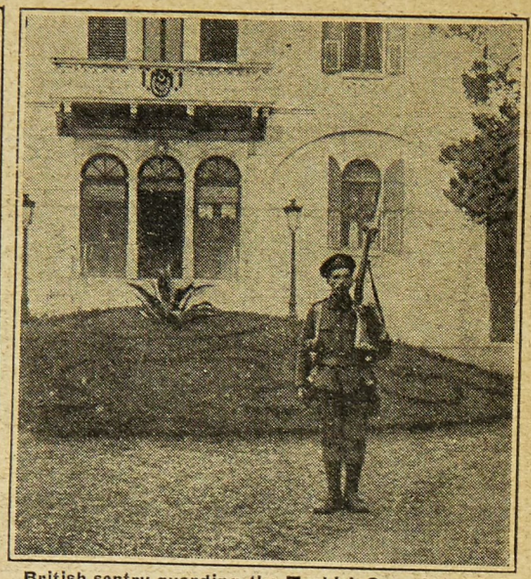
Desert Charge of the Dorsets at Kut-el-Amara

When Kut-el-Amara was captured by General Townshend's force on September 28th, 1915, the glorious task of storming the redoubts on the extreme left of the Turkish position was allotted to the 2nd Dorset Regiment. About fifty yards from the Turkish trenches they came against some unbroken barbed-wire. But, undaunted by the obstacle and in face of a withering fire, the brave men of Dorset carried the Turkish position at the point of the bayonet. After this hard-won victory the Indo-British force continued its march towards Bagdad, but suffering a reverse at Ctesiphon, on November 30th, retired to Kut.

Opposing Movements on the Balkan Field of War



British guard outside the picturesque and imposing Austrian Consulate, Salonika, after the enemy's representative had been arrested.

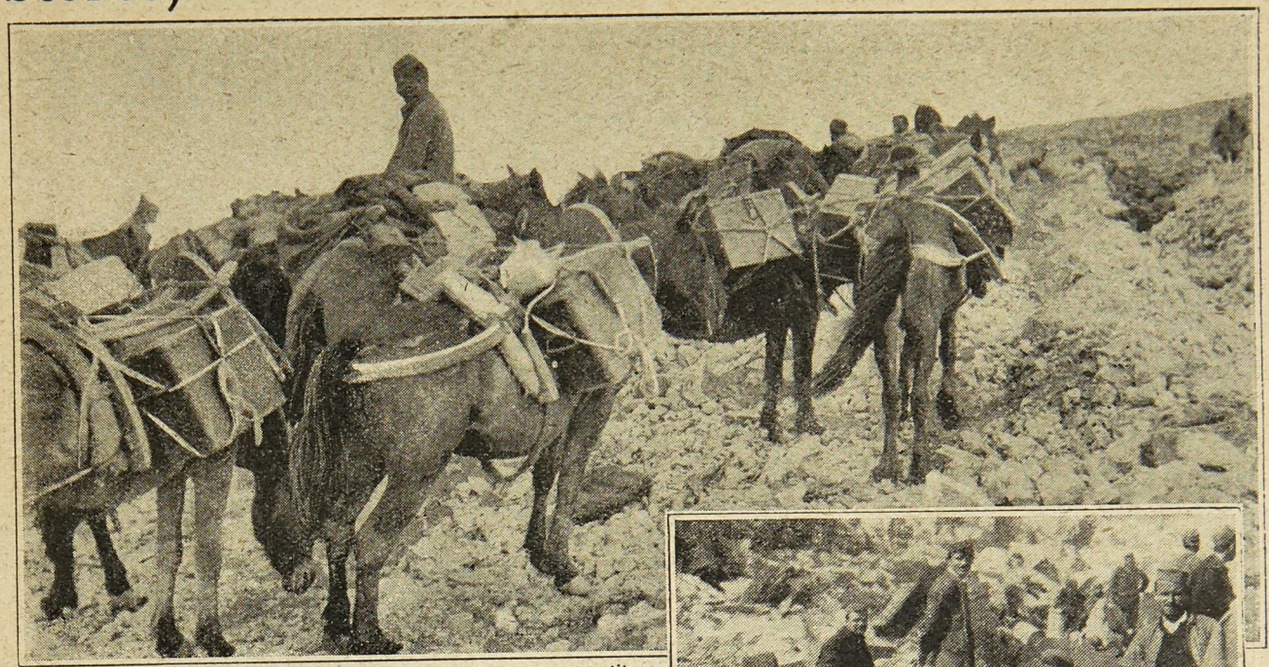


British sentry guarding the Turkish Consulate, the arms of which are seen displayed on the balcony.

British patrol marching through the streets of Salonika. Inset: The British Guardhouse at Headquarters, with some typical Scots and a French despatch-rider.

This striking impression gives some idea of the vastness of a modern European army. As far as eye can see along the river bank Austro-German forces are drawn up preparatory to a massed attack. On the left innumerable transport waggons and ammunition carts wait to proceed across one or other of the hastily-erected pontoon bridges.

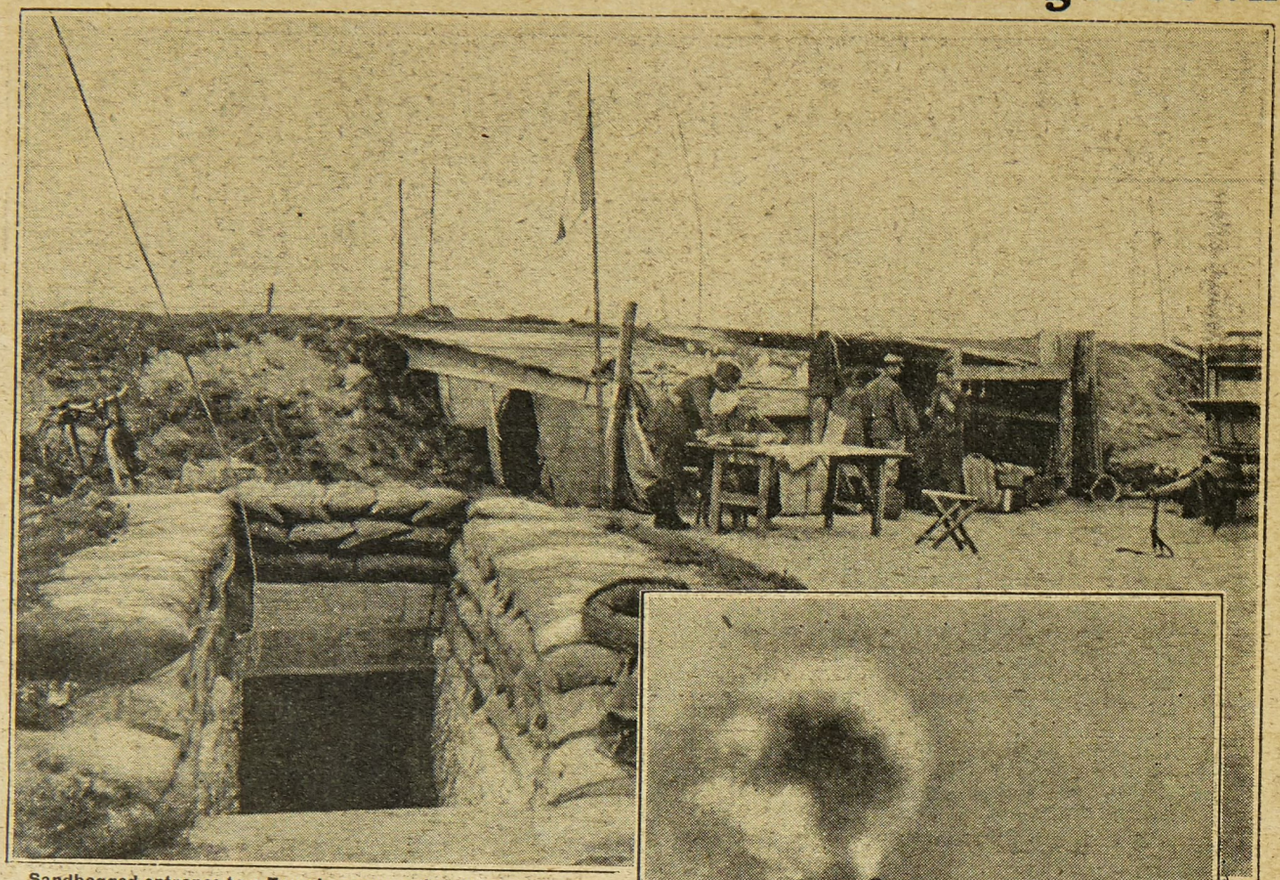
Stores, Shells and Shattered Men near Scutari



Wheeled transport being obviously impossible over country like this, the Montenegrins had to transport their stores and munitions by pack-horses.

Bringing a wounded warrior down the slope of the mountains, for whose freedom he has fallen. Inset: Montenegrins filling shells on the shore of Lake Scutari. It seems incredible that men of the type shown in these two photographs could ever surrender.

Hark! Guns do Bark! The Huns are Coming to Town



Sandbagged entrance to a French commanding officer's underground headquarters in the firing-line, with timber-roofed shelters for orderlies and men in the rear.

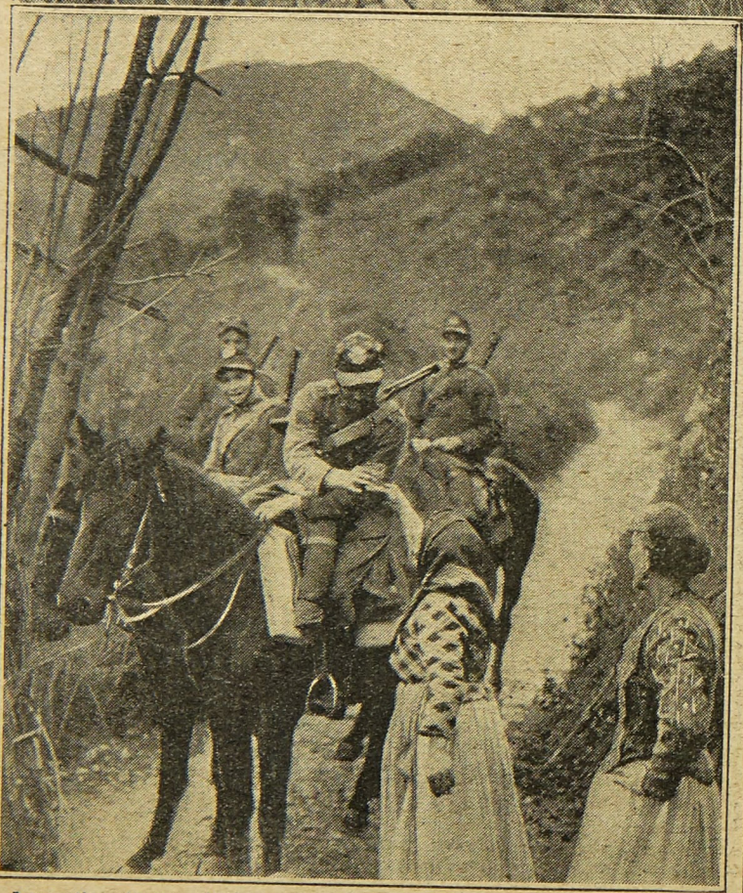
One of the famous "75's" in action in a street in a French town. Above: A heavy gun at the moment of discharge, with the shell still actually visible in its flight.

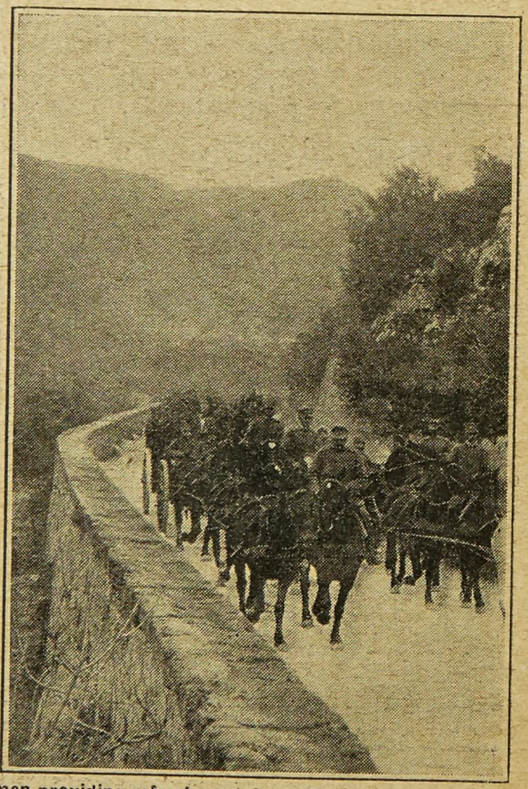
The Fearsome Evolution of the Battering-Ram

If the enemy is favoured with a strong breeze, asphyxiating gas frequently penetrates as far beyond the second line of trenches as the heavy artillery positions. Therefore the gunners take the precaution of wearing masks and respirators. This photograph shows two French soldiers loading a colossal howitzer, the size of which may be judged by comparison of the shell with the men's figures. It is no secret that France has an unlimited supply of these modern battering-rams for use at the right moment.

Where the Trusty War Steed is Indispensable

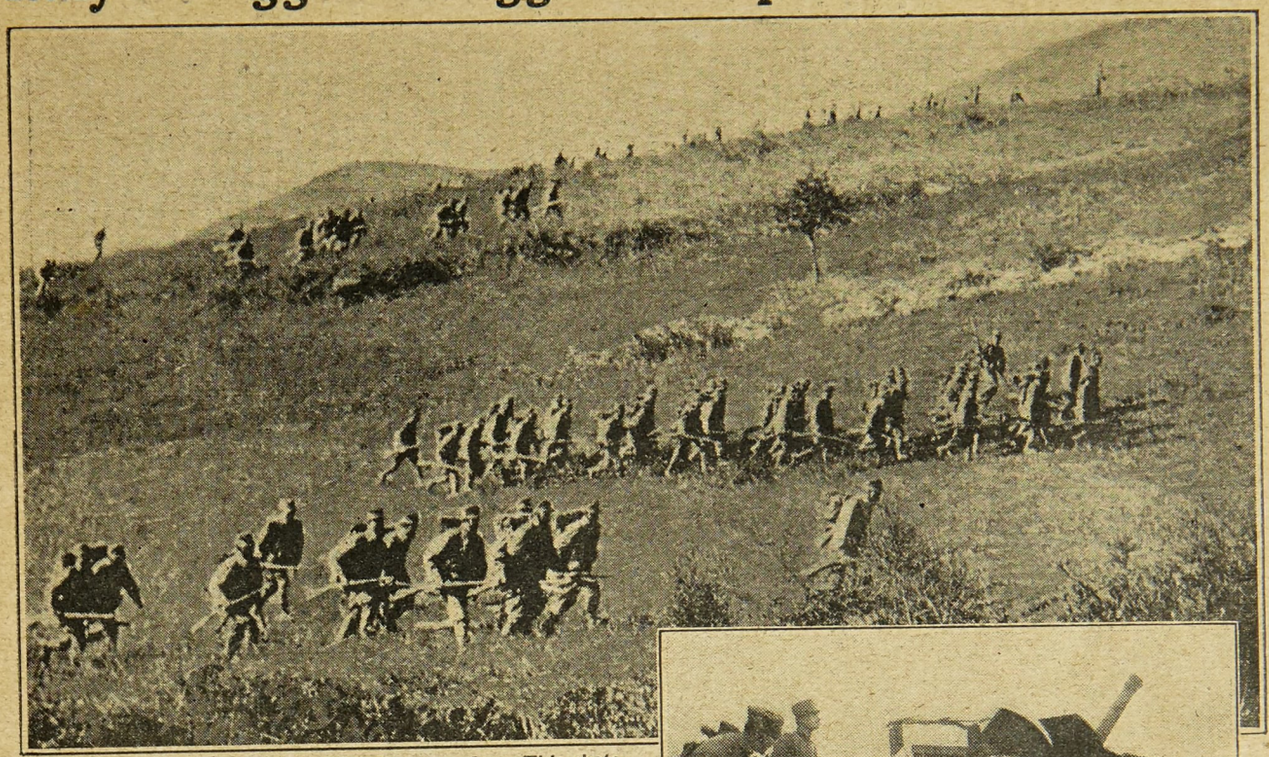
Italian patrol scouting a mountain side. The chargers, with ears set back, evidently scented danger.



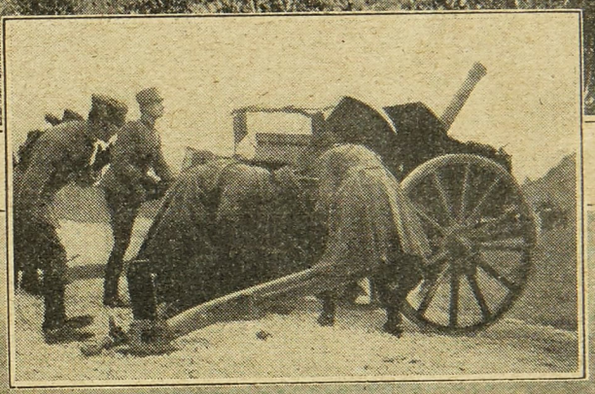


A war-time idyll amid imposing mountain scenery. Picturesque peasant women providing refreshment for Italian scouts. Right: Italian gun team rounding a pass in the Alps. Here, to the observer, warfare appears to retain much of its historic pageantry.

Italy's Dogged Struggle on Alpine Plateau & Peak



Italian infantry advancing at the double under fire. This photograph was taken at a point exposed to Austrian shell fire, and the Italians were about to man some fresh trenches.

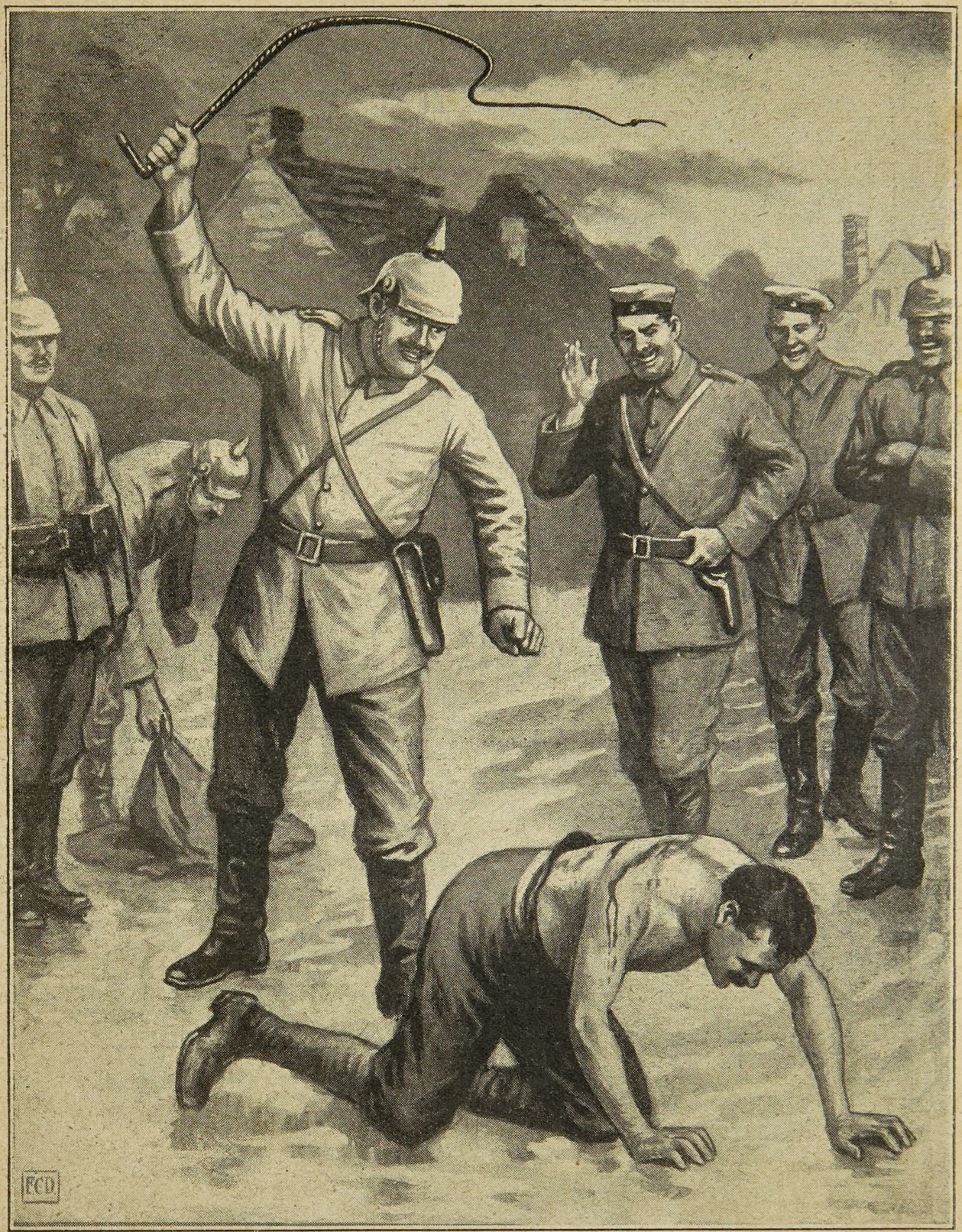


In monk-like garb on a dizzy point. An Italian sentry watching for enemy aeroplanes at a lonely outpost station on a mountain-top. Inset: Anti-aircraft gun about to go into action on the Italian front.

The Dauntless Courage of a Highland Laddie

There are many precious incidents of unique courage, of a gay contempt of death, which call forth even greater admiration than the Homeric prowess of a soldier who, by chance of circumstances, may account for six of the enemy, and win the V.C. The action of General Marchand, who led his handsome Colonial troops to the charge cane in hand, or of Piper Laidlaw at Loos, are two such episodes. The illustration on this page is a third, and was only rescued from oblivion by a correspondent's brief mention. In the ranks of the Gordons a braw Scot was seen to advance at a walk to the German trenches under a veritable hurricane of shells, playing a mouth-organ. Could any human action be more inspiring. And this is only one of many which occur.

Brutal Cowardice of a Baffled Hun Officer



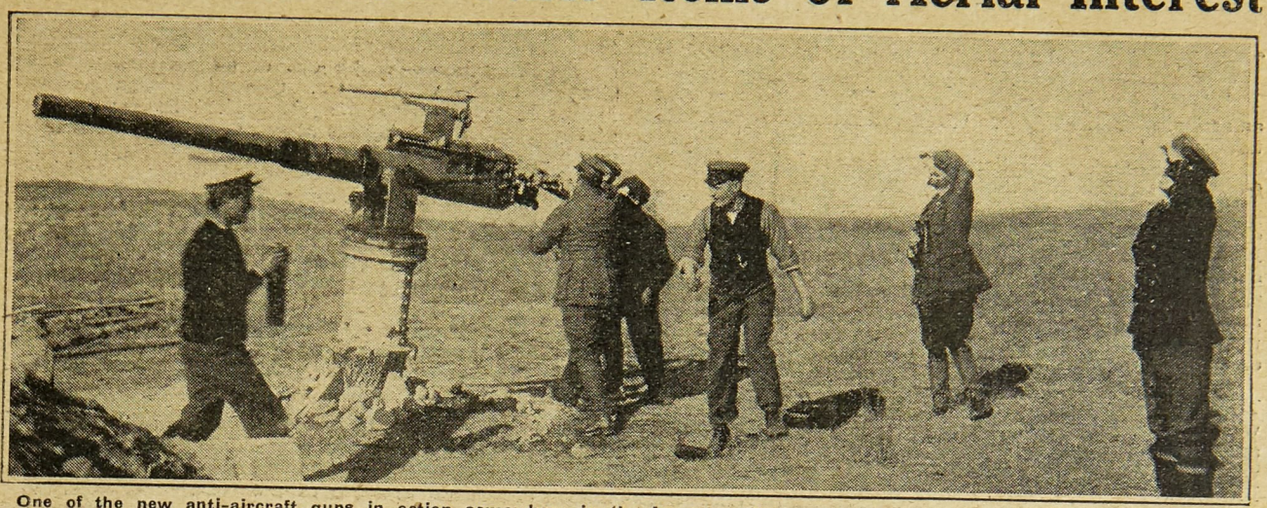
After the picture on the opposite page it is interesting, by way of contrast, to contemplate the other extreme in human character. The incident illustrated took place in the early days of the war, and has only just been related by Private Joseph Graves on his return from a German prison camp, as being unfit for further service. On August 23rd, 1914, Private Graves' motor-cycle was struck by a German shell in the neighbourhood of Bruges. Badly injured, he was captured by some German officers, who demanded information as to the British movements. This was steadfastly refused, whereupon one of the company applied a lash to the wounded man's back. Finally a second officer interposed, and Private Graves was conveyed to Hameln camp in Germany.

Sweeping Every Ocean of Mine and Contraband

In addition to the North Sea, the great Naval Blockade embraces the Persian Gulf and Mediterranean, where every suspicious craft is overhauled and searched for contraband destined for enemy service. This photograph shows a British naval officer about to examine the papers of a dhow which has run down under the ironclad's counter.

Marines on board a mine-sweeper firing at infernal machines. This work goes on day by day, although one seldom hears of the men who face lurking death with such steadfast courage in order that British naval and mercantile traditions may remain foremost.

The Fokker and Other Items of Aerial Interest

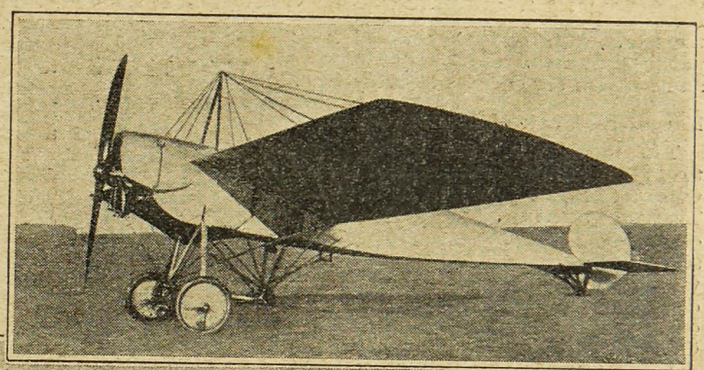


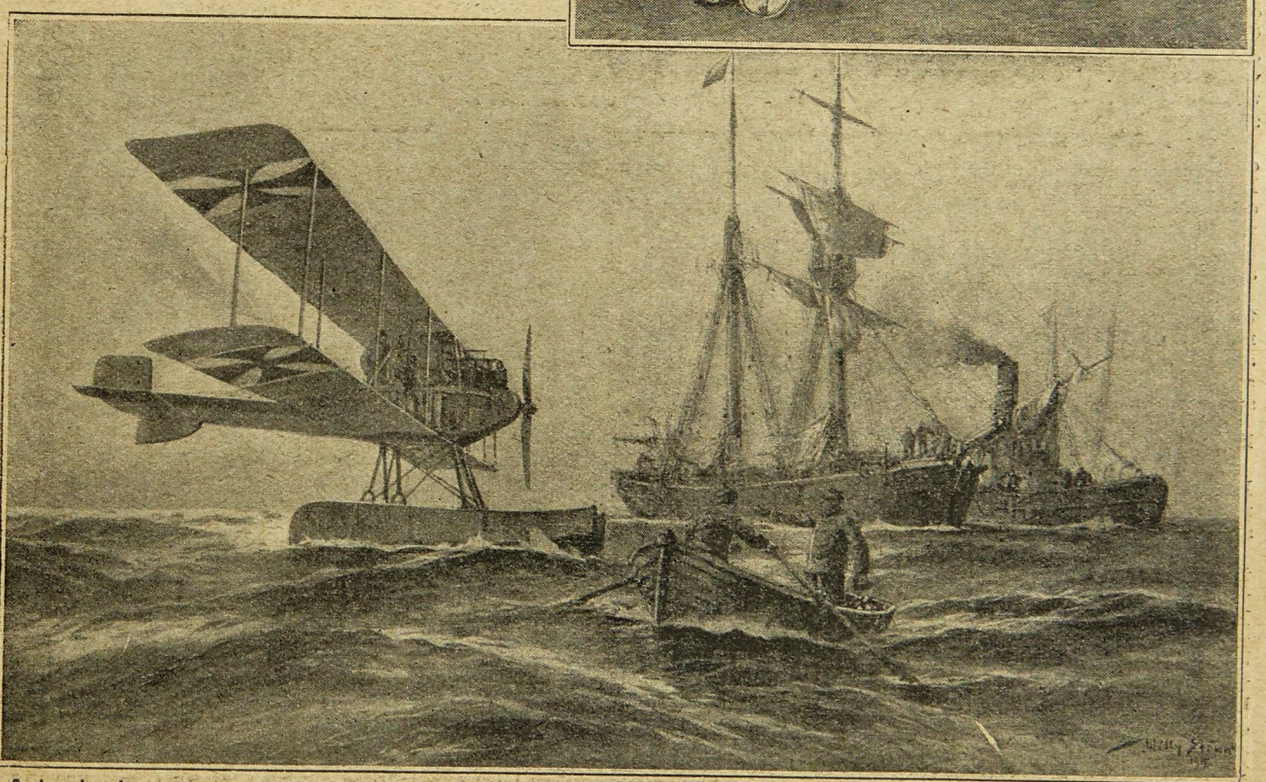
One of the new anti-aircraft guns in action somewhere in the Levant. Commander Samson, the intrepid airman on whose head the Germans are supposed to have put a price, is seen the last figure but one on the extreme right.

AFTER eighteen months of warfare, the European campaign seems definitely to have settled down into a drawn game. Neither side appears to have realised its original plans to any great extent. Millions of men are involved, but one group of antagonists cannot yet claim any great superiority in man-power.

It is now more than ever a duel of intellect. Some new invention, some wonderful aeroplane, some amazing gun, might turn the balance completely in favour of one side or the other.

The Germans have adapted the Fokker aeroplane, which has proved itself efficient for what is known as "barrier" work, or keeping the Allied machines from the German lines and obtaining information. Doubtless the Allies will soon find a challenge to this latest effort of enemy engineering.





A drawing by an enemy artist, supposed to illustrate the capture in Riga Bay of a Russian schooner by a German hydroplane. Inset: The much-talked-of Fokker machine, which resembles the Morane type. It is alleged to have wonderful qualities of speed and endurance, and German pilots have been instructed to destroy the mechanism in the event of having to descend on hostile territory.

What Italy Is Doing

By Our War Correspondent, F. A. McKENZIE

"WHAT is Italy doing?" the man in the street is asking to-day. "Why isn't she making greater efforts in the Near East? Why didn't she send an army into Montenegro? When will her armies penetrate the Alps?"

It is better when questions like these are being asked to face them and to discuss them with frankness. The British public does not appreciate what Italy is doing, because it does not know, and has had no opportunities of knowing. Nowhere has the veil of secrecy been maintained so closely, and nowhere has the censorship been so eliminating as on the Eastern Alpine front. There has been a deliberate and sustained policy of extreme silence. Italy has suffered most from this. The world has not realised her great efforts and sacrifices.

In May last, when Italy denounced her share in the Triple Alliance and declared war on Austria, the event was rightly hailed as a great triumph of our diplomacy, and a tremendous addition to our fighting strength. What would have happened if Italy had decided otherwise? France would have had to keep an army on her Alpine frontiers, and enemy submarines, sheltered along the Italian coast, could have made the Mediterranean almost impossible for us. The loss of Egypt might have followed. A hostile Italy might well have changed the whole face of the war. A neutral Italy would have been a perpetual potential menace. A friendly Italy strengthens our hands and weakens our enemies at every turn.

Herculean Task of Modern Rome

Too much was expected at the beginning. Italy's twenty-four army corps and her three million fresh troops were to come, we were told, as the final and decisive factor. Those of us who ventured to suggest—as I did in this page on various occasions—that Italy was faced by a very serious military problem in the Eastern Alps, which it would be difficult for her to overcome, were almost shouted down. The skill of the Italian mountaineers, the excellence of the Italian guns, and the splendid strategy of General Cadorna, were favourite topics. "It would be foolish to dwell too largely on what has yet been accomplished," I wrote in July. "Cheering as the Italian advances and triumphs are, they are little more than preliminary skirmishes." I am sorry that I was right.

Italy had two main immediate plans before her, the capture of Trent, and the occupation of the Alps up to Innsbruck. The capture of Trent would go far to satisfy the dreams of "Italia Irridenta." The occupation of Innsbruck would mean that the worst of the passage of the Alps had been overcome, and that the incursion into the Austrian and Bavarian plains would soon follow.

In both directions, however, Italy found herself face to face, not only with great natural obstacles, but with natural obstacles made almost impregnable by skilled artillery. One of the surprises of the war has been the great artillery strength of Austria. In the Alps this strength has been employed to the full.

Epic Courage against Overwhelming Odds

That the expectations of Italy have been disappointed I need hardly say. But the disappointment has been due, not to lack of courage, lack of skill, or lack of effort, but simply to almost overwhelming natural obstacles.

To give some idea of the Italian campaign I must go to those who have seen it from the Austrian side. Herr Karl von Wiegand, the well-known war correspondent of the New York "World," is generally regarded as a strong pro-German, and has been given great facilities on the German side. He was specially privileged in being allowed to go with the Austrian army on the Isonzo in November last, and to witness the fighting around Gorizia. Let me quote some extracts from his description of the Italian advance, a description written, be it remembered, from the enemy's camp.

"With unshaken and unquestionable bravery, General Cadorna's troops show remarkable tenacity of purpose to attain this objective point (Gorizia) in face of what must be appalling losses—losses out of all proportion to the strategical value of the town. General Cadorna dashes his Italian legions again and again against the Austro-Hungarian trenches, pushing his attack after each of his many repulses, as though Gorizia were the Paris of Austria. The Italians have advanced their trenches literally foot by foot."

Herr von Wiegand went on to describe an interview with the Austrian general in command of the defences. He spoke with great respect for the fighting qualities of the Italians, and paid a tribute to the bravery they were showing in charges upon their trenches, often in face of certain death. The more pity that the Italians have not allowed the tale of the splendid endeavours of their armies in this field to be more fully told. They have lost 160,000 men in the Alpine campaign. Some figures are, for those who can understand them, more eloquent than words.

Was it Due to Economic Tension?

Apart from the Alps, Italy has very special concern in the campaigns in Montenegro and Serbia. An Italian force landed in Albania to aid the retreat of the Serbians. But it did not—as many thought it might—push on active aid to our ally. The latest reports are that the Italians in Albania propose to withdraw, since the Serbians have got away. It is certainly difficult to explain why Italy did not strike here, and strike much earlier, and I do not profess to explain it.

Still more difficult is it to say why Italy did not move to help Montenegro. The Montenegrins feel very bitterly about this, and do not hesitate to express their feelings.

There is one possible explanation. Italy is feeling the financial and economic strain of the war very severely. The high shipping freights have paralysed much of her export trade. It may be possible, by the closer control of British merchant shipping, to arrange that Italy shall have a more generous service, and it is to be hoped that this can be done.

In the days before the war Italy was growingly dependent on Germany in finance and in commerce. The pushing German business men made themselves felt everywhere. Italy hoped that British finance and commerce would soon take the place of the German. She is disappointed that this has not happened more quickly and more completely.

What Italy Could Do in the Balkans

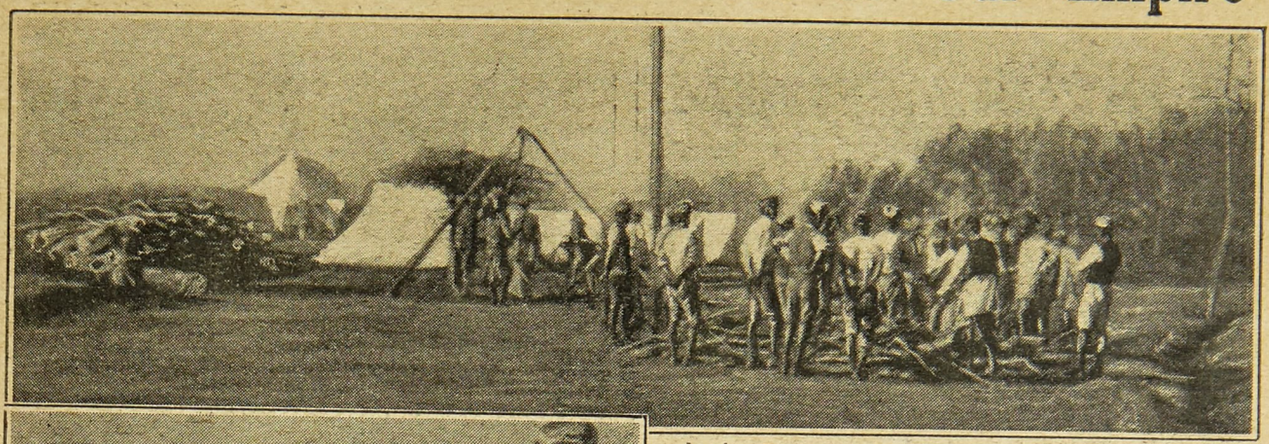
Italy has no great reserve resources to draw on. Her Alpine front has ever the possibility of the Central Powers striking down in great force through the Brenner, and attempting to drive a wedge through the Alps into the great cities of Northern Italy. At the beginning of the war men feared that we should have Milan besieged, and Venice wrecked. Italy has to guard against these possibilities to-day.

The Italian fighting unquestionably lost some of its effectiveness by the lack of a real central war council of the Allies to co-ordinate the main plan of campaign, and to direct when and where our blows should be struck. Possibly it was lack of this central war council that prevented Italy from joining in the Dardanelles campaign at a time when her aid would have been invaluable.

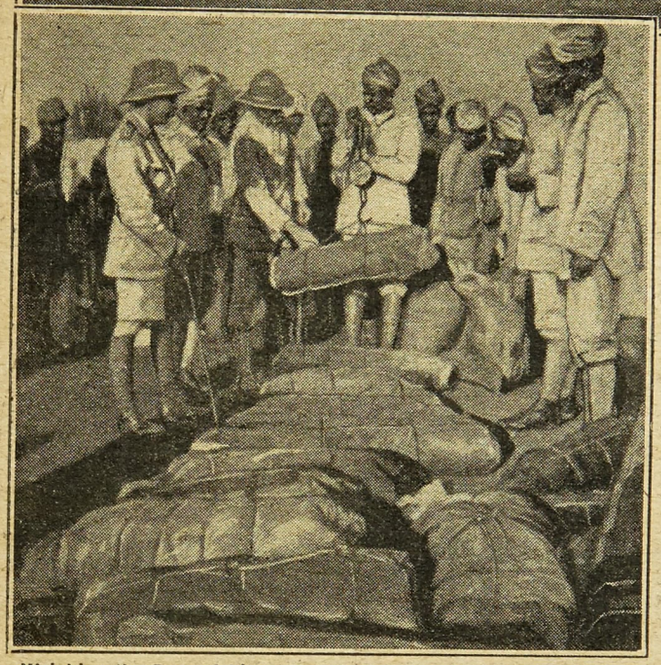
Can Italy, this coming spring, take a leading part in the coming Balkan campaign, in addition to the work she is undertaking in the Alps? Are her generals and statesmen willing to despatch a really considerable army into Balkania? It is hardly necessary to state how vital the help of such an army would be. The troops of Britain and France have to be sent a considerable distance to Salonika. Russia does not seem inclined, so far as can up to now be judged, to spare many soldiers for this field. Italy can strike home in big numbers. A large Italian army in Albania would help to divert Austro-Bulgarian strength, and would weaken the enemy all along his front.

We want Italy satisfied and enthusiastic with her Allies, for whom she has already sacrificed so much. If there is any step we can take to increase Italian confidence in us to-day let us take it.

Indian and African Soldiers of Our Empire



Issuing firewood at Nairobi. Although so near the Equator considerable cold is experienced on the higher lands, which reach an elevation of 7,000 feet, and fires are often needed for warmth as well as for cooking purposes.

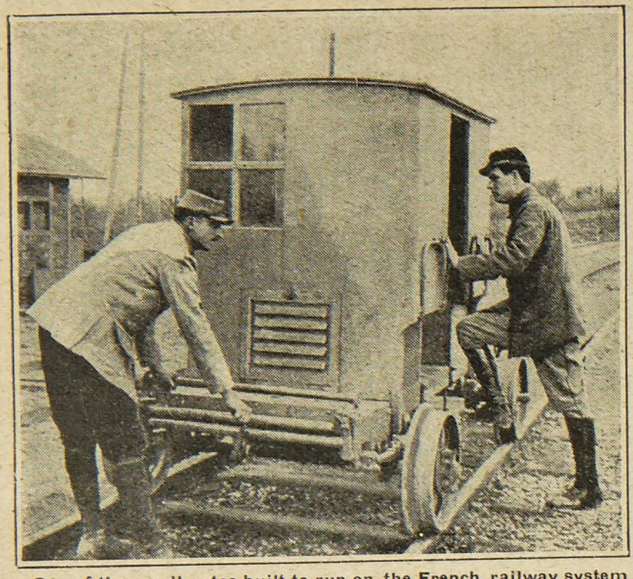


Weighing the Sepoys' kits. Twenty-five pounds is the maximum weight allowed to be carried by each man.

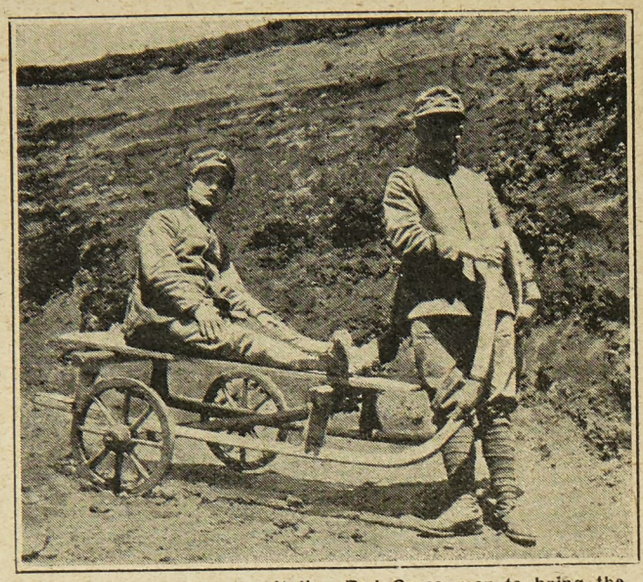
Native scouts employed by the British force. These natives belong for the most part to races speaking the Bantu languages.

Landing from a ferry at Kilindini harbour. Kilindini lies south-west of Mombasa, the principal seaport of British East Africa. Recent heavy rains have rendered progress in East Africa and Nyasaland a matter of great difficulty.

Behind the Allied Lines When the Guns are Silent

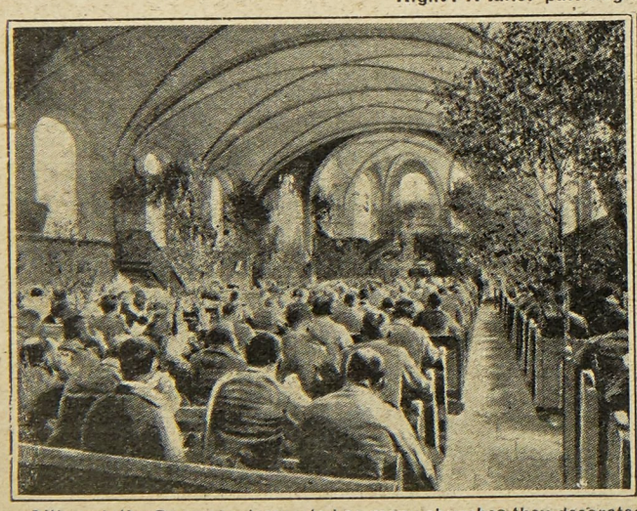


One of the small autos built to run on the French railway system which each French General uses for quick transit behind the front lines.



Sledges are used by the Italian Red Cross men to bring the wounded down the mountains. Once on level ground, wheels are affixed to the runners.

Touching illustration of a French soldier's confidence in his British comrade's ability to improve his nibbling apparatus—one occasion when a little gas might be welcome. Centre: A French Red Cross ambulance being drawn by dogs through a deserted town. Right: A tailor patching up his comrade's uniform.



Although the Germans desecrated so many churches they decorated this one for service on Corpus Christi Day. Right: The English chaplain set this Communion Table in a casino, and thither our men flocked in hundreds to pray instead of play.

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENTS IN THE WAR

X.—The Northumberland Fusiliers

ON a hot Friday in August, 1914, while the men were at work down in the mines below, the women and children of the little town of Jemappes and the mining villages all round it had the time of their lives. Rumour said that *les anglais* were coming, and for once rumour was true. In a little while they came, tramping steadily along, pack on back; they were hot and dusty, but otherwise they looked in splendid fettle. Among them were the men of the 1st Battalion of the Northumberland Fusiliers. At their head rode Lieutenant-Colonel H. S. Ainslie, and they were one of the four battalions in the 9th Brigade, which was part of General Hubert Hamilton's 3rd Division.

It had been decided by Generals Joffre and French that this would be the best place for the British Army to meet the advancing Germans. Smith-Dorrien's Army Corps, in which was the 3rd Division, was ordered to occupy a line running from Mons to Condé, and with the canal in front of them the idea seemed a thoroughly good one.

Hard Fights in France and Flanders

The Northumberland Fusiliers were around Jemappes, and after a rest they set to work. To the intense surprise of the children they erected barricades in the streets, and dragged machine-guns into all kinds of places. Here and there buildings were demolished in order to obtain a better view of the country beyond the canal.

On Sunday afternoon the Germans were seen in the distance, and shells from their big guns burst here and there, but they did not get to Jemappes, and the Northumberland men did not have a very hard job in keeping them at a distance. But nearer Mons they had got across the canal, and farther away to the right they had beaten a French army, and were working round the British flank; so the Fusiliers, although their losses had been very slight, were, like the rest of the corps, ordered to retreat.

> *"Then the 5th and 77th, two weak battalions, formed in one square, were quite exposed, and in an instant the whole of the French cavalry came thundering down upon them. But how vain, how fruitless to match the sword with the musket! to send the charging horseman against the steadfast veteran! The multitudinous squadrons rending the skies with their shouts, and closing upon the glowing squares like the falling edges of a burning crater, were as instantly rejected, scorched and scattered abroad; and the rolling peel of musketry had scarcely ceased to echo in the hills, when bayonets glittered at the edge of the smoke, and with firm and even step the British regiments came forth like the holy men from the Assyrian furnace."*—NAPIER'S "HISTORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR."

Along their new line the battalions dug trenches, and early the next morning the Germans were again on them. The Northumberlands fought in the Battle of Le Cateau, and then retreated again by St. Quentin to Noyon, the peaceful little city on the Oise so loved by R. L. Stevenson. A further backward march to the other side of the Marne and the retreat was over.

The Northumberland Fusiliers fought in the Battles of the Marne and the Aisne. They crossed the latter river near Vailly, Sergeant J. Squires winning the D.C.M. for his gallantry on that occasion. After a first check their brigade forced its way up the high ground on the other side, where they entrenched and remained until they were moved in October to Flanders.

In Flanders the Fusiliers were at first near Herlies, but after several days of hard fighting it was found necessary to move them back a few miles, and they were stationed near Neuve Chapelle, around which there were some severe struggles at the end of October. In one of these Sergeant Fisk won the D.C.M. for gallantry, and a few days later Quartermaster-Sergeant J. W. Crouch gained the same honour.

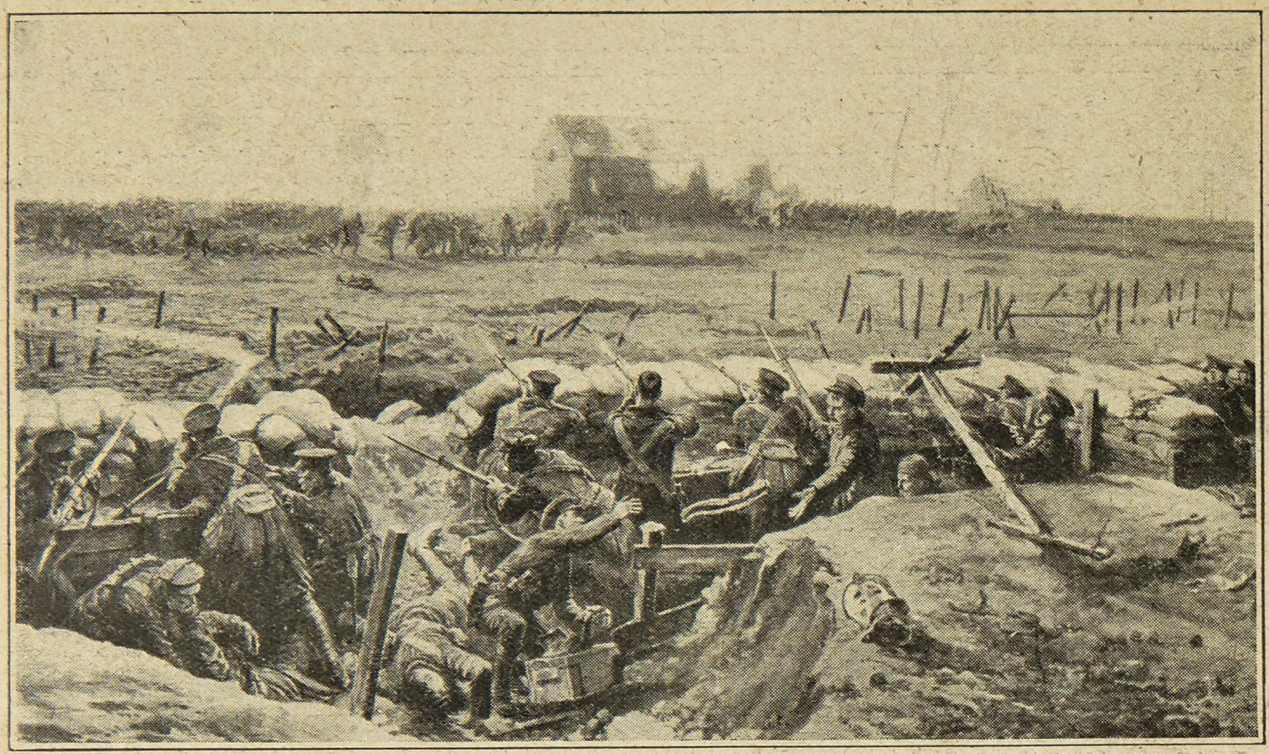
Bygone Glories of the 'Old & Bold'

The Northumberland Fusiliers belonged to a regiment first raised privately in 1674 to assist the Dutch in their fight against France. In 1685 it was added to the British Army as the 5th Regiment of the Line, and it fought in Ireland, Flanders, and Spain. In 1761 and 1762 it won much glory when fighting against the French in the Seven Years' War, and later it fought in America. At St. Lucia the Fusiliers behaved so gallantly in defending the island from the French that they were allowed to wear in their caps the white feathers taken from their foes. The regiment was equally prominent in Holland in 1799.

It was in the Peninsular War, however, that the Fusiliers made their great reputation and earned their well-known names the "Fighting Fifth" and the "Old and Bold." Their conduct at Roliça, and especially at El Boden in September, 1811, was held up by the Duke of Wellington

OFFICERS OF THE 24th (SERVICE) BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS (1st TYNESIDE IRISH): Lieut. B. C. Brady, Sec.-Lieut. J. L. Donnelly, Lieut. D. M. Dawson, Sec.-Lieut. J. M. Dalzell, Sec.-Lieut. J. J. G. Welton, Sec.-Lieut. R. Donald, Sec.-Lieut. T. W. Thompson, Sec.-Lieut. H. Wilkinson, Sec.-Lieut. H. A. Patterson, Sec.-Lieut. J. McLoughlin, Rev. G. McBrearty, C.F., Lieut. and Quartermaster P. McKenna, Sec.-Lieut. H. S. Fitzgerald, Sec.-Lieut. H. M. Horrox, Sec.-Lieut. L. F. Byrne, Sec.-Lieut. S. A. Jardine, Lieut. C. M. Goodall, Sec.-Lieut. W. A. Short, Sec.-Lieut. H. R. C. Sutcliffe, Sec.-Lieut. J. R. Wedderburn, Sec.-Lieut. R. Loverock, Sec.-Lieut. F. J. Downey, Lieut. A. E. Rogers, Capt. J. H. Pringle, Capt. G. Swinburn, Capt. K. Mackenzie, Capt. C. Wallace, Maj. J. M. Prior, Second-in-Command, Lieut.-Col. L. Meredith Howard, Commanding, Sec.-Lieut. and Adjt. W. Waring (Gordon Highlanders), Capt. J. P. Gallwey, Capt. E. Pugh, Capt. A. Thompson, Lieut. T. G. Farina. In the foreground (seated): Lieut. C. J. Mate, Sec.-Lieut. G. Hardy, Capt. W. B. Watson, R.A.M.C.

Hot Work of the 'Fighting Fifth' in the Ypres Salient



After bombarding the British first-line trench, battering the sandbag breastworks and actually blowing some of the wire entanglements across the trenches, the Germans left their position, only a few hundred yards distant, and began to attack in force. The machine-gun and rifle fire of the Northumberland Fusiliers made dreadful havoc of the enemy, who were so bunched together that our men merely fired into the crowds, it being impossible to miss at close range. But it was hot work for some minutes, and fresh ammunition was required before the attack was beaten off by the "Fighting Fifth."

as an example to the whole Army, while at the Siege of Badajoz their desperate and hardened valour took them up the scaling ladders and into the town at a moment when a British victory seemed impossible. After nearly fifty years of peace the Fusiliers marched with Havelock to Lucknow, and the later services of the regiment were in Afghanistan, Egypt, and South Africa. During the Indian Mutiny men of this regiment earned four Victoria Crosses.

The "Fighting Fifth" Undismayed

By the end of January—passing again to the story of the Great War—the 1st Battalion of the Fusiliers was again in trenches near Ypres. On February 24th the battalion lost heavily in an attack, and four days later one of its companies was in grave danger in a front trench, for its telephone wire had been cut, and shells were falling all around. Owing to the bravery of Corporal C. Dawson, who carried a message across the open in broad daylight, assistance was obtained and the peril averted. Just a week later more than half of the men in another trench were killed or wounded, but, led by Sergeant A. Thompson, the remainder held grimly on to it.

Before the Battle of Neuve Chapelle, in March, the 2nd Battalion of the Northumberlands had arrived from India, and was at the front as part of the 84th Brigade and the new Fifth Army Corps. The Fusiliers had no share in that engagement, but the 1st Battalion was involved in the counter-attack made at St. Eloi two days later.

At the Second Battle of Ypres the 2nd Battalion held part of the British line in front of Zonnebeke, all but its grenadier company of two officers and one hundred and twenty men, who were sent to Hill 60, and then to help the gassed Canadians. Through the night of April 23rd these men—bearded, weary, and hungry, after eight hard days in the trenches—maintained the high reputation of the "Fighting Fifth."

The grenadiers then joined their comrades, and were with them when the Germans made one of their desperate attacks on May 8th. The rush broke our line, and the battalion was soon almost destroyed. Three companies were killed or captured entirely, and of the remaining one the whole of one platoon was either killed or wounded, for the Germans were all round them. However, under a subaltern, William Watson, the three remaining platoons of the one company left stuck to the trench, and although fired on from all sides, clung to it until they were relieved the next morning. Among the prisoners were the colonel (S. H. Enderby), the adjutant (Captain Auld), and at least five subalterns. Captains Hart, Molineux, and Reynolds, as well as several subalterns, were killed.

The Territorials' Fate

This was bad enough—a fine battalion destroyed—but perhaps worse was the fate which, a few days before, had befallen the Territorials of the Northumberland Fusiliers. A brigade of these men, consisting of the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th Battalions, was in reserve, and about ten o'clock on the morning of April 26th, a Monday, they received the order to advance to Fortuin. They were going into battle, nearly all of them for the first time, but they seemed cheerful enough, as they tramped along singing. Once at Fortuin they were directed to attack the German position at St. Julien.

The Fusiliers moved forward, the 6th Battalion from Newcastle leading, but it was broad daylight, the barbed-wire before them was uncut, and the humps and hollows of the ground unknown. A hail of shot and shell mowed them down, and soon forty-two officers and about 1,900 men—about half the brigade—were lying on the ground. It was afternoon; the brigadier-general, J. F. Riddell, who had come up to try and retrieve the disaster, was killed, and the attack was perforce abandoned. The list of "missing" was a long one, and many of them were afterwards reported to be dead.

Northumbrian Heroes

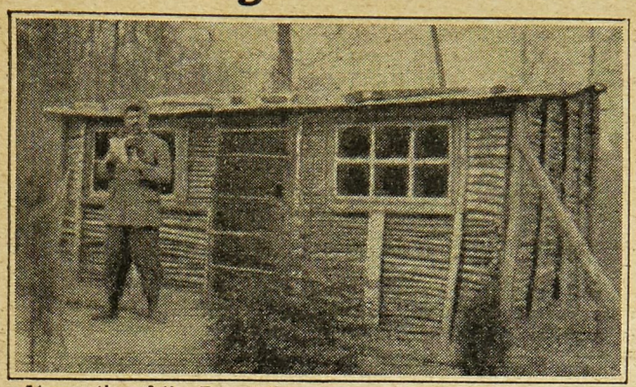
On that day these Northumbrians did many heroic deeds. Privates Martin and Burrell, of the 7th Battalion, carried ammunition to the firing-line across open ground, and Corporal H. Smith and Private Yourstoun distinguished themselves by saving the wounded.

At Hooge, on June 16th, it was the turn of the 1st Battalion, but happily these men were more fortunate than their comrades. They took part in the successful attack, and led by their bombers, made their way into the German trenches.

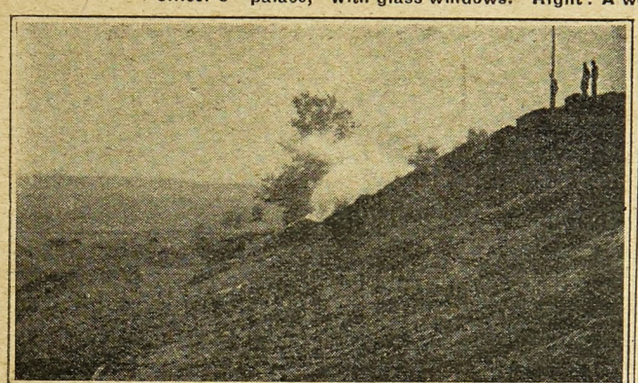
After a rest to recover themselves, the Northumberland Territorials were sent into the trenches, and in July they were near Wulverghem. There a number of men of the 4th Battalion were saved from death by the heroism of Second-Lieutenant W. W. Varvill. Both our men and the Germans had prepared mines under the trenches, and it was a race as to which would be exploded first. Varvill went down alone to see that everything was in order, and finding it so, got in the first and decisive blow. He received the Military Cross because "but for his energy and skill our own trenches would most probably have been blown up."

A. W. Holland

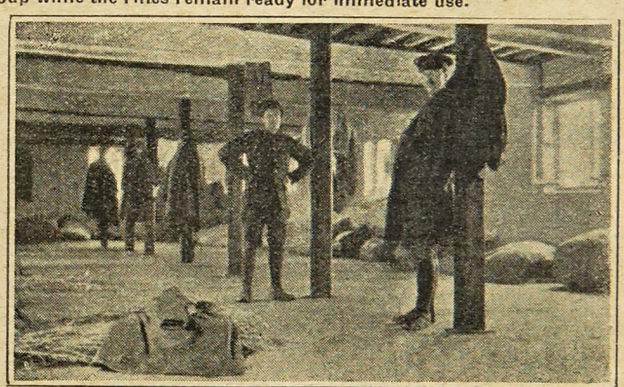
From Log Cabin to First Line on Western Front



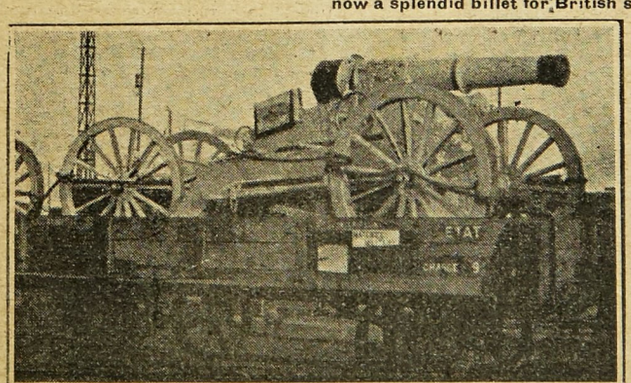
At a portion of the French line near a wood the soldiers have built a number of compact and comfortable wooden shanties. Left: An officer's "palace," with glass windows. Right: A wooden field "restaurant" and the cooks who built it.

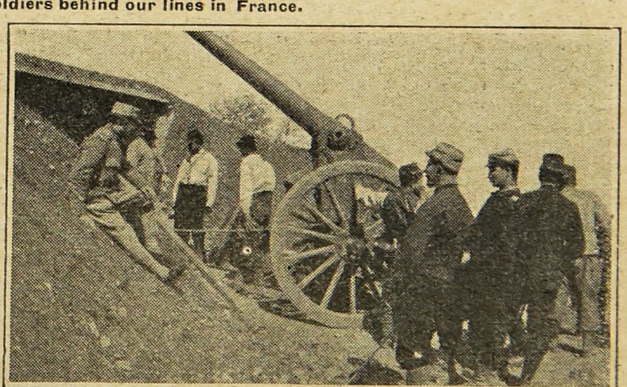


Scenes in and near a first-line French trench. Left: Shell bursting in front of the lines—a note in the Germans' morning chant of hate! Right: Luncheon in the firing-line—an interval for soup while the rifles remain ready for immediate use.



French sappers digging a new trench near the firing-line in the neighbourhood of Arras. Right: Once a prosperous tobacco factory, now a splendid billet for British soldiers behind our lines in France.





New 155 mm. gun about to be sent to the French front, and soon to receive its baptism of fire. Right: Hauling a 120 mm. weapon into a new position in the French lines. When the gun is in place behind the barricade it will be masked to screen it from the view of hostile airmen. (Photographs exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")

Problems of the Naval Blockade

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

IN considering the success of our blockade system, as applied hitherto, a good deal is credited to it which is incidental to the war and not to the blockade. There is, for instance, in Germany itself the large withdrawal of German tonnage now locked up in North and South America, or captured by the Allies, while Hamburg is an idle port.

On the other hand, neutrals require their shipping for their own use, since the Allies have withdrawn a great quantity of shipping for war purposes. For instance, Great Britain has commandeered for naval and military purposes 6,500,000 tons out of 20,000,000 tons of her shipping.

That alone creates stringency everywhere. There is also an immense withdrawal from industry, not merely among the belligerents, but also adjacent neutrals like Holland and Switzerland are mobilised. There is, again, the land blockade on the Russian, French, and Italian frontiers.

Square Mileage Compared

Finally, the scale of expenditure depreciates the currency and the purchasing power of wages. All these causes contribute to the average rise of food prices in Germany, which at the end of last October stood at 86 per cent., but was probably higher, owing to the official prices in Berlin being much below those obtained in a free market.

While we have taken some 600,000 square miles of Germany's oversea territory, she has, with her allies, over one and a quarter millions of square miles stretching from the Baltic and the North Sea to the Black Sea and Mediterranean. Beyond that again lies the vast area of Asiatic Turkey. To the south-west of all this vast military camp in Europe there is nothing but danger from France and Italy and the sea, and to the north-east there are the ominous millions of Russians. South-east the kingdom of Greece was hoped for as a neutral sucker from which sustenance could come, but bold military action has rendered that impossible.

It is safe to say that only from the neutral territories of Holland, Denmark, and Sweden can supplies reach Germany, and therein lies the whole problem of the blockade. But for the Dutch, Danish, and Swedish suckers, the Germanic Empires would be prostrate. The lost ground of diplomacy, whether prior to or during a war, can only be recovered by military action.

To End the War

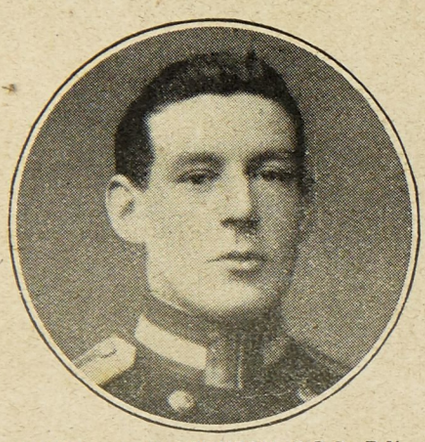
It is possible that, if we impose the will of the Allied Powers on the north-western neutrals, and also by military action prevent Germany gathering the harvests of Poland, we may end the war this year. If each of these neutrals had to choose between a fixed allowance and no allowance at all, there is reason to believe, when it is remembered that the trade with the Allies is far more valuable than that with the Germanic Powers, that prudence will keep them from pushing their diplomacy to extremes for the sake of wealth which is only the consequence of our successful maritime war and which will vanish when peace is made.

In all probability the Government has learned fresh wisdom by recent events. The ease with which it has carried its Compulsion Bill is a surprise as to the spirit of the people at home, which might have been taken into account certainly as early as the facts of the Russian retreat were known to the Government but not to the public. A still more potent factor has been the success which has attended the firm action of the French in Greece, as contrasted with the failure of a diplomacy of conciliation in the same country as well as in Turkey and Bulgaria.

Holland, Denmark, and the U.S.

To have expected any spontaneous action on the part of Greece against Germany was as absurd as to expect it from Holland and Denmark. Their attitude can only be constrained by the pressure of a force which takes the decision out of their hands and which enables them to maintain a correct diplomatic attitude to the Powers which have given them object-lessons in Belgium and Serbia. At this moment I doubt altogether whether the real determining influence in our policy rests with either Denmark or Holland.

Nor again does it rest mainly with America, since she would be content if



Lt.-Com. E. C. COOKSON, D.S.O., R.N., who was posthumously awarded the V.C. for gallant conduct in the advance on Kut. He endeavoured single-handed to remove an obstruction in the river by cutting a dhow adrift, but was killed in the act by Turkish gun fire from the bank.

we square our conduct of the war with her own blockade policy applied to the 3,000 miles of coastline in the American Civil War, of which I will say more presently. The Foreign Office fears appear to rest on two aspects of the situation in regard to Sweden.

(1) Sweden might cut off from Russia the supplies that pass by the railway through Norway and Sweden, and while communication with Russia is so restricted, this would be a distinct loss to Russia and, therefore, to the Allies. In other words, so long as Germany holds Turkey in tutelage and prevents supplies passing to the Black Sea, she maintains the open door through our Baltic blockade.

(2) If we offend Sweden she might cut off from us our supplies of Swedish wood and wood-pulp. We have, unfortunately, done nothing to organise fresh supplies, with the result that of the 400,000 tons of wood-pulp we need, three-fourths still comes from Sweden, and the bulk of the remainder from Norway. A nation which has so much difficulty in co-ordinating war and diplomacy will have still greater trouble in co-ordinating war, trade, and diplomacy.

Our main contention is that this is no ordinary war and cannot be judged by ordinary standards. It is a European war in which all the Great Powers are involved together with their future liberties and system of civilisation. It therefore justifies the enunciation of a special European Doctrine as broad and sweeping as the Monroe Doctrine if it conduces to the successful ending of the war.

There are, however, a number of cases in the American Civil War which will help us, and they may be classified under the names of the ships which came before the American Prize Court—first observing that the blockade was for a long time an utterly inefficient blockade and yet was recognised by all the neutrals in the special circumstances of the case as bound ultimately to become an effective one.

The American Verdict

Vessels of war were also stationed off the mouth of the Rio Grande with orders not to permit shipments of cotton to be made from the neutral Mexican port of Matamoras, and this cotton was declared lawful capture.

The TROPIC WIND.—Judge Dunlop based his judgment on a quotation from Wildman on "Search, Capture, and Prizes," viz., "A blockade is intended to suspend the entire commerce of the place, and a neutral is no more at liberty to assist the traffic of exportation than of importation." (Both ship and cargo were condemned.)

The CIRCASSIAN.—Sailed from Bordeaux to Havana. Condemned on the ground that owners intended to violate the blockade later on.

The BERMUDA and the STEPHEN HART.—The ships were going from one neutral port to another where their cargoes were to be transhipped. Condemned on the ground that transhipment of goods was intended and it had not been shown that the owners "were ignorant of the ulterior destination of the cargo, and did not hire their ships with a view to it."

To the above may be added cases where a vessel was seized on the return journey for having previously carried in goods in defiance of the blockade.

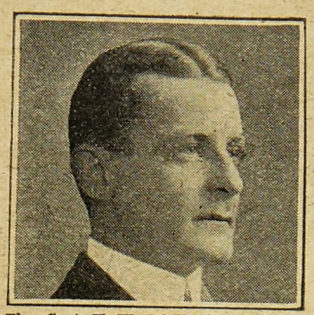
An Excellent Precedent

I submit that the American practice gives us good material for extending our blockade. The President of our Prize Court has told us that the Prize Courts do not require the same rules of evidence as other courts, but they are guided by common-sense. "Prize Courts," he said, "have always deemed it right to recognise well-known facts." Such facts are that Rotterdam and Copenhagen have become depôts for the supply of Germany.

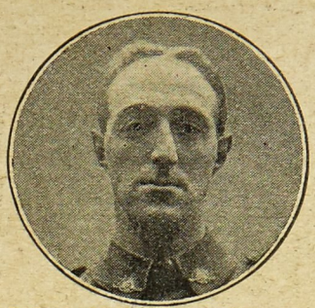
The position is similar to what occurred in the old days in regard to the weaker belligerent's Colonial trade. It used to be thrown open to neutrals. Britain and her Prize Courts took the common-sense view that a neutral is but entitled to carry on a trade open to her before the war.

We can apply an extension of that doctrine to the condition of affairs which this war has created, especially in regard to Sweden, Holland, and Denmark.

Heroes All: Seven V.C.'s and Some Others

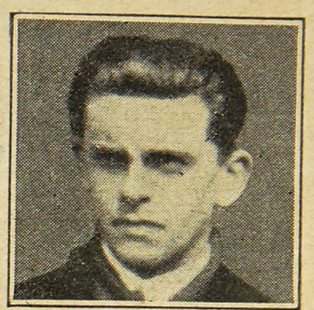


Flag-Capt. H. W. BOWRING, D.S.O., Chief of Staff to Vice-Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon, K.C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O.



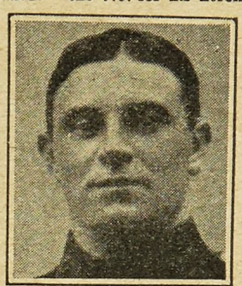
L.-Corpl. LEONARD KEYSOR, 1st Australian Imp. Force, who gained the V.C. for his heroism on Gallipoli.

The late Lt. W. DARTNELL, 25th Batt. (Frontiersmen) R. Fus., who lost his life when winning the V.C.

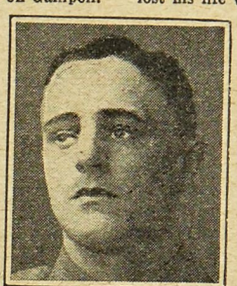


Sec.-Lieut. G. S. M. INSALL, Royal Flying Corps, who gained the V.C. for his heroism in the air.

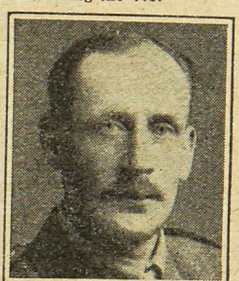
Sergt. J. W. BROOKE, 2nd King Edward's Horse, who has been awarded the D.C.M.



Pte. J. HOARE, 3rd Monmouth Regt., who has gained the D.C.M.

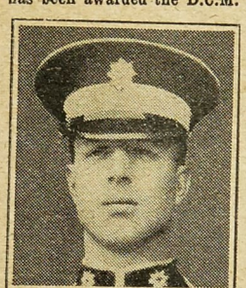


Pte. H. G. STARBUCK, Leicester Regt. (T.F.), who has been awarded the D.C.M.

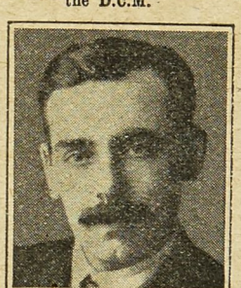


Sergt.-Maj. J. H. ROGERS, 10th Lancs Fus., who has gained the D.C.M.

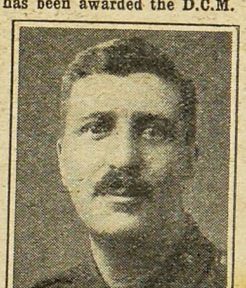
L.-Cpl. A. ALLSOPP, Somerset L.I., who received the D.C.M. for rescuing a gassed man.



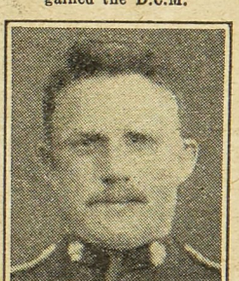
Pte. R. J. VALE, Coldstream Guards, who won the D.C.M. for a bombing exploit.



Cpl. W. WHITE, Coldstream Guards, who gained the D.C.M. for bravery at Loos.



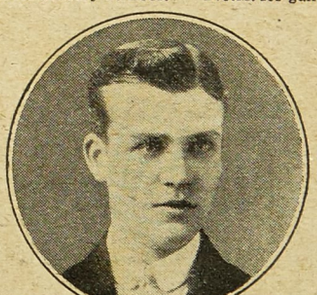
Bomb. A. V. TAYLOR, Royal Garrison Artillery, won the D.C.M. for gallantry at Hooge.



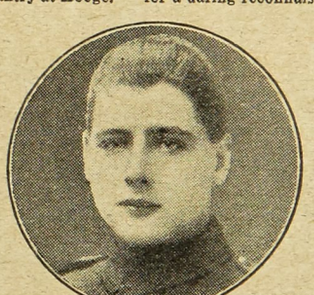
Pte. J. O'CONNOR, Irish Gds., received clasp to his D.C.M. for a daring reconnaissance.

Sergt. F. C. MOREL, Post Office Rifles, who gained the D.C.M. at Festubert.

Corpl. A. A. BURT, 1st Hertford Regt., who gained the V.C. at Cuinchy on September 27th.



Corpl. ALFRED DRAKE, V.C., Rifle Brigade, gave his own life to save a wounded officer.



Corpl. SAMUEL MEEKOSHA, 1/6th West Yorks Regt., awarded the V.C. for great bravery near the Yser.

Pte. JOHN CAFFREY, York & Lanc. Regt., awarded the V.C. for saving life under heavy fire.

CAPTAIN H. W. BOWRING, R.N., Dover Patrol, was awarded the D.S.O. for his valuable services as Chief of Staff to Vice-Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon during the Belgian coast attacks.

Lance-Corporal Leonard Keysor gained the V.C. for his fearless bombing at Lone Pine trenches, Gallipoli.

Lieut. W. Dartnell gained the V.C. in East Africa, and sacrificed his own life attempting to save the lives of other wounded men.

Sec.-Lieut. G. S. M. Insall won the Victoria Cross for his daring exploit on November 7th, 1915, when, after a thrilling battle in the air, he brought down a German machine.

Corporal Alfred Burt, 1st Hertford Regiment, gained the V.C. for outstanding courage at Cuinchy on September 27th. A huge German Minenwerfer bomb fell into the trench. Corporal Burt dashed forward and put out the fuse with his foot.

Corporal Alfred Drake, 8th Battalion Rifle Brigade, was posthumously awarded the V.C. for gallantly giving his life to save that of his wounded officer while reconnoitring the German lines near La Brique, on November 23rd.

Corporal Meekosha was one of a platoon of about twenty men holding an isolated trench near the Yser. A heavy bombardment shattered the position, killing six members of the party and wounding seven others. Corporal Meekosha, under heavy fire, helped to dig out those of his comrades who had been practically buried in the collapse of the trench.

Private Caffrey won the V.C. for life-saving under fire. Near La Brique, on November 16th, Private Caffrey and Corporal Stirk of the R.A.M.C., ventured out to save a badly wounded comrade. Stirk was himself struck by a bullet, and both had to abandon their quest. Later, Private Caffrey made another and successful attempt.

Enemy Photographs of Austria's Mountain War

Fake fortress, with dummy figures and "guns," arranged by Austrians in the Alps to deceive Italian aviators.

Austrian machine-gun in action against the Italians. Owing to the natural cover so often afforded by the rugged ground on the Alpine front, it is not always necessary to dig trenches, or even to erect sandbag breastworks. Inset: General Goininger, the Austrian Commander, with his Staff in the Tyrolean war area.

Rifles Used in the Great War by Allies and Enemies

The German Mauser

Can fire forty rounds a minute—more than any other rifle in present use. It is of the 1898 pattern, weighs 9 lb., without the bayonet, and is sighted from 219 to 2,200 yards. It has a stabbing length of 5 ft. 9 in.—8 in. longer than the British—but without the bayonet is 4 ft. 1 in. long. It is the strongest and simplest rifle in use. The magazine holds five cartridges. Turkey uses a similar rifle.

The Austrian Mannlicher

Similar to the Mauser and Lee-Enfield, except that the bolt is operated with a snap back and forth, and has not to be turned to lock the breech. The magazine holds five cartridges; the rifle weighs, without the bayonet, 8 lb. 5 oz., and is sighted from 410 to 2,132 yards. Bulgarians and Greeks also use the Mannlicher.

The British Lee-Enfield

The rifle is only 3 ft. 8½ in. long, and so is useful for cavalry, and particularly serviceable for snap-shooting. It has a range of from 200 to 2,800 yards, and holds twice as many cartridges as the German Mauser. It weighs 8 lb. 2 oz.

The French Lebel

This was the first magazine rifle adopted by a European army, and the first to fire smokeless powder. With bayonet fixed it is longer than any other rifle, and weighs, without the bayonet, 9 lb. 3½ oz. It is sighted from 273 to 2,187 yards. The tube magazine under the barrel (indicated by crosses) holds eight cartridges.

The Belgian Mauser

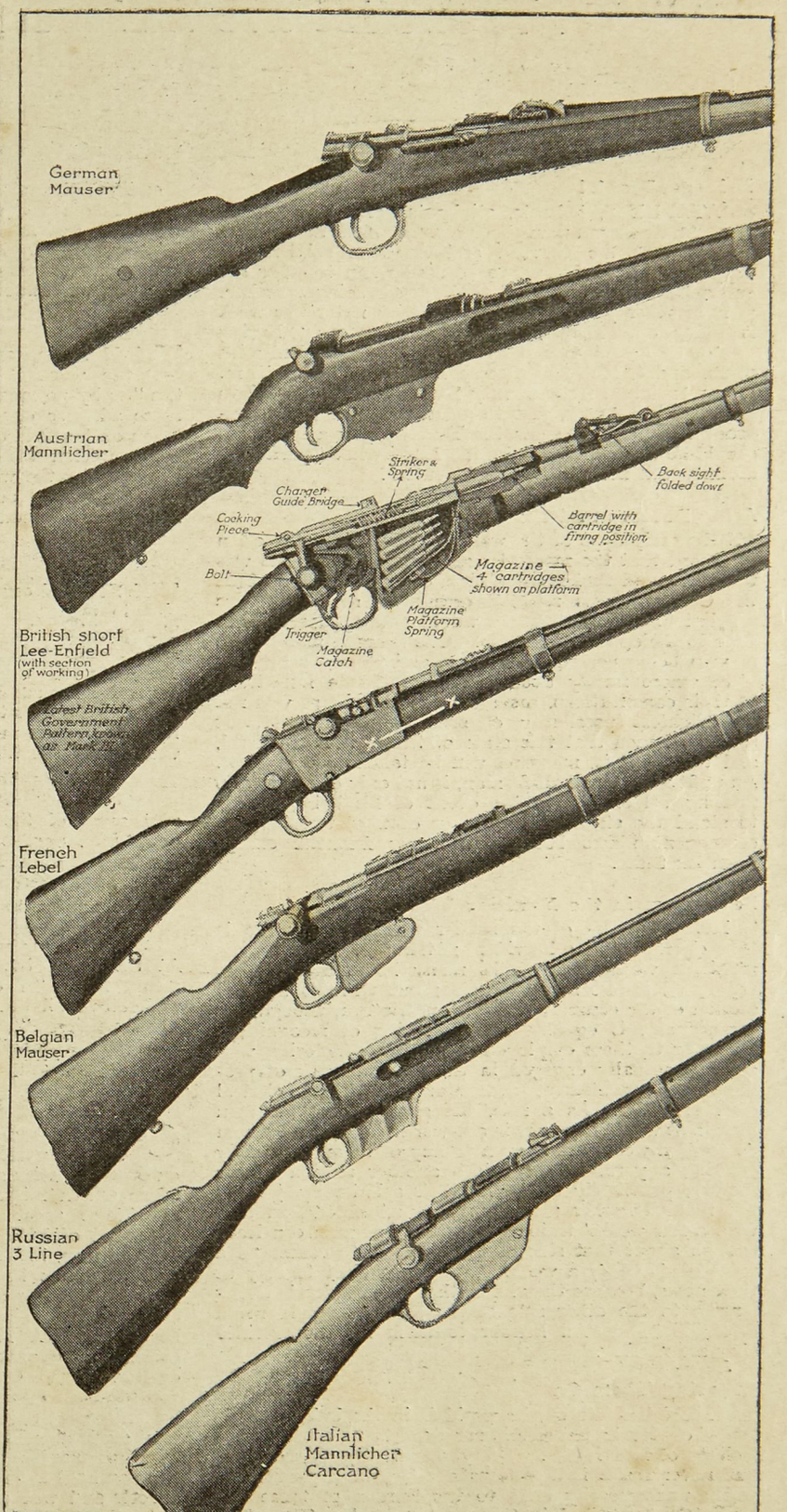
The Belgian and Serbian Armies both use Mauser rifles, but of smaller bore than the German pattern. The Belgian Mauser, the 1889 pattern, weighs just over 8 lb., and is sighted from 547 to 2,187 yards. The magazine holds five cartridges, and the rifle, with its short, flat bayonet, measures 4 ft. 11¾ in. The bayonet is 9½ in. long.

The Russian Rifle

The longest in Europe, and modelled on the Mauser, the Russian "3 line" Nagant is sighted up to 2,100 yards. The triangular bayonet is fixed, never being removed from the rifle. There is an "interruptor" which prevents cartridges from jamming. It weighs a fraction less than 9 lb.

The Italian Mannlicher-Carcano

A modified Mannlicher, the Italian rifle, of the 1891 pattern, weighs just over 8 lb. 6 oz. without the bayonet, and measures 4 ft. 2¾ in. The magazine holds six cartridges.



The rifles used by the belligerents, showing in detail the working of the British Lee-Enfield. This, the latest British Government pattern, known as "Mark III.," and the result of a series of improvements on the 1887 pattern, has a magazine holding two "chargers," each containing five rounds, so that the magazine is filled with ten rounds in two motions. Unlike the German Mauser, our rifle is fitted with a cut-off, which enables it to be used as a single-loader. The barrel is 25 in. long.

When Trenches are Entered "On the Sly"

Notes on War News

Erin-go-Bragh!

CATAPULTS, helmets, stinkpots, and now clubs! An American newspaper correspondent at Salonika reports that the German and Austrian soldiers are supplied with bludgeons, to be used when trenches are entered "on the sly," so that, death being noiseless, men in other parts of the trench may not know what is going on. The "gentlemen the enemy" having begun, the allied troops have also been furnished with clubs, and expect to do some hefty work with them. Every Irishman from County Dublin will be asking to go to Salonika now, just to get a reminder of Donnybrook Fair, and to show the Teutons how a shillelagh should be used. If they do, the All-Highest's particular divinity will need to help the Teuton!

Army Doctors and the Unfit

IN the early days of the war the complaint was often heard that the medical examination of recruits was too strict, and that many a man, eager and able to fight the Germans, was rejected owing to some red-tape regulation. The authorities would now appear to have gone to the opposite extreme. One hears of many cases of men being passed for service, and foreign service at that, whose family doctors, from intimate knowledge of their constitutions, assured them that there was not the slightest possibility of such an eventuality. It is to be hoped that this state of things is not general, and that, if it is, measures will be taken to remedy it. An unfit man, or a half-fit man, is not only of little or no fighting value, but, in the event of his being unable to stand the strain of service or even of training, his consequent illness becomes a heavy financial charge upon the State.

Patriotism in the Munition Works

THE patriotism of the soldier who risks his life is obvious and self-evident; the patriotism of the munition worker who works many hours overtime at top speed is also beyond praise; but there is another section of the community whose patriotism, though less conspicuous, is equally well deserving of recognition. We refer to those employed in munition factories, who are not actually engaged in the manual work of production—draughtsmen, accountants, and the clerical staff generally. As a rule, the salaries of these men remain at what they were in pre-war days, anything from £2 to £4 a week. It is open to any of them, by simply crossing a yard, or going into another section of the factory, practically to double their salaries by joining the manual workers; for it is an undoubted fact that with a few weeks' training an intelligent man can learn enough about that side of the business to command a wage of £6 to £7 a week. These men elect to stay at their posts, because they know that any wholesale transference to the other side of the business would mean disorganisation. All honour to them for the sacrifice they are making.

Cheering Them On

WHEN the fate of the world is in the balance, it is obviously impossible for officials to consider the feelings of individuals. Everybody finally realises this, but nevertheless indiscretions occur with a persistence which unnecessarily adds to the burden of those immediately concerned in the great struggle. The other day, it appears, a new draft of a well-known regiment, on the eve of their departure to the front, had to endure the strains of "The Dead March," in memory of their comrades who had preceded them to Flanders, and had paid the capital price of patriotism. Whether this application of the invaluable music was due to an excess of sentiment or to a grim sense of humour, we cannot say.

"Wastage"

THEN again, one is regularly being confronted with the word "Wastage." The expression "Casualties" is by no means a pleasant definition of the fate of those who, as our French friends put it so well, have fallen on the field of honour; but it is at least free from the suspicion of brutality. A parent who has been bereaved by the war, or a sensitive youth who is about to risk his life on the battlefield, is not likely to be solaced or inspired by this very official epithet.

Spenser in the Trenches

THERE had come a lull in the operations. The men in the trench were in a restive, excitable mood. The problem uppermost at the moment was how to keep them steady until the next call for activity came. Then the officer in command, an ex-schoolmaster with a passion for some of the old poets, bethought him of a copy of Spenser that he had in his dug-out. He secured it, and told the men he would read them something to while away the time, and, as he read,

> The palfrey pace and the glittering grace
> Of Spenser's magical song

sent some of the men to sleep—thus achieving, undoubtedly, part of the pacific purpose of the reader. Others, however, listened with eager attention to each word, lured thereby as were the Elizabethans, and

> Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursued
> Through pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
> To dens of dragons and enchanted woods.

At the close, the sergeant approached the officer to thank him. "I cannot say, sir," he said, "that I understood all that you have been reading, but *I did like them words.*" It was a wonderful tribute, and such good (if untutored) criticism that it could hardly have been improved upon by an expert.

Signe Ollsen

COURAGE can gild the commonest name, but it is a happy thing to own a ringing name that falls on every ear with a kind of intonation of brave heroism. Signe Ollsen might be the name of a figure in some old Norse saga. It is the name of a girl from the mainland of Finland, who happened to be staying at Marienhamn, in the Aland Islands, when the war broke out. She was betrothed to an officer of the Russian Navy. Walking along the cliffs one day she saw a cruiser approaching which she immediately guessed to be German. A Russian torpedo-boat was lying in a creek a mile away, and where it could not see the cruiser. Signe Ollsen at once set off to warn the torpedo-boat of the coming danger. She took a boat, and although a heavy sea was running and the coast was studded with rocks, rowed towards the creek. She had hardly got round the point which hid the Russian boat from sight when the frail little craft struck a rock and was capsized. The Russians saw her, and put off to save her in turn, but arrived too late and the girl was drowned. But the torpedo-boat was saved, and Signe Ollsen had won her crown.

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

The War Illustrated, February 12th, 1916 *Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

The Strategy of the Great War, by Major G. W. Redway

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly

Vol. 3 General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien reviews native troops "Somewhere in East Africa" **No. 78**

THE OBSERVATION POST

More Grist for the Mills of God

HUMAN nature being what it is, perfect impartiality of judgment is for ever impossible. Nevertheless, there is implanted in the British people a sincere love of fair play which produces honest effort to view all matters of real importance from other sides as well as from their own. This sense of justice has a considerable effect upon the temper in which we engage in war when the ascertained impossibility of coming to an agreement with our adversary renders inevitable a settlement by the sword. We fight then, and fight to the finish, but with a singular absence of malice in our hearts; and when the fight is over we have always been willing, hitherto, to shake hands and be friends. We do our best to knock our man out, but we do not "strafe" him during the process. We even find time to puzzle our heads with attempts to understand his point of view while we are actually engaged in attempts to remove him to some other sphere of existence where what his point of view may have been will be of no importance to his sorrowing survivors.

A STORY has become current of late which has the stamp of probability, though perhaps it must not be accepted yet as true. It comes from Rome, and is to the effect that Milan Christitch has been sent to Belgrade, "probably under Austro-German auspices," and there proclaimed King of Serbia. The short announcement gives a glimpse into one of the most extraordinary vendettas of the last hundred years, and throws a sinister light upon the policy likely to be adopted by the German Emperor towards the Serbian people whom, having temporarily overrun, he is now addressing in cajoling terms as his own misguided but beloved subjects.

A HUNDRED years is not a very long period in the history of a nation, but modern Serbian history only dates back to 1804. In that year, Black George, a patriotic chieftain, delivered his people from the tyranny of the Turk, under which they had groaned ever since the Battle of Kossovo in 1389. Accepted by the Serbians and recognised by the Powers as Hereditary Prince, Kara George ruled until 1817, when he was murdered by Milosh Obrenovitch, another chieftain, with whom he had been associated in the work of liberation. Milosh, in possession, was also recognised as Hereditary Prince, and he reigned until 1839, when he abdicated in favour of his son, Milan, who, dying soon afterwards, was succeeded by his younger brother, Michael. Politics is a vexing game in Serbia, and this Michael also tired of it; he abdicated in 1842, and the Serbians then set up as king, Alexander Karageorgevitch, son of their great Black George. He reigned until 1859, when he was called upon to resign, and the original Milosh Obrenovitch, now an aged man, was recalled from his seclusion at Bucharest and replaced on the uneasy throne from which he had retired twenty years before.

MILOSH died next year, and once more was succeeded by Michael, who eight years later was assassinated by partisans of Alexander Karageorgevitch, who thus avenged his father's murder by Michael's father. The notorious Milan, a cousin, followed him on the throne, and until 1889 scandalised Europe by the blazing immorality of his life, and the iniquitous treatment he meted out to his lovely and unhappy wife Queen Natalie. Securing a divorce from that poor woman, Milan abdicated, for value received, in 1889, in favour of his son Alexander, and wasted the price he had accepted for his "resignation" on riotous living in Paris. He died in 1901, and in 1903, as everybody will remember, King Alexander was murdered with his wife Queen Draga, and the Karageorgevitch dynasty was restored to the throne in the person of King Peter.

IN all the plotting and counter-plotting that went on between the rival houses of Karageorgevitch and Obrenovitch, it was always accepted as an axiom that no Karageorgevitch was safe while an Obrenovitch was alive, the converse, of course, being accepted as equally true. With the extinction of the Obrenovitch line by the tragic death of the childless Alexander Obrenovitch, it looked as if the vendetta at least would cease to trouble Serbia. If this new story about Milan Christitch is true, a particularly vicious thing has been engineered deliberately by the Teuton mind. For this young Milan is one of the illegitimate sons of the infamous King Milan by the notorious German beauty Madame Christitch, and his selection must have been made with the deliberate intention of provoking trouble among the Karageorgevitch partisans, which may be made the excuse by and by for political interference, ostensibly to "restore order."

SINISTER, too, is the affront offered to the Serbian people by the selection. They gave King Milan a million sterling to leave their country for ever. He took the money, and broke the bond. When he died, everyone rejoiced. Now they have imposed upon them his illegitimate child by a woman they hated. To have a "king" imposed upon them at all is humiliation enough at this present moment of their national agony. But that that "king" should be the illegitimate son of a man whom they themselves kicked out of their country! Could the Teuton mind have conceived a more indecent insult to offer to a heroic people? And how are we ever to come to an understanding again with a Power capable of acting from such a point of view?

THE thing is too shameful to permit of light comment; yet even the Serbians might prefer to be reigned over by an illegitimate son of King Milan rather than by a legitimate son of Kaiser Wilhelm. That Milan Christitch is illegitimate is no fault of his, and in the obscurity in which he has been brought up he may perhaps have acquired a moral decency which he certainly would not have acquired in the tainted atmosphere of his father's Royal palace. That the German Crown Prince is legitimate is no merit of his, and in the bright light in which he has lived he has given public exhibition of real depravity. Were his hands as free as his libidinous cupidity is unbridled, he would have made Luxemburg another Capua, and his spoon-stealing proclivities are as discreditable as his marital infidelity is shameful. Moreover, the man is mentally weak. Certainly a strong, virile people like the Serbians would find no fitting king in him. But they can never accept Milan Christitch.

MATTERS like this have a way of solving themselves in time. Serbia's heart must be very sad just now, but hopelessness in not part of her sorrow. Kings of the German Emperor's choosing will have no long reign in Serbia, or Poland, or Belgium, or anywhere else, perhaps including Prussia. In the matter of this war Great Britain and her Allies are the mills of God; they grind very slowly, but they grind exceeding small. When the mills have stopped, because their work is done, Milan Christitch and all other poor creatures of this German Emperor who, intoxicated by the heady flattery of his soldiers and Ministers, has plunged a whole world into this sea of blood, will be blown away like so much dust before the wind. By every fresh action the Teuton is revealing himself as an intolerable evil. And his actions are all wrong because of his point of view. We cannot hope to alter that. So the only thing left to do is to make an end of the type.

C. M.

9th February, 1916. No. 78. Vol. 3.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON

TRAITOR OR TRICKSTER?—This unique photograph was obtained recently at the French General Headquarters, and shows two French officers interrogating a prisoner as to the disposition of the enemy troops, from the map. To volunteer such information is the basest form of treachery, and, of course, punishable with death, whereas to mislead the French officers is worthy of an Iron Cross at least. From his expression the seated officer does not appear over-confident in the declaration of the captured Hun.

THE STRATEGY OF THE GREAT WAR

An Explanation of the Principles of Attack and Defence in Modern Campaigning

By MAJOR GEORGE W. REDWAY.

Owing to an unmilitary upbringing, it is in no way surprising that the average mind is still confused over terms and expressions of war. Even eighteen months of endeavour to catch up with a fighting system which was traditional with our Continental friends and enemies, could not be expected to dispel our inherent ignorance of all matters military. Among the many terms which are misapplied and generally misunderstood, even by people in prominent official positions, perhaps the word "Strategy" is the most frequent example. The Editor has, therefore, asked Major Redway, the eminent war critic, to contribute the following article to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by way of explanation of the term.*

LIKE the old lady who found spiritual comfort in "that blessed word Mesopotamia," many public writers and speakers cling to the term "strategy" as an explanation of any military movement the object of which is not clear to them, and so strategy is often mistaken for tactics, policy, or administration. Lord Haldane has been a frequent offender in this respect, and on one occasion perpetrated an astonishing *betise*. As War Minister, he told us that "the strategy which won battles was one thing; the strategy which in cold blood and through a series of years devised the organisation of armies was a different thing." But it is tactics, not strategy, that is concerned with the winning of battles, and army organisation is a branch of military administration.

The Secret of the Generalissimo

The term strategy is hard to define, but if we consider *policy* as the affair of the Government, *administration* as the business of the War Office, and *tactics* as the art of the battle leaders, we see that *strategy* must be the concern of the Commander-in-Chief; and, in fact, his plan of campaign is only another expression for his personal views on strategy. It follows that for each campaign there must be a separate commander who frames his own strategy, though in doing so he must have regard to the policy laid down by his Government—represented by the War Minister—as well as to the resources placed at his disposal by the War Office, and to the standard of tactics reached by his fighting troops and the divisional generals. All these points are well illustrated by the despatch of Sir Ian Hamilton published on January 7th.

Strategy illustrates the intellectual rather than the physical side of war, and a general is said to "impose his will" upon the enemy when his plan of campaign deprives his adversary of the initiative; in other words, if General A takes the offensive, General B must, willy-nilly, assume a defensive attitude. Now the advantage of taking the offensive in a strategic sense is that by crossing the frontier you wage war at the enemy's expense, and preserve your fellow-countrymen from such horrors as have been witnessed in Belgium, France, and Poland. But the invader must be sure of his ability to keep the lead he has gained, for a check is a confession of unsuspected weakness, as when the Grand Duke Nicholas came to a halt after invading East Prussia and Galicia; as when the Kaiser's advance into France was arrested at the Marne; as when Sir John Nixon's progress in Mesopotamia was stayed by the Turks near Bagdad.

Defensive strategy is usually the refuge of the weak or the unready, for it conserves strength and gains time. General Maxwell defended Egypt a year ago without crossing the Suez Canal, and an Austrian commander has resisted the Italian invasion since last May with such surplus troops as could be spared from the operations in Russia and Serbia. In only three campaigns has offensive strategy been wholly successful so far—namely, the Anglo-Japanese expedition to Kiao-Chau, General Botha's invasion of South-West Africa, and quite recently in Serbia. Elsewhere defensive strategy has enabled the weaker side to keep the invader at bay, though whether we shall witness such a counter-stroke as that which carried Wellington from Lisbon to Toulouse in 1813-14 remains to be seen. The counter-stroke is the pursuit of a would-be invader within his own frontier.

The first care of a general then is to decide wisely between invasion and waiting to be invaded; but, in the case of invasion, a further choice must be made of a form of strategic attack. Military pundits speak of three modes of procedure, called Envelopment, Penetration, and Interception; and these all have reference to the selection of a starting-point—called the base—an objective, and the military routes from one to the other. The clearest example of envelopment is that of Marshal Mackensen's invasion of Serbia. The Austrians based on Bosnia crossed the Drina moving eastwards, the Bulgarians marched into Serbia westwards, and Mackensen's army based on Hungary came southwards over the Danube. Evidently a Serbian army, remaining north of Nish, would be encompassed before ever a shot was fired. In other words, it would be strategically enveloped, and then it must fight on three fronts if it stand to fight at all.

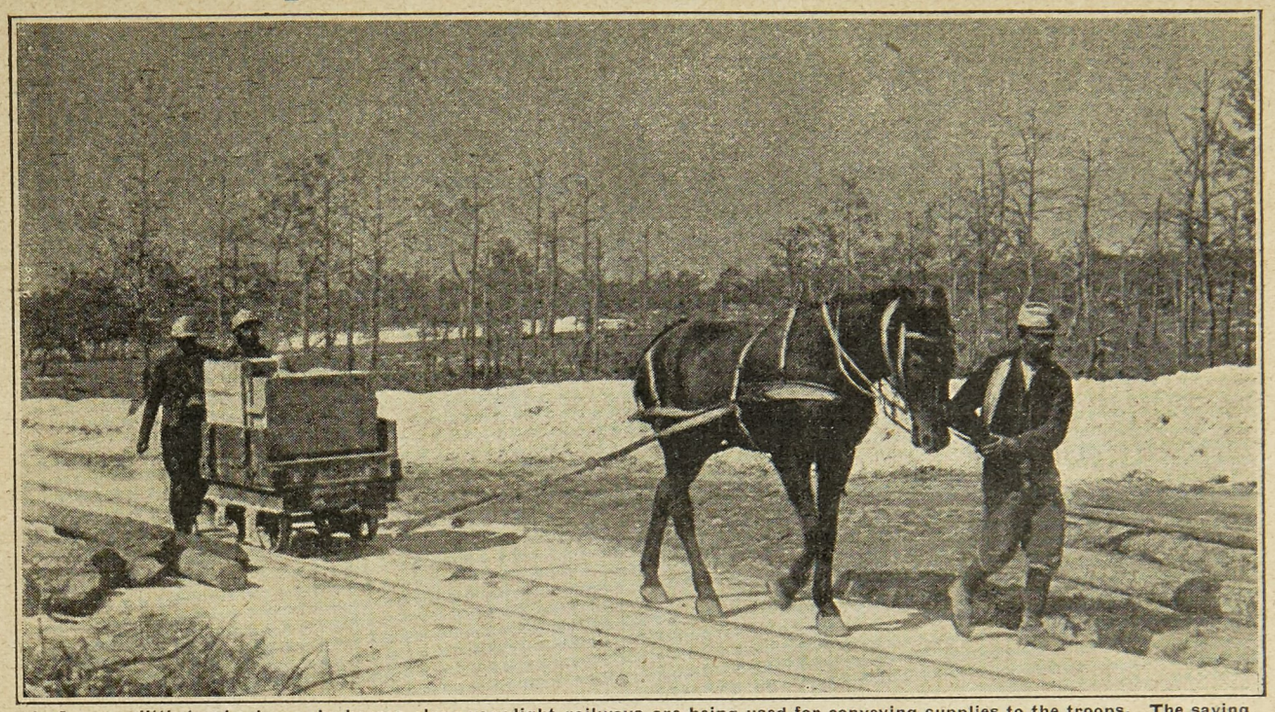
Interception may be called an amplification of envelopment, and of this process we have seen no example so far during the war; but last summer we were on tenterhooks lest the Grand Duke Nicholas, by hanging on to Warsaw, should enable the enemy to effect interception; for at the end of July the Austro-Germans were crossing the Narew on his right and the Vistula on his left, and another week would have seen the junction of these forces to the east of Warsaw like an iron band encircling the main Russian army. The Grand Duke would then have had to face to the rear and cut his way out—if he could! Such was the situation of Bazaine at Metz and MacMahon at Sedan in 1870, and in both cases the whole army had to surrender to avoid extermination in battle. If General Joffre could contrive to strike northwards from Verdun to Liège, the fate of all the German armies west of the Meuse would be sealed, for they would be cut off from their base of supplies—and that is interception.

The Enemy's Colossal Mistake

The third form of strategic attack is penetration, or breaking the front, and this was the manœuvre attempted by the Germans in France in August, 1914. General Joffre had écheloned his armies between Nancy and Mons. Like the steps of a ladder, the commands of Castelnau, Ruffey, De Langle de Cary, Lanrezac, and Sir John French stood in four isolated groups on a front of one hundred and seventy-five miles, leaving a gap in the centre about Sedan. The military sin of the Germans was in failing to pierce the French centre hereabouts, and so separating the French left wing from the French right wing before giving battle. It was the furious, premature attack of Von Kluck upon the British that caused the retreat from Mons in hot haste and upset the German plan, which was to detain the forces of Sir John French and Lanrezac in position until Von Hausen and the Duke of Würtemberg had reached the Aisne. When the strategic front of an army has been

[*Continued on page 604.*

The Wine-press of War in the Land of the Vine



In Argonne little trucks drawn by horses along very light railways are being used for conveying supplies to the troops. The saving of labour is immense where the roads have been badly cut up by the traffic of war.

Champagne, pre-eminently the land of the vine, has been the scene of some of the fiercest fighting of the war. In the serious way in which these French cavalry and cyclists are contemplating one another one seems to detect the change that has come over the whole of France.

STRATEGY OF THE GREAT WAR

(Continued from page 602)

broken the divided wings can be attacked piecemeal and driven in opposite directions—Napoleon's favourite method. But this and other forms of the strategic offensive have crumbled to pieces in the present war, and that is why hostilities are prolonged. The strategic defensive has proved itself to be what Clausewitz called it—the stronger form of war.

Just as there are three forms of strategic attack, so there are three modes of strategic defence, and the first is the defence of the frontier. To preserve our native soil from the foot of an aggressive neighbour, to protect its inhabitants, is what an army is maintained for, opines the taxpayer; but this is easier said than done, even when natural obstacles like the Vosges Mountains or the River Vistula, or fortresses like Liège and Namur, seem to buttress the defence. Almost invariably the invader will practise some deception and concentrate his masses upon some weakly guarded point. The exceptions prove the rule, as when the Turks on the Gallipoli Peninsula found they could bring up troops, their food and ammunition, faster by land than we could bring ours by sea, and on such a narrow tongue of land the defenders could never be in doubt where the blow would be delivered. All that our Mediterranean Expeditionary Force gained after a six months' campaign was standing room on a rocky beach. How different in Belgium, France and Russia! But we turned the tables on the Turks when they ventured across the desert to invade Egypt. The deduction is obvious—namely, that an inhospitable terrain is the true defence of a frontier, and in highly cultivated countries or those traversed by railways or navigable waterways a defending army must resort to another mode of defence—the retreat into the interior. In this case the army is preserved at the expense of the inhabitants and the national property, for the country should be laid waste in front of the invader, who must then halt and await convoys of food from his base. The farther he advances the longer his delay in procuring the means to keep the field, and in theory a point should be reached at which the balance of military power inclines to the defending army, which then delivers the counter-stroke.

Defensive Strategy in Three Continents

The Germans in the Cameroon are exploiting this form of defence, and they aim at foiling General Dobell, who hopes to bring them to a decisive action before his little army wastes away by disease and losses in guerilla warfare. The Turks in the Tigris Valley are also finding their account in this strategic retreat in spite of our successful fight at Ctesiphon. The Russians now behind the Dwina would be thrice as effective for action to-day if they had voluntarily abandoned Warsaw last year. General Joffre's premature battles on the frontier, before the arrival of Sir John French, weakened his army for the Battle of the Marne. But policy rarely permits a general to treat his frontier regions as the enemy will treat them, and one can imagine what a domestic upheaval would have followed the burning of towns and villages, the evacuation of the population, and the destruction of railways and bridges, in Northern France as a means of impeding the German advance. The result of a tender policy in 1914 is that the enemy is in 1916 still subsisting upon the inhabitants, who are held in bondage to the conqueror. And, in speaking of what might have been, we are brought to the third mode of strategic defence, which may be illustrated from the recent situation in Serbia. Marshal Putnik, with an Army at no time larger than the Bulgarian Army, could never hope to contend also with the Austrians and Germans, and therefore he was bound to retreat—but in what direction? Many would say he should have hastened south to unite with the Franco-British expedition, but strategy prescribed a very different course.

What Marshal Putnik Might Have Done

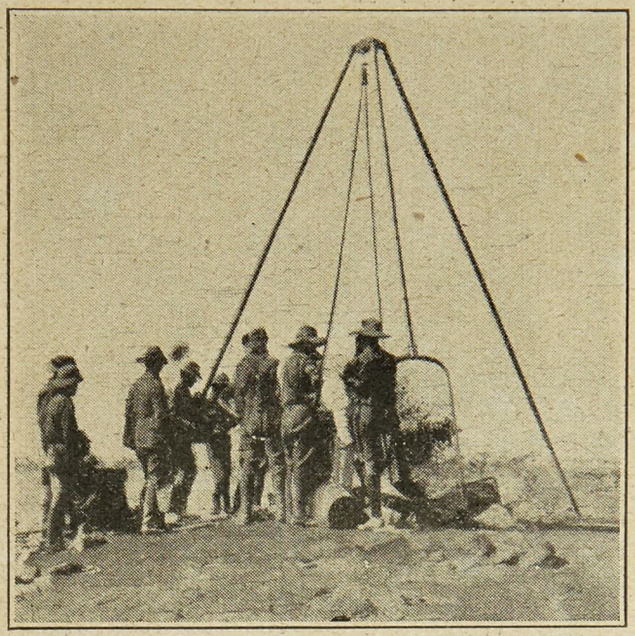
By moving westwards into the hill country he could have fought to advantage on a familiar terrain, if the enemy pressed; but if on the other hand the enemy declined to follow him into the mountains, he could, as it were, lie in wait until Marshal Mackensen proceeded southwards to meet the Salonika expedition. Then would have come the golden opportunity for Marshal Putnik to issue forth and harass the enemy's convoys and their escorts coming from the Danube.

In such circumstances General Sarrail could have acted in a similar fashion against the Bulgarian Army moving westwards. Both forces would have taken up "a flank position" as it is called, than which few defensive manœuvres are more effective. Forty years ago Osman Pasha brought the whole Russian Army to a standstill for five months by thus emerging from Widin after the invader had crossed the Danube. Whether, in fact, the Serbian commander conceived such a plan in October we do not know; but it is supposed that, before retiring to his present position, he was tempted into fighting with superior forces, though that could serve no useful purpose—indeed, it may have rendered him unfit to operate with effect when the Franco-British expedition moves forward. Strategy is "a power that differs from the mere ability to fight."

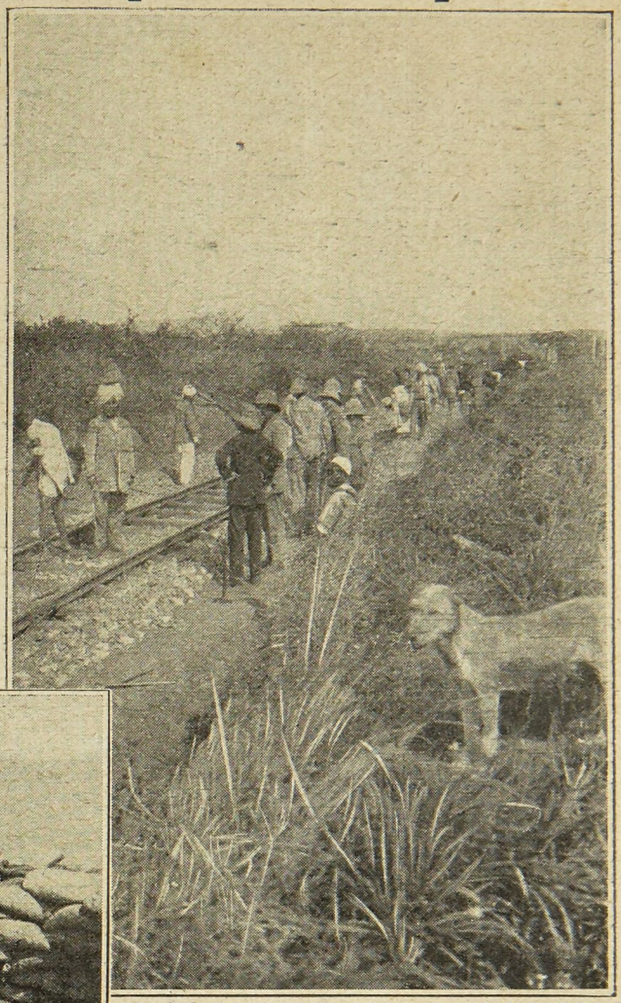
In conclusion we must observe that, in the present war, the principal campaigns have not been conducted with the vigour which was looked for after the experiences of the Austrians in 1866 and the French in 1870, to say nothing of the campaign in Manchuria and the Balkans in the present century. A remarkable equalisation of forces has coincided with a disinclination to run risks on the part of the generals. Offensive strategy has been yoked with defensive tactics, every gain of ground has been consolidated by entrenchments of a semi-permanent character, and the result is a deadlock that will last until one side or the other realises that keeping millions of men under arms, employed in self-preservation rather than the defeat of the enemy, is a negation of the art of war.

Full-dress parade up to date. The strange appearance of the fighting Frenchman on emerging from the trenches for inspection.

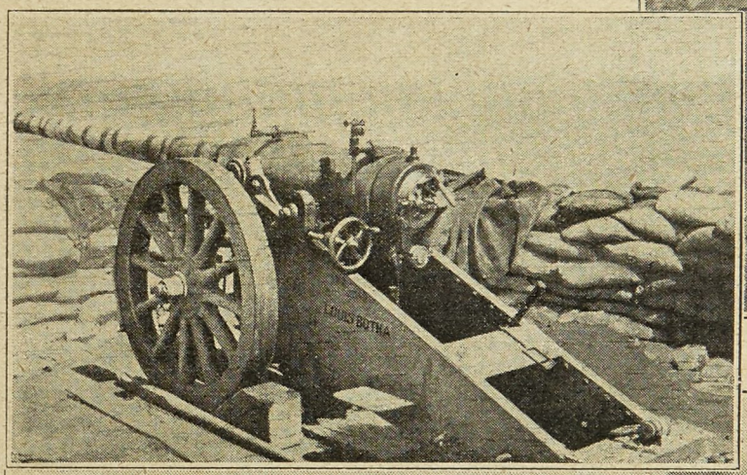
British Activities from the Equator to Capricorn

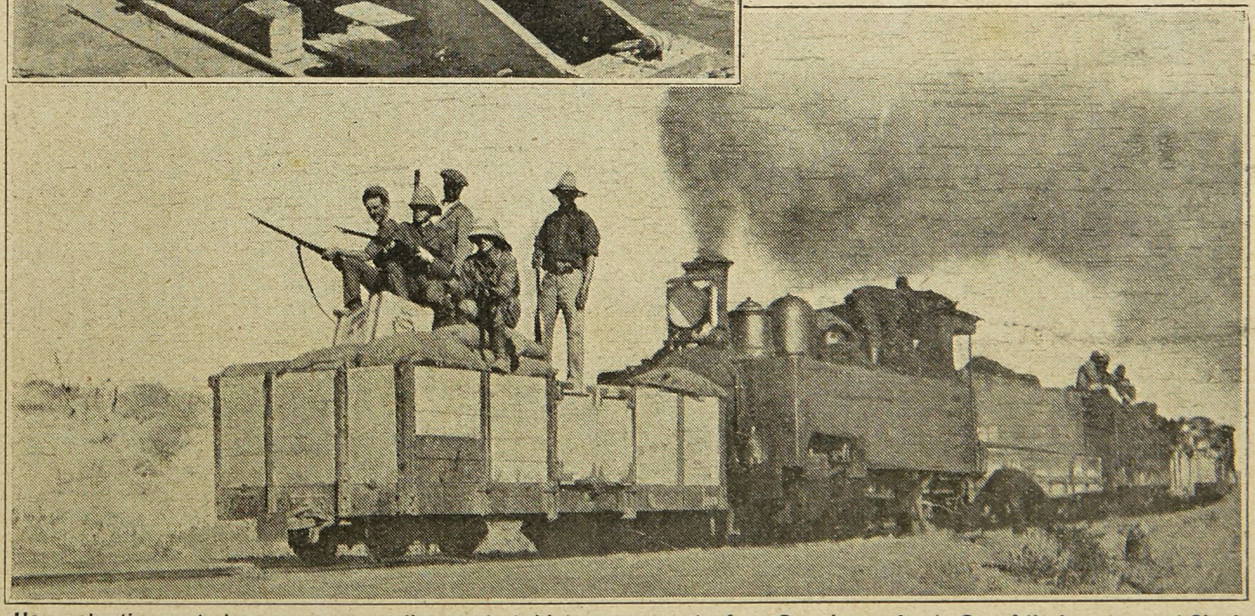


German prisoners incarcerated in a South-West African camp, drawing water from a well.



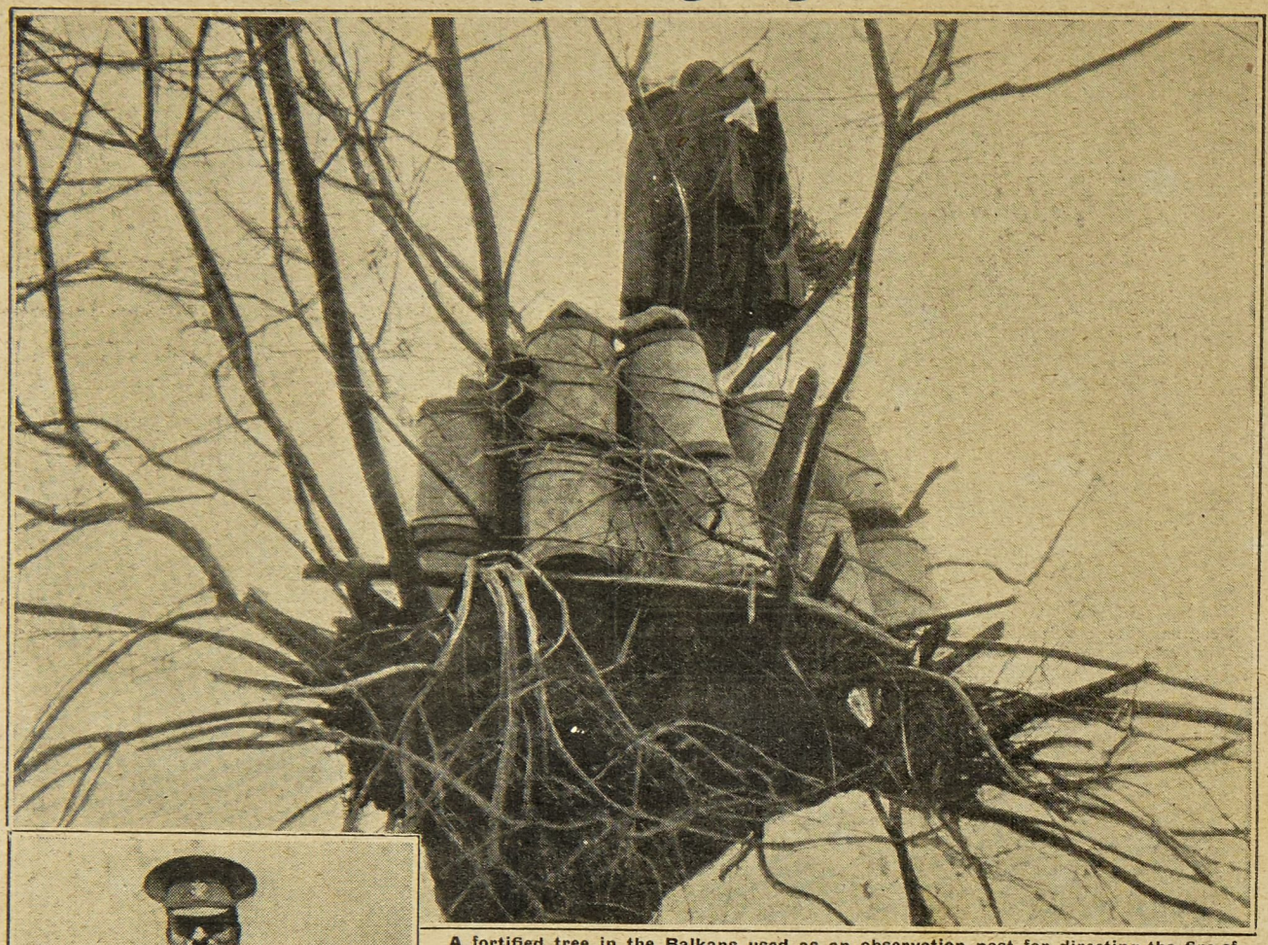
Repairing damage caused by an explosion on the Uganda Railway, which is easily liable to isolated attacks by hostile raiding parties.





How a shooting-party in a narrow-gauge line penetrated into enemy country from Omarieru. Inset: One of the heavy guns at Shark Island, which overlooks the erstwhile German town of Luderitzbucht, S.-W. Africa. The weapon was christened "Louis Botha." As an indication of Britain's heavy responsibilities, these photographs embrace war areas stretching from the Equator to the Tropic of Capricorn.

Montenegro's Despairing Fight for Freedom



A fortified tree in the Balkans used as an observation post for directing the fire of the Montenegrin guns.

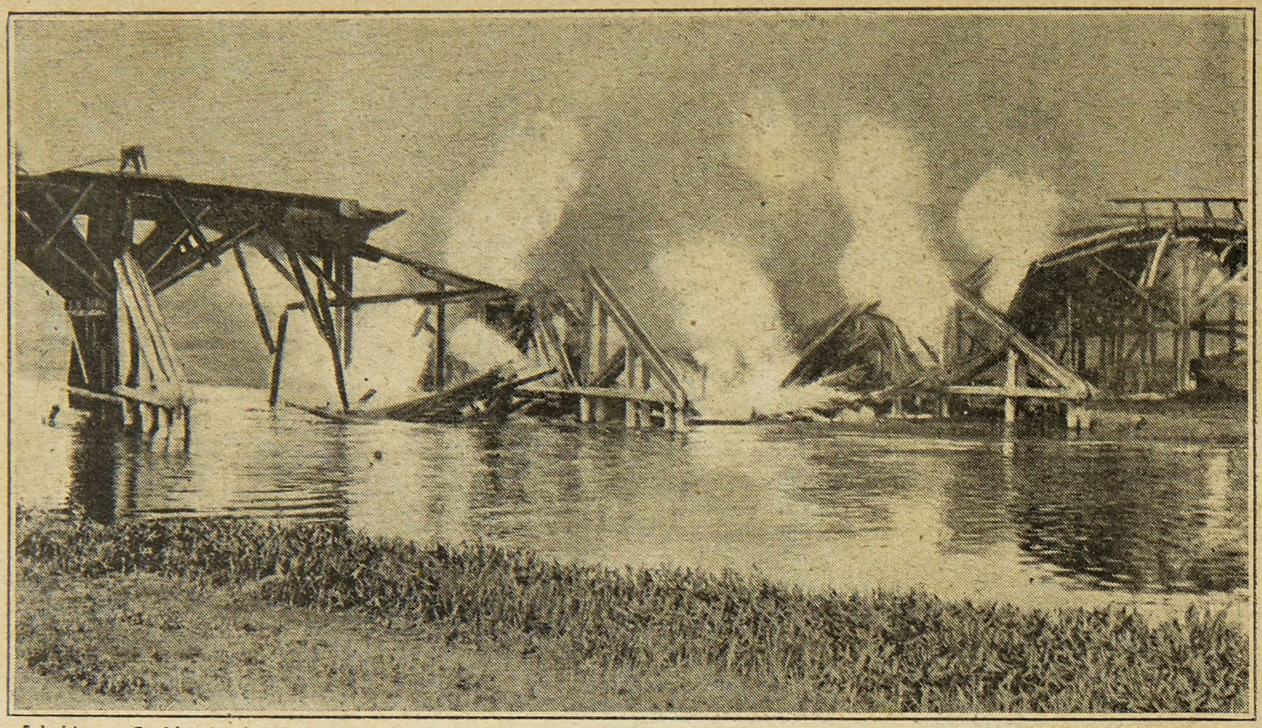
Left: General Martinovitch, who refused to surrender to Austria. Right: Meeting to consider the surrender of Scutari. General Martinovitch, in the centre, discussing the peace terms with Essad Pasha (on the left) and Prince Danilo of Montenegro.

King Nicholas Seeks Refuge in Friendly France

The arrival of King Nicholas of Montenegro at Lyons. Together with King Albert and King Peter, this venerable monarch goes into friendly exile to await the moment of his country's liberation from Teuton tyranny.

A Montenegrin soldier, who was one of the bodyguard of King Nicholas, arouses interest among the Frenchmen with whom he is billeted. He is about to sample some of the soup for which our French friends are always famous.

Removals While You Wait: Two Teuton Efforts



A bridge on Serbian territory being demolished by a charge of dynamite. The centre of the structure has been blown to smithereens, and, in spite of the danger, two Austrian soldiers are placing a final charge to shatter the supports nearer the bank.

Another wonder of "Kultur." Moving a house bodily from place to place. German soldiers by means of levers and rollers are pushing a portable "headquarters" to another part of the line.

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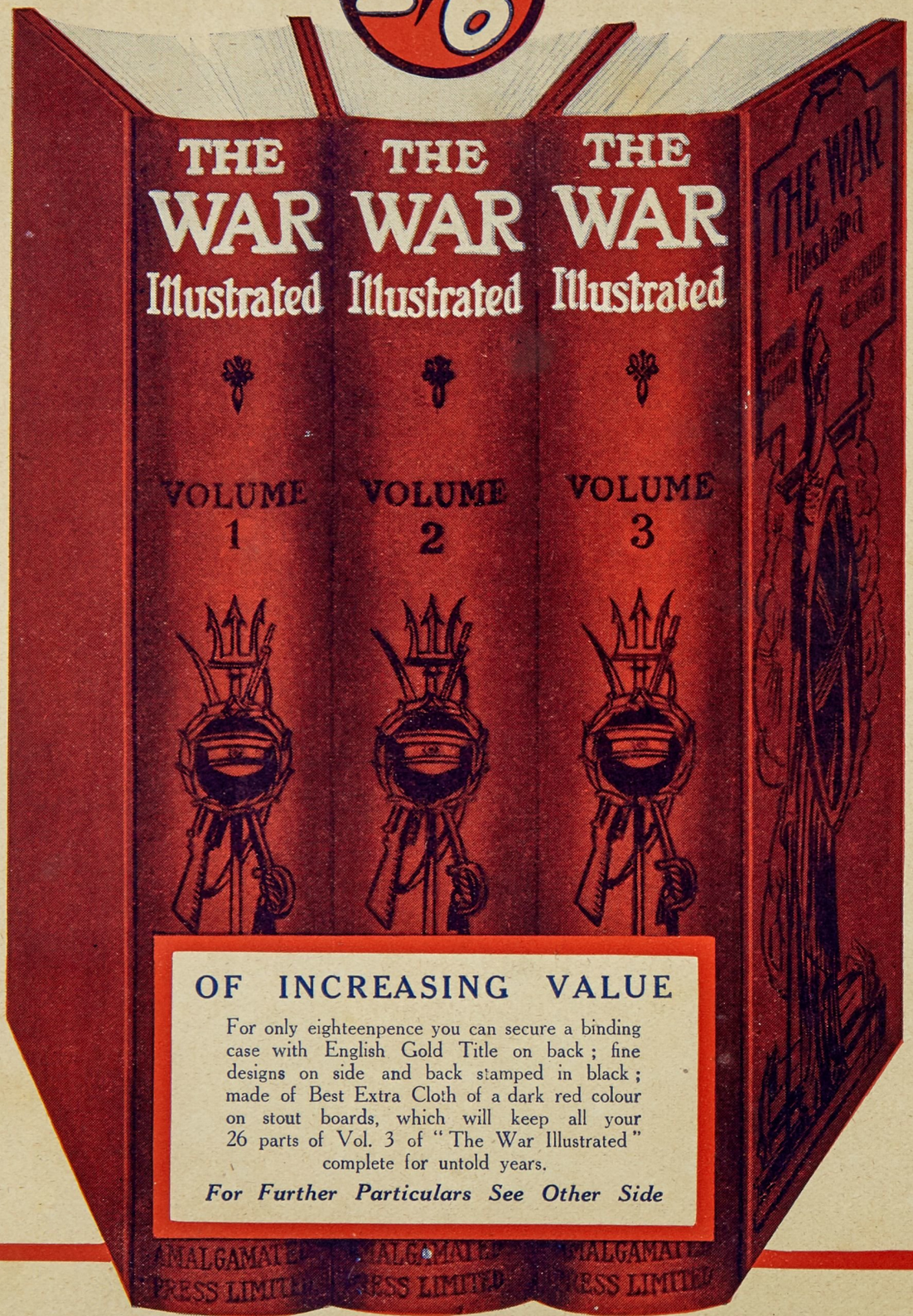

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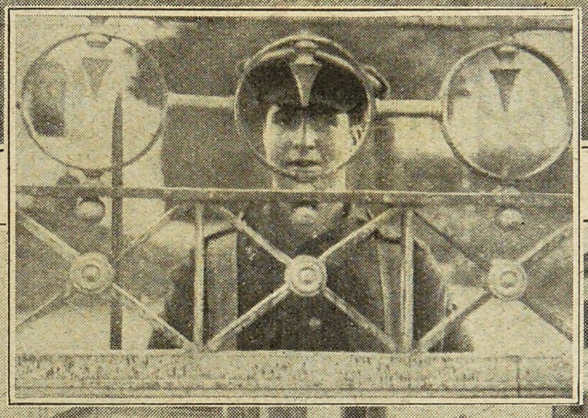
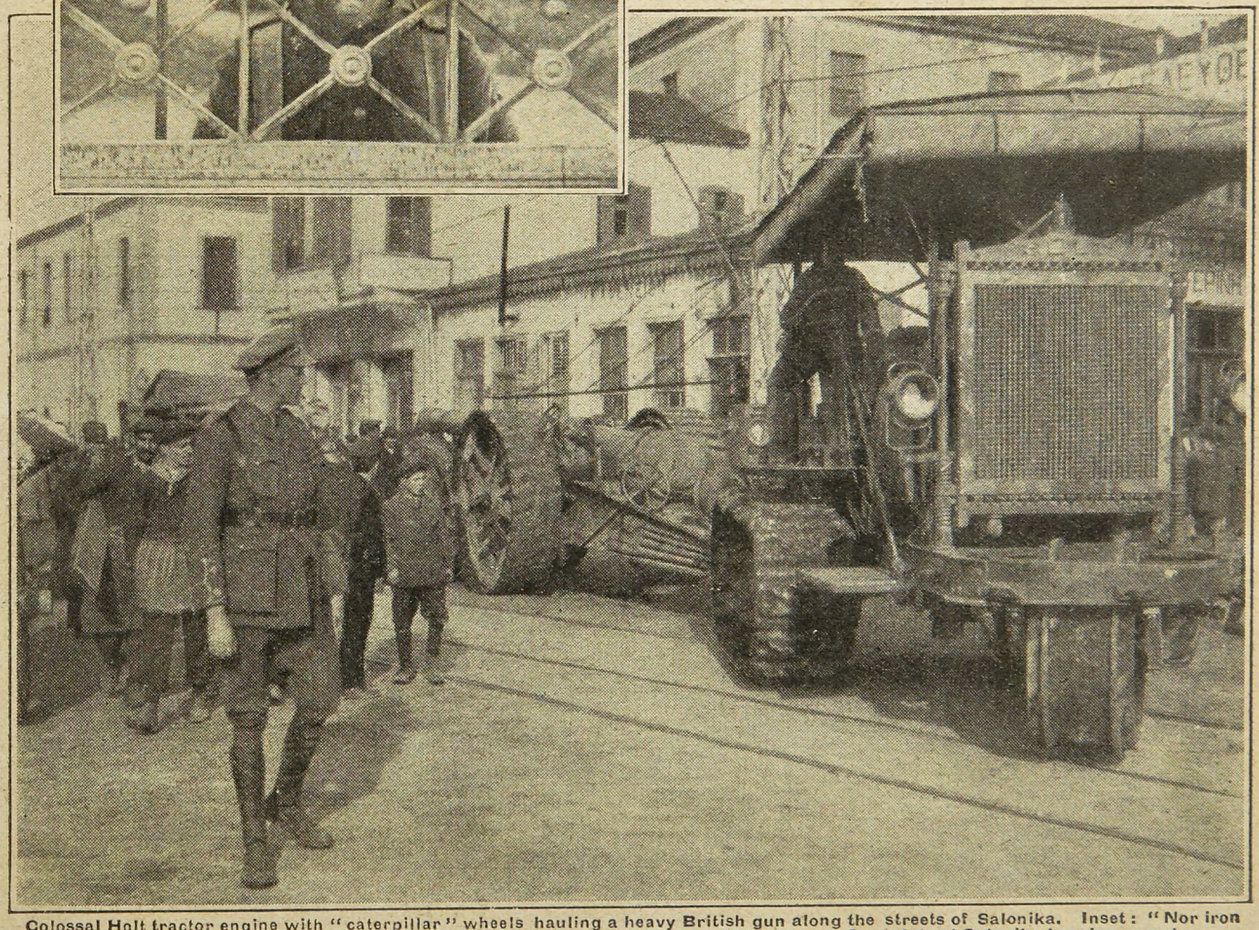
In Macedonia from Base to Advanced Line

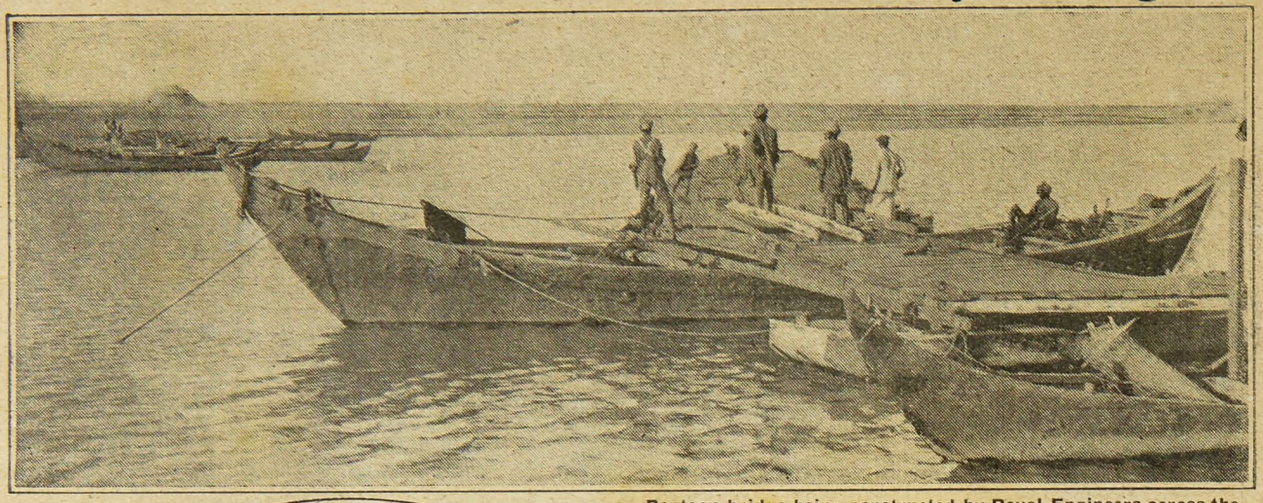
British soldiers in the first-line positions of Macedonia. In some cases Turkish trenches constructed during the Balkan fighting of 1912-13 are found still serviceable.



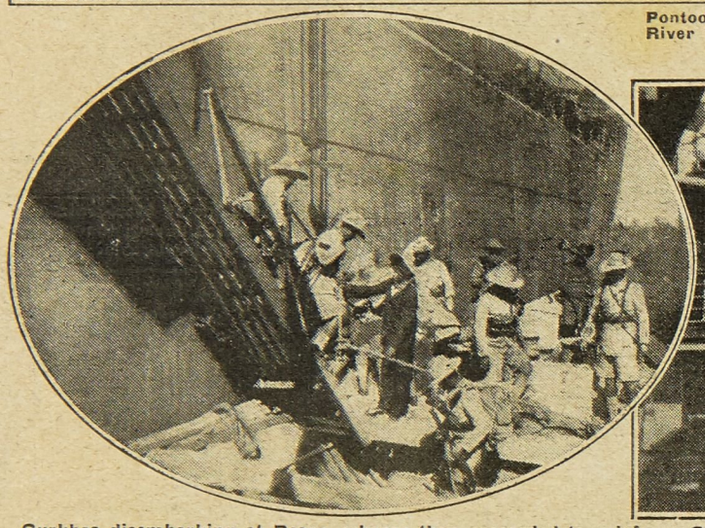


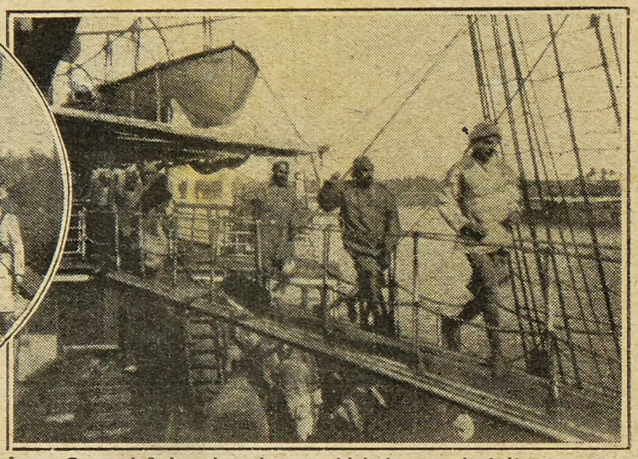
Colossal Holt tractor engine with "caterpillar" wheels hauling a heavy British gun along the streets of Salonika. Inset: "Nor iron bars a cage." This is not a hapless prisoner, but a British sentry outside an enemy Consulate at Salonika keeping guard.

Indo-British Heroes on the River Way to Bagdad

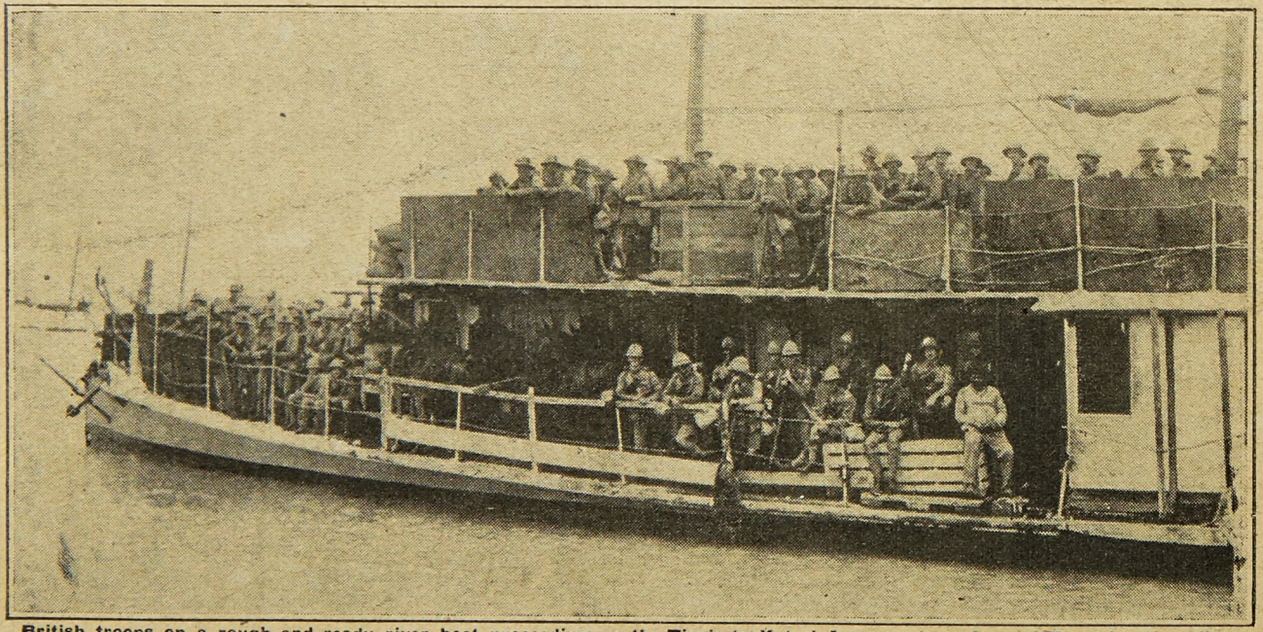


Pontoon bridge being constructed by Royal Engineers across the River Tigris during the advance of General Aylmer's force to the relief of Kut-el-Amara.



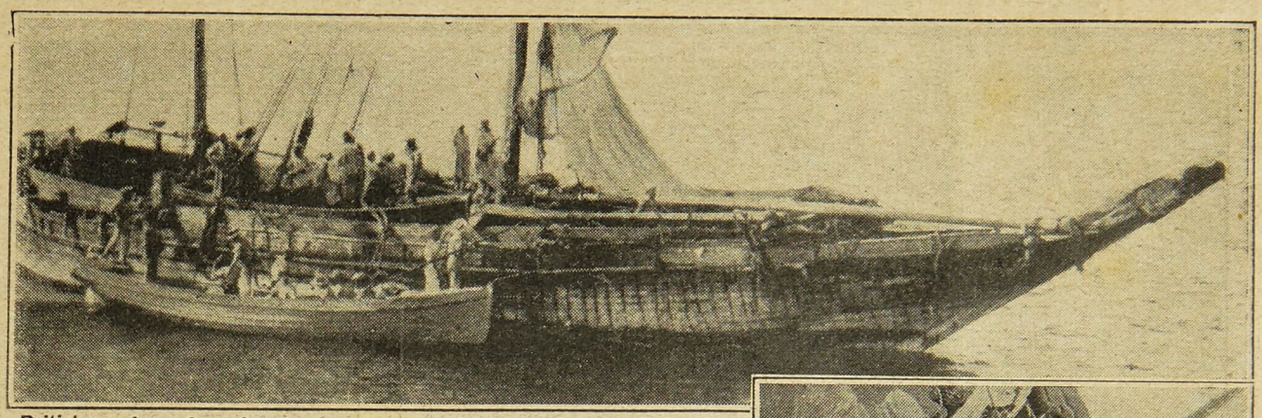


Gurkhas disembarking at Basra, whence they proceeded to reinforce General Aylmer's column, which has pushed its way up the Tigris to within a few miles of Kut. Right: Turkish prisoners exercising aboard a ship at Basra.

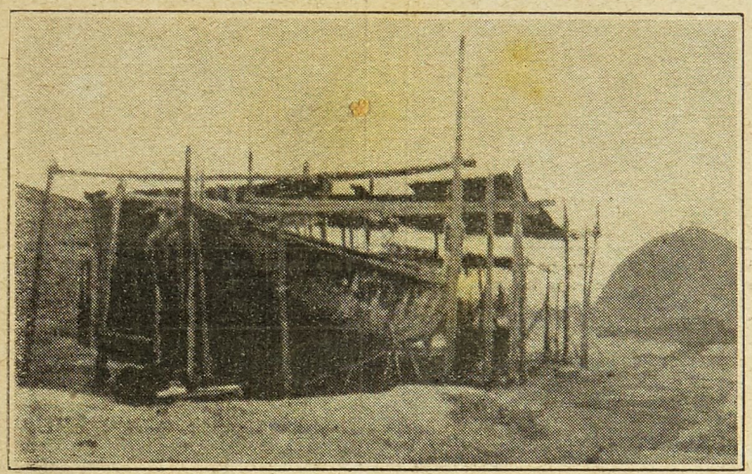


British troops on a rough-and-ready river boat proceeding up the Tigris to Kut-el-Amara, where General Townshend's gallant Indo-British force has been besieged by the Turks.

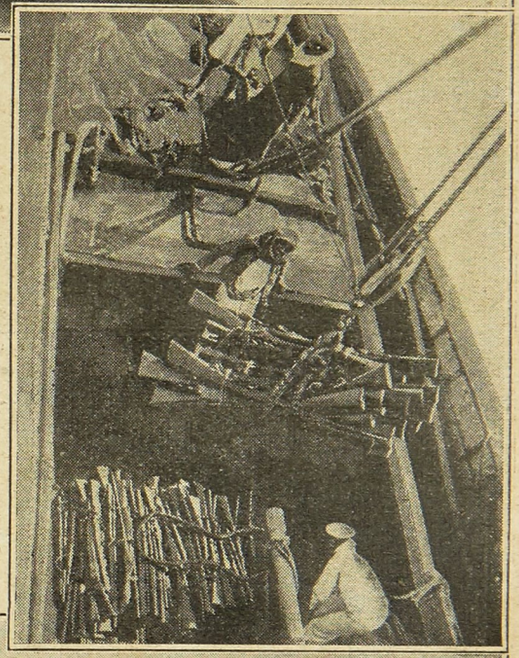
A Brush with Arab Smugglers in the Persian Gulf

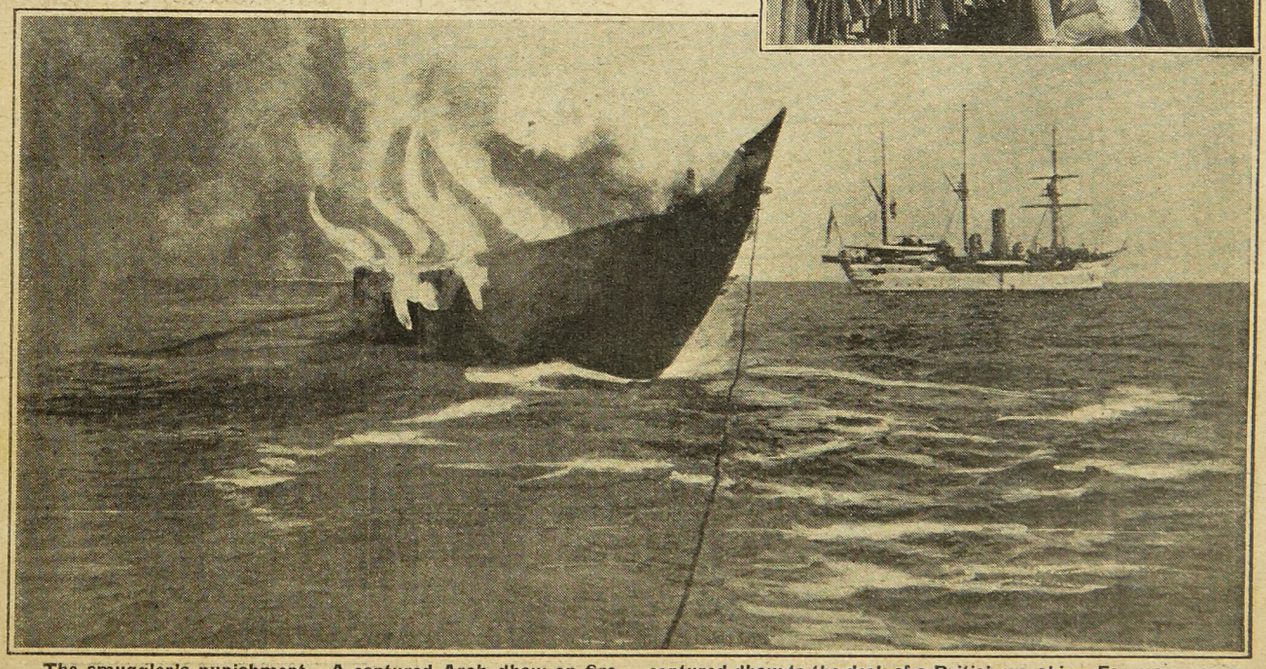


British naval men boarding an Arab dhow in order to search for contraband. Rifles were discovered under a mock cargo of wood.



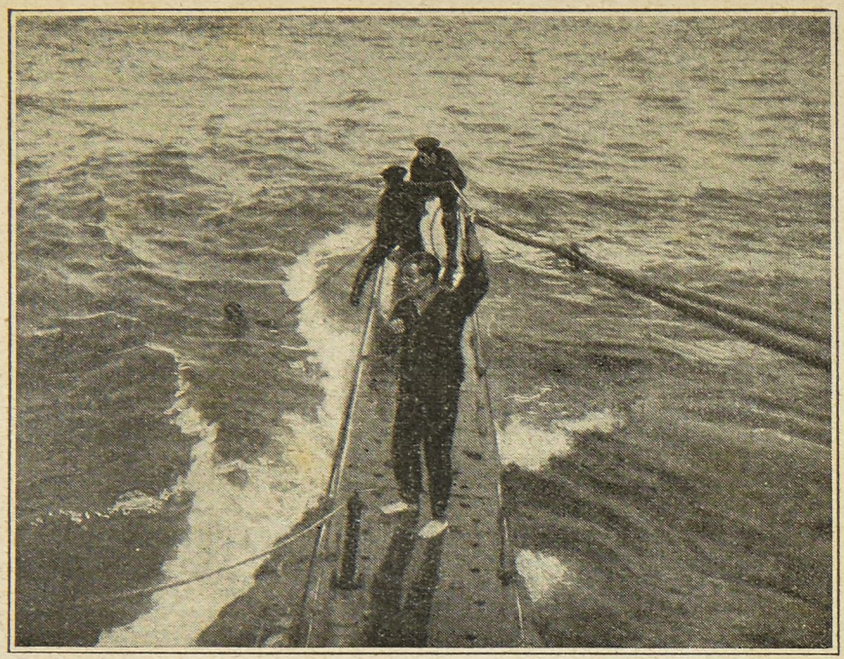
A half-built dhow that was destroyed "by order of the British Navy," because it was found that the owners were gun-runners.



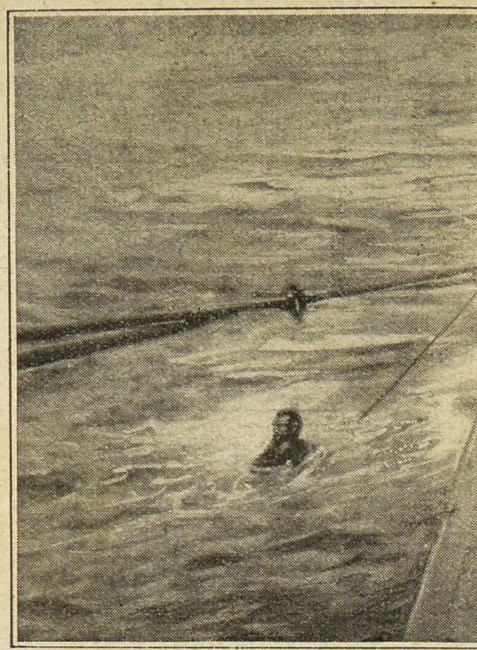


The smuggler's punishment. A captured Arab dhow on fire and sinking after a British warship had confiscated its contraband rifles. Inset: Hauling out the booty from the hold of an Arab gun-runner. The bundles of rifles were being hoisted from the captured dhow to the deck of a British warship. For many years the British Navy has been endeavouring to stop the illegal traffic in rifles in the Persian Gulf. It is said that the tribesmen will give its weight in silver for a good rifle.

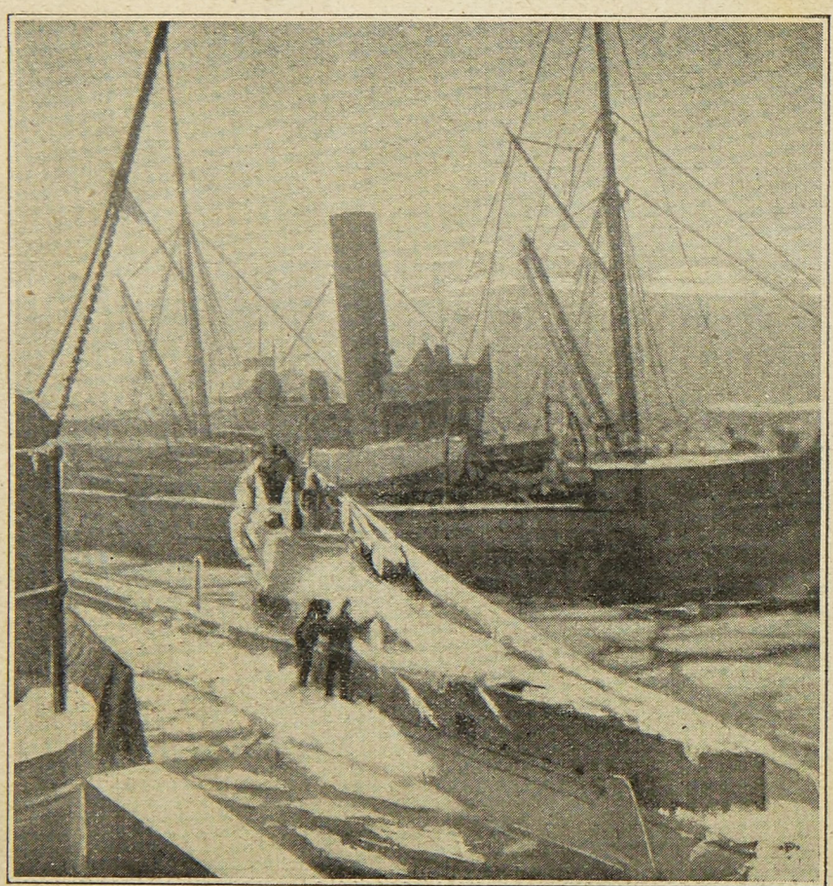
Humanity and Heroism of British Subma



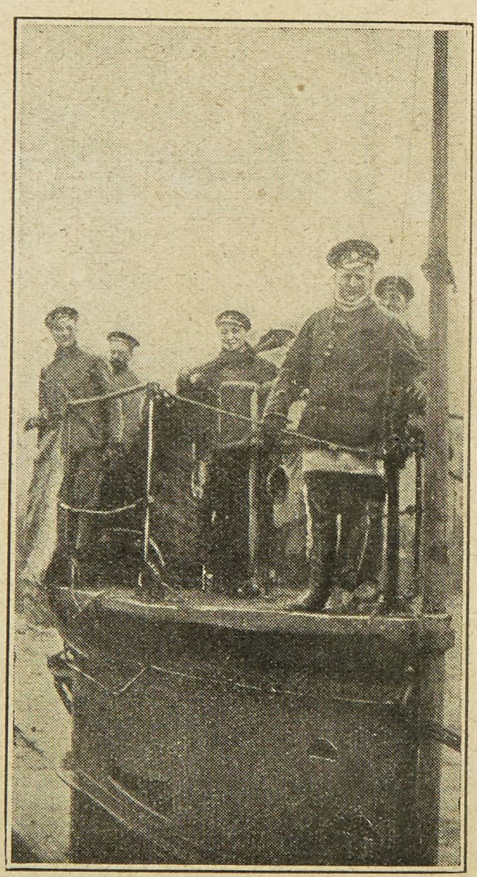
British submarine sailors gallantly rescuing Germans from a watery grave. One of the rescued men is standing on the submarine holding on to a rope for safety.



Two members of the submarine crew saving the war vessel sunk so

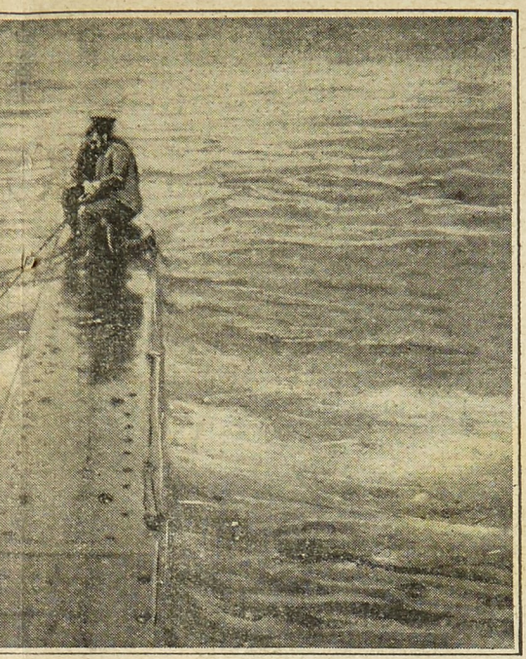


With Commander Max Horton in the Baltic. The submarine returns to harbour after two days' vigil among ice-floes and German mines.

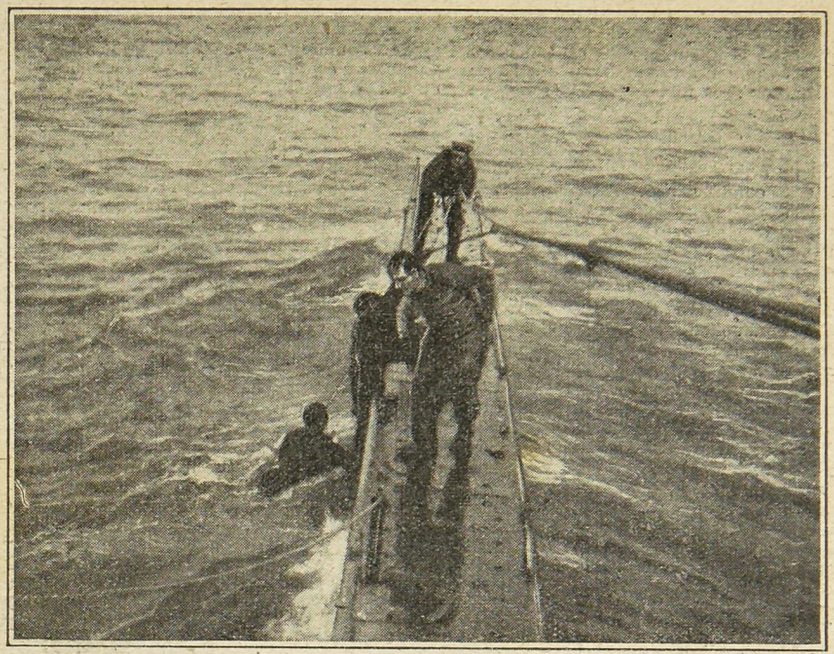


Commander Horton (in centre) on his submarine with Lieut. Essen, of the Russian Navy (right).

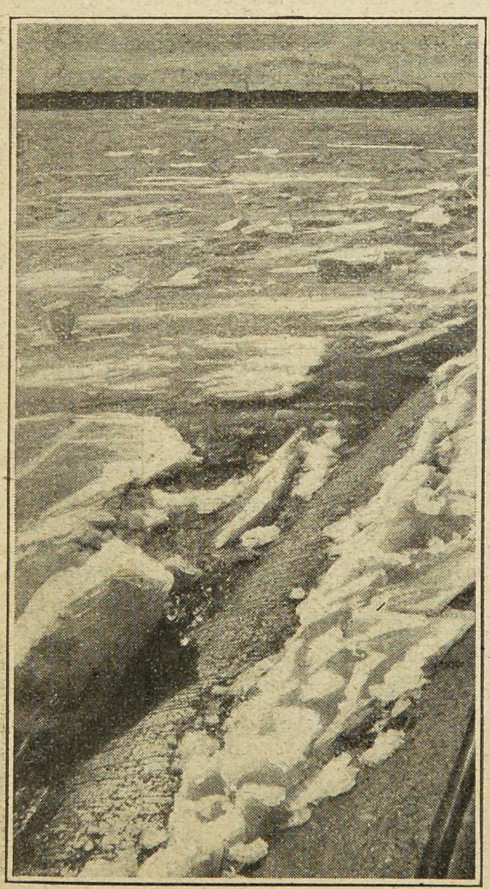
arine Sailors in the North Sea and Baltic



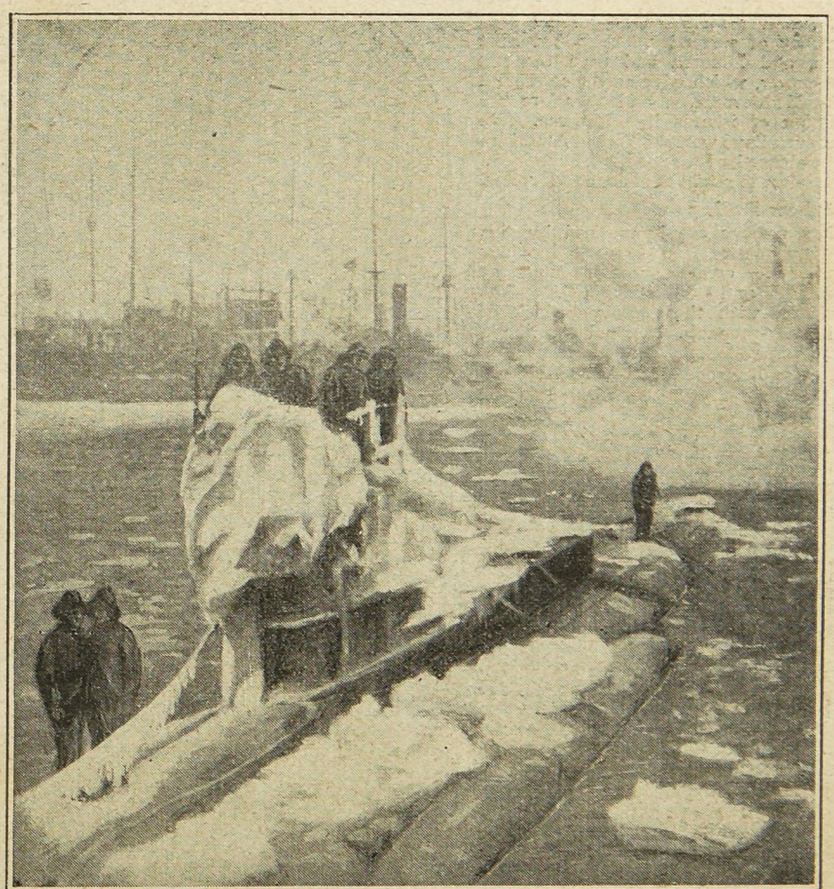
life of a German sailor, who was on board an enemy newhere in the North Sea.



Another German at the moment of being assisted on board. Standing on the deck is a second rescued Hun divesting himself of his wet jerkin.



Perilous going. How a British submarine cuts through the Baltic ice-fields.



The fantastic appearance of a submarine entering a Baltic port after sinking a German destroyer. The whole craft is heavily coated with ice.

The Cult of the Naval Base

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

THERE is probably no more remarkable illustration of pedantic and armchair strategy than what I am accustomed to call the cult of the base. It has attained an almost unassailable position, for it is to be found among the many errors about sea-power made by Napoleon, and there is scarcely a single historian who has not proclaimed himself one of its adherents. Small wonder then that one country should be sent into transports of joy and others into corresponding depths of depression because, with the fall of Mount Lovtchen the complete possession of the great harbour formed by the Gulf of Cattaro is assured to Austria for the time being. Completely landlocked, and extending for sixteen miles, it would afford an anchorage for a very large fleet. But there lies the rub. It is not Cattaro which makes the fleet omnipotent, but the omnipotent fleet which gives value to Cattaro.

Where are the British bases now? They are at Alexandria, Salonika, Lemnos, and a number of places which we have added to our regular British dockyards at Malta and Gibraltar. These additional bases are all created in war to suit our sea-power, and none would be of any value but for the possession of that sea-power. So we see that when Lecky, in his "History of England," wrote that "the English, by the Peace of Utrecht, returned Gibraltar, Port Mahon, and Minorca, which gave them command of the Mediterranean," his premise was false, however mistaken may have been the policy of surrender. Gibraltar, Port Mahon, and Minorca had been the gift of sea-power, which gave us the command of the Mediterranean, and therefore the possession of islands like Minorca. We might even have won the War of American Independence had we not been hypnotised by the effort to retain the base of Gibraltar.

Mistaken Policy

When nations are hypnotised by this cult they plunge into excesses like our attempts to create great arsenals at Alderney and Wei-Hai-Wei. The Americans, with the narrow outlook of the heavily-prepared base which, like a great fortress, is seldom what is wanted, failed for a long time in the Spanish war to learn from Vernon's expedition utilising Guantanamo in 1741. Then they seized the place as a base, and all their difficulties resolved themselves, for it was only fifty miles from Santiago. In the French war, during our supremacy in the Mediterranean, we relied entirely on undefended bases, generally open roadsteads, just as the French in the 1870-71 war coaled outside the three-mile limit of the British island of Heligoland.

The cult of the base is possibly one of the most persistent of all in the history of strategy.

Alexander the Great spoke of Cyprus as "the key to Egypt"; and Ptolemy, looking from Egypt, thought the island the key to Phœnicia. Alexander gave it as his opinion that the command of the Mediterranean Sea went with the island of Cyprus. Alexander the Great, or his historian, should obviously have said that the island of Cyprus went with the command of the Mediterranean.

Napoleon Misled

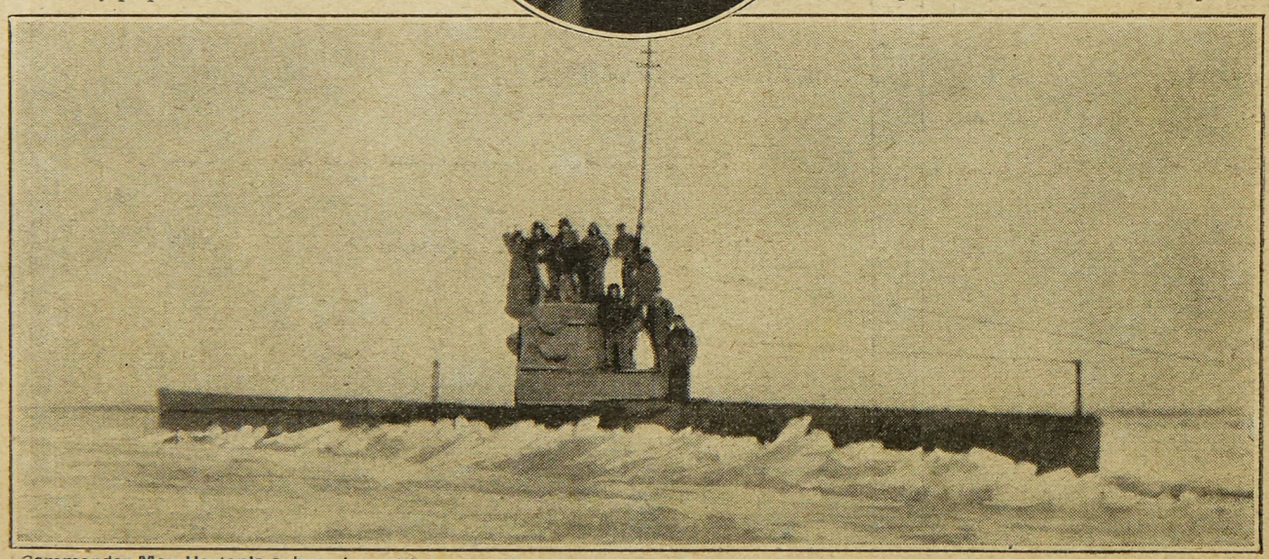
When Napoleon lost Egypt, in 1801, he said: "I am losing Egypt, and I am losing the Empire of the East." When he sold the Mississippi basin, two years later, to the United States, he said: "I am now parting with the future empire of mankind; he who holds the valley of the Mississippi will ultimately rule the world." The physical possession of Egypt and the Mississippi could fulfil neither purpose except through the upbuilding of a navy to win the command of the sea. These ideas, however, had always persisted with Napoleon. Thus he wrote to the "Directory": "By seizing and holding Egypt I retain and command the destinies of the civilised world."

Later on sea-power turned his forces out of Egypt. With Napoleon the dominant object was to convince the men of his time, and according to where he wanted to dominate so the importance of that quarter became magnified. So also he declared "Constantinople is the Empire of the world." In the similar spirit the naval historian, Mahan, encouraged his countrymen by declaring that Cuba was "the key of the West Indies and the Gulf of Mexico." We have had many lesser imitators since then, and when Libau was captured last May Prince Henry of Prussia described it as the key of the Baltic. There has been no evidence whatever of this being the case.

Broadly speaking, the only value of the possession of a base to an inferior maritime Power is that its fortifications deny its use to the stronger Power. If the stronger Power has alternative bases, as in the Adriatic, the latter advantage vanishes; and if the weaker has alternative bases one more only multiplies its obligations. The fortified bases also protect the weaker fleet from the attack of the stronger, which is the justification put forward by Lord Palmerston for his policy of fortifying our dockyards. The fallacy lay in assigning the rôle of the weaker fleet to Great Britain.

Heligoland Not Vital

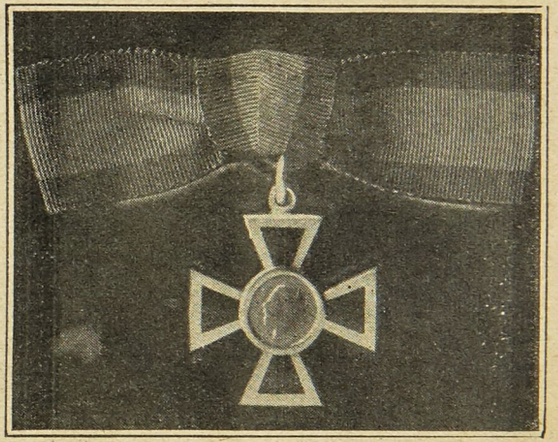
As to Heligoland, situated within about forty to fifty miles from the great German ports, and two hundred and sixty miles from our coast, there was no real alternative base, and it was an act of supreme folly for our Ministers to give it up in opposition to naval opinion. But even here events have shown that while its uses would have been very great, this unique base was not *vital* to our sea-power.



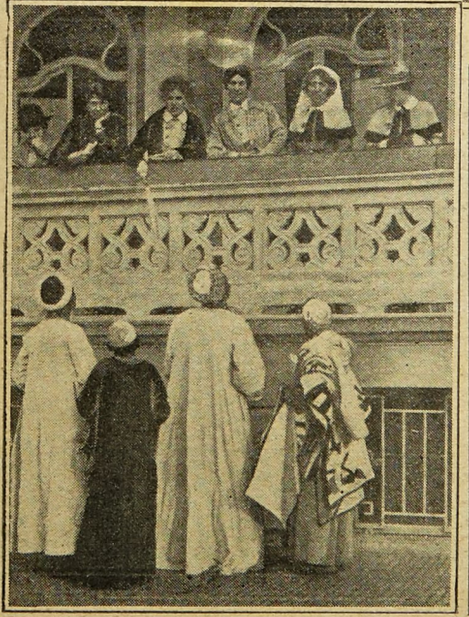
Commander Max Horton's submarine cutting a way through the frozen Baltic. Inset: A recent favourite portrait of this redoubtable submarine officer, taken in Russia since the outbreak of the war.

War-time Manual Work for British Womanhood

Among the numerous new activities which have become open for women workers since the war, probably the most astonishing are the trades of chimney-sweeping and coal-heaving, which now have their feminine followers.

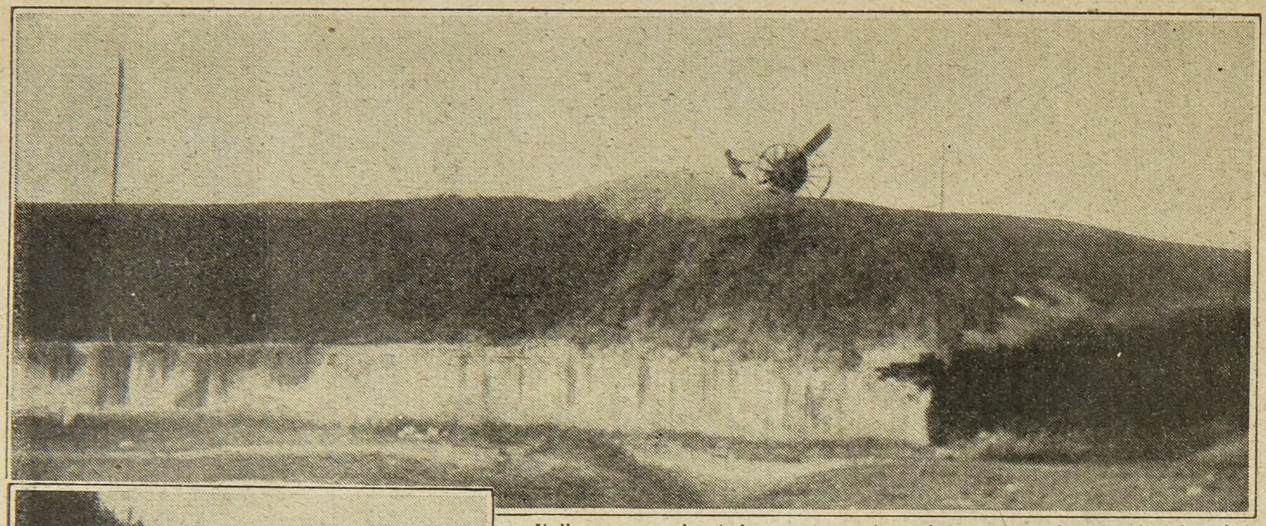


Girl blacksmiths engaged to make horseshoes. Right: The Royal Red Cross, the decoration recently instituted by the King to be awarded to nurses for special services.

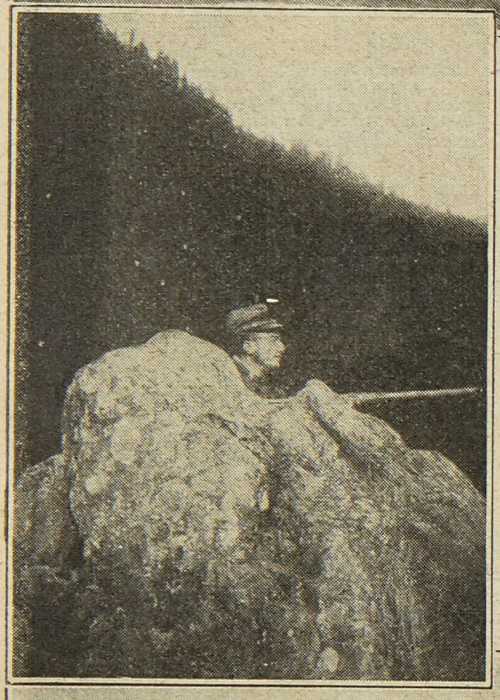


Headquarters of the Voluntary Aid Detachment at Cairo. Some of the nurses are bargaining with native silk merchants. Right: Novel school of cookery. Women building a "trench oven" in order to learn how to cook in the open, in preparation for Red Cross work at the front.

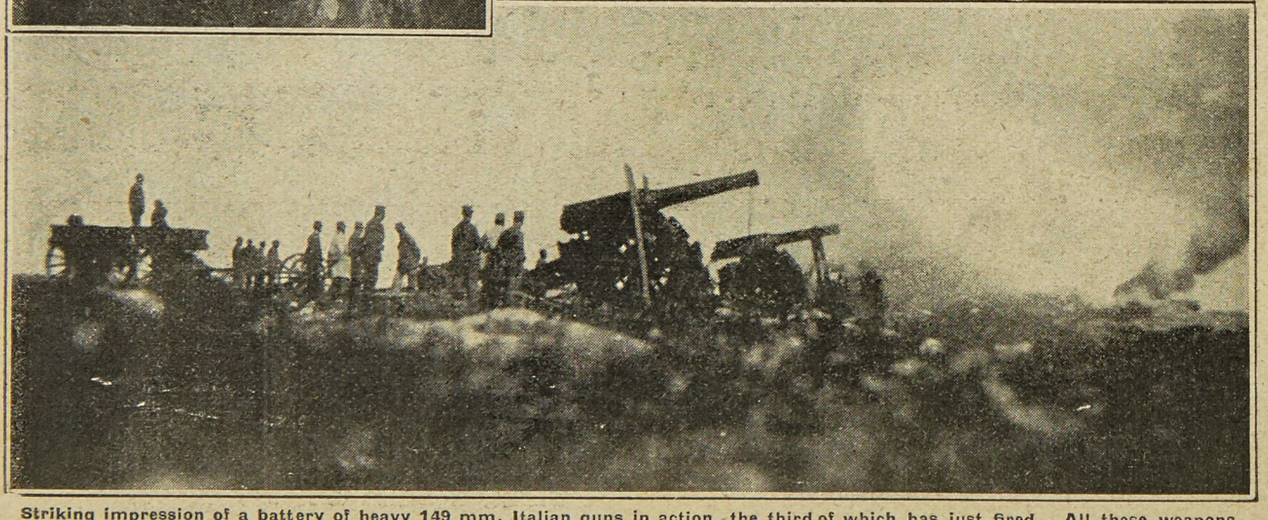
Incessant Artillery Fire o'er Peak and Precipice



Italian cannon elevated, on a rampart emplacement, against hostile aircraft. The second photograph on this page shows an Italian infantryman in ambush.



A missfire. Huge Austrian shell which fell into an Italian Alpine position and failed to explode.



Striking impression of a battery of heavy 149 mm. Italian guns in action, the third of which has just fired. All these weapons, it will be noted, have been fitted with the "caterpillar" wheels to facilitate transport over the rough mountainous country of the Austro-Italian war area.

Canadian Cavalry Training on Their Superb Steeds

Canadian cavalry training for the "real thing" somewhere in the Old Country. It is to be hoped, when the next advance comes, that the cavalry will get its chance.

Two striking views of the men and their surefooted mounts coming down a grassy slope. Some of the Canadian riders may well boast of being as expert at horsemanship as their Cossack allies.

GRIM WORK ON A MOONLIT BATTLEFIELD: BRITISH SOLDIERS SEARCHING FALLEN GERMANS.—After an attack on one of our trenches on sections of the British front where the tension is not too severe, and the nature of the country and general understanding between our men and the enemy permit, it is usual for us to send out parties after an action to bring in the wounded and to search the dead in order to identify them. Without discrimination between friend and foe, the work is done systematically and thoroughly. Each fallen German is searched, the officer in charge of the party making a careful inventory of everything, in an endeavour to find the name and regiment of the soldier. Describing this work, one of the men engaged on it writes: "The enemy attempted an unconvincing attack during the night, but was easily repulsed. One or two of them succeeded in reaching our trenches. The sketch I send (from which this drawing was completed) shows their bodies being searched for papers and identification discs."

Germany's Next Move in the West

By Our War Correspondent, F. A. McKENZIE

EVERY sign at the moment of writing this article indicates that we are on the eve of tremendous events. The Germans in the west, following their usual plan, are evidently about to attempt to anticipate an expected attack by themselves attacking. The German General Staff always strictly follows the old and wise rule—to strike first, to strike on an unexpected point, and to strike hard. In the spring of 1915, when the Allies were apparently preparing a great move farther south, they struck with poison gas immediately north of Ypres, nearly succeeding in breaking through our lines and incidentally smashing the allied spring plan of campaign. We may confidently anticipate a similar attempt now.

Splendour of the Prize

The comparatively dry weather in January has been favourable for the movement of troops. The trenches are far less muddy than they were in December, and men are in good form. Weather conditions may, of course, change, and heavy rains in February may turn Flanders again into a quagmire and make advance impossible for either side. But the indications are that the Germans will attempt their blow immediately weather conditions permit, possibly even before this article is published.

Where will they strike ?

There are many signs that they have not yet abandoned hope of capturing Paris, or of reaching such positions as will enable them to shell Paris again with their new great guns. From our point of view such an attempt seems absolutely hopeless. Any advance, say between the Somme and the Oise, must be almost incredibly costly, and would have very slight prospects of success. But the German commanders realise that an army which does nothing is by that very fact a defeated army. Their theories, their practice, and their temper incline them for a vigorous offensive. The prize in view is a splendid one, for the capture of Paris would be worth almost any price.

Such a movement will be preceded by feints and by sustained aircraft attacks, including Zeppelin raids. Even an advance towards Paris may be merely a gigantic diversion to conceal some still more formidable move in another quarter. The Germans are almost forced to attempt to accomplish something that will compel an early peace. Their people are feeling heavy the burden of war. Their exchequer is in a very bad way. The elder men in some of their regiments want to get home.

Germany's Internal Unrest

We must not attribute too much importance to this. There is a great gulf between grumbling and discontent and mutiny, as there is a great gulf between shortage of supplies and surrender. Let Germany gain striking victories and her internal unrest will vanish. But let her armies be held up during the months ahead or, worse still, defeated, and her internal situation will give her statesmen more and more reason for uneasiness. For Germany an attack on our lines might well be not a desperate gambler's throw, but a carefully calculated and deliberate development of policy.

What will be her new weapons ?

In 1914 Germany launched her first great advance with the aid of two great weapons, monster howitzers which wiped out the fortified positions of the enemy, and an abundant use of automobiles which gave armies a flexibility never before attained. In 1915 Germany launched her attack by the use of asphyxiating gases. What new weapons will she employ in 1916 ? The indications are that the new weapons will be two—the employment of gigantic guns of a size and a range far beyond the German monsters of 1914 and Zeppelins and aeroplanes of much improved type and in greatly increased numbers. Everyone who investigated the German aerial attacks of 1915 is aware that they lost three-fourths of their effectiveness by certain notorious faults—faults which I do not propose to indicate here more closely. But if these faults have been noted and observed by us, we may be quite certain that they have been equally noted and observed by German experts. The probability is that they have by now been largely removed. We know that great improvements have been made in the aircraft themselves, in Zeppelins, and more particularly aeroplanes. The big new guns will be mainly used against allied positions and towns hitherto out of the range of fire.

Odds Against the Huns

Of course, we are not sitting down and allowing these preparations to go on without counter preparations on our side. If Germany has surprises, so have we; surprises that will probably be found even more formidable than those of our enemy. On the western front we have the advantage to-day in numbers. While Sir Douglas Haig's qualities as Commander-in-Chief have yet to be put to the test, everything that has happened since his appointment gives us cause for encouragement that he is the right man in the right place. The changes that have taken place along our western command during the past few weeks have been, unless the accounts which reach me are altogether wrong, wholly of a beneficial kind.

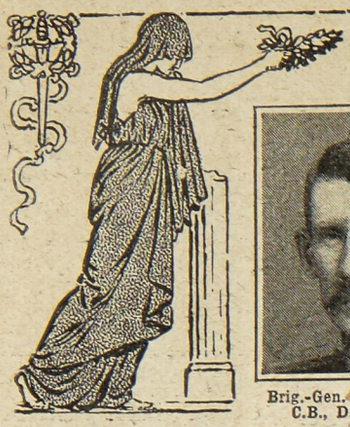
Above all, we have the advantage in the spirit of our men. The Germans in the west are growing war weary. The Saxons, the most humane, chivalrous, and fair fighting of our enemies, have suffered tremendously. The Prussians are slowly realising that they can only hope to be victors over a world in ruins and that they have little prospect of being even that. I am not one of those who sneer at the German soldier. I know too much of him. My bitter resentment of some of his acts cannot blind me to his fighting ability. To deny qualities of high courage and splendid discipline to the German forces that have time after time advanced against us would be mere foolishness. But all these qualities, splendid as they are, cannot conceal the war weariness of part at least of the German Army.

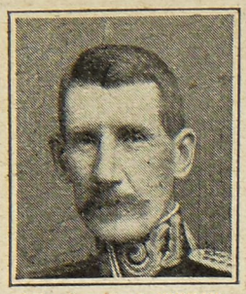
The United Spirit of Victory

Contrast this with the spirit and temper of our own men. The one note of the British Army on the western front to-day is optimism. Officers and men alike are not merely confident, but are assured that victory is almost in their grasp. They believe in themselves, they believe in their weapons, and they believe in their leaders. They cannot understand the doubts and questionings that sometimes come to men at home. If the spirit of the British soldiers is one of the greatest confidence and assurance of victory, the spirit of our French allies is equally formidable. They take a more grim view of the immediate surroundings than we do. They have reason. Some of the richest parts of their country remain in the hands of the enemy. Every French city known to me is a city of mourning—mourning for the many dead. The iron has entered the soul of France. Outrage, brutality, oppression have shown her that the German Empire of to-day inherits the worst attributes of the German hosts that flung themselves upon France in 1870. There is only one determination in France to-day—to fight to the end. There is only one dominating idea—to drive Germany out of French soil and to wrest from her hands the weapons that have made her a world danger. Every Frenchman knows that for his people this is a matter of life or death. There has been nothing more splendid in history than the tale of how France, ill-prepared at the beginning, reorganised her national forces and united her manhood and womanhood for the common purpose of war.

We are fortunate to-day in the men of our own race who are fighting in France for us; we are equally fortunate in the men of France standing by our side fighting with us.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead





Brig.-Gen. H. G. FITTON, C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C.

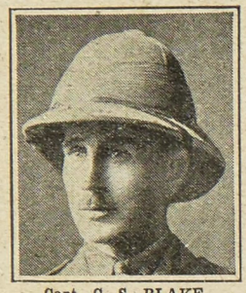
Major H. A. CARTER, V.C., 101st Grenadiers, Indian Army.

Maj. H. J. U. WILKINS, 1st S. Lancashire Regt.

Maj. H. J. J. L. MONTEITH, 1st Lanarkshire Yeomanry.

Capt. J. B. ATKINSON, 5th Royal Irish Fusiliers.

Capt. S. R. JACKSON, 19th London (T.F., St. Pancras).



Capt. C. S. BLAKE, 10th S. Lancs Regt.

Capt. C. F. DROUGHT, 7th Lincolnshire Regt.

Capt. R. B. BURGESS, Royal Engineers.

Capt. G. J. SCOTT, 5th Yorkshire Regt. (T.F.).

Brig.-Gen. H. G. Fitton, C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C. to the King, was gazetted lieutenant in the Royal Berkshire Regiment in 1884; he was appointed Lieut.-Col. to the Royal West Kents in 1905. Gen. Fitton had occupied many important Staff positions, and seen much active service in the Sudan Expedition from Suakim (1885); at Giniss and elsewhere in the Sudan in 1885-86; in the Dongola Expedition (1896), when he was wounded and won his D.S.O.; in both Nile Expeditions; he fought at Atbara and at Khartoum, and was on the Staff throughout the South African War. Gen. Fitton held many decorations.

Major H. A. Carter, V.C., 101st Grenadiers, Indian Army, obtained his commission in 1897. He served through the Tirah Campaign in 1897-98 (medal and two clasps), in Somaliland (medal and three clasps). During this campaign Major Carter was mentioned in despatches, and in April, 1904, he won the Victoria Cross for saving the life of one of his men.

Major H. J. J. L. Monteith, 1st Lanarkshire Yeomanry, served in the South African War, receiving the Queen's Medal with two clasps. Capt. C. F. Drought, 7th Lincolnshire Regiment, was the eldest son of Canon and Mrs. Drought, of St. John's, Toorak, Melbourne. Capt. R. B. Burgess, Royal Engineers, was well known as an Irish Rugby International. Lieut. F. J. Christison, 10th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was the younger son of Sir Alexander and Lady Christison.

Lieut. Innes O. Hutchison, 2nd Black Watch, was a London journalist, and a member of the editorial staff of the "Evening News." He joined the Artists Rifles at the outbreak of war.

Capt. H. WRIGHT, 6th Loyal N. Lancs Regt.

Lieut. F. J. CHRISTISON, 10th Argyll & Sutherland H

Lieut. C. S. WARD, 10th R. Warwick Regt.

Lieut. I. O. HUTCHISON, 2nd Black Watch.

Lieut. S. L. PONSONBY, 12th Middlesex Regt.

Lt. G. T. LANGMUIR, 15th Inf. (48th Highrs., Toronto).

Sec.-Lt. E. St. L. BONVALOT, 2nd Coldstream Guards.

Sec.-Lieut. W. L. G. MORTIMER, 6th R. Dublin Fus.

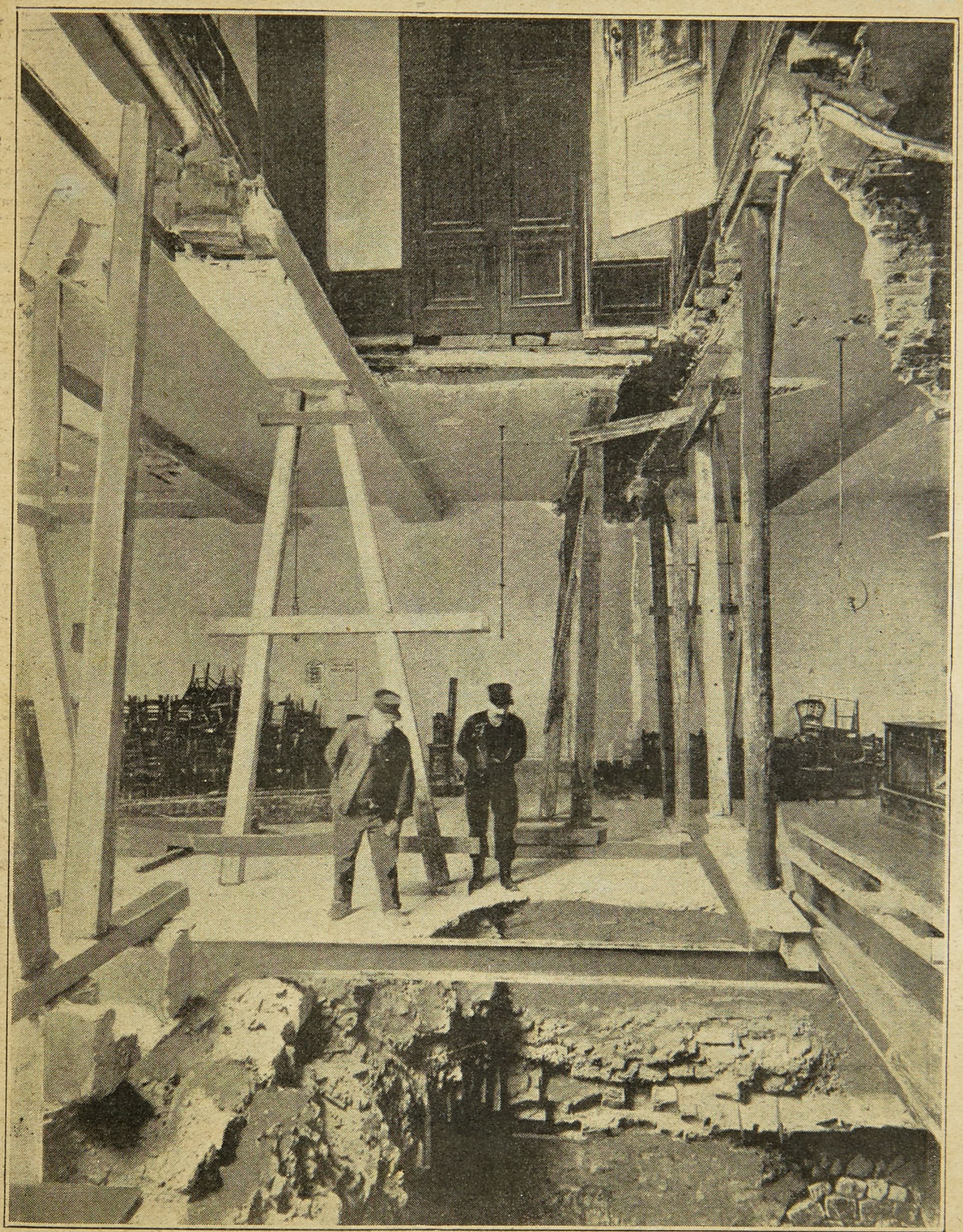
Sec.-Lieut. S. R. T. A. M. WILLIAMS, R. E. Kent Yeo.

Sec.-Lieut. A. W. KNIGHT, 9th R. Warwick Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. E. F. GILLETT, Royal Field Artillery.

(Portraits by Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Watson, Bassano, Russell, Swaine.)

The Work of One Shot: A Lesson in Shell-Power



The destructive power of a modern shell may well be understood from this illustration, showing the interior of an office at Rheims. A heavy German projectile, falling almost perpendicularly through the roof, tore huge holes in each floor, finally shattering the massive roof of the cellar. In spite of the fact that this beautiful French cathedral city is still liable to enemy bombardment, quite a number of the inhabitants have elected to remain, confident that Pere Joffre will deliver them from their peril in the next great advance.

A Plea for the Policy of "Lights Up"

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

SOME little time ago—in the autumn, to be precise—a friend of mine was testing an aeroplane late in the evening near one of our big ports. The city belonging to the port is subjected to lighting orders as severe as those inflicted upon London, but the docks, being employed on Government work, had to work all night, and, enemy airships or no enemy airships, they had to keep flare-lamps and electric arc-lamps fully ablaze all the night. My friend had gone rather further afield than he intended, and when he returned all lights were on. He told me afterwards that over the city itself one could see everything quite clearly. The houses and squares showed up distinctly in the light from the stars.

The Lure of the Gloom

Little illuminated circles cast on the ground by the shaded street lamps indicated neatly the precise course of each street which was not obvious by the light from the sky. When, however, he got over towards the docks it was quite another matter. There was no doubt about the general whereabouts of the docks, but it was impossible to tell when one got there what was what and which was which.

The whole place was a blaze of light, so dazzling that one could not see ships, water, quays, store-sheds, or anything. Anyone wanting to drop bombs would simply have had to drop them haphazard into the light, it would have been impossible to have picked out any one object; whereas over the city itself anyone with a good map could have picked out any desired building with ease.

This shows the utter futility of darkening London as it is darkened. It is quite impossible to hide London as a whole, unless the authorities are clever enough to hide the river and all the railways as well. On any clear night the whole course from the coast to London is as easily read as a book. And the darker London is, the easier it is to see details of its topography when over it. It would be far more sensible to turn all street lights full on than to shield them as they are shielded now.

Has anyone considered, moreover, what this decreased lighting all over the country is costing us? The saving on the lamps is small, for even the street lamps are blazing away at full power inside their shields. The real cost is in the dislocation of traffic. Prices of food and manufactured goods have gone up owing to scarcity caused by lack of transport. The railways are overloaded as it is, but motor-waggons could carry all the extra stuff if they could travel.

Owing to restrictions on motor lamps in the country and on street lighting in towns, tens of thousands of motor-waggons —naval and military as well as civilian waggons carry Navy and Army stores— and goods for civilian consumption are hung up useless from the fall of dark till daylight. And all because we are afraid of a few Zeppelins, and have not had anything we could put in the air to meet them.

Merits and Demerits of the Fokker

The Fokker monoplane, of which we have heard so much lately, is by no means a new production on the part of the Germans. Fokker monoplanes have been flown in Germany for the last four years at least, the designer, a young Dutchman, having built his first machine somewhere about 1911.

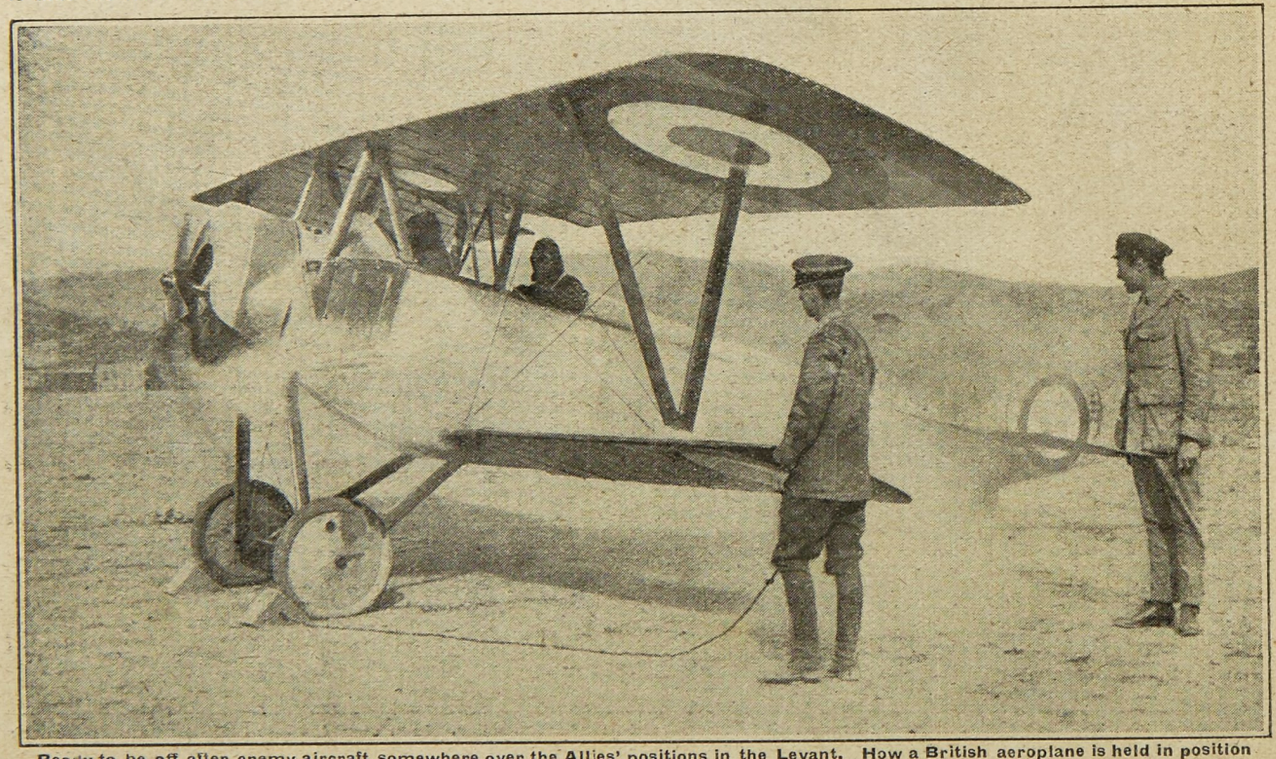
They are of two types—each copied more or less from the French Morane monoplane, familiar to all who have seen the late Gustav Hamel and other pilots fly at Hendon and elsewhere. One type has a big rotary engine just like the French Gnome used in the Morane. In these a passenger is generally carried to operate the machine-gun. The other type has a huge fixed engine, like a motor-car engine, and is some twenty miles an hour faster than the other type.

It is only flown by a few picked pilots, who fly alone, with a machine-gun fixed on top of the engine and firing straight through the propeller, the gun being aimed by steering the machine to suit. The method of attack is to climb up high and then to dive on top of any enemy aeroplane which comes along, firing at it during the descent and creating a cone of fire from which the lower machine can scarcely escape.

No Good as Raiders

If this fails, the Fokker endeavours, with its superior speed, to manœuvre so as to get right under the tail of the enemy machine in order to "rake" it from end to end, getting the pilot, passenger, petrol tanks, and engine all in line, so that if a bullet misses one it stands a good chance of hitting the next.

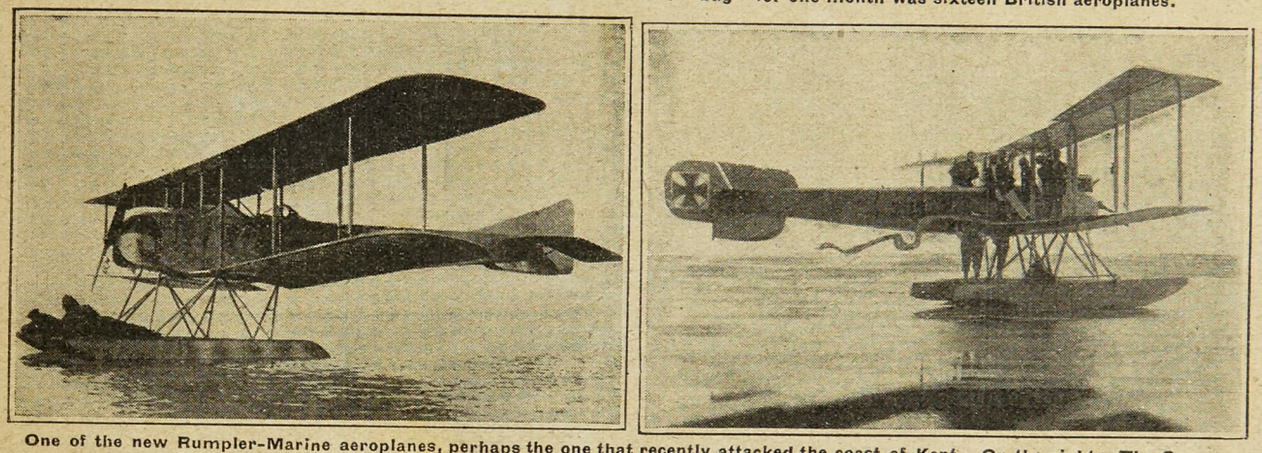
The Fokker is roughly but strongly built, so that it can be made quickly in huge quantities. There is little or no chance of Fokkers being used to raid England, as much of their success is due to only carrying enough fuel for an hour or two in the air. Thus they are lightly loaded, which accounts for their climbing so quickly and manœuvring so handily. Therefore they could not carry enough petrol to reach this country and get back home again if compelled to carry also enough bombs to make the trip worth while. Nevertheless, for their own purpose, as "barrier" aeroplanes to prevent the Allies' machines from passing over the German lines, they are a very distinct success.



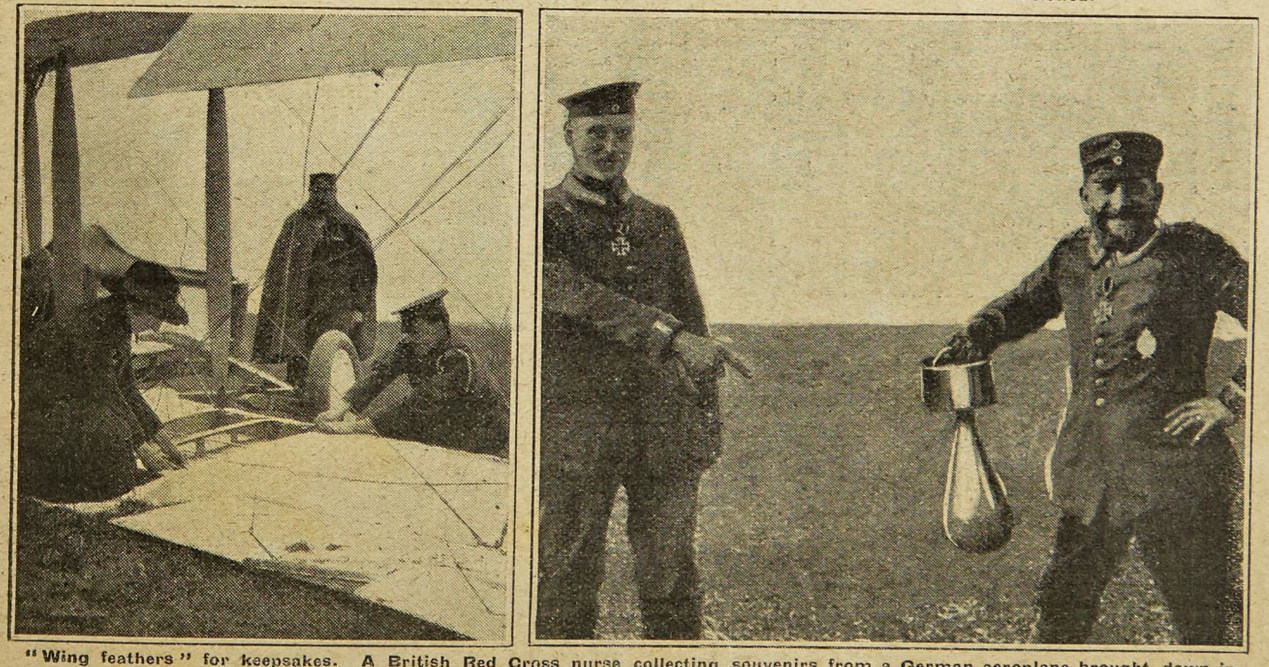
Ready to be off after enemy aircraft somewhere over the Allies' positions in the Levant. How a British aeroplane is held in position until engine speed is up and the pilot gives the signal to "let go."

Inventor and Pilots of the Fokker Monoplane

Mijnheer Fokker, the Dutch inventor of the monoplane that bears his name, with Lieut. Immelmann (centre) and Lieut. Boelke (on the right), two of the most skilful pilots of this machine. Their "bag" for one month was sixteen British aeroplanes.



One of the new Rumpler-Marine aeroplanes, perhaps the one that recently attacked the coast of Kent. On the right: The German seaplane which was stranded on Fano, a Danish island in the North Sea. Its crew was interned.



"Wing feathers" for keepsakes. A British Red Cross nurse collecting souvenirs from a German aeroplane brought down in France. On the right: One of the pleasing little bombs which the Germans are cheerfully anticipating dropping upon some of us.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, January 1st to 31st, 1916

JAN. 1.—Russian successes on the front of the River Strypa and in the sector between the Kovel-Sarny railway and the village of Chartoryisk.

British Force occupies Yaunde, in German Cameroon.

JAN 2.—Slight French retirement in the Vosges. Three mines exploded by British near La Boisselle.

JAN. 3.—**Russian Thrust at Czernowitz.**—Our ally occupies several heights near this town, capturing 15 officers, 855 men.

JAN. 4.—**Lord Derby's Report Issued.**—It shows that there are 651,160 unstarred single men who have not offered themselves for service.

Government issue Germany's memorandum on the Baralong incident and Sir Edward Grey's crushing reply.

Resignation of Sir John Simon.

JAN. 5.—Military Service Bill introduced in House of Commons.

Capture of German armed steamer on Lake Tanganyika by a British force announced.

JAN. 6.—Conference of Labour representatives in London carry by large majority a motion opposing the Government's Compulsion Bill. Latter passes first reading by majority of 298.

Further Russian progress on the Strypa.

In Champagne, during intense bombardment by French artillery against enemy's trenches north of Navarin Farm, an entire installation for delivering gas attacks destroyed.

JAN. 7.—Russian success south of Pinsk.

British submarine sinks off coast of Holland. Her crew of 33 taken into the Helder and interned.

Mount Lovtchen heavily attacked by an Austrian squadron.

Count Bernstorff presents statement to United States *re* German submarine policy; reparation offered for "damages caused by death or injuries to American citizens."

JAN. 8.—South of the Pripet the German force makes a fresh attempt to gain possession of Chartoryisk, but twice repulsed.

Continued fighting for the Hartmannsweilerkopf. Germans gain a footing in a portion of a trench between the Rehfelsen and Hirzstein, but are dislodged.

JAN. 9.—H.M.S. King Edward strikes a mine and sinks. Ship's company taken off without loss of life.

JAN. 10.—Announced that Gallipoli completely evacuated, without any casualties.

Announced that on January 7 the relief expedition for Kut-el-Amara defeated the Turks on both banks of the Tigris, capturing two guns and 700 prisoners.

Austrians pressing their offensive in Montenegro up the valleys of the Tara and Lim in the north and against Mount Lovtchen, overlooking Cattaro.

JAN. 11.—Mr. Herbert Samuel appointed Home Secretary in place of Sir John Simon, resigned.

Sir John Nixon relinquishes command of the Mesopotamian forces owing to ill-health, and Lieutenant-General Sir Percy Lake succeeds him.

Fall of Lovtchen.

German Defeat in Champagne.—Enemy launches strong attack on French positions with three divisions. All its results nullified by French counter-attacks.

Report from Sir Charles Monro describes the final evacuation of Gallipoli.

Siege of Kut.—Further news to hand of General Aylmer's relief force. After battle on 7th near Sheikh Saad, Turks retreated pursued by British. Owing to weather conditions and necessity of removing our wounded by river, our force was still halting on the 10th.

JAN. 12.—**French land at Corfu,** and prepare island for the Serbian Army.

Munition magazine at Lille explodes, 70 inhabitants killed, 40 wounded.

JAN. 13.—Announced that Allies have cut Greco-Bulgarian railway line, and railway bridge at Demir-Hissar, about 45 miles north-east of Salonika, blown up.

Fall of Cetinje.

JAN. 14.—British artillery heavily bombards enemy's trenches about Givenchy.

Austrian cruiser sunk by French submarine off Cattaro.

British force under General Aylmer advancing to relief of Kut-el-Amara attack and repulse Turks on north bank of the Tigris at and about Wadi.

JAN. 15.—Reciprocal bombardments about Maricourt, Givenchy, Hill 63, and Hollebeke.

JAN. 16.—Lille shelled by British.

Announced that in Persia there has been conflict between Russian and Turkish troops at Kangavar. Latter occupied by Russians and prisoners taken.

JAN. 17.—Unconditional surrender of Montenegro announced by Count Tisza, the Hungarian Premier.

Announced that south of Pinsk the Russians have made considerable inroads on the enemy's lines. Kukhotska Volia has been cleared of his troops. In several sectors of the front in this region the Austro-German front has been pierced.

JAN. 18.—French batteries wreck German trenches in the region of Moulin-Sans-Touvent, between Oise and Aisne.

JAN. 19.—**Turkish Rout in Armenia.**—Russians report a considerable success by their troops in the Caucasus. The Turkish line has been broken over a front of about 70 miles and enemy is in full retreat.

JAN. 20.—Announced that the first South African Infantry Brigade has arrived in Egypt.

Big Battle in the Bukovina.—North-east of Czernowitz, in the region of Rarancze, Russians capture sector of enemy's position. Five desperate counter-attacks by Austrians repulsed with enormous loss.

Admiralty announce that British submarine grounded off the Dutch coast. Part of her officers and crew taken off by British destroyer, and remainder rescued by Dutch warship.

Allied warships bombard Dedeagatch, destroying a train and several buildings.

A Montenegrin official statement says that that country has refused the onerous Austrian terms.

JAN. 21.—British submarine operating in the Adriatic torpedoes and sinks Austrian torpedo-boat destroyer, after capturing two of the enemy's aviators from a derelict aeroplane.

In Mesopotamia General Aylmer attacks the enemy opposing his march to relieve Kut-el-Amara at Essin. Fierce fighting continues during the day with varying success. Casualties on both sides very heavy.

JAN. 22.—Russian Army in Caucasus pursues defeated Turks to gates of Erzerum and shells the forts.

JAN. 23.—**Air Raids in Kent.**—At one o'clock in bright moonlight a hostile aeroplane visits the east coast of Kent, dropping nine bombs. One man killed; two men, one woman, and three children slightly injured. At noon two hostile seaplanes make a second attack in the same locality, but are chased away by our naval and military machines; no damage and no casualties reported.

Twenty-four French aeroplanes bomb the railway station and barracks at Metz.

Near Neuville the Germans gain about 270 yards of French advanced trench, but this almost wholly regained.

General Wallace's column operating in Western Egypt attacks the camp of the Senussi, burning it and dispersing the enemy's forces. Our losses 28 killed, 274 wounded.

Thirty-two French aeroplanes raid Monastir.

JAN. 24.—German seaplane passes over Dover. It is engaged by anti-aircraft guns, and pursued by two British machines.

German attempt to break through to Calais on the Yser front fails.

Success in East Africa.—Our troops advancing from Mbuyuni occupy enemy's camp at Serengeti.

Russians again shell the forts of Erzerum.

JAN. 25.—After a fresh series of mine explosions, accompanied by a violent bombardment, the Germans attack on a front of over 1,600 yards in the angle formed by the Arras-Lens road and the Neuville St. Vaast-Thelus road. At two points the enemy occupies the craters caused by his explosions, the greater part of which are taken from him.

Two German aeroplanes drop 15 bombs on Dunkirk; 5 persons killed, 3 wounded.

German seaplane forced to the water by a British machine north-east of Nieuport.

Austrians occupy San Giovanni di Medua.

JAN. 26.—Announced that recent fighting on Tigris took place 23 miles below Kut-el-Amara, and not, as previously stated, 7 miles from Kut.

Announced that Austrians pursuing a plan of absorbing Albania have captured Scutari.

JAN. 27.—**Report from General Townshend** states that enemy have evacuated their trenches on the land side of Kut defences, and retired to about a mile from our entrenchments.

Military Service Bill receives the Royal assent.

JAN. 28.—British beat back infantry attack near Loos. Further fighting on the French front at Neuville St. Vaast.

Total British Casualties.—These are 549,467 up to January 9, and include all fields of operations.

Big German Blow in the West.—To the south of the Somme, after a violent bombardment, the Germans attack trenched positions, capturing the village of Frise. The first counter-attacks enable the French to reoccupy some of the trenches taken by the Germans.

Allied Force occupies Kara Burun, commanding Gulf of Salonika.

JAN. 29.—French continue to reoccupy the portions of trenches captured by enemy in Artois, west of Hill 140.

Press Bureau announces Sir Percy Lake has joined General Aylmer's force at Wadi.

Zeppelin raid on Paris: over 53 killed and injured.

JAN. 30.—A second Zeppelin raid on Paris. No casualties reported.

British trench raid. A party of troops enter German trenches about the Kemmel-Wytschaete Road. About 40 casualties inflicted on the enemy; three prisoners brought back.

JAN. 31.—**Great Zeppelin Raid on England.** Six or seven hostile airships raid the Eastern and North-Eastern and Midland Counties.

Russians signal a violent German artillery fire west of Dvinsk, and a recrudescence of activity in the Riga region.

End of Third Volume

Photo by Bassano

OFFICERS WHO WILL LEAD OUR NEW ARMIES TO VICTORY.—NO. XII.

10TH BATTALION THE NORFOLK REGIMENT.—From left to right (back row): Sec.-Lieut. J. E. W. Alexander, Sec.-Lieut. E. C. Hayes, Sec.-Lieut. E. V. Marsh, Sec.-Lieut. A. H. Newton, Sec.-Lieut. P. W. Riches, Sec.-Lieut. J. A. Dugdale, Capt. H. W. Dallas, Sec.-Lieut. R. Blagden, Sec.-Lieut. W. D. Canham. Fourth row: Sec.-Lieut. A. J. Marsh, Sec.-Lieut. C. J. Garnham, Sec.-Lieut. W. H. Crozier, Sec.-Lieut. H. R. Bright-Betton, Sec.-Lieut. G. Roberts, Sec.-Lieut. R. S. M. Inch, Sec.-Lieut. R. A. Sarsby, Sec.-Lieut. A. J. Porter, Sec.-Lieut. F. G. E. Watson, Sec.-Lieut. G. Carter, Sec.-Lieut. N. E. S. Croager, Sec.-Lieut. K. R. Potter, Sec.-Lieut. J. Stead, Sec.-Lieut. H. O. Culhane. Third row: Sec.-Lieut. O. J. Olovershaw, Sec.-Lieut. E. Maclean, Sec.-Lieut. L. L. Ogier, Sec.-Lieut. L. A. Soman, Sec.-Lieut. H. V. Marsh, Sec.-Lieut. T. Whitty, Sec.-Lieut. D. A. J. Morris, Sec.-Lieut. A. P. Williamson, Sec.-Lieut. H. F. Manners, Sec.-Lieut. H. G. Ransome, Sec.-Lieut. S. F. Durrant, Sec.-Lieut. C. F. Larn, Sec.-Lieut. J. W. Winter, Sec.-Lieut. J. F. C. Bashforth, Sec.-Lieut. R. E. Piper, Sec.-Lieut. K. J. Detmold. Second row: Sec.-Lieut. P. C. H. Bird, Sec.-Lieut. S. A. Wharton, Sec.-Lieut. H. F. Rushmer, Lieut. J. A. Leeke, Capt. J. H. Richardson, Lt.-Col. O. H. Fisher, Lt.-Col. H. S. Walker, Capt. and Adjt. J. T. Bavin, Lieut. and Qrmstr. T. Ryan, Lieut. O. P. Collis, Sec.-Lieut. S. F. Read, Sec.-Lieut. A. M. Pratt, Sec.-Lieut. E. A. H. Groom. Front row: Sec.-Lieut. R. Davie, Sec.-Lieut. W. D. Ferguson, Sec.-Lieut. R. C. Chilvers, Sec.-Lieut. J. D. Young, Sec.-Lieut. J. Moffat, Sec.-Lieut. L. E. Beales, Sec.-Lieut. G. H. Armstrong.

Another 'Milestone' in the War

By the Editor

Another Milestone!

WITH the present number THE WAR ILLUSTRATED completes its third volume, and so passes another milestone in its history. Our readers will agree, I think, that the third volume has shown no falling-off in the interest and variety of its contents. If the war itself is moving slower than any of us in our most pessimistic moods had contemplated while the first volume of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED was in course of production, it is moving none the less surely towards our final victory, and step by step its progress is reflected in the wonderful picture gallery of these pages.

The Editor takes this opportunity of reminding all his readers that, by the simple act of buying the publishers' binding cases and expending a small sum in having the twenty-six parts of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED bound up in them, they can place themselves in possession of what is admittedly the most extraordinary collection of pictorial documents ever brought together. It should be clearly stated in giving the loose parts to the binder that the owner either wishes the outside pages to be included in the binding or to be removed. The Editor omits these outer pages from his own bound volumes, as they contain nothing vital to the history of the war; but it is entirely a matter of the reader's own taste whether they should be omitted or included. The binding cases are capable of taking in the whole twenty-six parts with the outer pages, though the omission of these gives the bound volume more the appearance of a completed work. Make sure, therefore, in arranging for the binding of your volume that your own individual taste is carried out by the binder.

The German War Chest

THE recent continuous fall of the German mark on the foreign exchanges has again given rise to the notion that Germany is heading towards a financial collapse, which must of necessity bring her belligerency to a close. This notion is quite fallacious. The fall in the value of the mark affects Germany only in so far as she has trade relations with outside Powers, and there is still a vast amount of gold in the German war chest, which can be used, probably for years, to liquidate whatever purchases are made in Denmark, Holland, Sweden, and other countries from which supplies are being drawn.

These outside supplies are but a very small fraction of her war needs. The great majority of her purchases are made within her own confines, and, within these limits, she can go on making purchases so long as the Government has a printing-press to turn out paper money. During the American Civil War the paper money of the Southern States ultimately became worthless outside the Confederacy, but that did not prevent its issue inside year after year, and its use for the purchase of whatever was needful to keep the Southern armies in the field.

Wealth Going West

ALREADY, it appears, about two billion dollars in war orders from Europe have been placed with Uncle Sam & Co., and an American is responsible for the statement that whereas when the war began there were about 4,100 millionaires in the United States, if the conflict continues two years more there will be at least "a crop" of five hundred more. The writer who makes this estimate enlarges on "the psychological brace," which these orders have put into "a slack and snail-paced return of prosperity." Bluntly speaking, he adds: "War orders acted like a great splash in a stagnant pond. Stupendous circles of trade have been started, and the unnatural, diffident stagnation of before-the-war-orders times has been dispelled, some say, for all time in America." This is one side of the picture.

The Peril of the U.S.A.

BUT—and the "but" here is provocative of serious thought—"munitions making will unquestionably continue apace in the United States for several years after the war is over." This war may be the salvation of Europe. But, as the Rev. Lord William Gascoyne Cecil says, "wealthy America will be face to face with the worst evils of Western civilisation. Children will become fewer, the men more profligate, the women more pleasure-loving, till America falls, like Europe, into some great cataclysm, or, like the people of Ancient Rome, she loses her identity in the crowd of promiscuous foreigners who fly to enjoy her wealth and pander to her vices." Such an issue would be a tragic sequel to the ideals pronounced by Mr. Woodrow Wilson on assuming the position of President.

Garibaldi and Bright

SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN sends an interesting letter to "The Times." A relative of his, who had written the "Life of Garibaldi," afterwards undertook to write the "Life of John Bright." "I was," writes Sir George Trevelyan, "sometimes asked how it was that he came to choose two such different heroes; to which I used to reply that never were two men more alike in the essential features of their character, or in the essential nature of the methods by which they went about their life's business, than John Bright and Joseph Garibaldi. The likeness is in the breed, and not only in the men. The six grandsons of Garibaldi, the sons of Ricciotti, are now in the field, except the two of them who have died in battle; and all John Bright's five grandsons are in the military service of their country."

Sad Truths for the Professors

WE have all heard so much about the infallible thoroughness of enemy organisation that it is rare and refreshing to come across so severe a criticism of German methods as that delivered by the privy councillor and professor Dr. Hans Meyer before the Imperial Institute of Oceanography in Berlin. Herr Meyer is no outspoken Socialist like Herr Liebknecht, who has been banned for airing his views in the Reichstag. Neither is he like the accomplished Max Harden, the enemy of the Junkers. He is as hearty an Anglophobe as any German who sings the hymn of hate before breaking his "kriegsbrot" (war bread). Dr. Meyer deplored the collapse of the German Colonial Empire through naval and military blundering, and doubted that, owing to the British Navy, Germany could ever colonise afield again. He also treated his audience to a "piece of his mind" about the erection of wireless stations within range of British naval guns. On the whole Dr. Meyer's lecture was a distinct failure. Was this because he dared to speak the truth?

Compulsory Games

"WE shall never be gentlemen," a candid Prussian officer agreed, "and you will never be anything but fools." Somehow the retort does not sting as it was meant to do. There is some truth in it, but there is a certain likeable simplicity in our brand of foolishness. One is reminded of it again by all the bother about conscription; we make no end of fuss about it, according to our view of the question, but it is perfectly certain that, now it has come, we shall accept it as part of our "compulsory games," and play up as usual. We have always done so. Dreadful things were going to happen over the insurance bill; ever so much more dreadful things were going to happen over the restriction of facilities for drinking whatever we liked whenever and wherever we liked; and we take it all—not like lambs—but like sportsmen. Fools? If that is the proper word, certainly, but more power to us all the same!

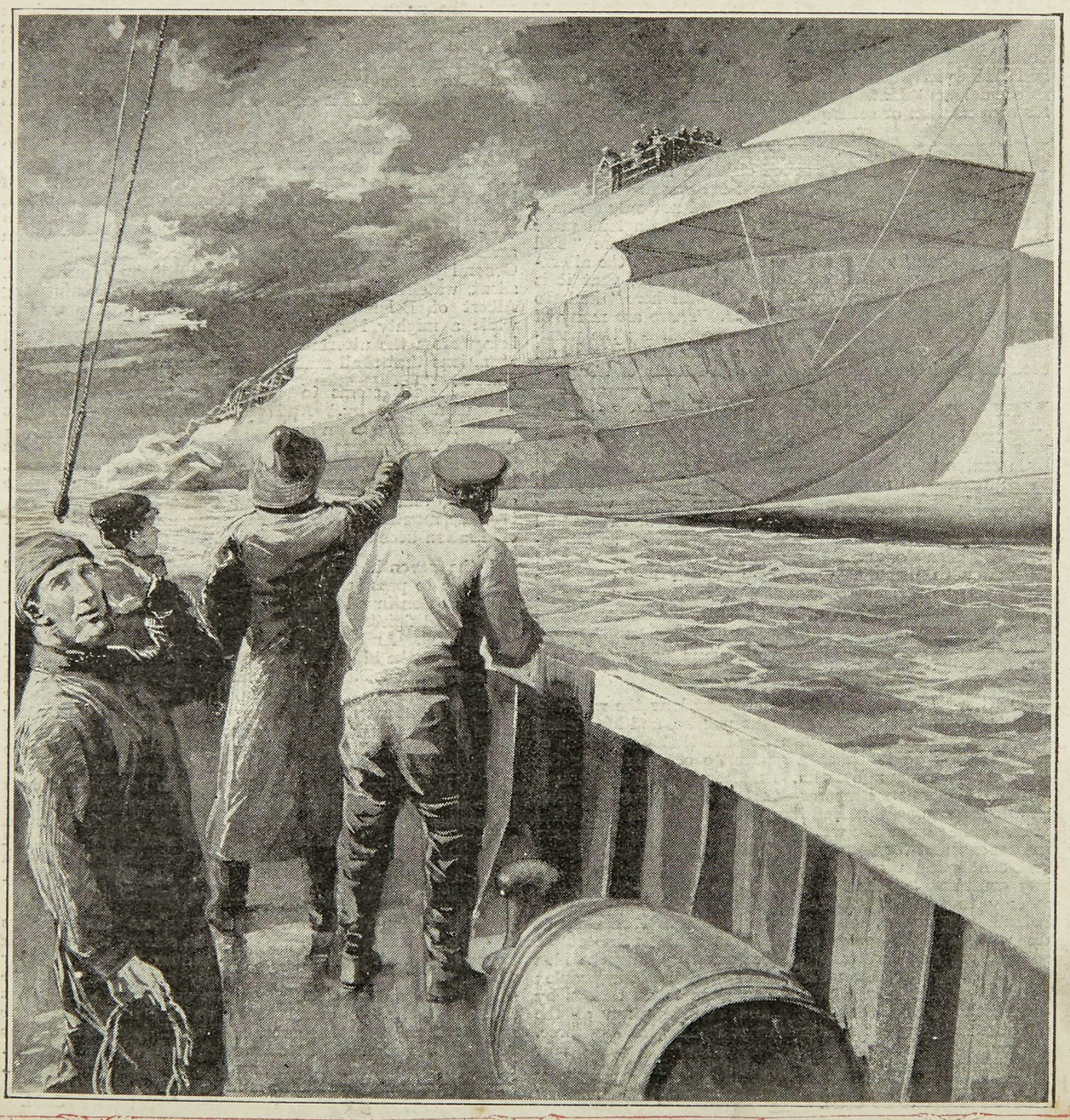
Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

The War Illustrated, February 19th, 1916. *Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

The War and our National Life: New Series of Special Articles

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly



Vol. 4 Gasbag's Inglorious Collapse: The L19 Going to its Doom in the North Sea **No. 79**

In the Seventh Month of the Second Year

LAYMEN appear at last to have abandoned the very foolish occupation of expressing opinions about the probable duration of the war. At the outset they could hardly be prevailed upon to do anything else. They expressed their own opinion, which could only be worthless, inasmuch as it was not based upon any sound knowledge of strategy, economics, or world-politics; or they repeated, at the *n* + 1*th* hand, the opinion of some officer with the Army who, from the very nature of his duties, was precluded from making any intelligent survey of the operations as a whole, even upon the single front at one point of which he was stationed. All their prophecies having been proved worthless, laymen generally have ceased to make them; and "How long do you think the war will last?" is now as obsolete as "Have you seen the Shah?" as an opening for conversation or soliloquy.

MEANWHILE the calendar, if nothing else, reminds us that the war has lasted eighteen months already, and the cold statement might well set working the mind of even the least imaginative man. And not only on lines leading to the trenches. Even civilians in England must feel sometimes how wonderful it is that they are "still here." The catastrophe was so staggering, and the alteration of every condition of life is so complete, that it is almost past belief that any man is "still here" and, to outward seeming, very little changed. There are many of us who would have been honest in discrediting the possibility of keeping things going at all after the bottom had been knocked out of our entire known scheme of things.

YET while, obsessed by other matters, we have not noticed it, eighteen months have gone. Time has passed. In the lurid light of all that has happened that little sentence, which once would have seemed too banal to be written down, is suddenly seen to be enormously significant. However long the duration of the war may be, eighteen months of it lie behind us, and for that we all give thanks. What we would have discredited as impossible has been done, and the fact robs future difficulty of its power to dismay. Our Army, which has done the superhuman over and over again, realised that long ago. Our people at home have not—at least, not fully. When they do, they will perceive that the inexorable time which they dreaded is indeed their best friend and their most valuable ally.

FOR the thing that matters is not how long the war will last, but how definite its issue will be, and M. Pichon was right the other day when he said that the length of the war may be taken as a guarantee of success for the enemies of German militarism. And it is German militarism, —not the German Emperor—that civilisation is fighting. The days are gone, if indeed they ever were, when individual kings could plunge the world into war to gratify their own insensate thirst for glory. All action proceeds from ideas, and civilisation will not be secured from disturbance for any considerable period of time if the upshot of this war is only to drive a still coherent German Empire back behind the Rhine, and even upset the Hohenzollern dynasty. It can only secure reasonable prospect of satisfactory and continuing peace by extirpating the idea of militarism from the minds of all right-thinking people; and the only way in which it can hope to do that is by demonstrating by the defeat and disintegration of the German Empire that militarism has lost its binding force. Although one smashing victory on either the western or the eastern front might defeat the German Empire, it would not disintegrate it. That will take some time yet. But it has got to be done.

AND it is being done. Germany lost the war, long ago now, on the Marne. The whole of her elaborate scheme depended upon the initial rush to Paris and the speedy defeat of France. That accomplished, the rest of the plan would have been proceeded with, and after an interval for rest and further preparation she would have gone on to the conquest of an isolated Britain and the demolition of the British Empire. The maps of the Germanised globe, which she supplied to her children with only the merest affectation of secrecy, could then have been placed on public sale, and at the end of ten years German militarism would have been triumphant and civilisation thrown back for centuries. The whole scheme fell through as long ago as September 5th, 1914, when the retreat from Mons ended and the advance of the Allies began.

EVEN then, perhaps, Germany might have saved the situation if she could have forced the pace again. It is well for us that the allied armies were commanded by men who could not be lured from the plan they had concerted. Spectacular generalship might have cost us very dear. It was not forthcoming, and now a vision arrests the imagination. One seems to see the figures of General Joffre, massive, four-square, with Sir John French, silent, watchful, by his side, and on the sand-dunes King Albert of Belgium, quiet, dignified: all three waiting while a mighty Navy sweeps the seven seas clear, and brings from the uttermost ends of the earth the men and munitions that shall make the victory final.

TIME itself seems to be behind them, and so the months go by. And on the other side Death is ranged, grinning as an hysterical Kaiser screams sesquipedalian denunciations on all who dare to withstand his imperious will, and sends his armies rushing from west to east and east to west, only to be broken on the rock-like defences, and recede in hissing waves of blood. There, too, the months go by, and ever and always the hope for civilisation becomes more sure and certain.

IN the seventh month of the second year—what will come to pass in this new chapter of this new Book of Kings? Continued slaughter, certainly, and very likely aggravated fighting, with ruin and desolation spread more widely still. And still, perhaps, the end not yet in sight. But sick of the bloodshed and weary of the war as we may be, our plight is not one to call for pity. If an outraged world has any right to give pity to one who wantonly fostered evil that it might bring him power, it will bestow it on the German Emperor, who is staring now into the face of Time and finding no mercy there. One can see no gleam of consolation for him in the inevitable hour of defeat, in the inevitable hour of death no hope. He looms large in the imagination because of the immensity of the havoc he has let loose and the disaster he has brought upon the world; but it is the epic largeness of a vanquished incarnation of Evil, defiantly unrepentant, filled with eternal hate for the might that has overcome him and thrust him into the outer darkness of humiliated pride.

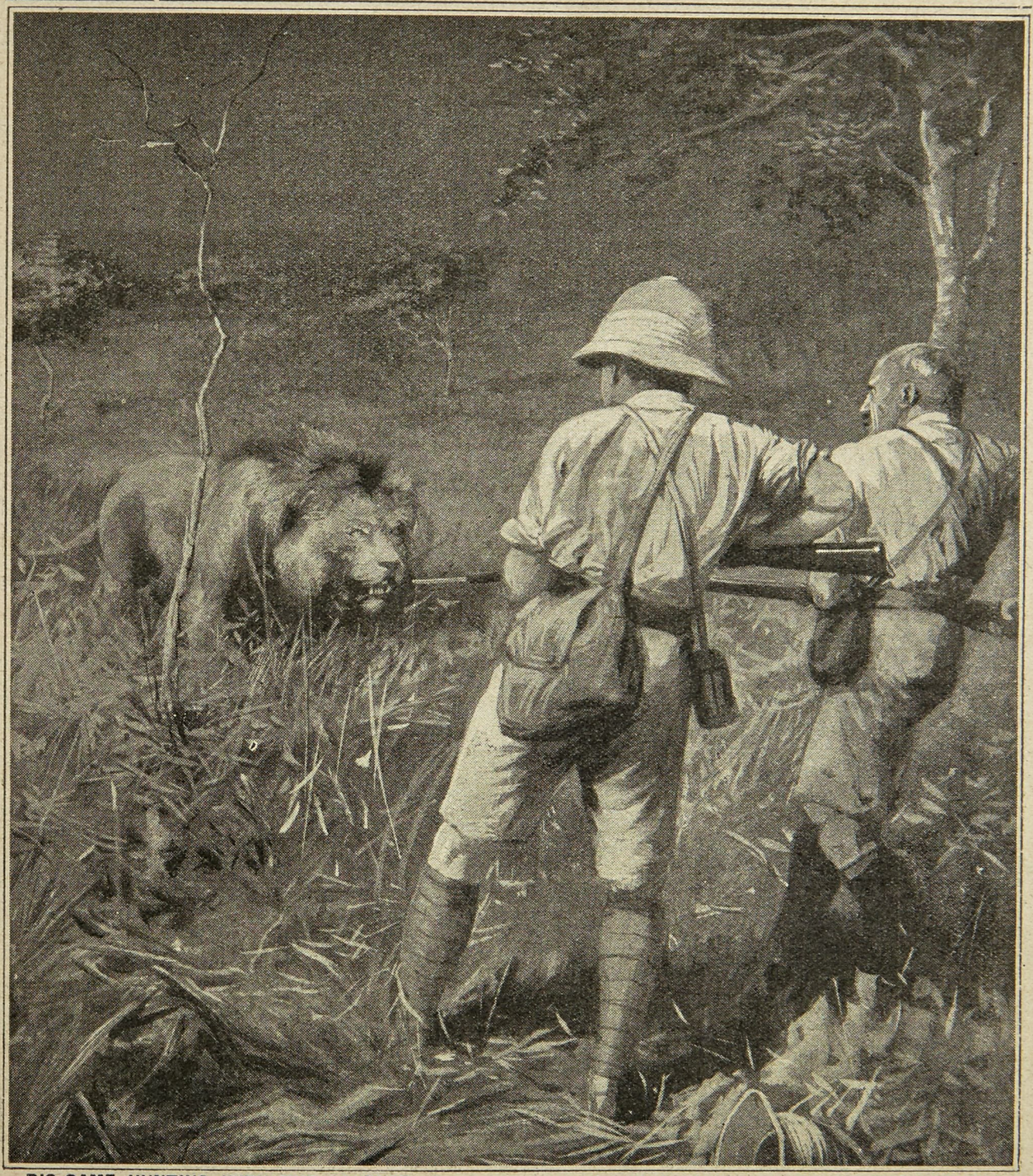
WE have no right to deride as bombast from the lips of others what we profess to be sincere when spoken by ourselves. We are pledged in honour to fight the war to a finish; Germany is pledged by her pride to do the same. The war will end when one side or the other has fired its last shell, and brought its last man up to the mouth of the opposing guns. At what date that will be it is idle to speculate. Blood may yet be poured in torrents, but eighteen months of the horror are behind us now and, humanly speaking, the issue is in our hands.

C. M.

19th February, 1916. No. 79. Vol. 4.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON



BIG-GAME HUNTING WITH THE BAYONET.—A correspondent in East Africa relates how, in this remote area of conflict, the chance of outposts being attacked by lions is very considerable. In the vicinity of blockhouses, situated miles from the base, a few intrepid Britons keep vigil, and frequently a four-footed foe emerges from the jungle intent upon its prey. To fire at the brute would bring down on the outpost a German patrol in superior force, and the only way of combating it is with the bayonet. Those who have had experience of big-game hunting know what courage and strength are required to face a lion with such a weapon.

THE WAR AND OUR NATIONAL LIFE

There is an old Latin motto which says that it is lawful to learn from the enemy, and there is no reason whatever why Britons should not still learn something from the Germans, even though we rightly feel a terrible enmity towards a nation which has of set purpose inflicted such tortures on the innocent as they have done in Belgium and Serbia.

As regards war all are agreed that the Germans showed far more foresight and preparedness than we did, but we may turn the tables upon them, and look well ahead with regard to peace. Peace will not come yet awhile, but it will come one day, and it will find us in a new world, living under strange conditions. Unless we are prepared for it we shall be dazed. We shall be like a man who goes suddenly out of the darkness into a brightly-lighted room.

What sort of a world will it be? How will the war have affected it? We will not prophesy, but it is quite safe to say that it will be a changed one. We shall be travelling in an unknown country, and even now had better begin to get our charts ready.

In order to help public opinion in this matter the Editor of "The War Illustrated" has secured various opinions from those best qualified to speak on the effect of the Great War on the various phases of our national life. These are our charts, and if we study them we shall be the better able to make our way through the strange new world of peace. The nation's future will depend upon the way we set to work.

Instalments of this symposium will be given in our pages for several issues. The first selections appear below.

BONDS OF IMPERIAL UNITY, by Sidney J. Low, M.A.

Mr. Sidney J. Low, who here gives his opinion on the effect of the war on Imperial relations, has made himself the foremost authority on this most important subject. After an Oxford education, he became a journalist and for nine years he was editor of the "St. James's Gazette." He then joined the staff of the "Standard," on behalf of which he visited India and other parts of the Empire. He is now lecturer on Imperial and Colonial History at King's College, London, and has written quite a number of books, among them "The Governance of the British Empire," which only appeared in 1914.

WHAT will be the effect of the war on the relations of Great Britain with her Oversea States and Dependencies? It is a large question, and one that it is impossible to answer in a few words. Briefly, I should summarise it as follows: In the first place, the war has solidified and compacted the sentiment of Imperial unity. That all our Dominions and Dependencies would be eager for our success against foreign attack, and that they would make some effort to assist in repelling it, was well understood by those who were better acquainted with our psychology than German statesmen and professors; but hardly anybody could have expected the amazing Imperial rally which has been the outstanding feature of the war so far as the British Empire is concerned. We have learnt that Empire patriotism is no less a reality than the sentiment by which every subject of the King is attached to his own State or province. Australians, Canadians, and South Africans have taken upon themselves burdens as great as the peoples of the United Kingdom, and have fought for the Empire with equal zeal and even more energy.

Secondly, the war has shown that a similar sentiment animates those whom we are accustomed to regard as the subject races. The response of India, Egypt, the Sudan, and the Crown Colonies and Protectorates is, in its way, as remarkable as that of the Dominions. There was more ground for the Teutonic belief that Indians and Africans would feel little interest in a quarrel which might be supposed only to affect their white rulers; but as it is seen that, whatever local and transient discontents may be manifested from time to time, our subject races are fully conscious of the general justice and policy of the British rule. They are not only content, but passionately anxious, to retain their association with the British Empire; and so, from great Indian ruling princes to South Sea Island chiefs, their spokesmen and representatives have been eager to enlist them for our defence. It would be easy to multiply examples of this spirit. It is enough to say here that it has convinced the world as well as ourselves that if we rule four hundred millions of Asiatic and African peoples, we may in the largest sense say that we rule them by their own consent and in their own interests.

Thirdly, the war has taught us, or it ought to teach us, that this striking manifestation of unity in sentiment must be followed by a further constructive unity of the administrative and political kind. It will be difficult—and, I think, impossible—after the war to allow the Imperial Constitution to remain in its present chaotic condition. The King's subjects—in the self-governing Dominions, at any rate—will no longer be content with an indefinite liability which does not carry with it a corresponding responsibility. They will fight in our wars; but they will require that the policy by which our wars are determined and conducted shall not be framed exclusively by a committee of party politicians responsible only to the electorate of the United Kingdom. Out of the war there must grow an Imperial Executive which shall have the supreme direction of foreign policy and defence, and, in all probability, of other matters, such as Imperial trade, taxation, transport, and communications. That Imperial Executive must be made responsible to some great council or parliament, or legislature representing all portions of the Empire. The question of Imperial federation, which by common consent has been allowed to lie dormant for the past thirty years, has been placed among the actualities of politics by the war, and after the peace the statesmanship of Great Britain and the Oversea States will be compelled to grapple with it in earnest.

POLITICS AT HOME, by W. Joynson-Hicks, M.P.

Mr. W. Joynson-Hicks, M.P., who gives here his opinion on the effect of the war on our political life, first became known when he defeated Mr. Winston Churchill in an exciting by-election in Manchester in 1908. *Later he himself suffered Mr. Churchill's fate, but he soon found a seat at Brentford. Outside Parliament he is known as an enthusiastic motorist, and both within and without he has striven hard to improve our aerial service, not altogether without success.*

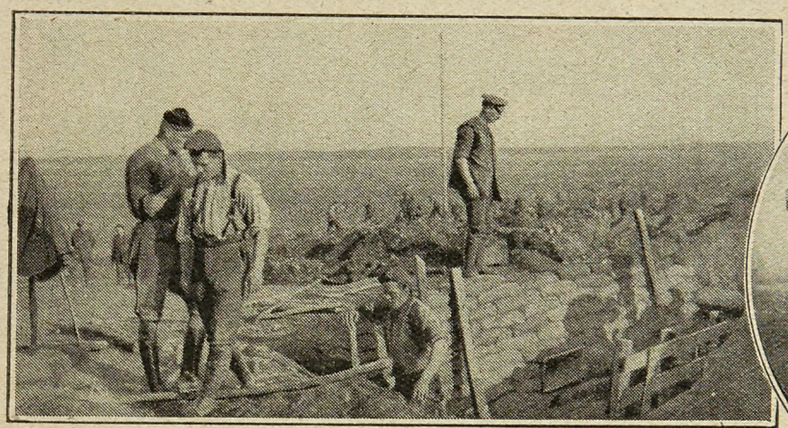
THE war is not yet finished, and it is impossible to say what the position of the present chief actors in the political arena will be when it is over, but upon one thing I am rapidly coming to a conclusion, and that is, that human nature will not be changed. At the beginning of the war, one was inclined to hope and think that a great wave was sweeping over our country, which would totally alter several of the unsatisfactory characteristics in our way of looking at outside things, but to-day I am convinced that the innate motives which have hitherto driven the human race will continue in the future as in the past. I am, however, convinced that in spite of this, the lines of political parties must be considerably changed. At the moment we have a Coalition Government, which governs partly because of the respect for authority so deeply ingrained in the bulk of our people, and partly because there is thought to be no one else to take its place. It is a Government which clearly is not popular, and if there were an alternative ready it would not last for another week. Before very long there will be a demand about the country for the breaking of incompetent officials, from the highest General down to the lowest Minister. People are beginning, and will, by the end of the war, be angry without knowing exactly upon whom to vent their spleen, and the known incompetents will be sure to act as lightning conductors. The old policy of "muddle through" will go for good. Thoroughness and efficiency will be the watchword of the new Ministry. There will be a reorganisation, complete and stringent, of the Army, and in all probability there will be a demand from the men themselves for at least six months' compulsory training, in order that we may never be caught napping again, but that when the call comes the men of Britain will be able to respond without having to learn the very elements of soldiering. I cannot believe that there will be bloodshed in Ireland. The country will compel politicians to arrive at a reasonable settlement of the Home Rule question, but the main thing which both

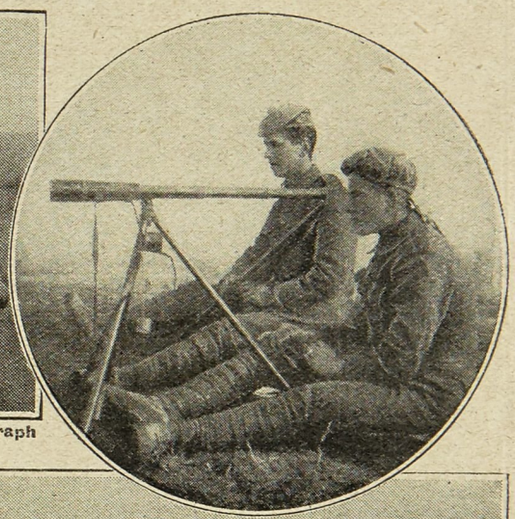
[*Continued on page* 5.

Consolidating British Positions in the Balkans

Guarding against treachery. British sentries examine the papers of Greeks, Turks, and Jews on a Balkan road.

Behind the communication trenches in the Balkans. Scottish soldiers collecting tree-trunks to consolidate the British position.

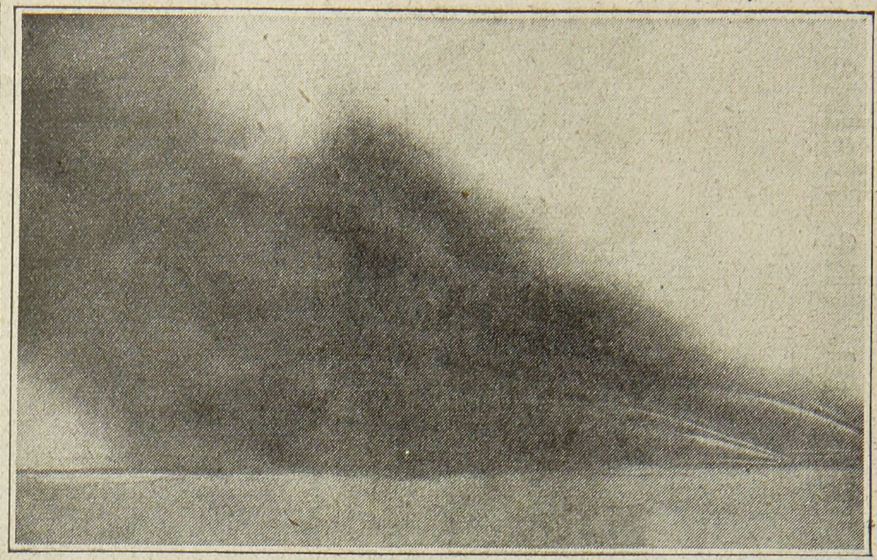




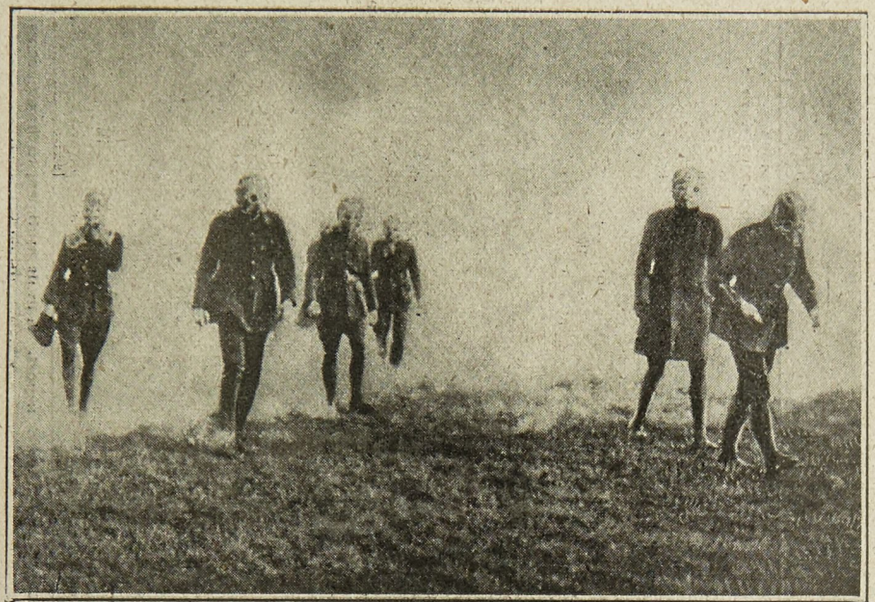
Banking up a British trench in Macedonia with sandbags. The circle photograph shows two of the signalling corps at work.

Difficulties with the transport. A mule mutinies, to the amusement of a group of privates and non-commissioned officers who are watching the strenuous efforts of two subalterns to get the better of the beast.

Impression of a flame attack at night. Liquid fire rolling up against the trenches, and melting with fearful heat the wire entanglements protecting them.



A flame attack by day. A huge cloud of black smoke is emitted, as distinct from the white clouds of poison-gas which are seen below.



Dangerous work. British officers testing the newest type of respirator. In the next big attack poison-gas is likely to play a tremendously important part.

Immune in the death-cloud. British officers running through the poison fumes from their own bombs. They are wearing a new and reliable respirator.

THE WAR AND OUR NATIONAL LIFE

(*Continued from page 2.*)

parties will have to do will be the restoration of our lives and the building up of a new Britain. The old cry of "Back to the land" will come forward with redoubled force in respect of those men who have been permanently wounded in the service of their country. Vast areas of these islands could be much more highly cultivated than they are at the present time. What they have always needed has been Labour in conjunction with Capital. The labour will be to our hand, capital must be provided, if necessary, by the State; but in building up at home we must not forget the main item in our future national programme—that of the building up of the Empire. At the commencement of the war it was a loosely-knit aggregation of friendly countries; to-day, it is a band of brothers, and if anybody, whether Tariff Reformer or Free Trader, thinks that at the end of the war Australia and Canada are going to be put on the same terms in regard to the markets of Great Britain as Austria and Germany, he will suffer a very rude awakening. For myself, I hope never to trade with or touch a German again, and I cannot imagine that Britain will permit Germany to invade her markets and exploit her commerce as she did before the war. There must be a ringed fence round the brothers-in-arms, and our Colonies must be called into consultation with the Mother Country, not merely in regard to the terms of peace, but in regard to the whole future of the Empire. I do not think they will ever sit in the House of Commons. Alas! that body has become too parochial to make it worth their while, but that there will be a Consultative Council there, in permanent or periodic session, I am convinced. These are the lines upon which the development will take place, and these are the lines upon which Greater Britain will be a nobler and more powerful Empire than was Great Britain in the past.

HOPE FOR THE MIDDLE CLASS, by Sir L. Chiozza Money

Sir Leo Chiozza Money, M.P., whose opinion on the effect of the war on the middle classes appears below, needs no introduction to the readers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. *As an authority on the amount and nature of the country's income he is well able to say something interesting about the future of the middle classes. "Riches and Poverty" is, perhaps, the best known of his various books.*

THE effect of the war upon the middle classes will largely depend upon the character of the peace that is made, and the degree of wisdom with which whatever Government may be addresses itself to the task of national reorganisation.

As an optimist I believe that the British people will not falter in the prosecution of the war until our object is achieved. I refuse to discuss the shuddering consequences of a patched-up peace and of the future of unrest and preparation for further war which would be involved in it.

As to national reorganisation, I hope for a conscious and collective national effort to make better use of the wonderful resources of the nation and of the Empire, and therefore for a striking and unparalleled increase in British wealth production which will afford to the middle classes a better opportunity than they have enjoyed in the past. I hope that many of their number will be able to engage in productive work instead of in the mere trafficking to which so many of them, through no fault of their own, have been chained in the past.

If these hopes are realised, the burden of increased taxation will be easily borne. If, on the other hand, *laissez-faire* continues to rule us after the war we may lose many of our able-bodied young men by emigration, and a relative national decline will follow.

I do not think it avails much to indulge in prophecy. Although it is the case that nations cannot control all the factors of their own development, it is so largely true that man is master of his fate that he who desires to secure the happiness and further progress of his country has himself power to aid whatever end he desires to prophesy. Thus the 47,000,000 British people may by courage and determination become true prophets in that they can work to make their country greater still. It is for this reason also that all pessimists ought to be incontinently led forth to execution, since to preach failure is to help accomplish it.

THE BLUE WATER SCHOOL, by Fred T. Jane

Mr. Fred T. Jane, who here gives his opinion on the effect of the war on our Navy, is a man who has devoted his whole life to the study of this subject. He has been with the Fleet on all occasions, and has watched the development of the various kinds of ships and guns. His writings, both in articles and in books, are known to a big circle of readers, and "Jane's Fighting Ships" is one of the standard books of reference on the Navies of the world.

IN my opinion there are two main points. Of these the first is that we have not yet won the war, and unless every man of military age comes up to scratch we shall not win it. And if we lose, the effect of the war will be that we shall either have no fighting services at all, or else only such as may help Germany to conquer the rest of the world.

In the second issue—supposing that we win—I think that it is highly probable that we shall maintain a large Army against future eventualities and reduce our Navy accordingly. From this insanity the "Navy League" may save us—but neglect of our Navy is likely enough to be the curse of peace.

I speak advisedly of any future naval reduction as "insanity" because for a thousand years the Navy has kept our land inviolate. The Navy, and the Navy only, has rendered possible our Army's work in Flanders, France and elsewhere. But this work does not *show*. And when the war is over I fear that the public will forget what it never really knew.

I do not wish to be unduly pessimistic, but I greatly fear that the silence in which the Navy's work has had to be wrapped will in the future result in a terrible underestimation of the Navy's services, a failure to keep up the Navy, and likely enough our ultimate doom in some other war fifty years hence.

The new Navy will be a changed Navy. As like as not Dreadnoughts as we now understand them will pass away, just as Nelson's ships passed away. But "The Navy" remained with our forefathers. It is not a matter of the type of ship, but of "The Navy." Keep up the Navy and we shall always stand four-square. Let the Navy down and we shall seal our doom.

THE NEXT GENERATION
by Dr. C. W. Saleeby

Dr. C. W. Saleeby, who here gives an opinion on the effect of the war on the vital question of home life and motherhood, has made a special study of eugenics and sociology, and there never was a time when expert knowledge of this kind was as necessary to us as it is to-day. The strongest and the bravest are being killed off, and the rearing of men to take their places is the fundamental question of all.

THE war will enhance the importance of motherhood and home life for all the combatants nations—not least for ourselves, for though our losses may be relatively small, our Imperial responsibilities will be the greatest. Happily, the public is coming to realise this, but the immense excess of women in the Mother Country after the war will be a morbid factor only to be dealt with by their suitable emigration to our Colonies, as I urge in the "Daily Mail Year Book" for 1916.

AFTER-WAR EMIGRATION
by Sir Thomas Mackenzie

Sir Thomas Mackenzie, K.C.M.G., who here gives an opinion on the effect of the Great War on emigration, especially to New Zealand, is the High Commissioner in London for that progressive Colony. For twenty-five years he was a political leader in New Zealand. He was a member of Sir Joseph Ward's Cabinet, and succeeded him as Prime Minister in 1912, but he only held his new office for a very short time. In the same year he came to London as High Commissioner. Sir Thomas should know all about the conditions for emigrants to New Zealand, for in addition to his public work, he has explored its interior lakes and fiords, and studied its native birds and flowers. He received the honour of knighthood on last New Year's Day.

I WOULD say that the general prosperity in New Zealand, especially on the agricultural side, will require labour for its further development. The war has taken heavy toll of our men, many of whom, in normal times, were engaged in agricultural and pastoral pursuits. If at the end of the war there should be in this country a surplus of men, and women also, willing to go abroad, and, if they take some training in the work they are likely to be called upon to do on their arrival in the Dominion, they will undoubtedly be welcome and will be of value. The "Closer Settlement" policy of the New Zealand Government is gradually bringing more land into intense culture, and if suitable people—and we are very particular in New Zealand on the question of people being suitable in every respect—will go out, the prospects for them are good, and there is room for many of the right class in the Dominion.

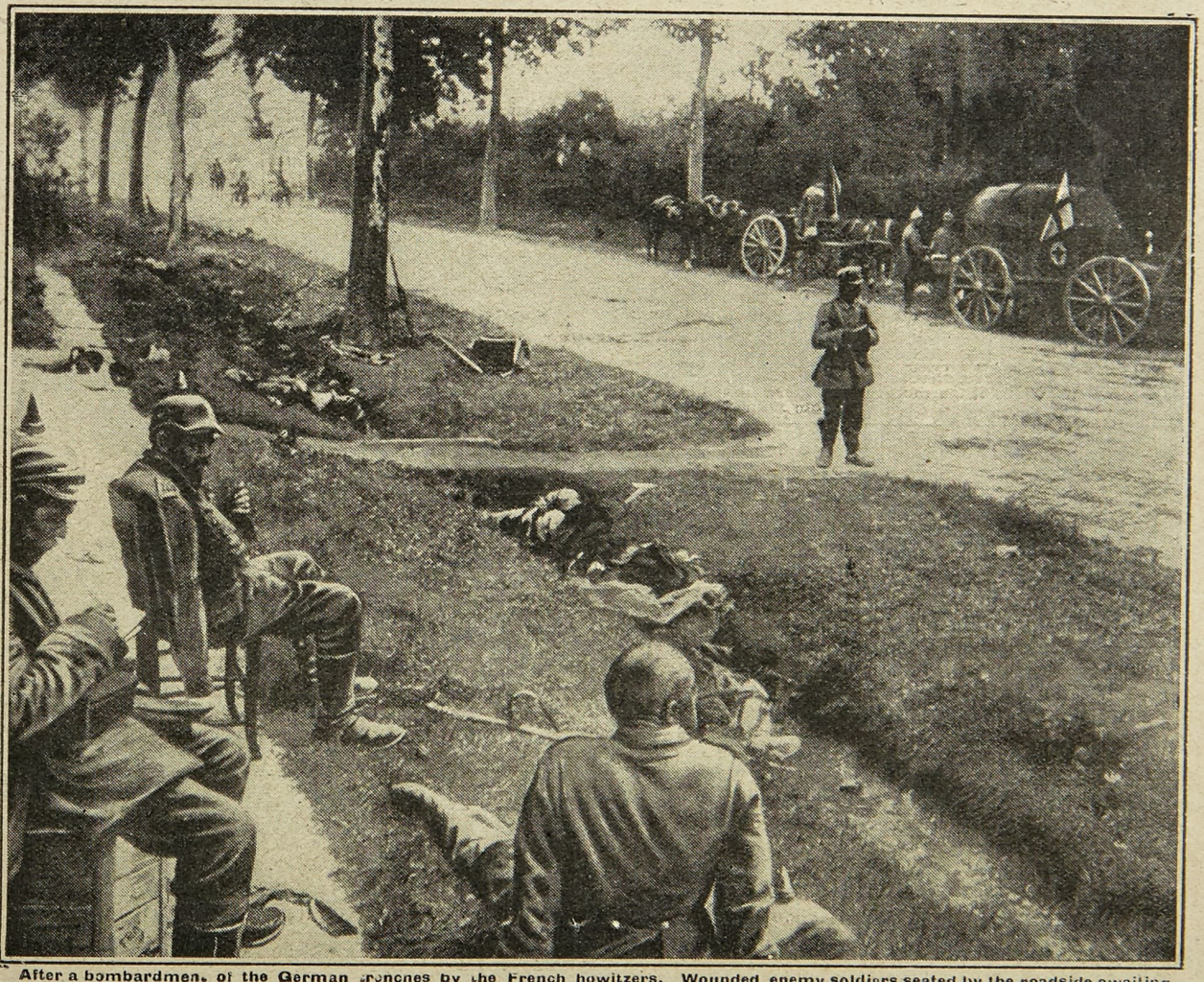
Steel Caps and Steel Hearts nearest to the Boches

French patrol passing through a village in "No Man's Land," the church of which has received the proverbial baptism of Hun fire. These steel-helmeted warriors are on the look-out for raiding Boches. Every German the less is a step nearer victory.

How a French artillery commander's headquarters are made more or less immune from destruction by enemy shells. The neatness with which the position has been consolidated with stones, sandbags, logs of wood and gabions is characteristic of French thoroughness. Nothing less than a powerful mine would shatter this very strong dug-out.

Great Cause & Grim Effect on Champagne Front

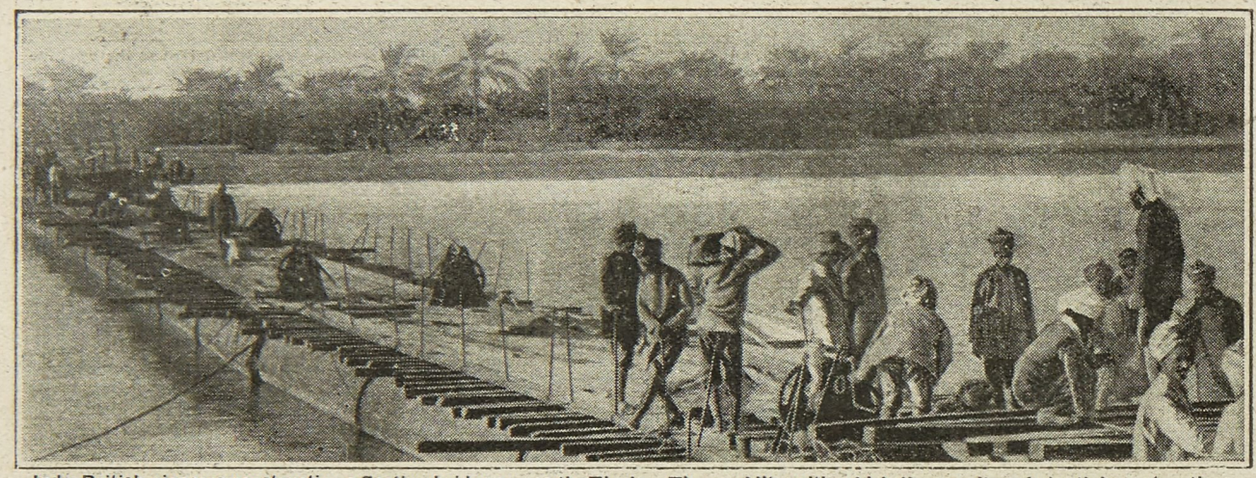
One of the many huge French guns which fire 220 lb. shells. These weapons have proved themselves quite as efficient as the smaller "75," and it was mainly due to their power and accuracy that the French secured the Champagne victory of September, 1915.



After a bombardment of the German trenches by the French howitzers. Wounded enemy soldiers seated by the roadside awaiting the arrival of the ambulance. A number of dead are lying in the ditches, and Red Cross men on the other side of the road are removing the bodies for burial.

Along the Tigris Flood from Basra to Kut

British naval gun in action somewhere in Mesopotamia. A number of natives are contemplating the operations with interest.

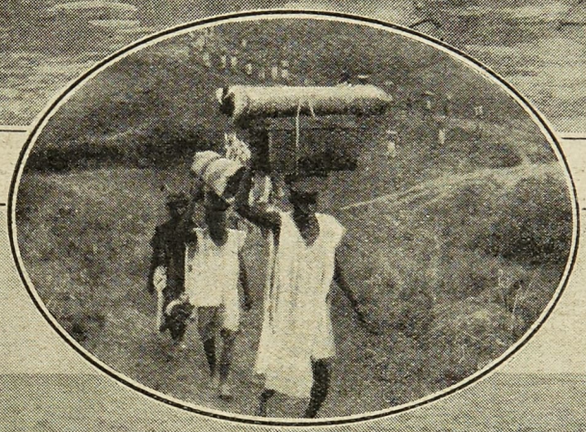


Indo-British pioneers constructing a floating bridge across the Tigris. The rapidity with which these quite substantial constructions are completed is one of the marvels of modern campaigning. During the war doubtless more bridges have been destroyed and built than at any other period of time in the world's history.

British sailors dragging a naval gun across a desert in Mesopotamia. One can well imagine the difficulties of transport in this theatre of hostilities where waggons and ordnance are liable to sink up to their axles in sand.

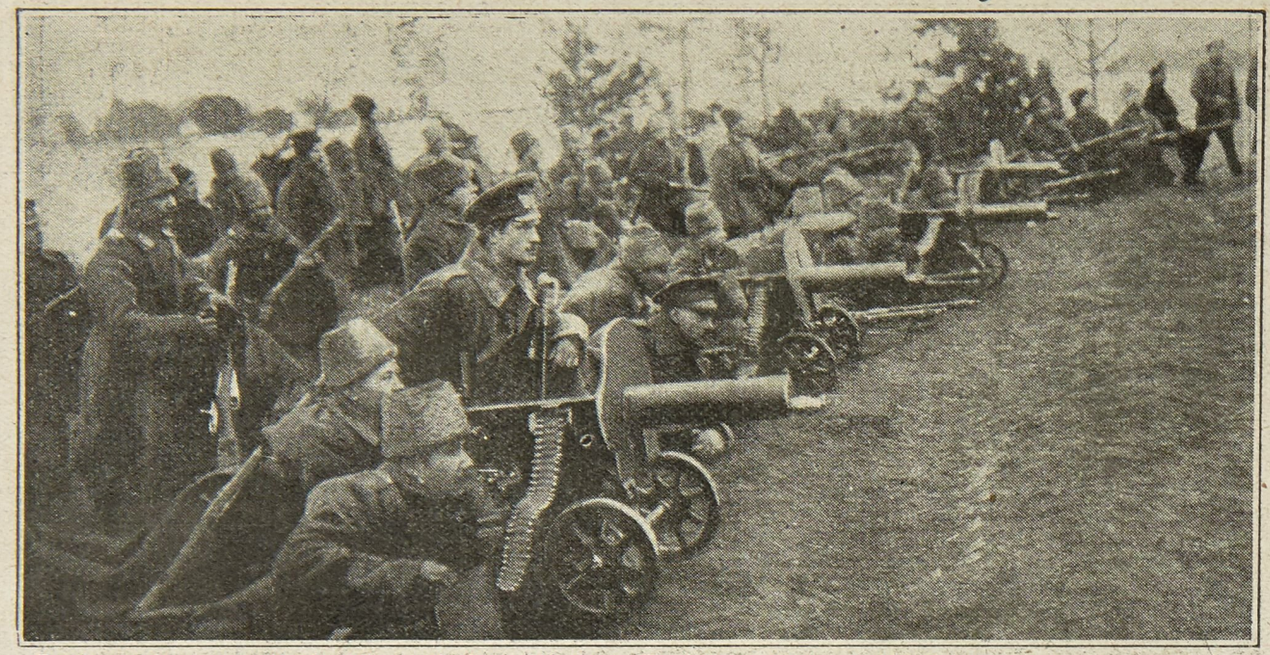
Black Defenders of the White Hope in Africa

But for a few isolated attacks, the Germans have been practically driven from the Cameroon. The above photograph shows the primitive method of transport adopted by belligerents in West Africa.



Native troops landing in the Cameroon. Inset: Couriers marching in single file heavily laden with war material. Such was the only means of conveying the munitions, food, etc., from place to place, and of course was mainly responsible for the long drawn out campaign.

Russians in Bessarabia and the Frosty Caucasus

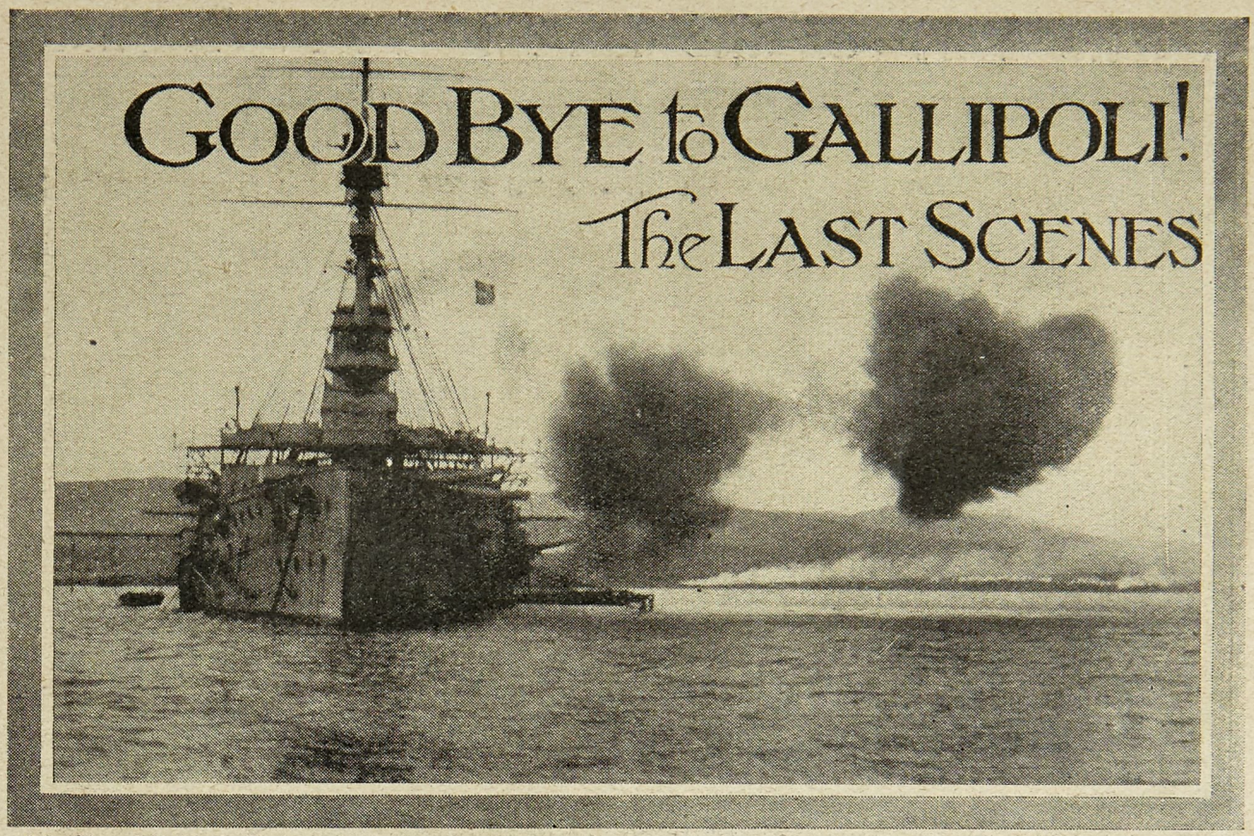


Russian machine-gun section in action on the Bessarabia front. Terrible was the havoc which these weapons, when concentrated in large numbers, wreaked on the ranks of the enemy advancing in massed attack.

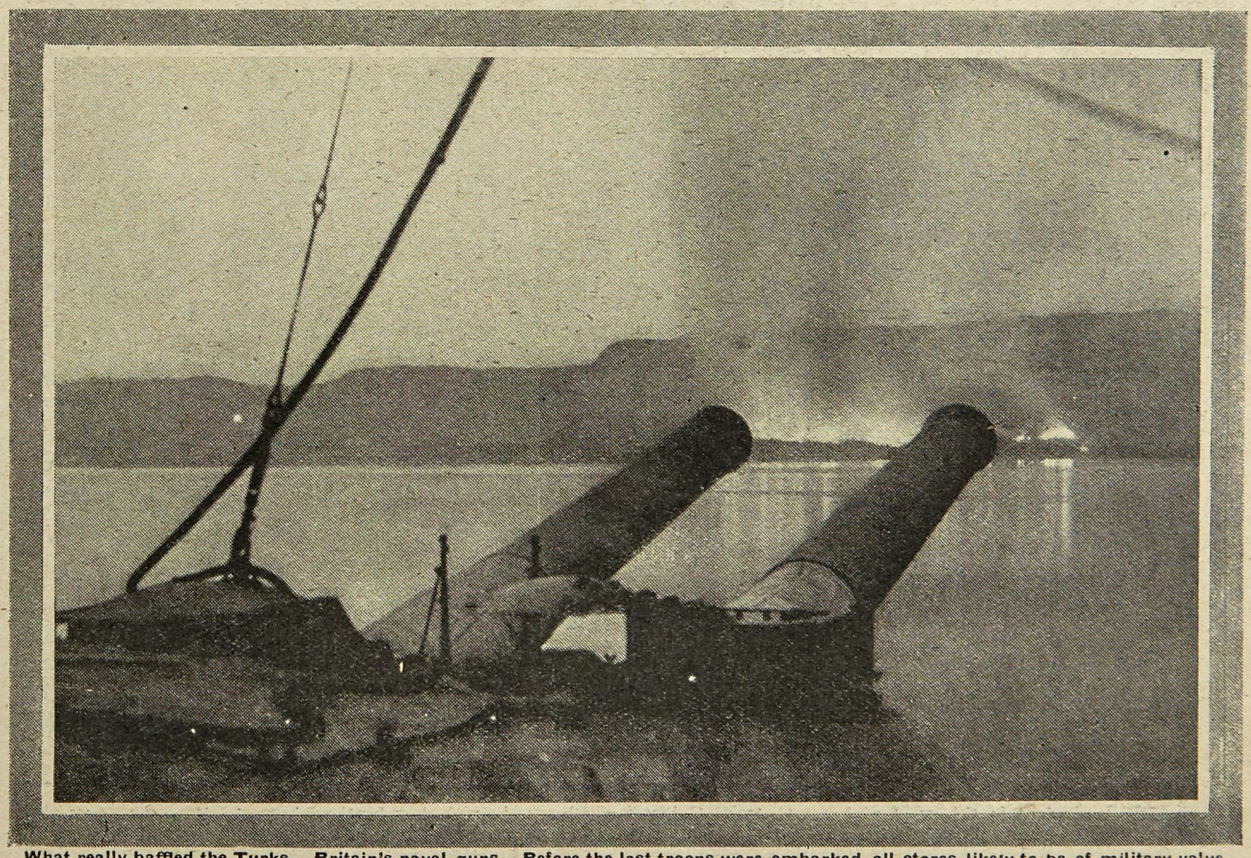
The importance of the Caucasus campaign cannot be over-estimated. Were it not for Russia's numerous forces threatening the Turks, Persia and India would be open to a Turco-Teuton combination. This photograph shows a Russian advance guard entering a village in this snow-bound mountainous area.

GOOD BYE to GALLIPOLI!

The LAST SCENES



A final broadside for the Turks on Gallipoli from H.M.S. Cornwallis, the last British ship to leave the danger zone after the evacuation had been carried out with such conspicuous success. Burning stores and encampments may be seen on the shore. This and the next three pages are devoted to official documents of the great Anzac bluff.

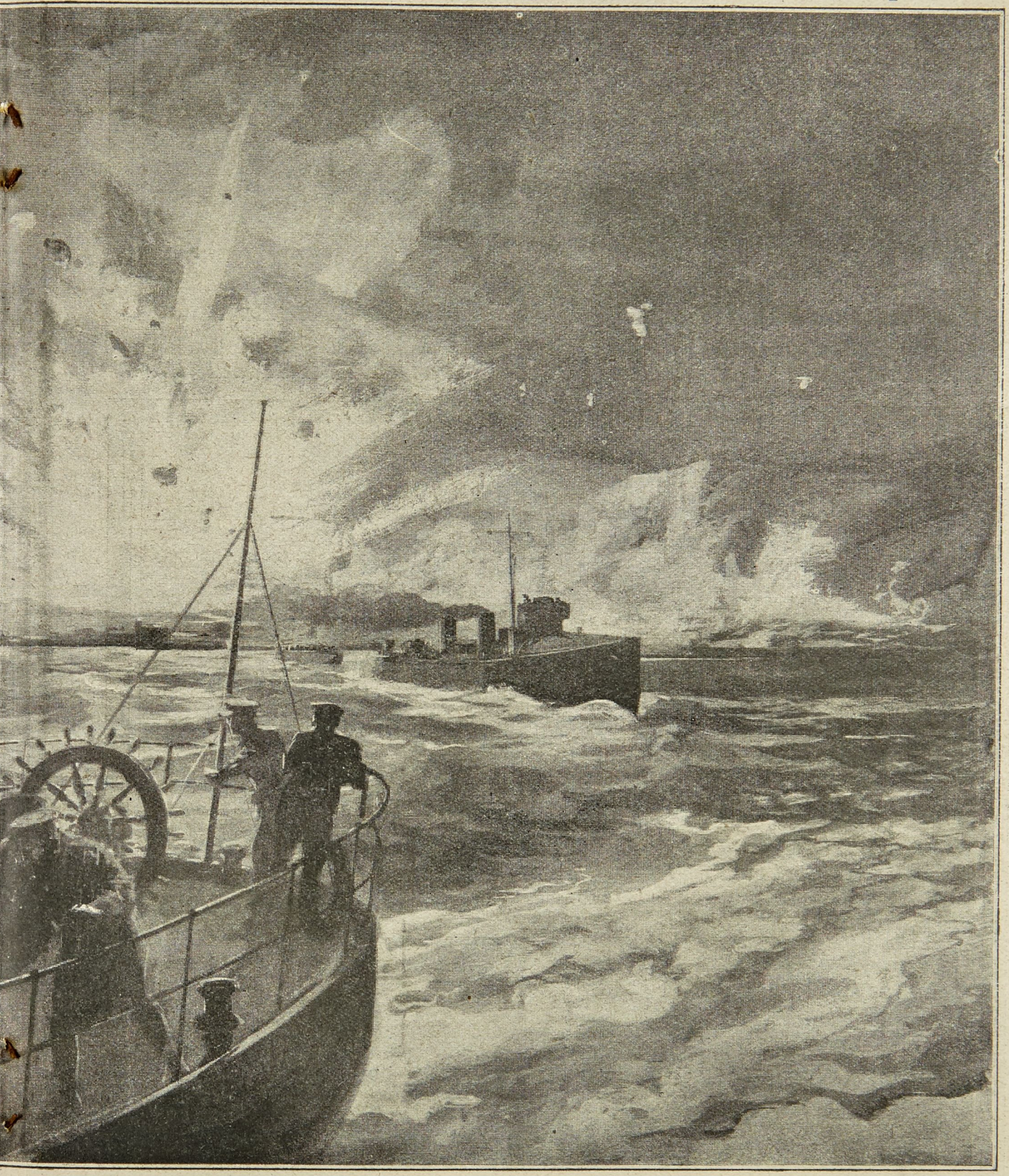


What really baffled the Turks. Britain's naval guns. Before the last troops were embarked all stores likely to be of military value to the enemy were fired upon. This photograph shows the reflection of the flames across the tranquil waters of the Gulf of Saros.

The Peril of the Last Lighter: Thrilling Inc

THE only incident in the great withdrawal from Gallipoli which gave cause for alarm was the blowing up of a powder magazine on the beach just after the last lighter with a special splinter-proof covering, laden with soldiers, was being towed off by a destroyer to be picked up by the transport. An eye-witness of the event relates that the frail craft had barely proceeded one hundred yards from the shore when there was a terrific explosion, which shook all the vessels in the vicinity, and even seemed to shake the very sea itself. A

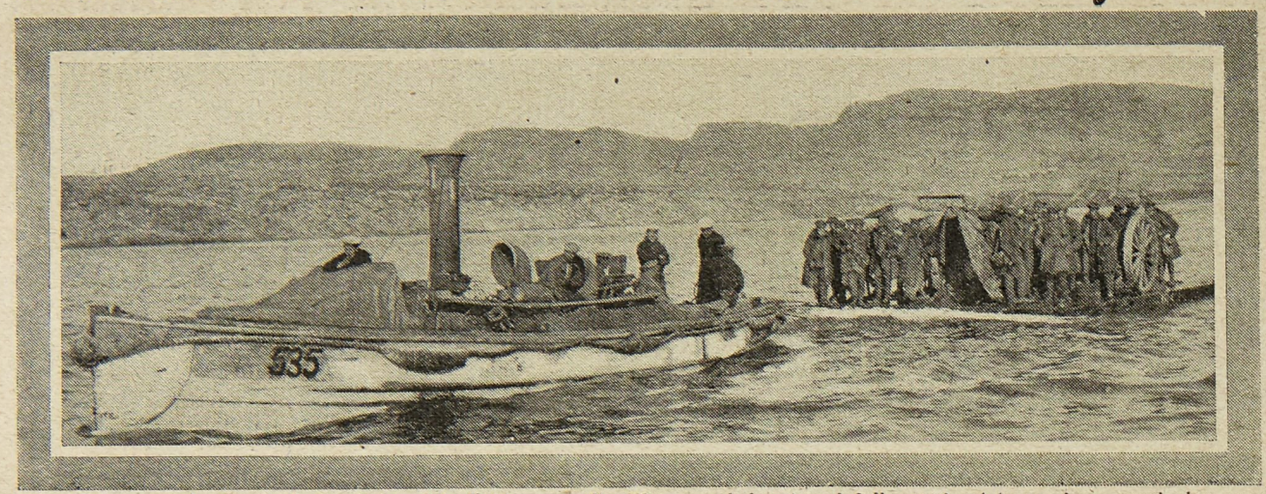
ident in the Great Withdrawal from Gallipoli



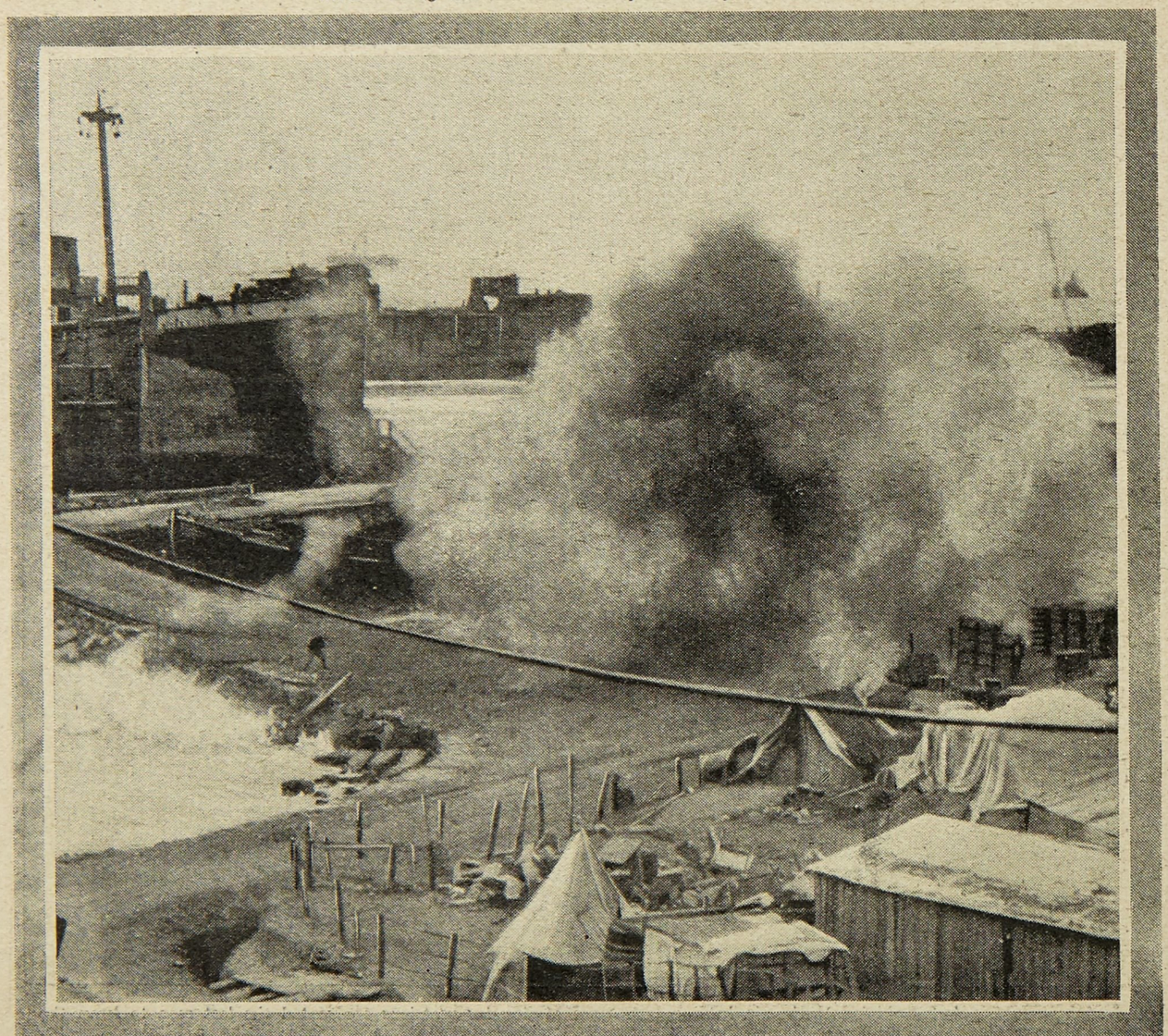
huge mushroom-like tongue of fire shot up high into the air, hurling pieces of black rock far beyond the limit of its flame. It was thought that the lighter and its load would be shattered, but, as it happened, only six of the occupants were slightly injured by falling fragments.

A scene of singular grandeur confronted the last men to leave the fateful Peninsula, the whole foreshore being a blazing inferno. The three ships, including the River Clyde, beached to serve as cover to the operation, are seen on the left of this drawing.

Men and Machines Leave Anzac Beach by Raft



Big British guns leaving Suvla Bay in broad daylight on a raft. They are being towed full speed out to sea by a naval pinnace to be picked up by a transport. This unique manœuvre, carried out under the very eyes and ears of the enemy, is surely one of the most amazing successes in the history of military achievement.



Instantaneous impression of a Turkish shell bursting near the River Clyde, the "wooden horse of Troy" ship, which helped as much in the evacuation of Gallipoli as it did in the historic landing. One of the few French soldiers who stayed to the last is seen protecting his head from flying shell fragments.

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENTS IN THE WAR

XI.—The Dorsets

IT was October 13th, 1914, a few days after the fall of Antwerp, and our Second Army Corps, having marched from Abbeville to Bethune, was obeying Sir John French's orders by fighting its way towards La Bassée and Lille. Two days before, its two divisions, the 3rd and the 5th, had crossed the canal—but only to find that the Germans were much stronger than anyone had thought possible. Accordingly, General Smith-Dorrien ordered his men to bear away to the right, his object being to cut the enemy off from La Bassée. The Germans were ready for this move; their guns were hidden away on the high ground, and for two or three days there was desperate fighting around that place.

Daring Heroes of the Dorsets

In one of the brigades—the 15th—of the 5th Division was the 1st Battalion of the Dorset Regiment. Starting from Festubert, the Dorsets advanced towards Givenchy, near where the bridge called Pont Fixe crosses the canal. Then their difficulties began. Part of the brigade found the shell fire too strong for them, and fell back; but not so the Dorsets. Forward they could not and backward they would not go, so they just dug some trenches and clung grimly on to them. Through the day they defied the Germans, who had far more men and far more guns than we had, and at night they were still there.

The losses in this one day's fighting had been terrible—one hundred and thirty killed and nearly three hundred wounded; but the Dorsets were not done with, as the Germans soon found out. In good order they left their trenches, a platoon under Sergeant E. Snoshall covering their retirement; but they did not go far. A few paces, and they were on the line which the British held throughout the winter, and there the survivors of the battalion halted. Many deeds of heroism were done at this time, of which another performed by Sergeant Snoshall deserves mention. For two days—the 14th and 15th—he lay in an exposed position, and prevented the enemy's patrols from reaching the bridge and by it crossing the canal. Sergeant-Major Vivian was rewarded also with the Distinguished Conduct Medal, for it was owing largely to his daring and coolness that his company, although faced by great odds, got safely away.

"He (i.e., Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien) particularly mentions the fine fighting of the Dorsets, whose commanding officer, Major Roper, was killed. They suffered no less than four hundred casualties, one hundred and thirty of them being killed, but maintained all day their hold on Pont Fixe."—SIR JOHN FRENCH.

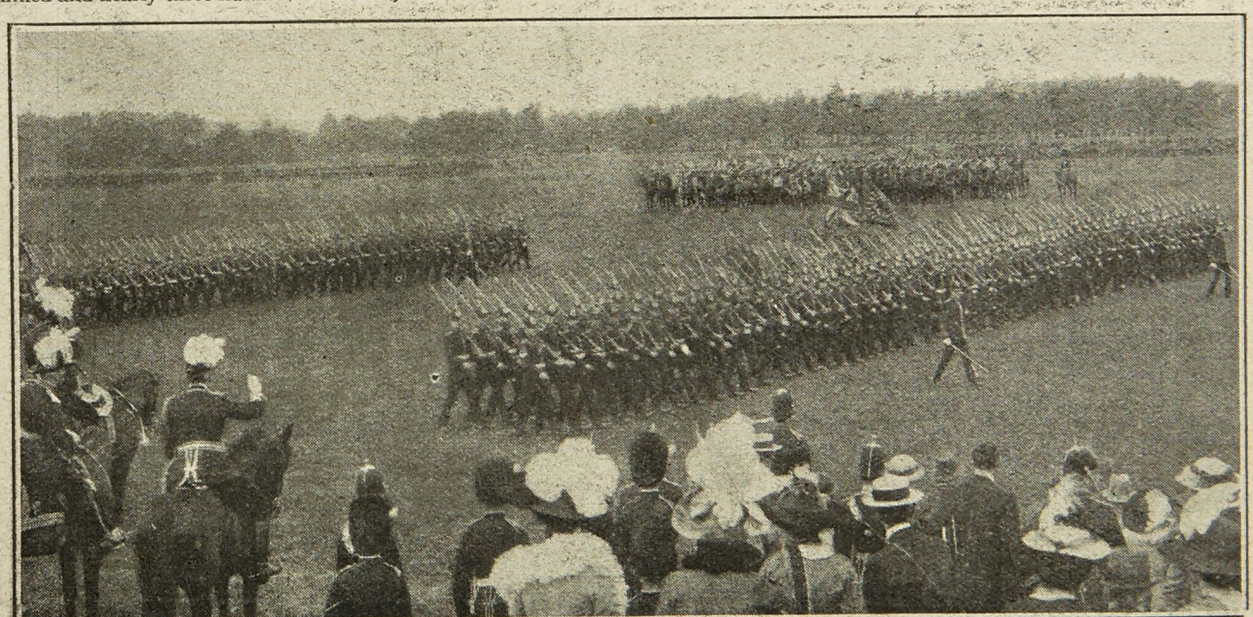
Glories Won in India

Dorset men will not perhaps be very surprised on reading about this gallant stand at Pont Fixe, for they know something of the history and traditions of their regiment, one of those humble county regiments which are the real backbone of the British Army. Its 1st Battalion, the old 39th, was raised in Ireland in 1701, and was at first called Cootes' Regiment. In 1709 it was in Portugal, and in 1747 it went to Flanders under "Butcher" Cumberland; but its chief glories have been won in India, and it bears upon its colours the proud motto, "*Primus in Indis.*" It was in 1754 that the regiment reached India to help the British East India Company in its struggle with the French one, and it occupied the centre of Clive's line at Plassey. In the previous year (1756) the 54th Foot, now the 2nd Battalion of the Dorsets, had been raised. Since then one or other, sometimes both, of the battalions have served in the Peninsular War, in Burma, in India, in the Crimea, in the Tirah Valley, and in South Africa, and among the names on their colours are Albuera, Vittoria, Orthes, Sevastopol, and Ladysmith. In 1881, the 39th and the 54th were united to form the Dorset Regiment.

Ordeals at Hill 60

When the Great War broke out, the 1st Battalion was sent from Ireland to France, and it was at Mons, helping to line the canal, on that August Sunday when the Germans met the British face to face. The Dorsets were in the retreat, and on August 26th they fought in the fierce Battle of Le Cateau. Then again, having beaten off the worst of the German attack, they marched off towards the Marne, and on one of these terrible days they did forty-two miles in the twenty-four hours.

The Dorsets were in the army which drove back the Germans from the Marne, and at the Battle of the Aisne they were among the battalions which crossed the river on rafts between Missy and Venizel. They next found themselves under a heavy fire from the Germans entrenched on the hills above the Aisne; but they held on to a narrow strip of ground between the river and the heights—no mean feat of arms. They dug their trenches and remained in them through



A review of the Dorset Regiment before the war. The march past the saluting base. The King's and regimental colours are carried with the first company.

THE ANNIHILATION OF A FAMILY.—One of the most dramatic stories of the retreat from Nish concerns a family named Yankovic. The mother was making for Monastir with her six children, each of whom carried some remnant of the household goods, but these were soon abandoned, the woman retaining only a parcel of food on her back. The journey proved too much for the children, who one by one fell down to perish by the roadside. Distracted with grief, their mother determined to avenge her losses, and set out to find her husband in the trenches. Unable to procure from him a spare rifle, she gathered up a handful of stones and flung them towards the enemy's lines. Thereupon the Huns turned a Maxim on her.

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENTS

(Continued from page 15.)

two weeks of pouring rain, and then, with the rest of the army, they moved away to positions between Calais and Lille. Then it was that they showed their metal at Pont Fixe.

By this time we may say that, like the Welsh Fusiliers, the Dorsets had "practically ceased to exist." They had lost twenty-seven officers and eight hundred men, so there were not many left of the one thousand or one thousand one hundred who sailed from Ireland in August. However, drafts arrived, and with these the remnant stood up to the Germans near La Bassée in October, especially during a fierce attack on the 22nd. Under Sergeant Gambling, a machine-gun section did excellent work during these winter months.

For several months the Dorsets had no very hard fighting, but in April, when the Germans used asphyxiating gas, they were on Hill 60. There, in spite of severe losses, they held firm, and we know how, on May 1st, the defenders of one of their trenches were reduced to an officer and four men, the others having been poisoned. This officer, Lieutenant R. V. Kestell-Cornish, rallied and encouraged the four, and they held on through the night until reinforcements arrived. Four days later, on the same Hill 60, another subaltern, H. G. M. Mansell-Pleydell, took charge of a company which, under his able leadership, regained a lost trench.

The 2nd Dorsets against the Turks

But we must not forget that the Dorsets had a 2nd Battalion, the old 54th, fighting at the other side of the earth. With three Indian battalions, they landed at Fao, at the top of the Persian Gulf, in November, and attacked the Turks a few days later. The Turks were entrenched among some date groves, and in front of them was a bare plain; but the Dorsets set a splendid example to our men, and they crossed it

Drummer of the 1st Dorsets in review order.

in short rushes. The enemy did not wait to make the acquaintance of the gleaming bayonets, and the battle was won. During the advance, when there was no cover whatever, several of the Dorsets dared almost certain death by carrying up ammunition to the firing-line and by aiding the wounded. About one hundred and thirty of them were hit, and among the officers killed were Major A. A. Mercer and Captain F. Middleton.

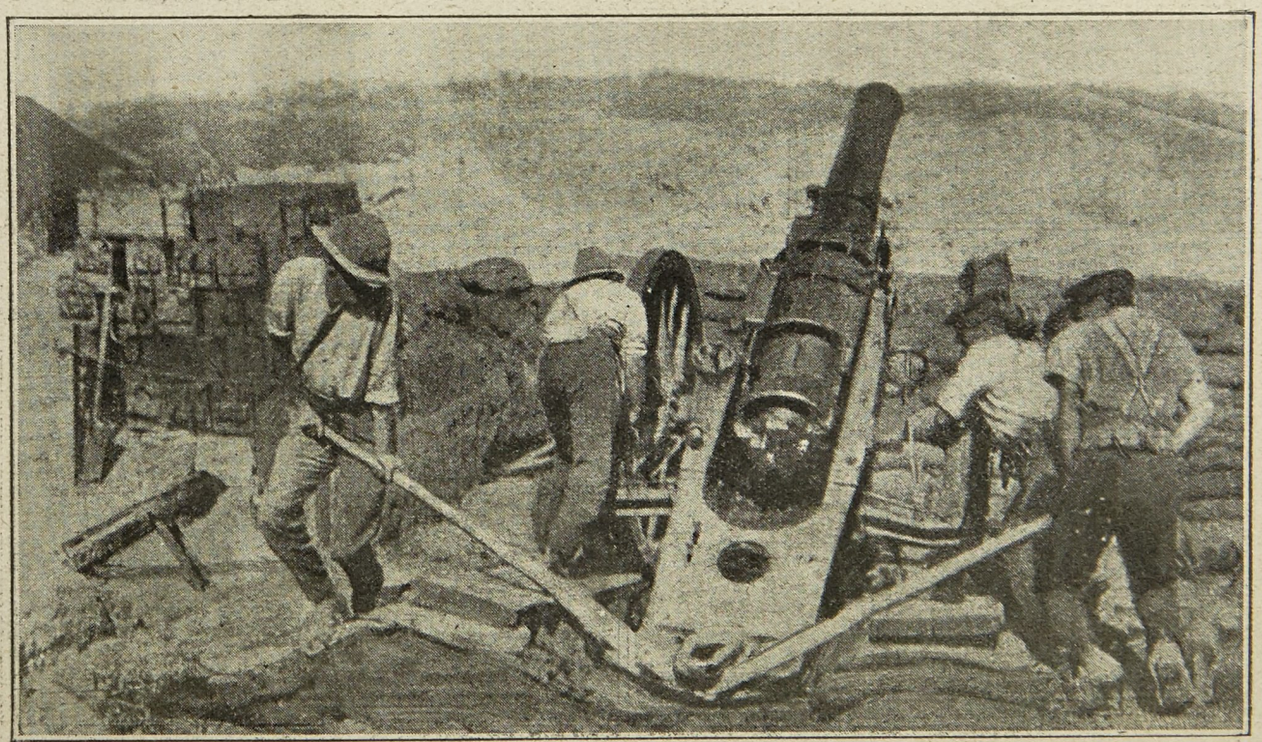
On March 3rd, 1915, a few of our men went out to discover something about the enemy's strength, and were caught in an ambush and surrounded by thousands of yelling Turks. Step by step they fought their way back—two Dorsets, Lance-Corporal E. A. Finch and Private A. Barrett, doing heroic service in protecting the wounded with their rifles from the savagery of Germany's pupils and allies. Five other Dorsets won the Distinguished Conduct Medal by rushing out and rallying some Indian soldiers who were losing their nerve in the retreat.

"Primus in Persis"

On April 14th, near Basra, there was another pitched battle, in which again the Dorsets led the British line. The conditions were about the same as in November. The Turks were entrenched among some woods, and between them and our men was a bare level plain. The day was hot, the sun glaring mercilessly down on our troops; but for five hours they pressed steadily on, rushing and lying down at short intervals. Then came the final charge with the bayonet, the Dorsets leading the way into the enemy's trenches and clearing them out. As a sample of the fighting, we may mention that of twelve men led into action by Sergeant-Major Warren, eight were hit. Among the killed in this engagement was the Battalion's commander, Lieutenant-Colonel H. L. Rosher.

There for the present ends the record of the Dorsets. In 1754 they were *Primus in Indis*, and in 1914 *Primus in Persis*. In Flanders, also, they have "done their bit," and in the future we are certain they will be first somewhere or other for Old England's sake.

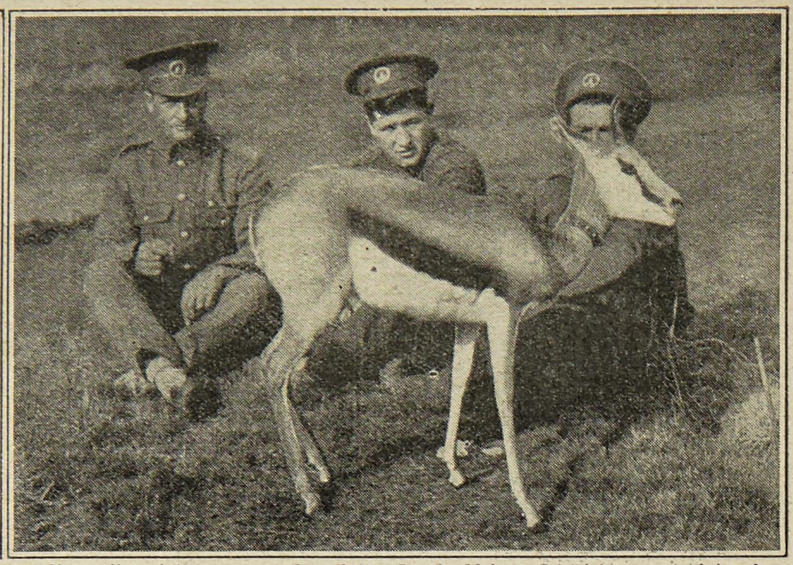
A. W. Holland



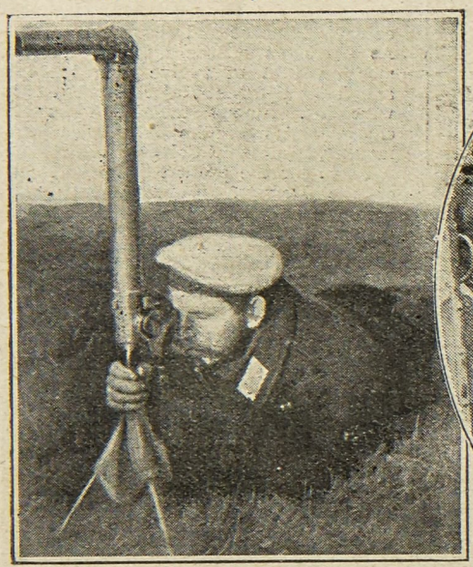
With the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force. British heavy gun being hauled into position again after barking at the hidden enemy.

Additions to the Mascot Zoo and Other Curios

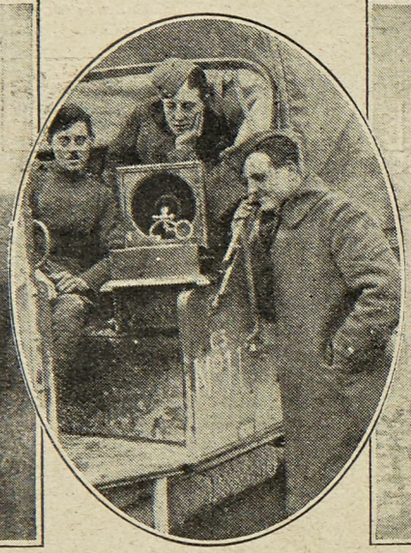
"Nanny," the agile mascot goat of the Sherwood Foresters' Transport Section.



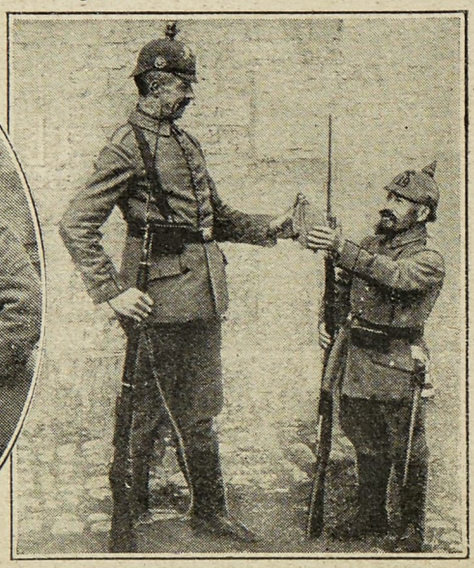
"Nancy" and three comrades of the South African Scottish now training in England.



"Looking for Jellicoe," as the Germans might say. Hun sailor using a field periscope.

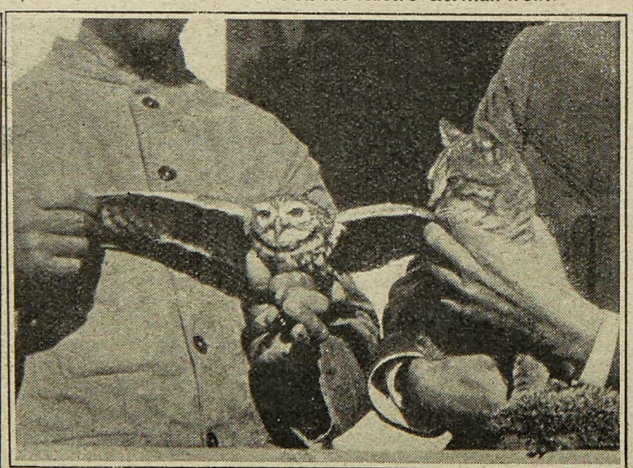


Melody with the R.F.C. Three members listening to a gramophone in France.



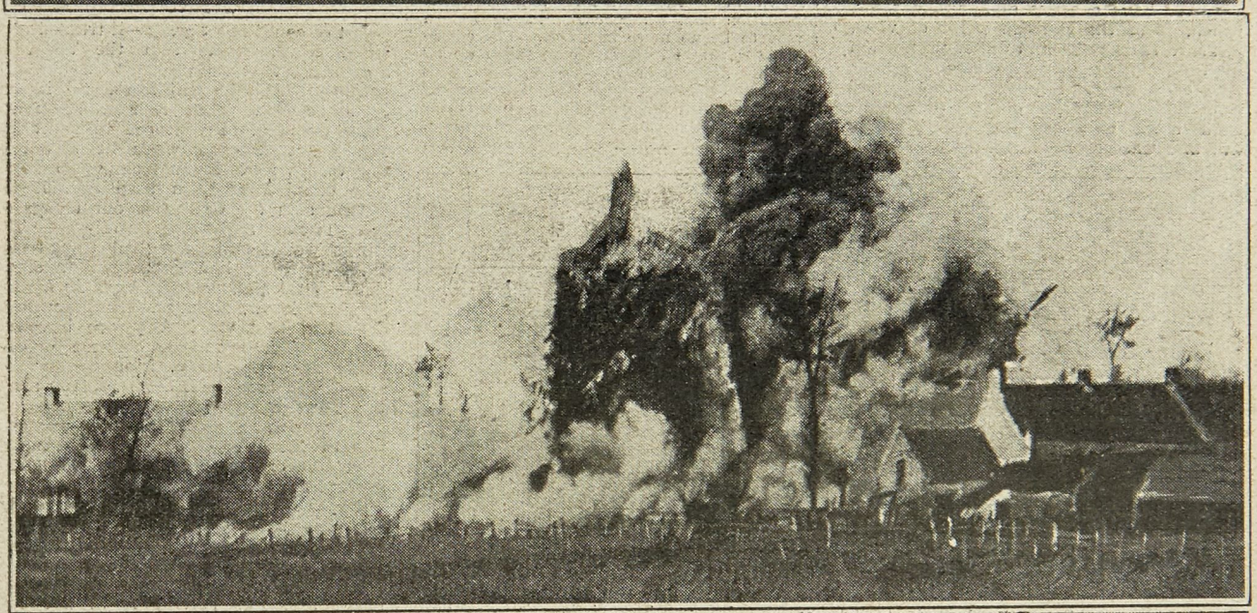
Allies with a difference. The long and short of it on the Austro-German front.

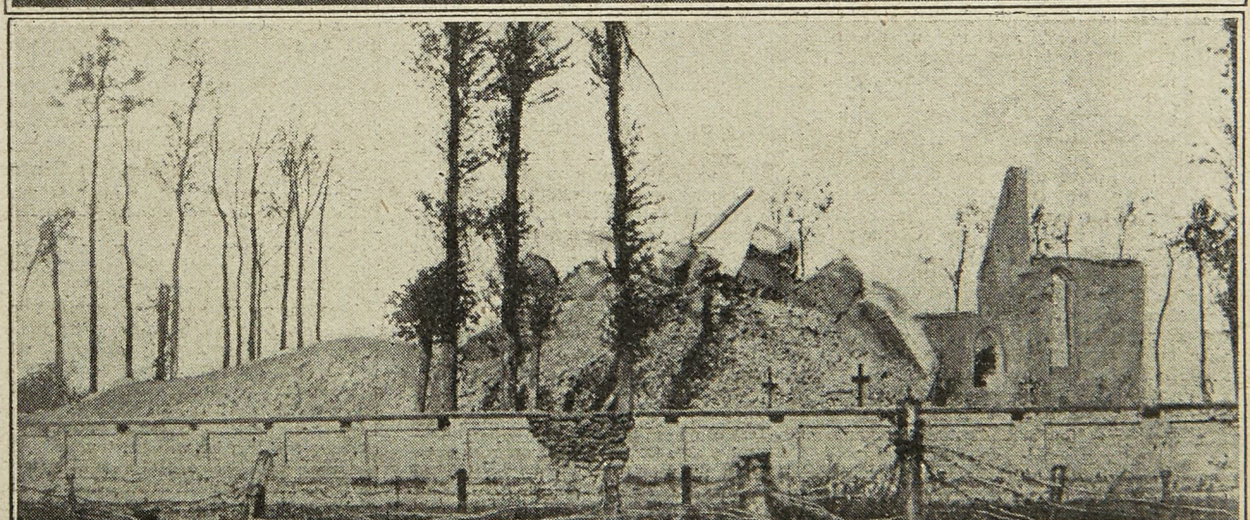
Leisure moments on the wary patrol ship. "Jack" making up to amuse his messmates.



More friends of the Allies in the Levant. Mascot owl, Turkish cat, and a hedgehog.

German Thoroughness in the Art of Desecration





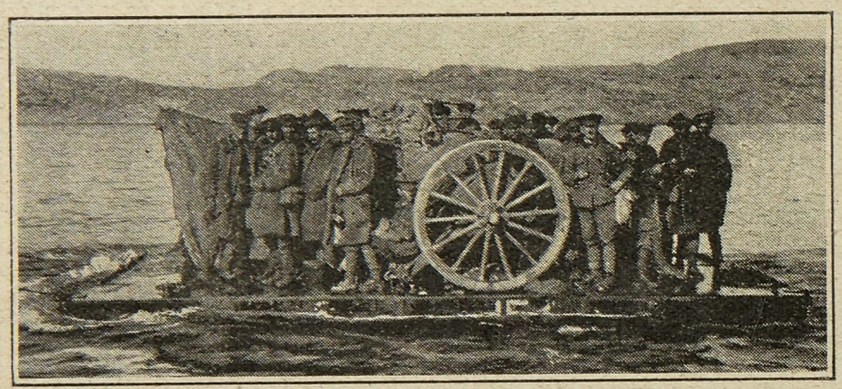
The three photographs on this page were taken before, during and after a bombardment of the church of Lampernisse. Till within a few weeks ago this was one of the few sacred edifices intact in the line of fire on the west front. Some well-placed German shells, however, levelled it in the dust, and these three striking views were secured at the very moment of the bombardment. The second illustration shows the church enveloped in fire and smoke, while the last depicts the proverbial thoroughness with which the enemy carried out his sacrilegious work. It is curious to note that the tall trees were left standing.

Dangers of a Defensive War

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

THERE have been during the last few days a number of attempts to throw us even more on the defensive than has hitherto been the case. Their cumulative effect is spoiled because the effort is overdone. It is a psychological fact that when the Teuton is bent on deceit he nearly always overdoes the part. This was the case with the Parliamentary Peace Mission which went to Germany from England in 1909. The pretence business of peace talk, and covering up the war pictures on the walls, was so overdone that one prominent M.P. told me that he came back persuaded in exactly the opposite direction to the views he held when he left England, and which his assiduous hosts wished to strengthen. In the present instance the methods adopted are somewhat as follows:

1. We have a series of Zeppelin raids, which, from the German point of view, measure their success in direct proportion to the number of well-meaning people who clamour for localised defences, and urge taking away the control of aircraft from those who conduct our *offensive* war in France and elsewhere.



How our guns and men left Gallipoli. A large weapon and its crew aboard a lighter being towed to a transport in Suvla Bay.

2. There are discreetly floated stories of new inventions, and the inference desired is that we must adopt a very cautious, defensive policy of "wait and see." On the water these take the form of monster guns, threatened cruiser raids on our commerce, and a new type of submarine war of which we are going to feel the full effects before this article appears in print. I may here point out that, except for her unexpectedly ghastly breaks with international law, Germany has not scored a single point by new inventions. Moreover, much the same may be said of the history of war—the prominent exception being the decadent Greeks repelling an invasion by a break with customary methods of war in the invention of Greek fire.

Obvious Subterfuge

3. Similar tactics are adopted in regard to the land war.

4. The flotation of rumours in regard to a coming offensive, with all the emphasis on Salonika and Egypt.

Now the source of all these reports is probably the German General Staff, exploiting the highest development of a system which has come down to them from Frederick the Great, but is as old as the time when Cæsar said the Germans always used stratagems. Sometimes the object is to impress the enemy, sometimes the neutral, and occasionally to provoke retorts in those journals whose correspondents are known to be in touch with members of the unwieldy Governments of the Allies. There is also the object to provoke "dissensions and bickerings" in the discussions in the Press, Parliament, and on the platform of Germany's enemies. The peace talk failed, so now again the war talk.

I have before me Admiral Lord Collingwood's letters from the Mediterranean, and here is one, dated May 18th, 1808:

> But we have dissensions and bickerings in Parliament, at a time when all the wisdom and energy should be employed in counteracting and diverting this silent torrent that overwhelms States as if they had no firmer foundation than a haycock, and sweeps them away, to be no more heard of. The consequence is that Ministers are so taken up by repelling attacks in Parliament, that it is impossible they can have time for repelling the attacks of the enemy; so that these measures which ought to be kept most secret are left to the conduct of inferiors in office, and the first you hear of them is in a newspaper. Now, if the agents of Bonaparte were in those offices they could not manage his interests better. Does not all the world know that one man can keep a secret better than two?

Tactics of "Fritz" and Napoleon

The means used to-day are to give publicity to the German suggestion from one of the neutral towns, or from Rome, since Italy and Germany are not at war and maintain certain relations. It is very blatantly indicated to us that we should be especially careful about Salonika and Egypt, where we have every conceivable advantage on our side if attacked. It is calculated that if we put men on a false front it will be three months before they can be deployed on the vital front.

It was Napoleon who carried the mystification and misleading the enemy business to its highest point after Frederick the Great, and it was Napoleon who said, "Do not do what the enemy wants you to do, for the simple reason that what he desires is the worst course for you." I ventured in my last article, on "The Cult of the Naval Base," to attempt to show that bases in war derive their entire value from the geographical and economical utility they afford to the operations of fleets. Nothing would have suited the enemy better, nor been more calculated to undermine our sea-power, than to put the bases in the primary instead of entirely subordinate positions. Now, if we consider Salonika and Egypt from the same point of view, we will regard them merely as vantage positions from which armies projected by sea-power can strike at the enemy's armies and their communications. What the enemy wants us to do is to lock up large forces for the direct defence of Egypt and Salonika. He would like again a force of x Turks from a central position to threaten x Russians on the defensive in the Caucasus, as well as x British on the defensive in Egypt, while we are overwhelmed on the Tigris. Surely the simultaneous offensive is the right one for us, with reserves ready to embark.

Strategic Internment

Let us count it for grace—if true—to the allied Governments that the telegraph announces that 40,000 Turks and heavy artillery have been sent to Smyrna in fear of a landing. That is how sea-power locks up men. I ventured to point out Mr. Asquith's error when he talked of our troops in Gallipoli locking up Turks who could have been used against the Russians in the Caucasus, our troops on the Tigris, and against Egypt. The Turks would still have had to garrison Gallipoli if we had not landed a single man—*if we had men who could be landed.* Now we know, from Sir Ian Hamilton's despatch, that we had 95,000 bayonets to the Turks 110,000. Those 95,000, ready at a central position to embark, might well have locked up 400,000 along the Turkish coasts.

No war in the world's history was ever won by the defensive, and we as a nation have especial reason to be on guard against it.

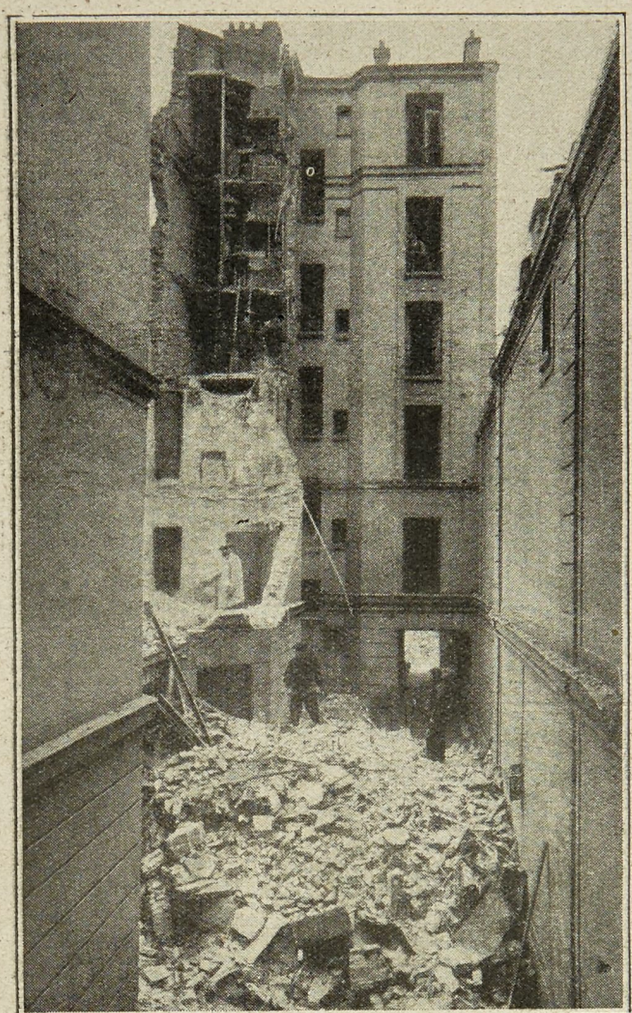
Every success that has been won in this war has been through the rapid concentration on the offensive. In the Dardanelles the defensive won because the offensive was not thought out beforehand, and was neither rapid nor concentrated. Cæsar attributed his success, first to the care and labour with which his plans were prepared (both essentials to rapid concentration), and then to rapid action. We have wonderful coincidence of naval testimony on this point. To make a selection:

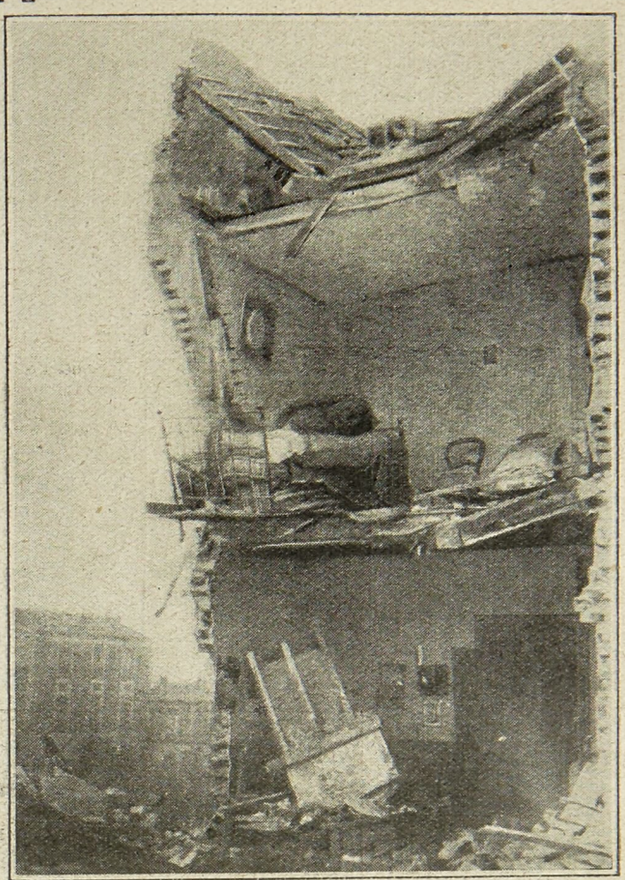
Time is Victory

> Time is everything; five minutes makes the difference between a victory and a defeat. —*Nelson.*
>
> The advantage of time and place in all martial actions is half the victory; which being lost is irrecoverable.—*Drake.*

To these we may add one from the great American Admiral Farragut: "I believe in celerity!"—spoken, be it noted, when he announced his intention of passing the Mississippi forts. This last ought to be tacked on to another saying of Farragut, that "the more you hurt the enemy, the less he will hurt you." It is sad that political control should have led to such an imperfect realisation of these maxims during the crisis preceding the war, so that the Navy was given a late start, the North Sea largely mined against us, and brought to a condition which is the source of half our difficulties in regard to all the raids by sea and air.

The Day After the Zeppelin Raid Over Paris





Freakish effect of a Zeppelin bomb explosion on a Parisian dwelling. On the left is another house, six of whose floors were completely sectioned by an infernal machine.

The Paris crowd, generally the most animated and irresponsibly happy, turned out in sombre mood the morning after the Zeppelin raid of January 30th to inspect the damage done to their beautiful city by the aerial ghouls. One bomb, dropping in the centre of a boulevard, went clean through to the "Metro," or Paris underground railway.

Decorated for Valour: More of Britain's Brave Sons

LIEUT. HILTON YOUNG, R.N.V.R., M.P. for Norwich, was honoured by King Peter of Serbia with the special medal for valour in recognition of his conduct during the siege of Semendria, while his brother, Mr. Geoffrey Winthrop Young (Red Cross) was enrolled a Chevalier of the Order of Leopold for valuable services rendered to the population of Ypres and other towns in the war area.

Captain J. H. Beith, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was awarded the Military Cross for devotion to duty. He is known as "Ian Hay," author of "The First 100,000," a vivid work on the first Kitchener's Army men, which is one of the most successful books concerning the war.

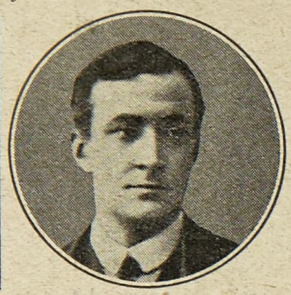
Quartermaster-Sergeant A. V. Prosser was awarded the D.C.M. for singularly gallant conduct at Suvla Bay. At the moment of an advance a fire started in the scrub. Prosser, realising the danger of a number of fallen wounded, went out several times under heavy fire and dragged many of them to safety.

Major-General J. A. Ferrier (in command of the Humber Defences) awarded the D.C.M. and the Russian gold medals to four Leicester heroes at Patrington. Sergt. A. A. Sparkes received his medal for saving a wounded officer under fire; Quartermaster-Sergt. Hill was honoured with the Russian gold medal of St. George for leading the last ten men of his platoon to an attack at Neuve Chapelle, in which event he was wounded; Sergt. H. Owen was also awarded the Russian gold medal of St. George for venturing forth and saving a wounded Gurkha; Sergt. Gray received the D.C.M. for gallantry and devotion to duty on the Aisne. All four belonged to the 3rd Leicester Regt.

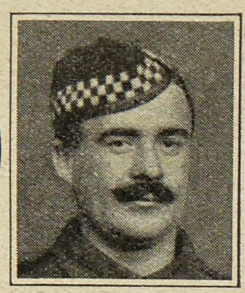
Captain John Joseph Kavanagh when on special observation duty in a "crow's nest" was subjected to heavy fire, but remained throughout the day in the building and continued to transmit important information. He only left his post, which was struck by four direct hits, to put his orderlies under cover. He was awarded the Military Cross.

Pte. J. S. FARMER, 1/8th Royal Warwicks, awarded the D.C.M. for rescuing a comrade.

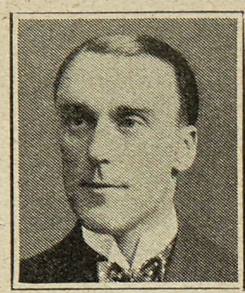
Mr. G. WINTHROP YOUNG, decorated by King Albert for valuable service at Ypres.



Lieut. H. YOUNG, R.N.V.R., M.P., awarded special medal by King Peter for gallantry at Semendria.



Bandsman T. THORBURN, A. & S. Highlanders, winner of D.C.M. and Russian Cross.



Capt. J. H. BEITH ("Ian Hay"), A. & S. Highrs, who was awarded Military Cross.

Qmr.-Sergt. A. V. PROSSER, Border Regt., awarded D.C.M. for life-saving at Suvla Bay.

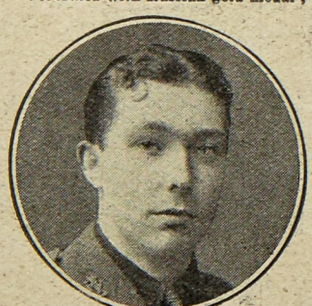
Reading from left to right: Sergt. A. A. SPARKES, awarded D.C.M.; Qmr.-Sergt. HILL, who received the Russian gold meda of St. George; Sergt. H. OWEN, also decorated with Russian gold medal; and Sergt. GRAY, who won the D.C.M.

Pte. H. SMITH, Coldstreams, awarded D.C.M. for strenuous bombing at Loos.

Pte. G. PUTTOCK, 2nd E. Surrey Regt., won D.C.M. at the Hohenzollern Redoubt.

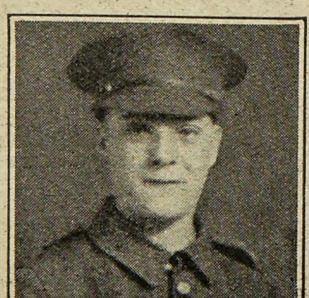
Pte. W. THEOBALD, 2nd East Surrey R., who won the D.C.M. at the Hohenzollern Redoubt.

Pte. R. THOMPSON, Border Regt., awarded D.C.M. for devotion to duty at Hooge.



Sec.-Lieut. J. H. de la M. HARPUR, 15th Batt. Royal Irish, awarded Military Cross for saving life.

Capt. J. J. KAVANAGH, 3rd Connaught Rangers, awarded Military Cross for devotion to duty.

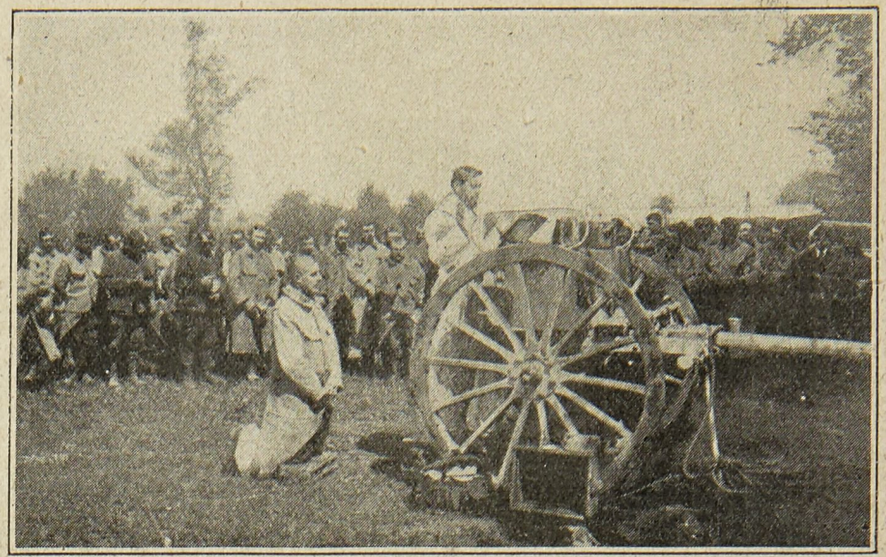


Pte. R. J. FAWCETT, Welsh Regt., who won D.C.M. at Festubert for carrying messages under fire.

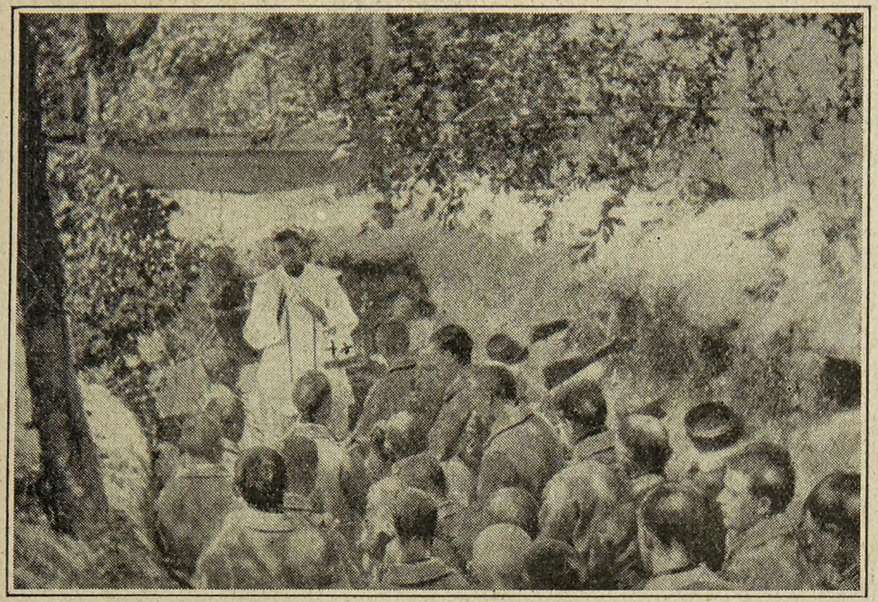
The Two Heroes: An Idyll of the Champagne Front

FROM THE PAINTING BY THE CELEBRATED FRENCH ARTIST, GEORGES SCOTT.

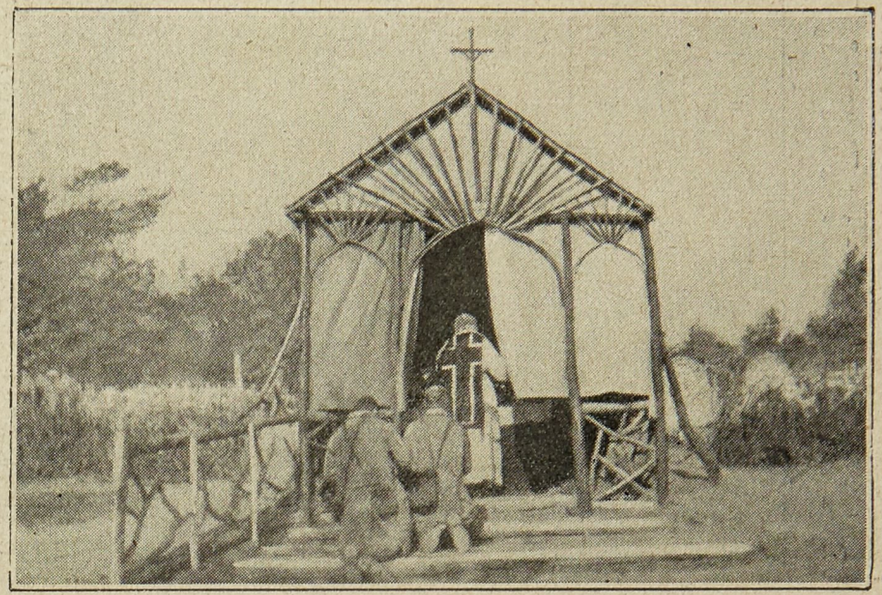
Mass in the trenches. French priest conducting a religious service in the open air. A large congregation of French infantrymen stand bareheaded in an attitude of reverence.



A religious interlude in the strife of war. French soldier-priest, using an ammunition waggon as an altar, celebrates Mass in the presence of his comrades.



Divine thoughts in the trenches. Another religious ceremony held in a French first-line position. Bareheaded, a group of pious Piou-pious are listening to the consoling voice of a man of God. Note the rifles ready in position.



Before departing on a perilous mission two French soldiers are commending their souls to the Almighty. A short service is being celebrated in the little chapel, which is characterised by charming taste and artistry purely Latin.

Photo by Bassano

OFFICERS WHO WILL LEAD OUR NEW ARMIES TO VICTORY.—NO. XIII.

24TH (SERVICE) BATTALION ROYAL FUSILIERS.—From left to right (back row) : Sec.-Lieut. P. Baker, Sec.-Lieut. J. H. Chandler, Sec.- Lieut. H. J. Beach, Lieut. W. G. Perkins, Sec.-Lieut. F. G. Pearson, Sec.-Lieut. C. P. Harvey. Third row : Lieut. D. Radcliffe, Sec.-Lieut. C. A. Knust, Sec.-Lieut. J. E. Gilbert, Sec.-Lieut. F. H. Sim. Second row : Sec.-Lieut. E. J. Osborne, Sec.-Lieut. R. A. C. Graham, Lieut. A. H. Jackson, Sec.-Lieut. G. C. Nelson, Sec.-Lieut. H. Coombes, Lieut. F. Edwards, Sec.-Lieut. G. T. Webb, Lieut. J. F. Blackett, R.A.M.C., Capt. Chaplain A. G. Duthrie. Front row : Capt. G. T. Edwards, Capt. R. H. Shan, Major C. E. Browne, Major H. F. C. A. Cradock, Lieut.-Col. F. J. C. Bonnyman, Capt. and Adjt. J. L. Stewart, Capt. C. G. Brett, Capt. R. A. Paget, Capt. W. C. Green.

The Balkan-zug's Significance

By the Editor

Warning Words

PUT into a sentence, the moral of the war is this: Unless Prussia can be isolated from the rest of Germany there can be no real victory for the Allies or lasting peace in Europe. This is borne out fully by the articles in the "Daily Mail" by "The Man who Dined with the Kaiser"—articles which will rank with any of the individual achievements of modern journalism.

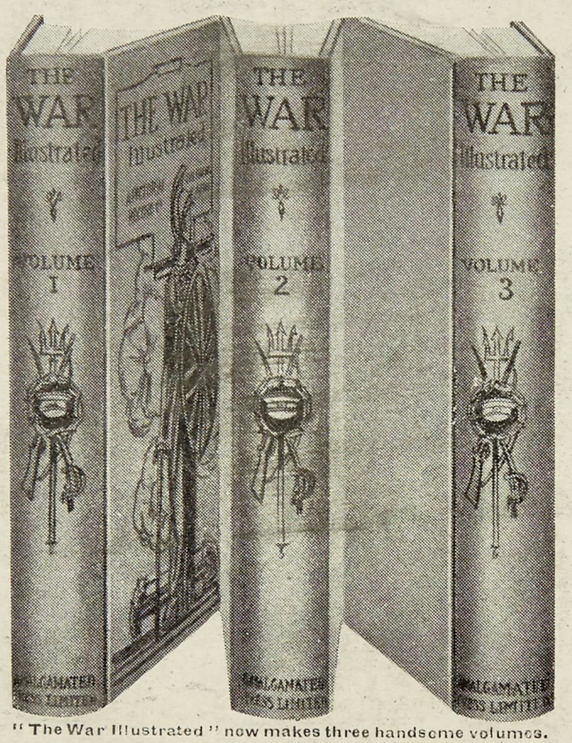
The writer closes with these warning words in relation to the Eastern migration of the modern Huns: "*Unless the Allies obtain a smashing victory*, the German occupation of Asia Minor will threaten England's hold on India, England's hold on Egypt, Russian security in the Caucasus, and will open to Germany a vast granary that will completely destroy the effect of the British blockade and alter the whole history of the world."

Synthetic Eggs for Sick Soldiers

AFTER Professor Mehner with his newspaper chops and steaks, Dr. Alois Walz waltzes forward with his entirely new and original synthetic eggs. He takes the blood—most congenial occupation for a Hun—from bullocks, sheep, and pigs, and from it extracts albumen, which he dexterously presents in a most alluring form. It is now a coarse, yellow powder, and you can take Dr. Alois Walz's word for it, that it has no trace of its horrid origin either in taste or smell. Under the imposing name of Haematalb, this powdered gambogian mess is in use in many hospitals of the Central Empires as a substitute for eggs. Recent vital statistics from those institutions are not forthcoming.

Help to Smash Germany!

STILL more ships are urgently needed to carry troops, munitions, and foodstuffs for us. Our Government has, therefore, cut down the imports of pulp for paper-making, as in a normal year these occupy nearly 2,000,000 tons of shipping! This means that it is imperative to reduce the waste in unsold periodicals. Your newsagent has to order next week's WAR ILLUSTRATED *this* week, but he can only *guess* at the number of copies he will require *unless you help him by definitely ordering your copy in advance!* Will you please do so? You will thus assist the publishers to meet the difficulty of paper shortage by limiting the number of copies of periodicals printed to those actually sold over the retailers' counter—a great and essential economy to-day! Every effort of this kind helps to drive a nail into Germany's coffin. Please hit the nail on the head to-day by giving your newsagent a standing order for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.



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The One New Factor

THE Prussian is the showman of Europe. His craving for display is inborn. The Kaiser's love of costume and theatrical make-up, the ugly, colossal monuments—such as the Niederwalddenkmal on the Rhine, and the equally vulgar Siegesallée in Berlin—are Teuton advertising at its worst. Now comes the Balkan-zug from Berlin to Bagdad, by which humble Hans and Fritz are to be convinced of the invincibility of the Hohenzollerns. The plaudits of the Teuton Press have been long and loud, but the voice of Count Reventlow is even louder. "What is this triumph?" he asks, rather dispassionately. "The Balkan Express must not be allowed to take our minds off the real mission of Kultur—namely, the overthrow of British sea-power." Ay, there's the rub! as the sailors might say. British sea-power is the one new factor which distinguishes this barbarian upheaval from all similar racial movements of the past. The Prussians, as Mr. Edward Hutton has demonstrated, are descended from the same stock as the original Huns.

Significant Nicknames

THERE is a certain significance in the labels attached to some foremost Germans and their pretty ways. "Kultur" is the trade-mark of a false system of civilisation. "Frightfulness" definitely places the moral and practical worth of the German military method. The lock-keeper of the Kiel Canal will be "Turnips" for all time, and Von Kluck will long be remembered as "Old One O'clock." As for the All-Highest, that leading partner in the bankrupt firm of "Myself und Gott," is indelibly labelled "Big Willy"; and his son, on having supported whom so ably he once expressed his satisfaction with the Almighty, is "Little Willy," and as fatuous and ineffectual a figure as the immortal chee-ild of "East Lynne."

Women in the Army

IN addition to the fact that Lady Londonderry and the Legion of Women have been allowed to supply cooks to many camps, we learn that there are now in the Army hospitals 2,128 women working in the following capacities, all of whom have displaced men: Dispensers, 93; head clerks, 20; clerks, 485; head cooks, 46; cooks, 329; cleaners, 964; X-ray operators, housemaids, and other services, 191. At the 3rd London General Hospital, Wandsworth, women do all the work except the cooking. At Millbank, women cooks are employed. Furthermore, some 5,000 women orderlies have been appointed to do men's work in the Army hospital wards under the direction of the nurses. These figures are exclusive of women employed in voluntary hospitals not directly under Army medical control. Meanwhile, the Voluntary Aid Detachment Committee looks forward to the day when women will be allowed to release all the young men in non-combatant branches of Army work.

Have Vol. III. Bound To-day

AS Vol. III. of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED ended with No. 78, you should send off all your loose parts to-day, 53-78, to be bound into the Publishers' registered binding case. These cases, which will cost you 1s. 6d. each, give you the highest possible value for money, as may be seen from the illustration on this page. They can be obtained from the newsagent by whom the parts are supplied, or they can be obtained post free, for 1s. 10d., from the Publishers, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

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Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free. N

The War Illustrated, February 26th, 1916.

Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

Will Poverty Follow the War? By Sir John Kirk

The War Illustrated

2D Weekly

Vol. 4 British Scouts reconnoitre the Egyptian Desert for signs of the promised Turco-Teuton offensive **No. 80**

Little Straws on a Great Current

TO an observer of rather philosophic temperament there is something very humorous in the manner in which the people of this country accept the alteration by the war of their accustomed conditions of life, and the consequent interruption of all their old habits. Life has been described as a big bundle of little things, and it is, of course, only a few of the little things that the onlooker sees. But while he is amused by the glimpses he catches of these trivial sticks and straws, his imagination is stirred by the suggestion they give of the deep and irresistible current that bears them along.

THE infinite smallness of political party differences in face of an Imperial crisis has been proved to demonstration. It is represented to the world by Coalition Government, and that is a very fit and proper thing. But it is illustrated much more clearly by the fact that the British people, undoubtedly the most strongly conservative people alive, have accepted a radical change in their whole method of life without murmur, and even without comment. Portly, even plethoric, heads of households put up with incredible violation of their immemorial privileges without its ever occurring to them to "write to the 'Times' about it"—once the recognised safety-valve for excessive irascibility.

THE khaki worn by two young men out of every three makes a scarcely greater change in their normal appearance than does the parcel carried down Bond Street by the third, who very likely is doing voluntarily and gratuitously clerical work which once he would not have done for any salary, however large. Necessity may explain the fact of people doing things which they never did before, but it does not explain the quiet spirit in which they meet the necessity itself.

ANALYSIS of that spirit proves it to be one of rather explosive testiness corrected by a rather amused self-consciousness. A man, aware that he is doing something unusual, greets the friend who detects him in the act with a defiant apology which trails off into a chuckle when he discovers that his friend is perpetrating some other equal eccentricity at the same moment. Comparison of experiences follows, with increased mutual respect and heightened determination to leave conventional falsities where they have been thrown. Accumulation of incidents makes an impression upon minds considering rules of conduct, and the total effect of the small experiences is alteration of temper. The tiny vexations and trivial sacrifices are seen to be the "bits" which each man is enduring and doing for a single purpose, and thenceforward they are undertaken with a new seriousness of intention. They are of enormous value because they are integral factors in determining the temper of an entire people.

SLIGHT though they are, however, these little things are not put up with so patiently and cheerfully without effort. And, as usually happens, when one looks deep enough one finds that the women are largely responsible for their men's tolerance of petty irritations. If it is true that it is easier to die finely than to live well, a silver cross ought to be instituted and bestowed on the wives and mothers of our middle classes. It is early days yet to talk about "feeling the pinch of war" in England, but the additional care imposed already upon women by the rise in the price of everything is great, and the compulsory economy foreshadowed by the impending increase of duties on imported foodstuffs will further increase the trials of our women. It is most certainly true that the temper a man carries abroad into the world with him is the home-made temper; the quiet resourcefulness with which our women are adapting unelastic incomes to ever lengthening bills is one large factor in the uncomplaining spirit of the man in the street, and it is he who is under observation from this particular post.

WITH a force of something like five million men mobilised there can be very few houses where the war is not the matter of most intense interest to every inmate, but there is little outward indication of the fact. There is less general conversation about it than there was at the beginning; we have grown used to it, as one grows used to pain, and we will make no personal moan. "A neutral visiting England" does not find much to write about in descriptive letters—not much, that is to say, that he could not have described before the war. But two Londoners walking about the streets together could find little things to comment on as illustrative of something which might almost be called fine. And, again as often happens, the deep meaning is found in the apparently trifling things.

ONE dark night lately a very stout woman asked a man to take her across Victoria Street, down whose black length invisible motor-omnibuses were charging at high speed. Safe on the other side, she thanked her pilot. "I am afraid of the motor-'buses," she explained. "They always chase me round the 'islands.'" The vision conjured up was grotesquely ludicrous, but amusement faded later before the thoughts suggested by the incident. For the darkness and the real danger of the unlighted streets were the actual proof of the pressure of war on one hitherto sheltered life, and gave a personal significance to the imaginary terror inspired by so commonplace a thing as an omnibus. Moreover, the woman made no complaint of the inconvenience and peril brought upon her by the war. She did not grumble at the darkness, only gave apologetic explanation of her appeal for escort. That woman will do whatever she can to help the war to a successful conclusion, and not least because she does not like the impression of being chased round "islands" by omnibuses in the dark.

IS there anything the average man hates so much as being reminded of the necessity of economy when in the middle of his meals? Two friends were talking about that in a train a day or two ago. "I hate being told 'that is all there is' when I am helping myself to butter," one of them said. "It suggests either careless housekeeping on my wife's part, or greediness on my own." The other man nodded; it had happened to him as well, and he had made some remark of the same nature to his wife, only to be informed patiently that "butter has gone up; it's one-and-ten a pound!"

THERE was no more to be said, but the upshot of the conversation between the two friends was interesting to the listener. It amounted to this: An Englishman likes butter, and he means to have butter; one-and-tenpence a pound is a little too much; the only remedy for an intolerable state of affairs is to end this war as soon as may be, and halved rations of butter mean doubled determination in every home in England to teach the Kaiser not to interfere in our domestic arrangements. There may be something humorous in the association of such small things with such big ones, but there is no little significance, too.

C. M.

26th February, 1916. No. 30. Vol. 4.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON

LATEST FASHIONS IN FIELD KIT.—A French officer's trench outfit comprises helmet, mask and goggles, sheepskin, trench boots, sprayer for repelling poison gases, mirror appropriated from the [illegible] in command of a German fort, and, lastly, a patrol dog.

THE WAR AND OUR NATIONAL LIFE

Weighty Views on Matters Momentous to Our Future by Public Men of the Time

OUR SPECIAL SYMPOSIUM FOR THE NEW ERA

In No. 79 of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *appeared a series of contributions by prominent leaders of public opinion in various branches of our national life, such as Politics, Social Problems, the Navy, the Middle Classes, Emigration, etc. In continuation of this absorbing symposium, the Editor is pleased to offer his readers a further selection of views on subjects which vitally concern the nation as a whole, and the individual as a citizen. Education, by which a community must necessarily measure its greatness, is discussed this week by Professor Michael Sadler. Poverty, Religion, and Literature are dealt with by men who have devoted their whole lives to these respective subjects.*

BETTER EDUCATION VITAL, by Professor Sadler

Professor MICHAEL E. SADLER, who here writes on the effect of the Great War on education, is Vice-Chancellor of the University of Leeds, and so far as actual work is concerned, is the real director of that important new seat of learning. Professor Sadler had a brilliant career at Oxford, and was lecturer and tutor at Christ Church, but he left these and other responsible positions in the University to become Director of Special Inquiries under the Board of Education. In 1903 he resigned this post, and after spending a little time in writing and lecturing on education, he took up his present post at Leeds.

EDUCATION, important before the war, will be ten times more important after it.

The English people will need someone to do for its education what Lord Kitchener has done for its Army.

The war will end in one of four ways. One of these I put aside as being now, humanly speaking, in the highest degree improbable—viz., a decisive victory for Germany and her allies.

There remain three possible ends of the war. First, an inconclusive peace. Second, a victory for the Entente Powers which will be decisive enough to secure the downfall of the prestige of Prussian militarism, but unaccompanied by the payment to Great Britain of any part of her direct outlay on the war. Third, a crushing defeat of Germany, followed by the levying of an indemnity upon her which (after an interval of time allowed for Germany's economic recovery) would gradually reimburse Great Britain (as well as her Allies) for a substantial part of our war expenditure.

In all three events, better education will be a vital necessity for England. In no other way can we retrieve our financial position, or hold our own in the industrial and commercial struggle with Germany and America. Our strength lies in mineral resources, access to the sea, adventurous energy, honesty of character, goodwill, aptitude for craftsmanship, and mental power. Of the last-named we have been recklessly wasteful. Better education (if accompanied by resolute industry in all classes and by intelligence on the part of employers) will enable us to husband our resources of mind-power and to put it to scientific use.

(*a*) An inconclusive peace would impose on Great Britain (nearly ruined by war taxation to start with) the double burden (1) of vast military and naval preparation for the next war, and (2) of industrial (including educational) reorganisation. Germany and America would be more dangerous rivals than ever in the commercial struggle. Better education would be the vital need of England.

(*b*) A final victory for the Entente Powers, with no indemnity obtainable for Great Britain, would leave us poor and face to face with angry social problems and urgent trade necessities, with both of which a more alert mind can alone deal. An alert mind would not suffice. With it must go firm purpose and moral conviction. These things, if the national temper is favourable, education can give.

(*c*) An Entente victory, finishing the war with an indemnity fixed on Germany and partly payable to Great Britain, would compel Germany to redouble her industrial and commercial efforts in order to pay off her debt to the Allies. If Great Britain rested on her oars, she would find hereafter that she had stimulated in an extraordinary degree German efficiency in the markets of the world. When the indemnity was paid off, Germany would be a more formidable competitor than ever. The need for paying the indemnity would have continued in a new form in Germany the strict unifying discipline which hitherto she has gained from militarism. Thus, even in the most favourable issue of the war, the need for better education in England is demonstrably great.

What educational changes will therefore be required in England after the war?

Three are of capital importance:

(*a*) Greater intellectual keenness in every grade of school, and greater care in making the best of second-grade mental ability. The success of the naval training at Cowes and Dartmouth is a proof of what can be done with English boys by strict discipline of mind and body.

(*b*) Greater interest in science throughout English education and English life. This is an infection which can be spread and caught. Employers must learn to use science in every part of their business. At present their average attitude of mind is ignorant as compared with that of the German employers. The key to the situation lies in the secondary schools. The way in which England has treated the claims of assistant masters in the ordinary secondary schools shows that English opinion has not yet grasped what higher education can do for a nation.

(*c*) All boys and girls in town and country alike should be required to continue their education for four years after leaving the elementary school. This continued education should be given as far as possible in the daylight hours. All employers should be obliged to spare their younger employés and employées from work for this purpose. And physical training should be part of this continued education. At present much of the good done in the elementary schools runs to waste in the years of adolescence.

WILL POVERTY SUPERVENE? by Sir John Kirk

Sir JOHN KIRK, who gives below a considered opinion on the effect of the war on poverty, is the leading figure in connection with the Ragged School movement. A Leicestershire man by birth, he was educated partly in France, and in 1873 he became Assistant Secretary to the Ragged School Union. Six years later he succeeded to the position of secretary, and he has also been intimately associated with the work of the Open Air Mission and the Shaftesbury Society. A long experience of this kind has brought him into close touch with the dire poverty of great parts of London, and after forty-two years spent in helping to alleviate it he speaks with an authority which may fairly be called unrivalled. In 1907 King Edward recognised his great services to the poor by making him a knight.

IT would be easy enough to paint a picture Rembrandtesque in its dark shading anent the social conditions after the war and their probable effects upon poverty and crime. The known factors which will have to be met are serious enough, quite apart from the unknown factors dependent upon the duration of the war, and the character of the peace to follow. The outlook, however, in my humble judgment, is not without its brighter side. I can give but briefly some reasons which prompt a spirit of optimism, leading one to the conviction that acute poverty and crime need not necessarily be increased. The crushing war taxes, to begin with, must fall most heavily upon those who have means—you cannot get blood from a stone. There should be a revival of industrial activities after a stagnation of at least a couple of years. Reconstruction will also be needed on the Continent with its demand for supplies from this country. Already steps are being taken to cultivate small holdings with a view to finding places for returned soldiers. If the nation learns its lesson the drink bill should fall considerably below the £160,000,000, with great gain to efficiency. Money spent on unproductive

With the Old Flag Under a New Command

Training East African natives as stretcher-bearers. Owing to the illness of General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, the command of the British East African forces operating against the adjacent German colony devolved upon General Smuts.

Indian soldiers holding an advanced post which has been barricaded by stones. In spite of the rough nature of the country and the terrific heat, the Indian is better able to adapt himself to conditions in East Africa than to those obtaining in Europe.

Fun and frolic in the wilds. How to relieve the monotony of "easy days" is, perhaps, the only care of the fighting man. These Britons in far-away East Africa seem to have got some amusement out of attiring their docile chargers in pants and running a race.

THE WAR AND OUR NATIONAL LIFE (*Continued from page* 26)

armaments should also be considerably less.

The question of a living wage has come to stay as a recognised principle for all workers, and the Labour Exchanges now form part and parcel of our industrial life. Finally, there is boundless scope for any overflow of employable men and women and for our growing boys and girls in our Overseas Dominions. Our great battleships could not be better employed than in transplanting them. Canada is already bestirring herself to receive fresh immigrants, and Australia, New Zealand, as well as South Africa, will have a strong claim on the Old Country for others to take the places of those fathers and sons who have nobly sacrificed all for the Empire. The position of women can never revert to the old conditions, and many of the new spheres of social and civic service must remain their permanent possession. Mothercraft will claim the awakened concern of the nation, if only prompted by the selfish motive of conserving child life, never so valuable before. With respect to school children, the teachers, quite apart from the education authorities, will never again attempt to teach pupils coming breakfastless to school, or in an ill-clad and barefooted condition of dirt and neglect. With this higher standard of comfort and a more humane spirit dealing with juvenile and other law-breakers, there should be a growing diminution in crime of the sort closely allied to poverty.

The nation has been welded as one family in sympathy, sacrifice, and service. This spirit will largely continue to manifest itself towards suffering and privation amongst the poor in peace times. It is hoped also that the spirit animating men who have been face to face with carnage and death will tend to awaken a like seriousness in the whole nation, and that a sense of vital religion will arouse both Church and people to the conviction that "righteousness exalteth a nation."

RELIGIOUS FEELING, by The Bishop of Birmingham

THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM, who here gives us an opinion on the effect of the war on religion, is better known as the Rev. H. Russell Wakefield. He was an energetic parish clergyman when he was Rector of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, but he was much more than this. For two years he was Mayor of the London Borough of Marylebone, and he was also Chairman of the Central (Unemployed) Body for London. He was a member of the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws, and of the old London School Board. In 1909 *Dr. Wakefield left London to become Dean of Norwich, and in* 1911 *he succeeded Dr. Gore as Bishop of Birmingham. He belongs, it need hardly be said, to the Liberal and Progressive party in the Church of England.*

THE effect of the war upon religion will be, above all, to give it greater depth and reality. In calm days nations do not feel keenly their dependence upon God, and there is a gradual slackening of their hold upon foundation truths. The surface matters have an exaggerated importance given to them, and differences on details absorb attention. When, however, there comes the great storm of war, with all its horrors and with all its heroism, the nearness of Eternity and the greatness of God are manifest to men. When the strife is over there will come back to their homes millions of men who have been face to face with the great issues of life and death, and they will never lose the soberness of outlook which their experiences have stamped upon them. Nor must it be forgotten that those who have remained at home have also been deepened, some by bereavement, nearly all by personal anxiety of one kind or another. Our Britain will be the abode of people conscious as never before of what is meant by national responsibility before God, who will realise what is expected of them as to the example which should be set and the burdens which should be borne by those to whom world-wide privilege and opportunity have been afforded. It will rest with the religious teachers to ensure that the effect of the war shall be lasting, and that in the days of peace our people shall strive for great issues by noble means, as has been happily the case during this great war. God grant that we may see the leaders of all churches combining for the purpose of ensuring for all time the true greatness of the land we love.

AN ENNOBLED MANHOOD, by Rev. F. B. Meyer

Rev. F. B. MEYER, who here gives an opinion on the effect of the war on religion, is one of the recognised leaders of Nonconformity. Originally a Baptist minister in Leicester, he soon found his way to London, where he succeeded the late Dr. Newman Hall as pastor of Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road. For many years he did valuable social work among the poor of South London. In 1904 *Mr. Meyer was President of the Free Church Federation, and in* 1910 *he was chosen Secretary of the Free Church Council. After being for six years at Regent's Park Chapel, he returned to Christ Church in* 1915.

YOUR readers will probably have noticed the speech made a few weeks ago in the House of Commons by Major Page Croft, who has spent nearly a year with the British Army in France. He expressed his belief that the effect of service at the front is to exalt the character of men, and that when peace comes the Army will bring back to England a purifying stream of ennobled manhood. "In half an hour in action," said this gallant soldier, "I have seen more Christianity, more elevation of character, more nobility than I had ever seen before in my life."

This is high praise, but it certainly strengthens the impressions that have been formed in my own mind by the letters which I have received from the front, and by my conversations with soldiers on furlough or wounded. I don't think that our men, when they return, will have much sympathy with sectarian differences or minute points of church ritual or ecclesiastical government. They certainly will not want long sermons of the intellectual or argumentative type. They have seen the co-operation and fellowship of Bishops and Salvationists, of Methodists and Baptists, of Jewish Rabbis and Roman Catholic priests, and have listened to brief, heartfelt, burning utterances from men who stood face to face with the realities of life and death. Directness, strength, things that really matter, help to live and die—these must be the main staple of our preaching. Our first consideration just now is to raise the tone of our churches, that our lads may not come into cooling chambers. I am less anxious about them in these days of war than as to their experiences when we get them back. Homes and churches need to be keyed up.

THE PRESS, by J. L. Garvin

Mr. J. L. GARVIN, who gives here his opinion on the effect of the war on journalism, is one of the most forceful writers of the present day. As an editor and a journalist he had a deservedly high reputation before the present war, but he has greatly added to this during the past eighteen months by the vigour and patriotism of his articles, and by the clearness with which he has realised from the first the magnitude of the task before this country.

AS regards this question, no one can speak with dogmatism about any aspect of life after the war. My own view very strongly is that public interests will be of dominating importance, owing to the number, magnitude, and urgency of the social issues that will arise, and that journalism will have to depend more than ever for success upon its intrinsic excellence in news and comment. As to the nation at large, whatever the results otherwise, we shall have to be a more earnest, a more laborious, a more scientific and educated, and, in all ways, a better organised people.

LITERATURE, Sir Sidney Lee

Sir SIDNEY LEE, whose opinion on the effect of the war on literature is given below, has a world-wide reputation as Shakespeare's biographer. He was editor, after Sir Leslie Stephen, of the monumental "Dictionary of National Biography," and in 1913 *he was chosen Professor of English Language and Literature at the East London College.*

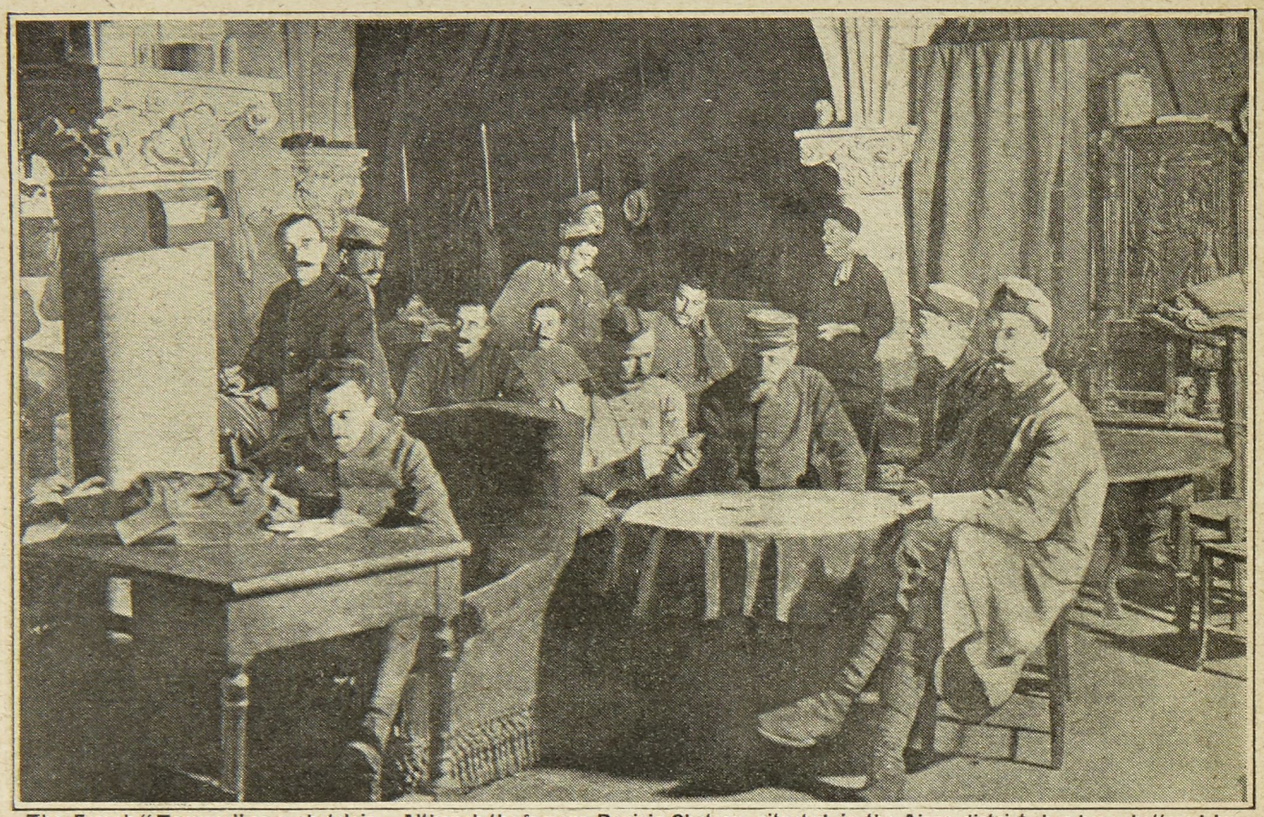
IN normal times literature is universally acknowledged to be capable of alleviating anxiety and of encouraging good endeavour. I believe that amid the stress of war the efficacy of literature in both directions suffers little diminution. It is inevitable that our thought should at the moment be dominated by the mighty conflict, and that our reading should largely be confined to the theme of the war. But occasional recourse to books dealing with other topics will, I believe, prove of advantage to our mental and physical health. Our hopes and energies may thereby be actively reinforced. Tastes differ, and each one must choose for himself and herself the literature befitting their moments of leisure. Most persons will favour fiction, which inclines to comedy rather than to tragedy. The smaller number will find what they need among the essayists or narrators of adventure. I believe that among dead authors Sir Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, Dickens, Thackeray, Borrow, Anthony Trollope, R. L. Stevenson, and Sir Walter Besant are a few whom it is always worth while putting to the test. It is invidious to mention living writers, but the names of Rudyard Kipling, Anthony Hope, Pett Ridge, W. W. Jacobs, Barry Pain, E. V. Lucas, H. G. Wells, and Arnold Bennett naturally suggest themselves. The freer the circulation of the sort of books that I have indicated, the more calmly, in my opinion, shall we face our anxieties.

To Kut Through Scorching Sand and Cool Oasis

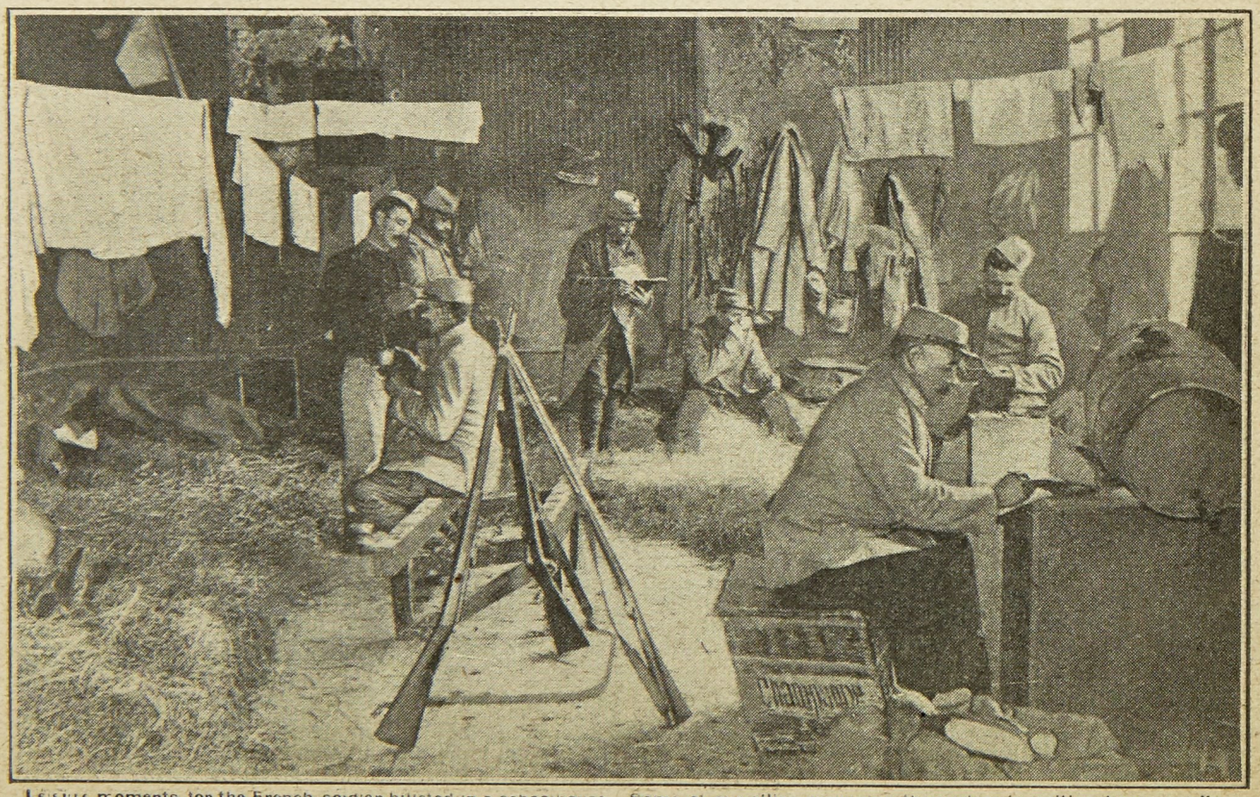
Turkish prisoners, captured by the Indo-British force under the command of Lieut.-General Sir Percy Lake, marching across the desert in Mesopotamia under a guard of Gurkhas with Indian officers.

British cavalry camp pitched amidst the cool shelter of a palm grove at a flooded portion of the desert along the Tigris bank, where Sir Percy Lake's force is advancing to the relief of General Townshend at Kut-el-Amara.

The French Private in Castle and Schoolroom

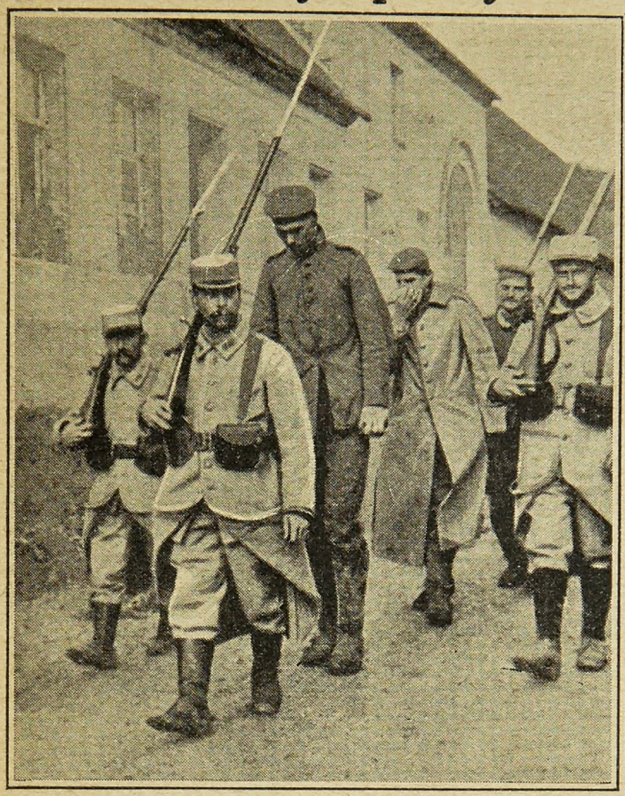


The French "Tommy" as a chatelain. Although the famous Bouisin Chateau, situated in the Aisne district, has been battered by German shell fire, most of the valuables have been collected and are kept under guard by French soldiers. The Boche has a very broad view on the subject of property, especially when fighting under the Crown Prince, whose partiality for trinkets is well-known.



Leisure moments for the French soldier billeted in a schoolhouse. Some of our allies occupying themselves in writing home, reading letters, repairing clothes, etc. In such large, airy billets as these, the lot of the convivial French private is by no means an unhappy one. In fact, it is rather the reverse.

Bonds of Sympathy Between Wounded Fighters



Two and a quarter yards of prisoner. One German lad captured by the French in a raid on the trenches was six feet nine inches in height—a most inconvenient stature for trench life, and making its owner somewhat conspicuous in a German prison camp.

A roadside scene behind the lines in France. Soldiers offering gentle ministration to their wounded comrades. Above: French Red Cross men dressing the wounds of a German prisoner.

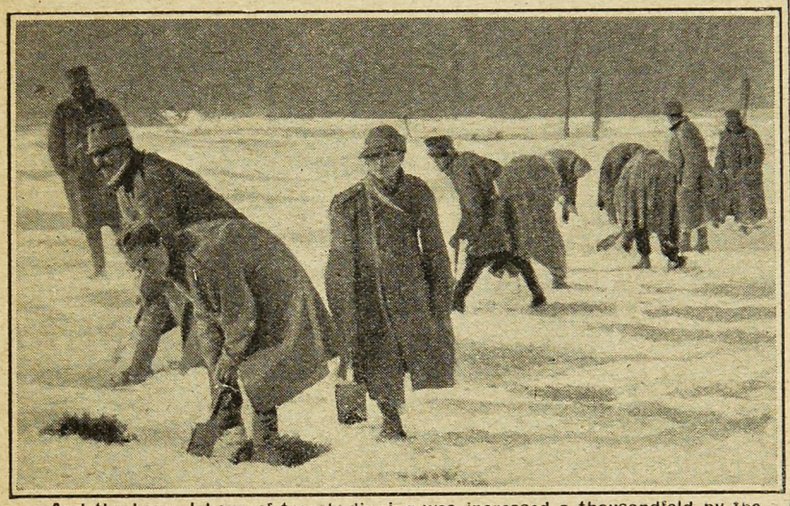
Neutral Greeks Do Their Bit for the Allied Cause

British private giving orders to Greek boys, who are paid a franc a day to pick up stones for road-making in Macedonia. He seems to experience no difficulty in making them understand his commands although they are in English.

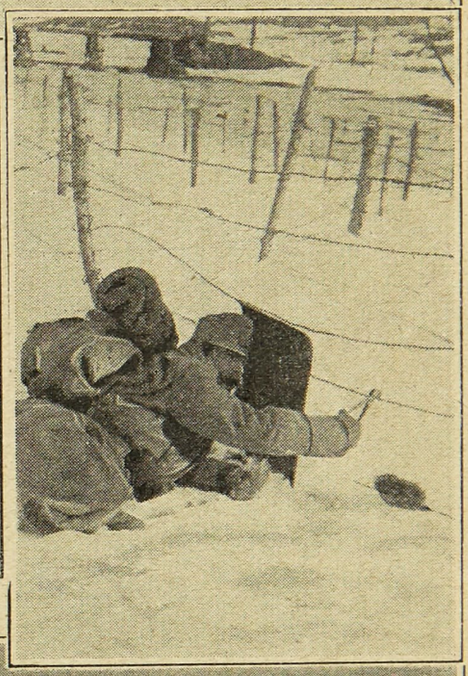
Adult Greek labourers requisitioned in the Allies' cause. These men are also collecting stones from a river-bed to construct thoroughfares for transport of munitions. They are paid at the rate of four francs a day. The inset photograph shows a number of Greeks shovelling the stones into a waggon.

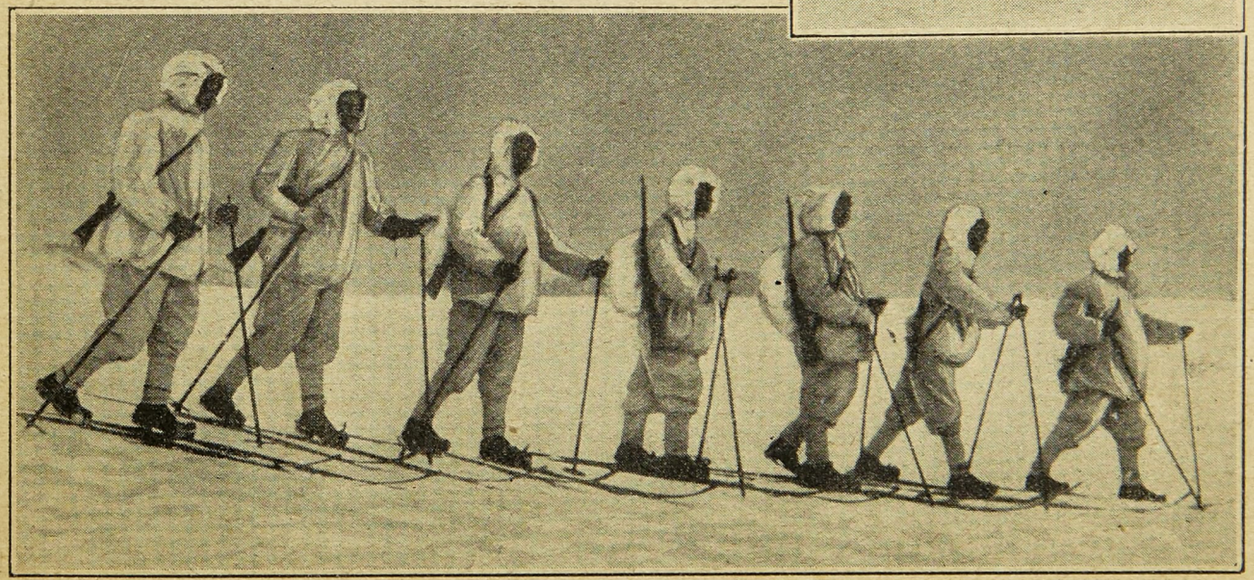
Enemy Movements Across Snowy Hungarian Plains

The utter dreariness and desolation of the wintry wastes chilled the hearts of the Hungarian troops as they trudged painfully through the snow towards the front—



—And the heavy labour of trench digging was increased a thousandfold by the iron hardness of the ice-bound soil.



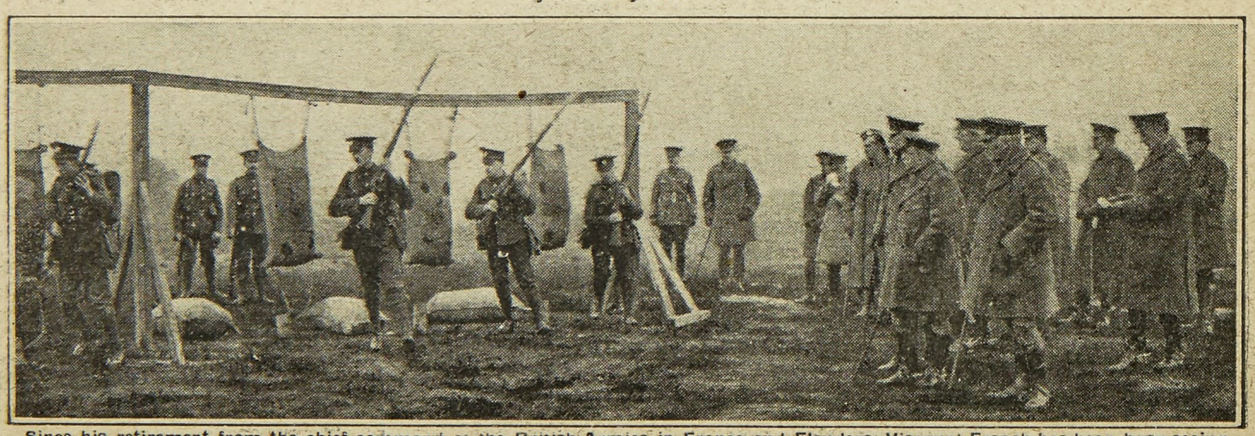


German soldiers were equipped with snow-shoes to enable them to advance at all, and their infantry lost all military smartness in their resemblance to a Polar expeditionary party. Inset: A Hungarian, prone on the snow, cutting barbed-wire entanglements.

With the Forces at Home: Inspected by Lord French

Seeing that all is in order if the Huns should set foot on Albion's soil. Viscount French inspecting one of the Home Service Battalions.

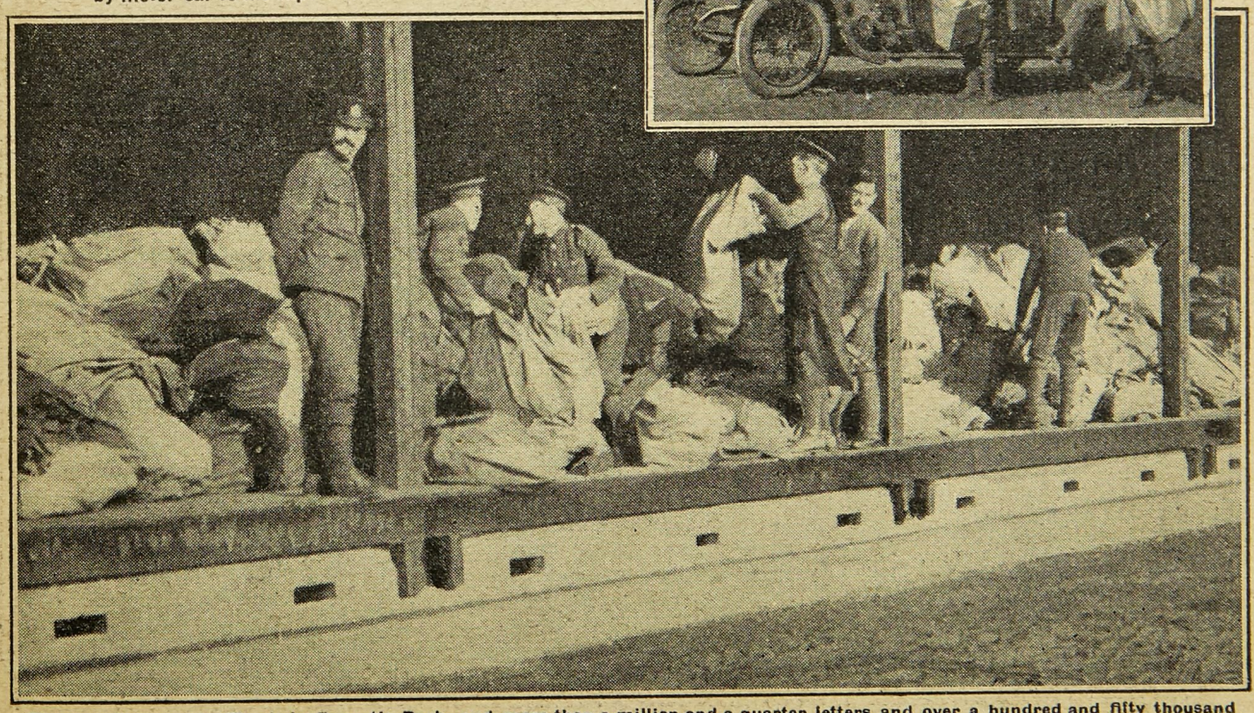
Viscount French, who is Commander-in-Chief of the troops stationed in England, going round "practice" trenches constructed by the Derby recruits.



Since his retirement from the chief command of the British Armies in France and Flanders, Viscount French has been busy seeing that the new men alike for his successor's command and for home defence are equal in efficiency and enthusiasm to those who held the road to Calais during the critical days of 1914-15. This shows the distinguished leader watching recruits at bayonet practice.

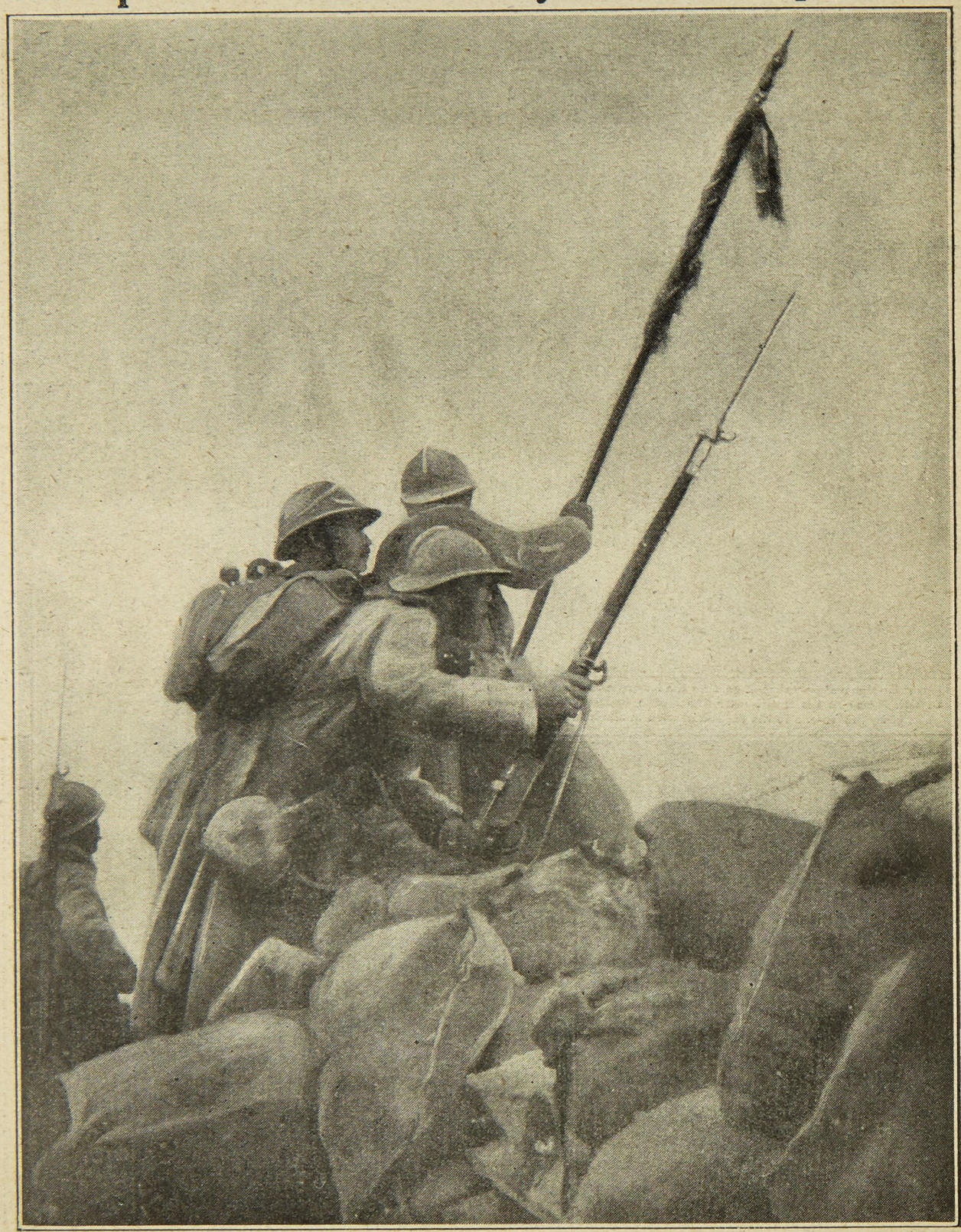
Daily Despatch of the Mail to Men at the Front

Royal Engineers' postal staff sorting the letters and parcels for the British Army at the front. On the right: Delivering the goods by motor-car to the expectant men in the trenches.



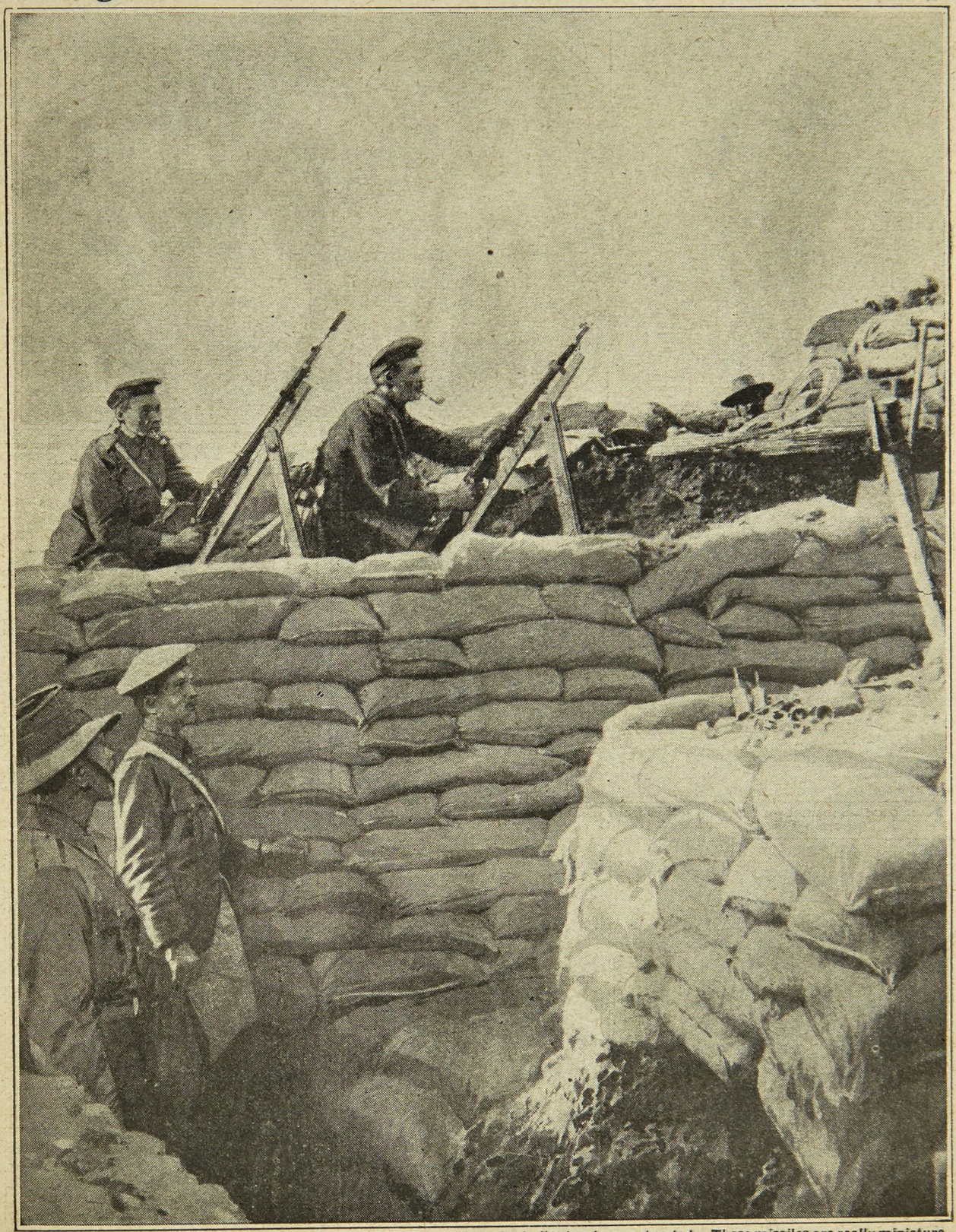
The new Army post-office is in Regent's Park, and more than a million and a quarter letters and over a hundred and fifty thousand parcels, most of them containing food of every description, are dealt with every day.

The Spirit of France: A Symbolical Impression



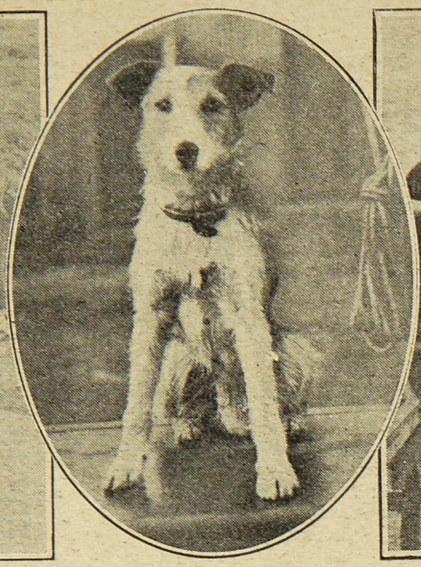
There are in France, more than in any other European country, many inspiring monuments symbolical of that love of country which proves the greatness of a nation. It is doubtful, however, if any of them could surpass in beauty and dignity this group of French soldiers, recorded by the camera, leaving the trenches to attack. A colonel at the head is carrying the Tricolour, Colonel Desgrees du Lou, who took the flag at the critical moment from the real standard-bearer, Lieut. Lobert, the better to inspire his men forward. The nearest man, with the beard, is the "garde du drapeau," or flag-guard, who always shields the standard-bearer. The gallant colonel was struck down mortally wounded. His two companions likewise fell, but the flag was saved.

Firing Grenades From a First-line British Trench

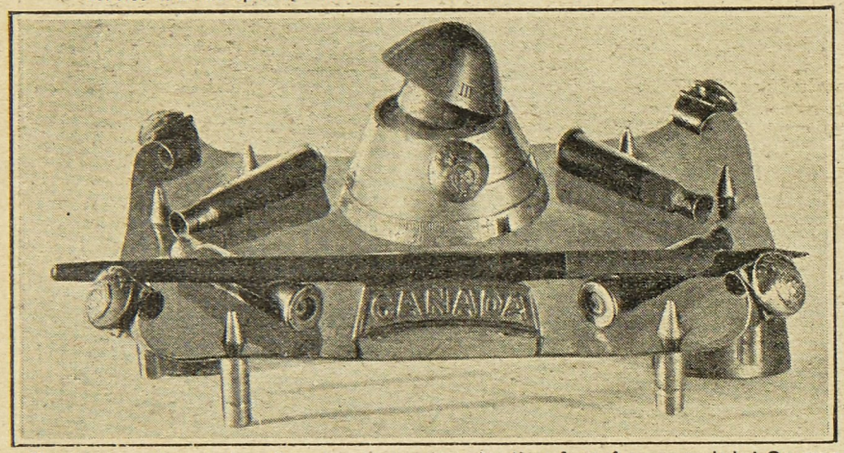


Remarkable photograph, taken in an advanced British trench, showing a rifle-grenade in flight at the moment it left the barrel of the rifle held by the man on the left. Grenades fired from the rifle have been used as extensively as hand-grenades and bombs in trench fighting. Attached to a rod which fits into the barrel, the rifle-grenade is projected by an ordinary cartridge from which the bullet has been extracted. These missiles are really miniature shells, made of steel and so serrated as to be broken on exploding into numerous pieces. They contain charges of a high explosive, and the detonator is fired on impact by a needle which is liberated only after the grenade has travelled a distance. Such grenades have a range of about three hundred yards.

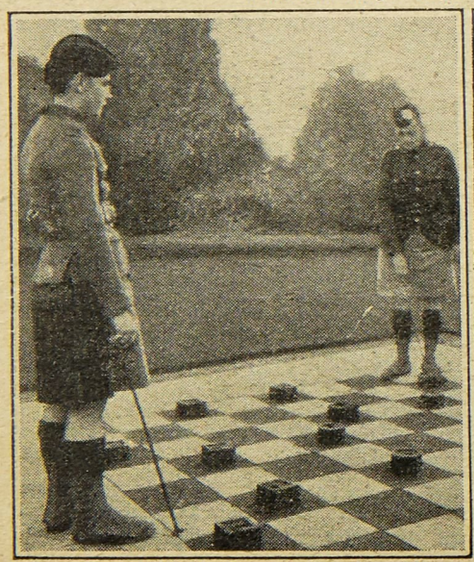
Fragments From the Interminable Film of War

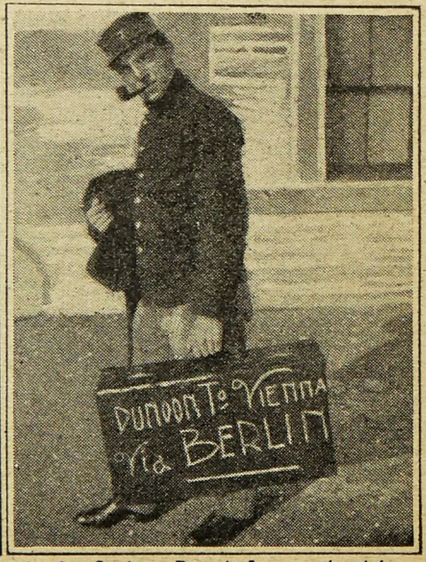


Left: Donkey from Gallipoli, a pet of the Royal Naval Division. Centre: "Henry Farman," an air-station mascot with experience of service in an aeroplane, a submarine, and a mine-sweeper! Right: A.V.C. men doctoring a horse with a pill at the front.



Novel inkstand made by a Canadian soldier from the time-fuse of an unexploded German shell; some cartridges, bullets, buttons, and a shoulder badge. Right: The homely "tabby" installed in a British first-line trench.



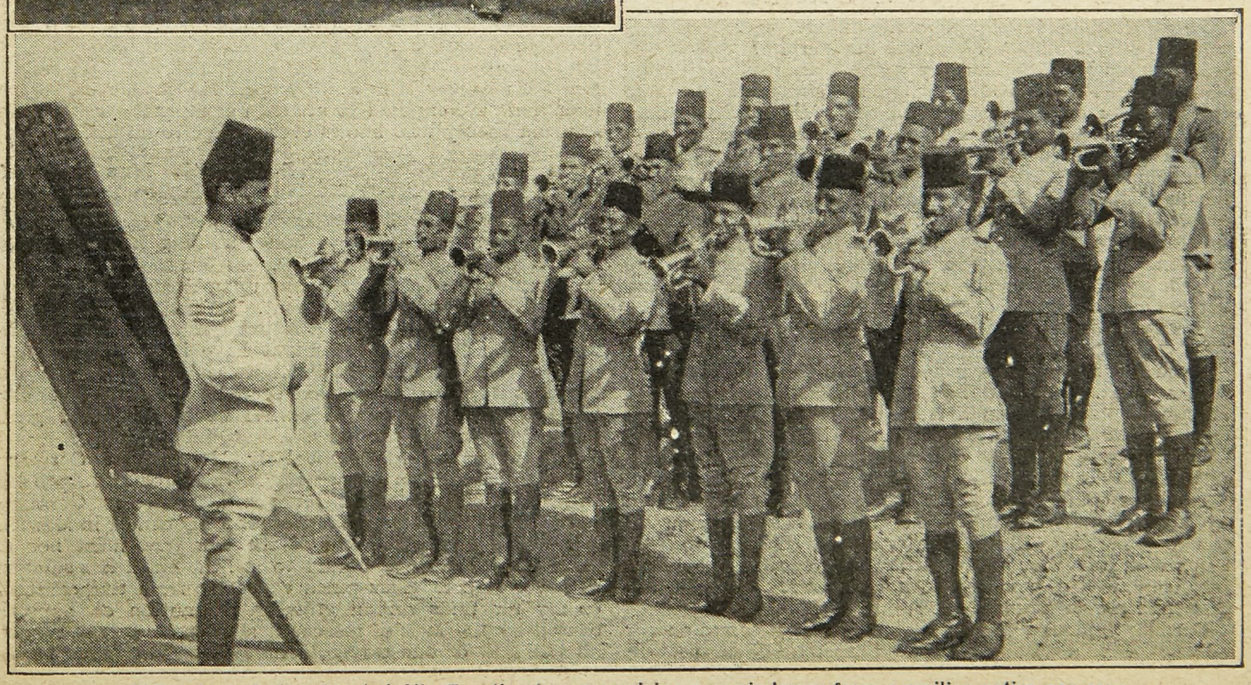


Convalescent Highlanders playing draughts on a large outdoor board in the West of Scotland. Centre: French Army rat-catcher returning from the trenches with a "bag" of rodents. Right: The optimist! A Belgian soldier, recovered from wounds, on his way from the Firth of Clyde to rejoin for active service.

Melody and Mirth with the Allied Fighting Men

The pipes and drums of a Highland regiment being played at a British camp outside Salonika.

A slight illustration of Belgium's undaunted optimism, as expressed by a heterogeneous orchestra! Left: Australians and Scotsmen enjoying a concertina solo on a London bridge.



"Sweetness in the desert air!" Egyptian troops receiving a music lesson from a smiling native non-com.

Problems of the Coming Spring

By Our War Correspondent, F. A. McKENZIE

I HAVE recently had opportunity to study in exact detail, along part of the British fighting front, conditions as they are to-day. What I saw gave me greater admiration than ever for the spirits, the serene courage, and the discipline of our men. I was amazed at the excellence of the organisation of our armies. The difference between conditions on the British fighting-lines now and conditions a year ago is so great as to be almost incredible. But—and a very great But!—I am convinced that the problem before us now is bigger than ever. This is the moment for hope, but it is not the moment for over-confidence. The campaigns of 1916 promise to be the most severe, the most hardly contested, and the most tremendous the war has known. Just as Tannenberg and Ypres and the battles of the Labyrinth made all former battles pale their ineffectual fires, so the fights just ahead of us may dwarf the conflicts of 1914-15.

People who reckon on the strain on the civil population of Germany affecting the fighting qualities of the German Army this year are making, I am persuaded, a profound mistake. The German people are suffering, and suffering badly. The German Army on the fighting-lines is well equipped, well armed, and confident. This applies to both west and east. In the west, the men captured by us to-day show no signs of shortage of any kind, and they declare, when interrogated, that all will soon be over, for Germany will soon be ready to strike her final blow. Let us knock out of our heads, once and for all, the idea that we are dealing with an exhausted and downhearted foe. There could be no greater delusion.

Germans Still Confident

It is the same in the east as in the west. I cannot give personal evidence about the eastern front, but let me quote from one of the Scottish women doctors who recently returned to England, after being captured in Serbia during the Austro-German advance. "The Prussian Guard were the first of the enemy to arrive in the town (Krushevatz), and soon they were followed by stout and well-fed infantry battalions. The Germans had everything an army needed—guns, munitions, supplies."

It will save us disappointment to realise before the spring struggle begins that our enemy is still in the highest degree formidable, and that, whatever the result of the immediate fighting, he will be formidable for many months ahead.

In attempting to peer into the future, certain fundamental issues face us. What will Sweden do? What will Rumania do? Will Germany make a tremendous spring attack upon Russia, and, if so, can she stand it? Is there any hope of a great Russian advance? What is happening among the Mohammedan nations?

What will Sweden do? It is an open secret that Sweden, with sympathies that have inclined towards Germany from the first, has been recently considerably angered by our restrictions of her export trade. Everyone knows that considerable quantities of supplies pass to Germany through Sweden. How far can we stop these? How far is it wise to risk an absolute breach with Sweden in order to secure our belligerent rights?

Two Doubtful Neutrals

Sweden can put half a million men in the field, and good men at that. Her adoption of the German cause would practically cut off Russia from her Allies. What ought we to do in dealing with her? What will she do in deciding her own course? These are questions worth all the consideration we can give them.

Next we come to Rumania. The current of Rumanian feeling is strongly on our side—or, rather, is strongly on the side of our ally, Russia. If Rumania decides to participate in the war, what then? Admittedly she has a fine Army, well trained and keen. But have they adequate guns and ample ammunition?

German publicists declare that if Rumania comes on our side she will be fatally hampered by lack of shells. In 1913 Rumania adopted Krupp guns throughout her Army. The guns were delivered, but ammunition was not. Factories were built to manufacture supplies in Rumania itself, but it is questionable how far they have advanced. Let me quote the German claims, without confirming them. I, for one, believe in the wisdom of learning what your enemy thinks.

"Only the first allotment of ammunition which was made in May, 1914, and sufficient only to provide the new artillery system with shells for six to eight weeks, was delivered by the German factories. In June, when European affairs became acute, all further deliveries of war material to foreign Powers were prohibited by the German Government. Hence, Rumania is to-day practically without adequate ammunition for her artillery, and she can get it nowhere except from Germany. The few munition factories which have been newly established since the summer of 1915 in a futile attempt to make up partly for the pressing need of shells, are to-day being operated on less than thirty-five per cent. capacity for lack of raw materials, which can no longer reach that isolated country."

What will Russia succeed in doing? She has obtained fresh supplies of shells and of guns. Her armies have been reorganised. Doubtful factors, such as Russian Jewish soldiers, have been sent back from the fighting-line. To-day there are two opposing views of the Russian situation. The first is that the present Russian offensive, with its different successes, is only the first sign of a big Russian advance.

East or West, that is the Question

The second view is that the Russians are throwing away great stocks of munitions on minor enterprises, and that, when their supplies are low, the Germans will strike again as they struck in the summer of 1915. Those who hold the second view believe that Germany will make her main offensive in 1916 not in the west, but in the east, and that she will attempt to give Russia a knock-out blow. Germany has tried this before, and failed. What hope is there of her succeeding now?

Let us turn to the west. My recent forecast of great activities here is being borne out. How far will these activities extend? Is Germany going to push right forward? What hope is there of our striking successfully? The problem on the western front is very simple. Either side can at almost any particular point of the enemy lines capture the front trenches, and even the second line of trenches—if it is prepared to pay the price. This is only a question of sufficiently heavy artillery fire, followed by a bold advance. But after capturing the first and second line the attacker is in a worse position than ever, for his men there are exposed to almost unendurable artillery fire from an enemy who knows every range to an inch.

Beware the Ides of March

Can either side push forward beyond these front trenches, and capture the artillery observation posts and the big guns themselves? Until this is done, nothing has been done that is worth calling a victory.

A tremendous German advance upon Ypres might possibly cause us to abandon that salient. So far as military prospects are concerned, such a retirement would mean little, though the abandonment might have important political results. On the other hand, if we could secure, say, the Messines ridge, we would have scored a substantial victory, because that ridge would enable us to command great stretches of enemy positions.

The weeks ahead, particularly March, give Germany her most favourable opportunity. In March and April the winds are usually right for gas attacks. Is Germany to-day making the preliminaries for a big attack in March?

There is another aspect of the war that must not be forgotten. Britain is bound to feel the pinch this summer as never before. This pinch will come from two causes—enemy air raids and a growing diminution of supplies caused by the lack of merchant shipping. It will require all the skill of our Government to minimise great inconvenience.

Cossacks' Daring Raid On An Austrian Convoy

In spite of modern conditions of warfare, which render the regular use of cavalry impossible, the redoubtable Cossacks sometimes get the opportunity to attack isolated enemy transport columns. Recently a large number of waggons were "spotted" from an observation post, and a detachment of Russian raiders hid in a wood until the Austrian camp-fires flickered out. They then charged down on the convoy, throwing hand-grenades among the waggons, which were reduced to chaos. The Cossacks then retreated to the wood followed by Hungarian cavalry, who, however, dared not pursue them into the treacherous marshes.

How to Meet the New U Boat Threat

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

THE so-called Moewe, the armed merchantman which captured the Appam, and sank other British vessels, is the best indication of the absurdity of Germany's new demands to cover the continuation of her war against commerce. This vessel was indistinguishable to eyes high above the surface, in a very clear atmosphere, from an ordinary peaceful tramp. Certainly an armed merchant vessel would be indistinguishable from an unarmed one to the wretched vision of a submarine's periscope. So when Germany says she will treat all armed merchantmen as belligerent ships, and torpedo them at sight, she is merely affirming her intention of attacking all the allied ships as she did the unarmed Lusitania, by torpedoing them at sight. She also endeavours to rope in the United States—or rather the men of words in Washington—to aid her to get rid of the armed merchantmen, and thereby reveals her harassing fear of the latter even when they have the inadequate protection of a single gun in the stern. The best attitude for us to adopt is to say nothing, but to proceed to increase the armament, so that the merchant ship will be a nasty customer for the submarine to approach from any quarter. The latter so often misses with the torpedo that she is very chary of wasting her limited supply—costing, say, £500 a piece—and the result is a decided tendency to act as a surface vessel and rely on the gun. Here the advantage is with the merchant ship, with the higher and steadier platform. There have been many instances where merchant ships have been chased and fired at for long intervals, and could have sunk or driven off their assailants in a few minutes if only they had possessed guns manned by trained crews.

Captured British liner Appam in the U.S.A. port flying the German flag. Huns of the sea, evidently overjoyed at their one and only triumph, are beaming on the photographer from the taffrail of the ship.

Mercantile Successes

Last April I drew attention to the thirteen-knot Vosges, which escaped after being fired at for two hours. In July reference was again made to the matter in these pages, in connection with the sixteen-knot Cunarder, the Orduna, which successfully escaped. The "Times" naval correspondent mentions three recent cases of the use of a gun which have been made public. The Kashgar twice fired at a periscope, forcing the submarine to dive, and it did not appear a third time. The City of Marseilles beat off the attack of a U boat after eight rounds. The Plata, some weeks ago, fired at a submarine half a mile off, and she disappeared.

All cases were in the Mediterranean, where the distances are greater, and patrol protection is more difficult to establish. All these examples of a large number of successful escapes show how preposterous, theoretical, and indeed unreal are the proposals of the present Washington administration. To ask the Grand Alliance to bind their vessels to stop at once on the demand of a submarine or other war vessel, which is then to be at liberty to sink the ship instead of carrying her before a Prize Court, to ask us furthermore to agree to disarm all merchant ships in face of the proved success of the policy, is to ask us to dig a grave for the advantages of maritime supremacy.

A Clear Policy

The public, which has shown itself to have sounder instincts than the Government, and which has forced the Government by criticism to adopt the policy of consulting our Allies, and giving united instead of purely British answers to the Notes from President Wilson, is weary of the reasoned answers and the appeals to the moral rectitude of our case. They would much prefer a short, explicit, and respectful statement that the Allies intend to protect themselves against the U boats by all the resources at their disposal. With the immense withdrawal of tonnage by the allied Governments, it is probably true that one cargo-carrying vessel in every two is a neutral, and so long as we arm merchant vessels the policy of the submarine attack on commerce is faced with the dilemma evidenced by many actual occurrences of attacks by mistake on neutrals. That is the neutrals' affair with Germany, and not with us. As for the German warning of what is to happen after March 1st, I regard it simply as a full circle of the wheel in the diplomacy of words with America, an affirmation of what has been attempted for months past, and an extension to all the seas of the words of the bombastic blockade proclamation over a year ago, that "from February 18th, 1915, all ships of the enemy mercantile marine in these waters (the waters surrounding Great Britain and Ireland and all British seas) will be destroyed, and it will not always be possible to avoid danger to the crews and passengers thereon."

It was a shock to the German militarist mind to find their submarines fired upon by the peaceful merchant vessels. It is much more difficult to take aim when the target fires back, and the most disturbing thing to the Germans will be to know that we intend to do the thing thoroughly now that we have the guns at last. It also helps to upset another little surprise of their own. The guns are useful to destroy floating mines, and I suspect that the Germans are going in for an extension of the anarchist policy of laying mines from submarines capable of dropping eight or ten each voyage. Here we can assist to protect the neutrals as we have steadily done, but I suggest that they should also help by carrying a gun for the purpose of destroying floating dangers.

It will not have escaped the Germans that the neutrals, by their inglorious silence, have acquiesced in the policy of laying mines indiscriminately.

No "Casus Belli"

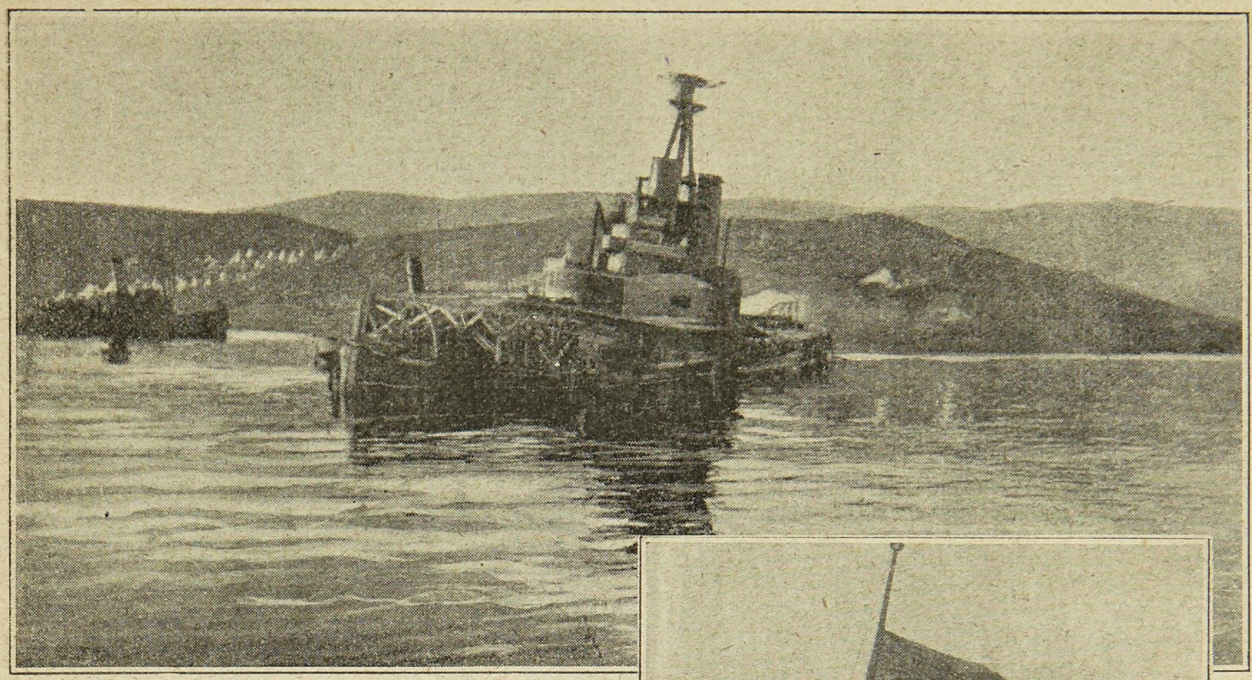
Of course, the most important vessels are those in the American trade, not only from considerations of the trade itself, but because they are engaged in shorter trips and are more often in the danger zone. They are limited at present by the American rule, pointing to armaments in the stern only, that "a merchant vessel of belligerent nationality may carry an armament and ammunition for the sole purpose of defence without acquiring the character of a ship of war." Unfortunately the present American administration has a great deal more regard for the letter than for the spirit, and is being jockeyed into a position in which it may withdraw from our merchant ships using their ports all possibility of protection, in which case their risks will be increased. It is perfectly certain that if unarmed British merchant ships are sunk on the faith of assurances given to the United States, it will not become a *casus belli* any more than the Lusitania did.

It is evident from the whole survey of the situation that the one point on which the Germans are to be congratulated is the efficiency of their spy service. They were fully aware that in this war we have not armed more than a small proportion of our merchant ships, simply and solely because we had not the guns. Now that we have the guns, they wish to prevent us from using them.

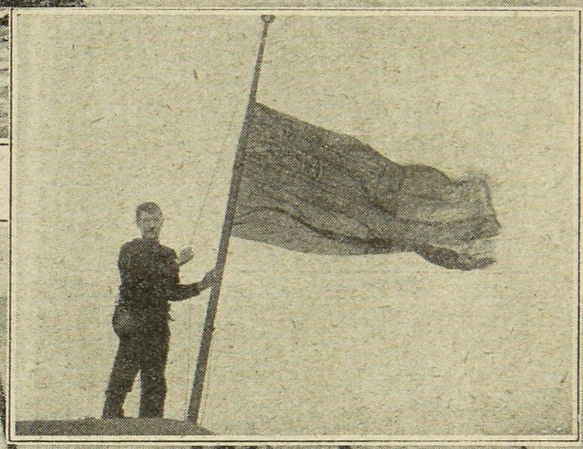
What Every German Knows

Evidently the Germans have reason to know, either at first hand or from the American Press, that the guns can fire in a way they could not fire before the war, and against which submergence below the surface is not a complete protection. The merchant ships have no other resource but what is contained in their own hulls and what the Navy may provide, international law having proved itself both a snare and a delusion. We ought to have been able to influence the designs of about one thousand steamers, built or about to be completed in this country during the war, in the direction of carrying an armament for the protection of the merchant shipping generally. The actual guns could be economised by arrangements for their transfer from vessels going out of the zone of danger to vessels coming in, together with the trained crews.

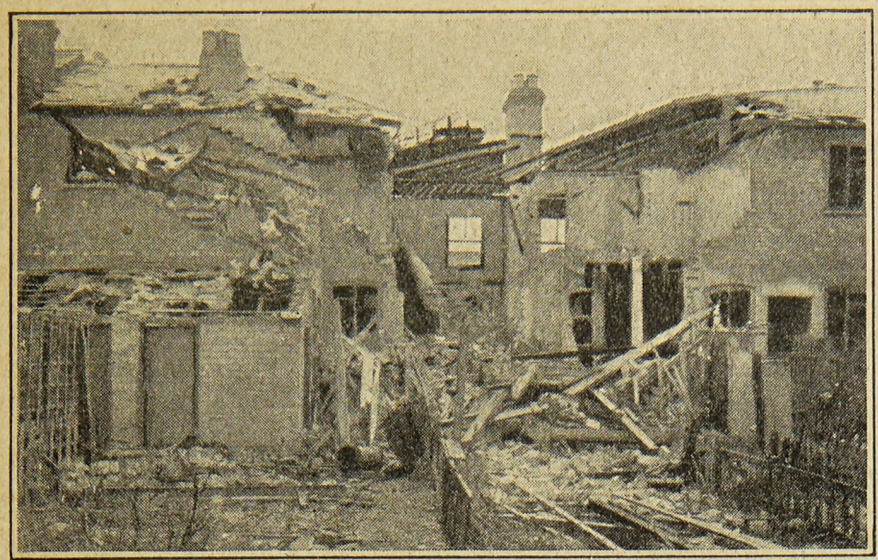
Ruse and Realities in Allied Naval Services



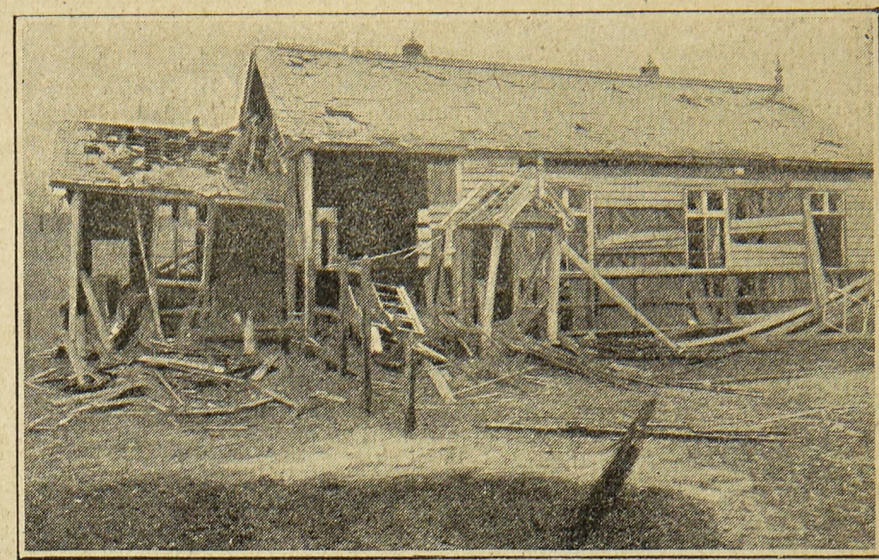
Cleverly constructed decoy used to draw the fire of enemy land batteries. Dummy warship which has been "on active service" in the Levant, is now used off Lemnos island as a passive breakwater.



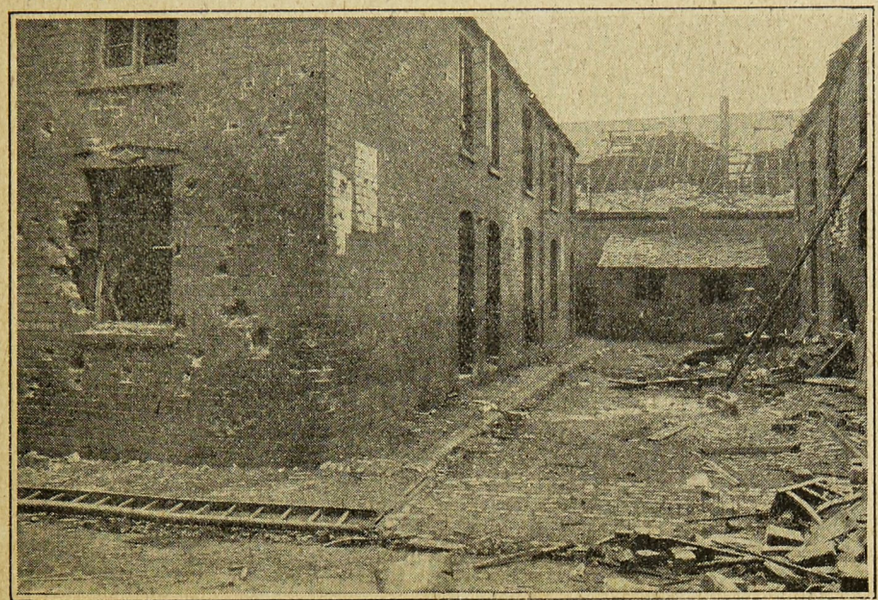
Since U-boats have so little chance against our Grand Fleet, their energies are transferred to the Mediterranean. The allied ships in this sea are therefore ever on the alert for the skulking craft, and this photograph shows how watch is kept from the bridge of a French vessel. Inset: The only time the British ensign comes down. Lowering the flag at sunset on a patrol ship.



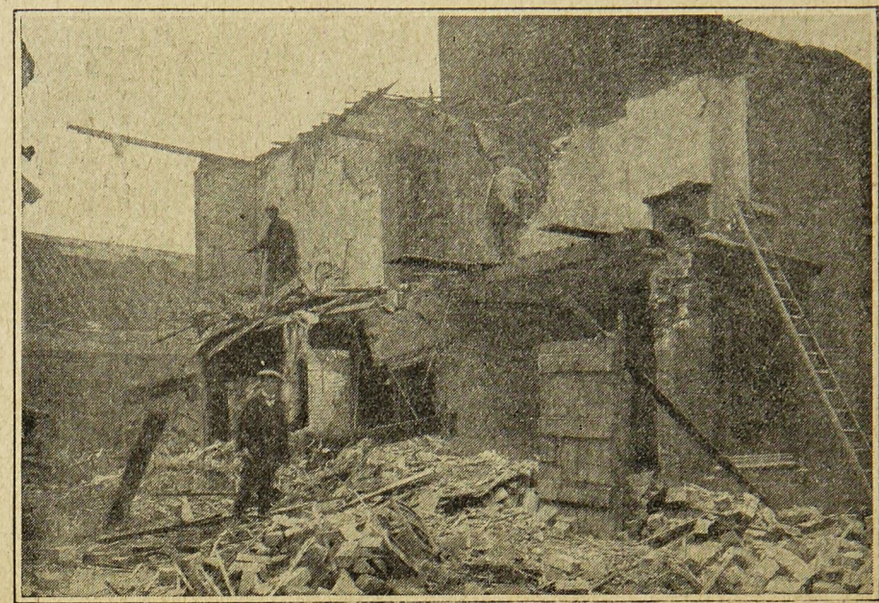
In the track of the aerial ghouls. Where one woman, a girl and a boy were killed instantaneously and a number of inhabitants were more or less seriously injured in the Midlands.



Mission-hall completely wrecked by a bomb which struck the ground some distance away. A lady who was addressing a religious meeting and three members of the congregation were killed.



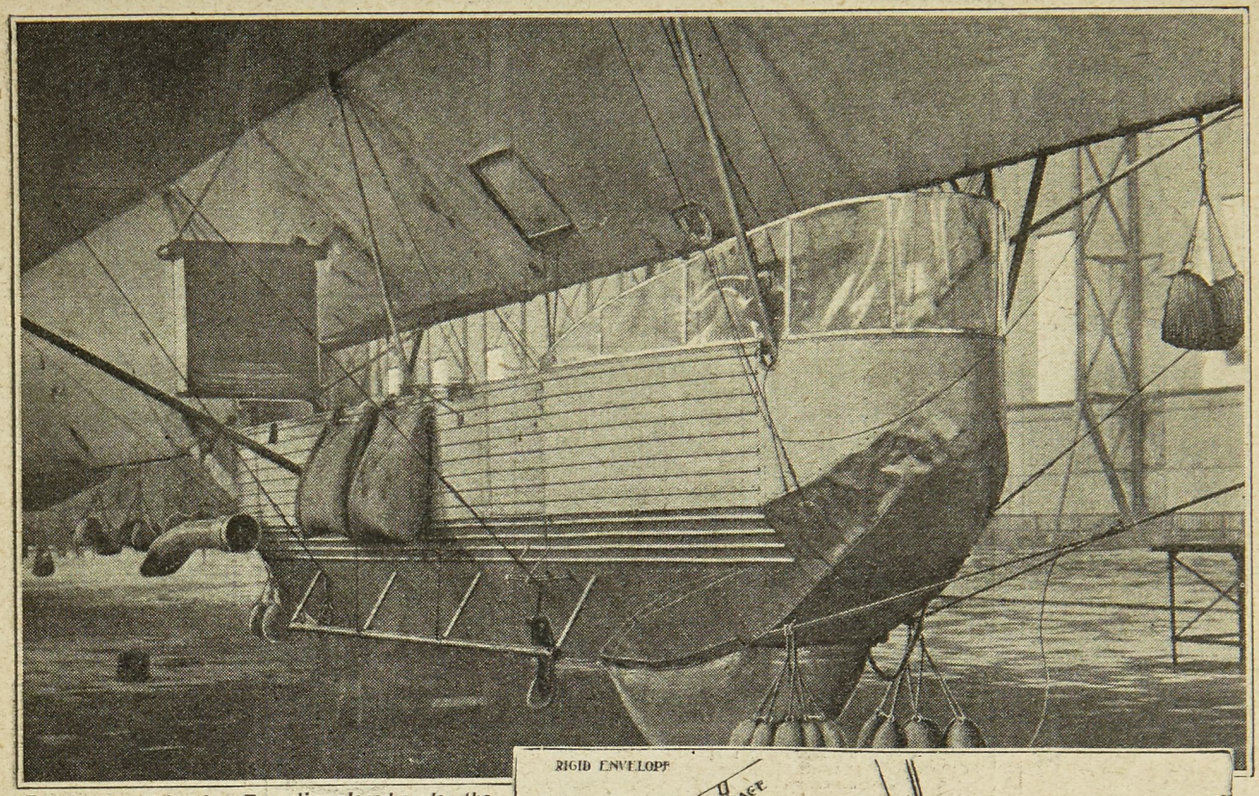
The utter desolation caused in a working-class neighbourhood of a Midland town by the indiscriminate shower of bombs. Many hapless innocents lost their lives in these houses.



Shambles! The complete obliteration of a home in the Midlands. Not a piece of furniture remained intact. Part of a bedstead and one or two chair-backs are seen amid the debris.

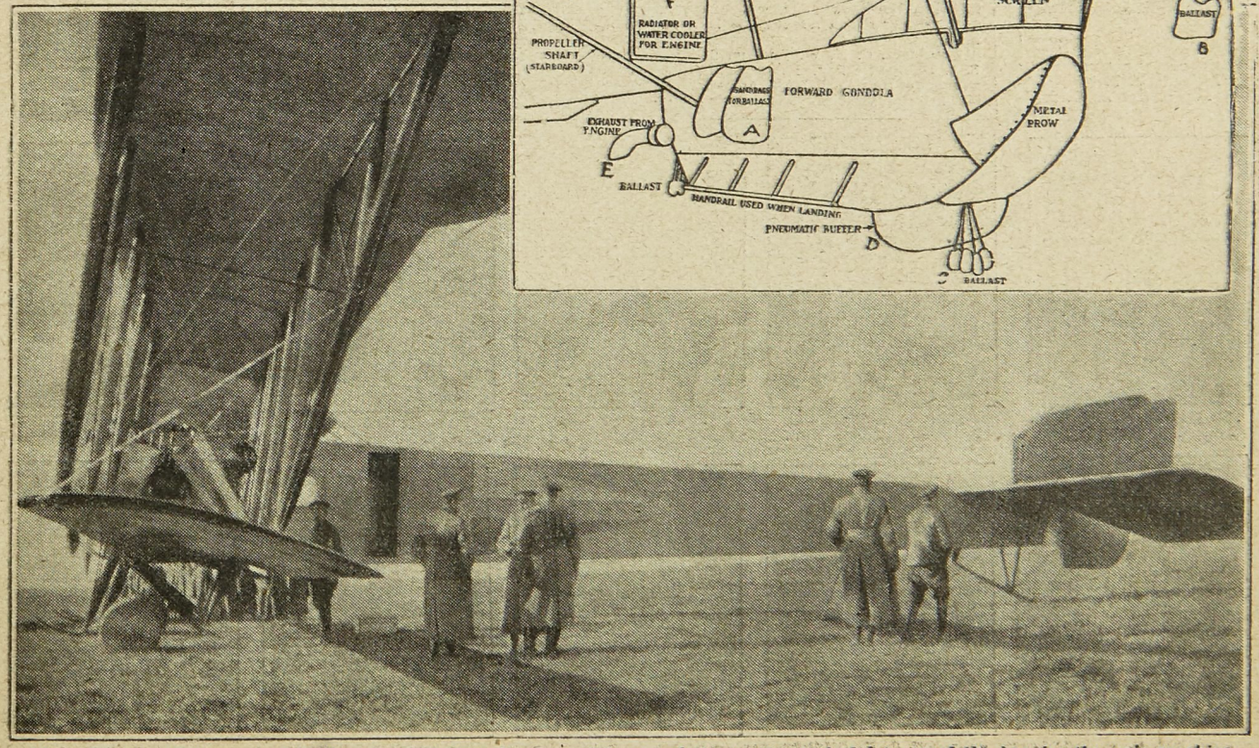
Official photographs by Walshams, Ltd.

Giant Air Machines for Combat in the Clouds



Forward gondola of a Zeppelin, placed under the keel at the end of the great dirigible. The different parts are named on the diagram (inset). The crew and engines are accommodated in two of these long, gondola-shaped cars.

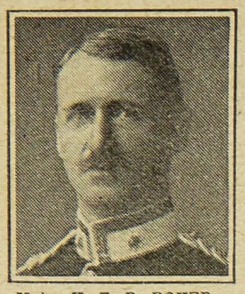
Reproduced by courtesy of "The Aeroplane."



Giant Russian biplane, capable of accommodating sixteen people, one of the most wonderful types of the heavier-than-air machine, named the Ilya Mourometz, or the Sikorsky, after its inventor. This huge aeroplane has four engines, and carries enough petrol for flights of three to four hundred miles.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

Major E. COLSON, 41st Dogras (Indian Army).

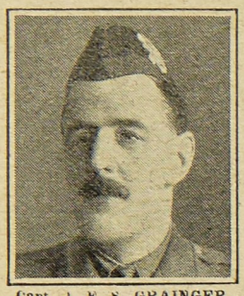


Major H. E. R. BOXER, D.S.O., Lincolnshire Regt.

Major J. R. WARDLE, Q.O.R. Glasgow Yeomanry.

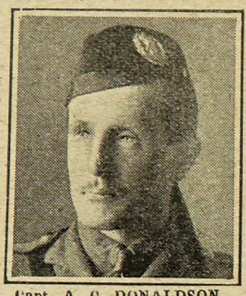
Capt. J. C. HOLMS, 9th Queen Victoria's Rifles.

Capt. A. GEARY SMITH, 9th West Yorks Regt.

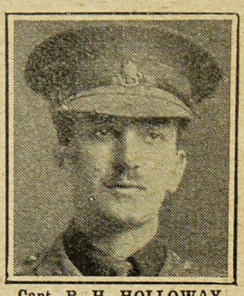


Capt. J. F. S. GRAINGER, 11th Black Watch.

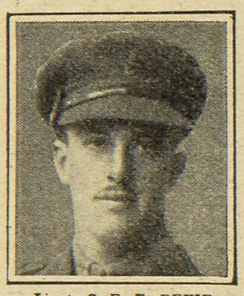
Capt. J. T. LEWIS, 6th Lincolnshire Regt.



Capt. A. C. DONALDSON, 8th Cameron Highlanders.



Capt. B. H. HOLLOWAY, 9th Royal Sussex.



Lieut. C. E. F. BEVIR, Royal Field Artillery.

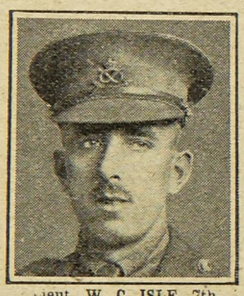
Major E. Colson, 41st Dogras, died of wounds received in Mesopotamia. He was the eldest son of Surgeon-Major E. Colson, I.M.S., and grandson of the late Canon Colson, rector of Cuxton, Kent. Obtaining his first appointment in the South Wales Borderers, in December, 1895, he transferred to the Indian Army in 1899. He was promoted captain in 1904, and major in 1913. Major Colson saw active service in China in 1900, and was awarded the medal. Major H. E. R. Boxer, D.S.O., Lincolnshire Regiment, obtained his commission in 1892. He had seen active service with the Nile Expedition of 1898, was severely wounded at the Battle of Atbara, was mentioned in despatches, and received the Egyptian medal with clasp, and the Atbara medal.

Major J. R. Wardle, the Queen's Own Royal Glasgow Yeomanry, was the fourth son of the late Mr. Henry Wardle, M.P., of Highfield, Burton. Major Wardle was first connected with the 5th Highland Light Infantry, and for ten years with the Queen's Own Royal Glasgow Yeomanry. Lieut. F. Crathorne, 252nd Tunnelling Company, Royal Engineers, was gazetted to the 11th South Lancashire Regiment in May, 1915, exchanging later into the Royal Engineers. He served throughout the South African Campaign, first as a trooper and afterwards as lieutenant in the Imperial Light Horse, receiving both medals and clasps.

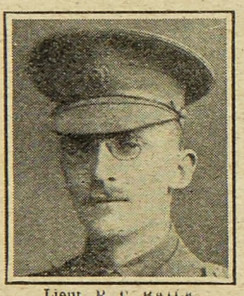
Sec.-Lieut. C. H. W. Darling, 2nd Royal Irish Rifles, was the second son of the late Rev. Oliver Darling, rector of Killesk parish, Duncannon, Co. Wexford. He was a member of his school O.T.C., and enlisted in the 8th Hussars. He applied for a commission on the outbreak of war, and was gazetted to the 3rd Royal Irish Rifles.

Lieut. G. F. F. CORBET, 1st Welsh Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. R. M. SPENCER, 1st R. Warwickshire Regt.

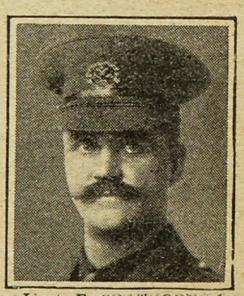


Lieut. W. C. ISLE, 7th South Staffordshire Regt.

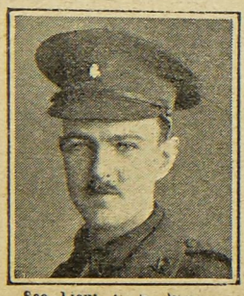


Lieut. R. C. BAILE, Royal Engineers.

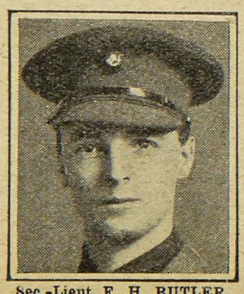
Lieut. E. WORKMAN, 5th Royal Irish Rifles.



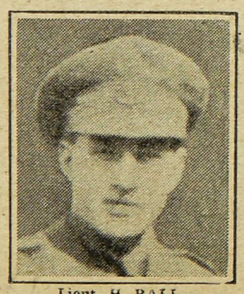
Lieut. F. CRATHORNE, Royal Engineers.



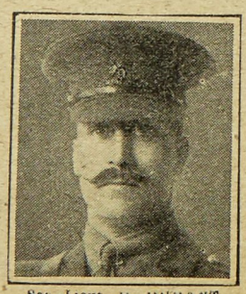
Sec.-Lieut. C. B. WALL, 2nd Royal Irish Rifles.



Sec.-Lieut. F. H. BUTLER, 6th London Rifles.



Lieut. H. BALL, Royal Engineers.



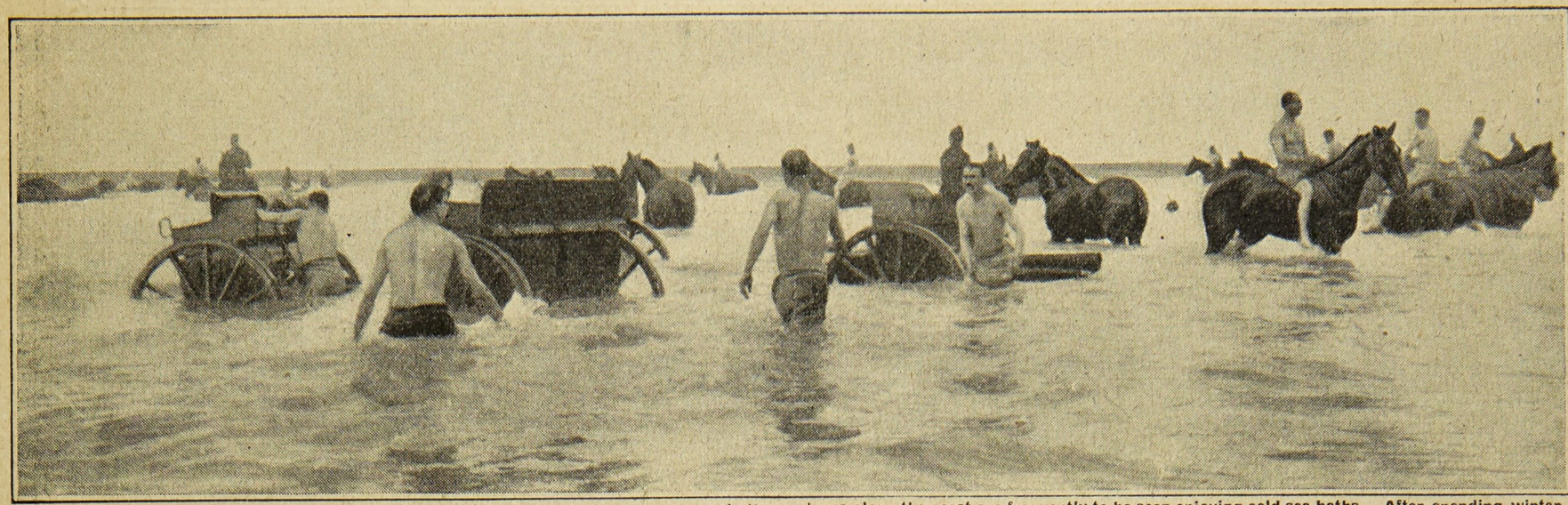
Sec.-Lieut. H. DURANT, 9th (Queen's Royal) Lancers.

Sec.-Lt. C. H. W. DARLING, 3rd Royal Irish Rifles.

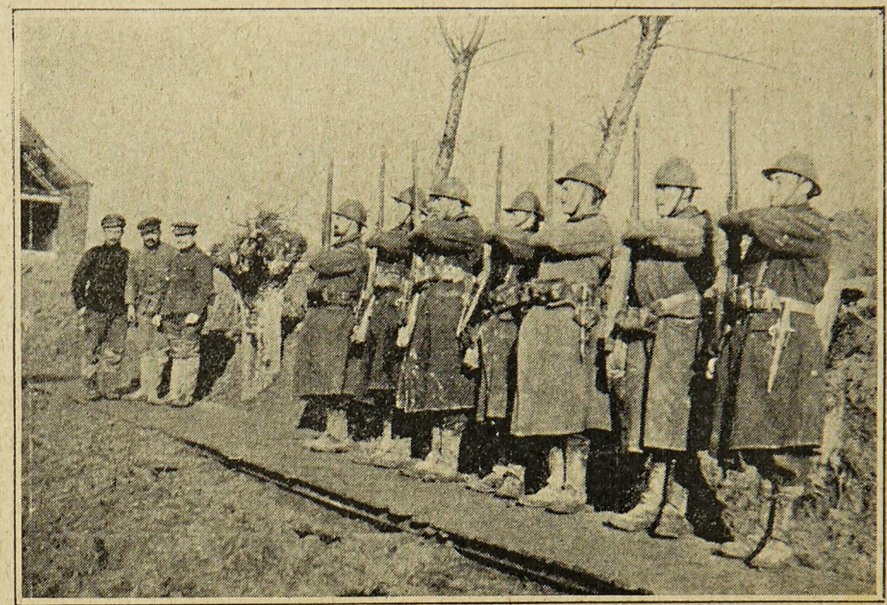
Portraits by Swaine, Lafayette, Elliott & Fry, Vandyk, Hughes & Mullins.

Queen-Mother Waits on Britain's Fighting Sons

British soldiers, on their return mud-stained and weary from the trenches, had refreshments handed to them by her Majesty Queen Alexandra, who assisted at the Soldiers' Free Buffet installed near London Bridge. The Queen-Mother graciously worked for an hour and a half, serving sandwiches, cakes, and hot coffee. Nowadays, when whole nations are at war and all classes are vitally concerned in the fortunes of their country, Royalty is playing its part with unprecedented fervour. Queen Mary, the Tsaritza and her daughters, Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, and the ladies of enemy Courts are equally assiduous in working for their respective realms.



Spartan Belgian artillerymen taking a wintry dip and washing their horses and guns in the sea. Despite the rigour of the Flanders winter, the Belgian troops stationed among the sand-dunes along the coast are frequently to be seen enjoying cold sea baths. After spending winter in the trenches one is fairly well able to stand anything in the nature of cold and wet.



WHERE KING ALBERT'S ARMY STILL STANDS FIRM AGAINST THE ENEMY.

Belgians in khaki saluting their commanding officer on parade near the Flanders front. Right: Steel-capped Belgians standing at the salute. The value of steel helmets as a protection from head wounds having been proved by their use, the Belgian military authorities have lost no time in adopting these metal casques.

Photo by Bassano.

OFFICERS WHO WILL LEAD OUR NEW ARMIES TO VICTORY.—NO. XIV.

23RD BATTALION THE ROYAL FUSILIERS.—From left to right (back row): Sec.-Lieut. C. B. Hayward, Lieut. E. V. Hine, Sec.-Lieut. C. R. Little, Sec.-Lieut. A. G. H. Kennedy, Lieut. R. V. Jourdain, Sec.-Lieut. D. Godlonton, Lieut. N. Lewis, Lieut. W. A. Rutherford, Sec.-Lieut. A. G. Rees. Middle row: Lieut. J. J. Cameron, Sec.-Lieut. G. R. Nicholans, Capt. H. A. Taylor, Sec.-Lieut. J. C. Fenton, Qrmstr. and Hon. Lieut. R. De Vere Stacpoole, Lieut. G. P. Roberts (Transport Officer), Lieut. P. V. E. Hayes, Sec.-Lieut. A. J. Barr, Capt. H. E. Richardson. Front row: Capt. H. V. Pirie, Capt. G. Dixon-Spain, Major G. H. M. Richey, D.S.O., Col. Viscount Maitland, Capt. E. A. Winter, Capt. R. G. Hillcoat (Adjt.), Capt. B. A. de Bourbel.

"Prussia Delenda Est"

By the Editor

Hands Across the Sea

A WAVE of sympathy from the Star-spangled Banner. New York "Life" declares that to the men of English stock in the United States "the Great War seems to bring a summons to wear their English derivation with somewhat more assertion." And the writer exclaims: "Hold on, John Bull, hold on!" Similarly, Mr. John Cadwalader, jun., declares in the "Philadelphia Public Ledger" that "the spectacle of the devotion of the Colonies to their and our Mother Country in her time of direst need, and not alone the white Colonies, but of those dark-skinned races who, with histories running back to the beginning of time, had never known the rule of law and justice and humanity until England took up the white man's burden, should send a thrill of pride through every American at this miracle of the ages that our Anglo-Saxon blood has wrought."

Mr. Cadwalader concludes: "The watchword for every people, tongue and nation that loves liberty and civilisation can only be from now henceforth, *Prussia delenda est.*"

Iron Cross and Crescent

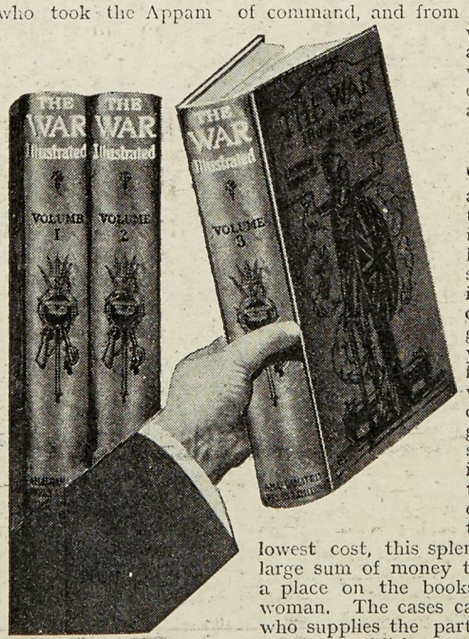
NO time was lost by the Bulgars in emulating the courage of the Prussian butchers in Belgium. The massacre of three hundred Serbian prisoners at Prilep was worthy of the Kaiser's Iron Cross, though, as the victims were compelled first of all to blindfold one another, the deed lacked something in mere savagery, such as that at Louvain and Aerschot, and was hardly comparable in fiendish refinement to the calculated murder by typhus of British prisoners in Germany. Probably King Ferdinand was a little precipitate in his anxiety to obliterate from the mind of "Cæsar Gloriosus" all memory of the claim of the Bulgars as Crusaders against the "unspeakable" Turk. He will do better next time.

Meanwhile, the Turk, in the hour of his renaissance, has proved himself, on Gallipoli and in Mesopotamia, the only clean fighter among our enemies. The Anzacs conceived quite an admiration for him. And the men on the Tigris have been similarly moved to admiration. At Ctesiphon, for example, the Turks got a Red Cross barge off the mud and sent it with its three hundred wounded down-stream to the Indo-British camp, under a white flag. The "Pucca" Turks, in fact, are gentlemen compared with the Kurds and Turco-Arabs who, like the Bulgars, are of the order of the modern Huns.

To Make Our Flesh Creep

LIEUT. BERG, the German officer who took the Appam into Norfolk Harbour, U.S.A., and whose general conduct proclaims him cousin-german to Captain von Müller, of the Emden, has supplied a vivid picture of what the raiding cruiser Möwe—the Flying Dutchman of the modern Deutscher's dreams—is capable. His colouring, however, lacks the deeper dye given by his compatriot, Maximilian Harden, to this very candid Teuton journalist's forecast of the future if the Allies refuse recognition to Prussian "invincibility."

As soon as the Huns find themselves fighting with their backs to the wall, declares the Editor of "Zukunft" (Future), "then there will be war without mercy or quarter. Then the primeval state of civilisation will be restored, and man will face man with wolf-like ferocity." If the world insists on despising the Germans, "the word Europe will lose all sense and meaning." Herr Harden's threat is supported by the later German warning that she will regard armed merchantmen as belligerent vessels. "Kultur," in fine, will recognise no limits. The Fat Boy of fiction has verily reached his apotheosis in fact.



The Third "Milestone."

Shakespeare's Ghost in Germany

GERMANY excepts one great Englishman from her comprehensive cursing of England and all men and things of English origin; goes so far indeed as to assert that his qualities are so peculiarly Teuton that he must have been a German. She cannot grant us Shakespeare, and her latest atrocity is a gross libel on the greatest of our Immortals. It has been declared in Germany that the ghost of Shakespeare has recently appeared there and declared itself as being so disgusted with the behaviour of England that it has determined to assume German nationality.

The joke is a little heavy, even for a German. Germany is welcome to whatever comfort she can extract from any of her lies and foolish imaginings, but not all the water in the North Sea can wash Shakespeare's blood out of his body, even if Germany had free control of it, which, in spite of Von Tirpitz, she has not. Curious mentality these Germans have! The author of "King Henry the Fifth" a German! Not all the ingenuity of all the pundits will ever convince the world that the blood that ran in Shakespeare's veins was Prussian blue.

The Olympic Games

THREE years since plans were being made for the Olympic Games of 1916 to be held in Berlin. British interest was particularly keen, and there was some discussion about the value of compulsory military training in connection with athletics. Things have fallen out very differently from what was expected. Yet it is by no means impossible that some of our British athletes may still be in Berlin during the summer, and, meanwhile, they have abundantly demonstrated the value of athletics in military training.

General Smuts for East Africa

EVERYONE who knows him or has served under him will have heard with deep regret of the ill-health that has caused Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien to resign the East African command. "The regret and sympathy now evoked," Viscount Buxton wrote to him, "are not less universal than the satisfaction which followed the announcement of your appointment. We all hope that in the further stages of the war you will have an opportunity of bearing a part no less distinguished and no less valuable than that you have already borne." Sir Horace, however, could have no better successor than General Jan C. Smuts, who was General Botha's right-hand man in quelling the Back-Veldt revolt and in the difficult task of smashing the Teutons in German South-West Africa. General Smuts possesses in a high degree the gift of command, and from one quarter alone is dissatisfaction with his new appointment likely to arise. The Prussian gutter Press will be hard put to it to invent epithets sufficiently venomous to hurl against him.

The Value of Binding

JUDGING by the number of WAR ILLUSTRATED readers who have already ordered the publishers' registered binding cases for Volume III., it is fairly apparent that the majority have realised, by having the twenty-six loose parts of each volume bound into one of these really handsome cases, that THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is going to be of even more value in the years to come. It is evident, therefore, that there can be no better investment to-day than the purchase of one of these cases—still offered at the generous price of one shilling and sixpence each, in spite of the increase in cost of material. The reason for this is that the Editor wishes each of his readers to have the opportunity of preserving, at the very lowest cost, this splendid record which has cost such a large sum of money to produce, and which is worthy of a place on the bookshelf of every intelligent man and woman. The cases can be obtained from the newsagent who supplies the parts; or they can be obtained direct from the publishers, post free, for one shilling and tenpence.

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
48 Inland 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free. N

The War Illustrated, March 4th, 1916 *Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

Womanhood in the New Era —— See pages 50 and 52

The War Illustrated

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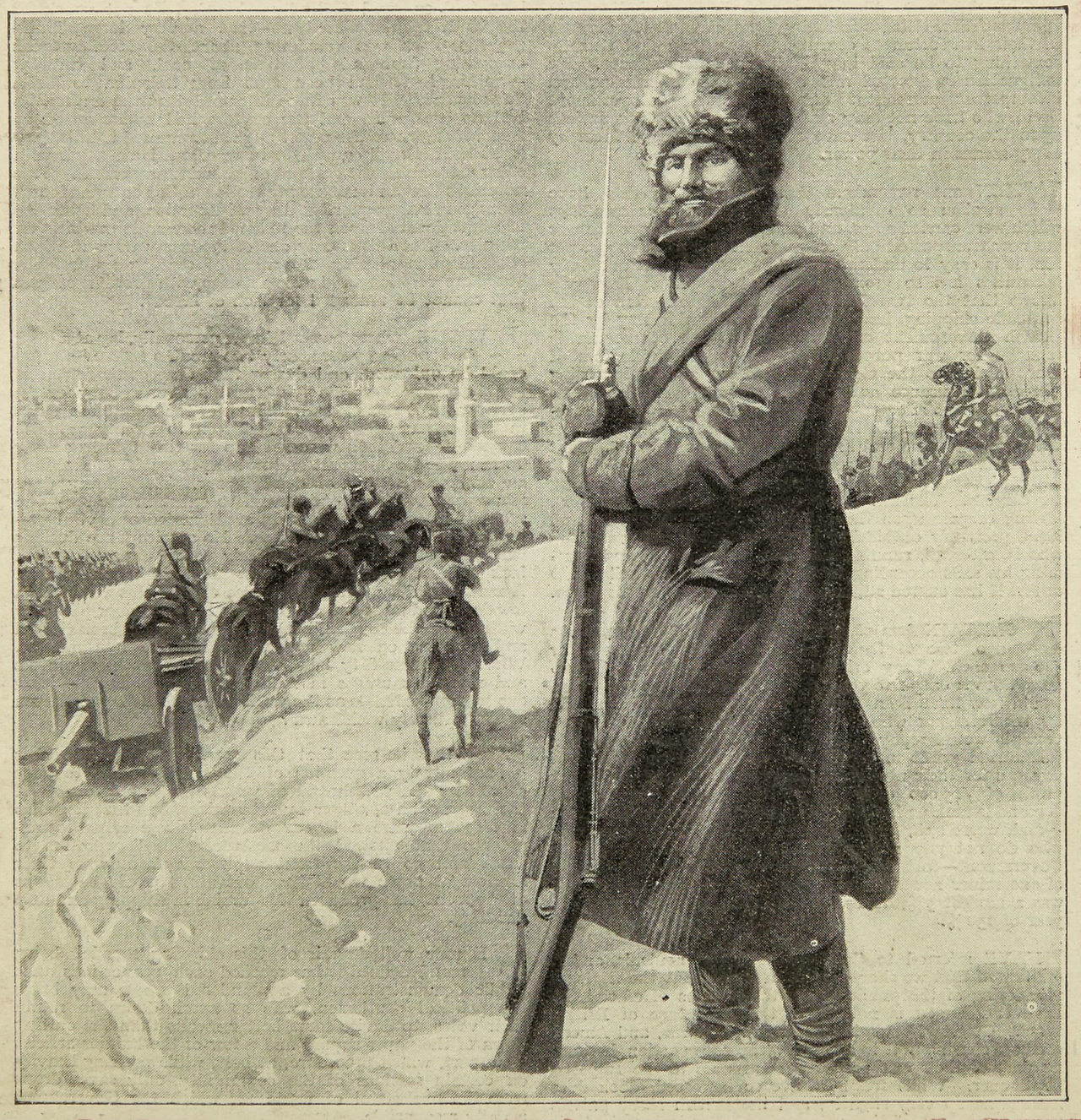


Vol. 4 **The Grand Duke Strikes : Russian Soldiers storm into the fallen City of Erzerum** **No. 81**

From Blundering to Plundering

"I WOULD sooner shake hands with the underseas Hun who torpedoed the Lusitania than with some of our British shippers who are growing fat at the cost of their fellow-citizens." So spoke a friend to me the other day, in the warmth of his indignation at the shipping scandal, and for the moment I felt greatly tempted to endorse his sentiments; but there are two sides to the shameful robbery of the British public now going on at the hands of the shipowners. Without diluting our feeling of indignation towards fellow-citizens fattening themselves at the expense of their less fortunate countrymen, we may find there is something to be said in palliation of their offence. My indignation is directed rather against the blundering and incompetent permanent officials, and the Government itself, who have not only made possible these depredations upon the country, but have actually encouraged them by every means in their power.

WHEN one remembers that shipping freights have swollen so fabulously that certain commodities which were carried at 5s. and 7s. 6d. per ton before the war are now transported only on payment of 155s. to 175s. per ton, it is easy to understand why every item of our daily necessities has so greatly increased in price. Everyone knows that the two first causes in the reduction of the available shipping have been the commandeering by the British Government of a vast proportion of mercantile tonnage for war purposes, and the considerable loss of tonnage due to the German submarine piracy, involving increased insurance and so forth. But even these two factors offer no adequate excuse for freight charges increasing by thirty times. It is the competition of merchants with goods to ship and limited means of transport at their disposal that enables shipowners to put up freightage almost daily. They have no longer to go to the merchants asking for cargoes. The merchants come to them, hat in hand, forcing cargoes upon them, Mr. B outbidding Mr. A, and Mr. C promptly outbidding both; so that the shipowner—who is, after all, running his business for profit, and trimming his sails according to the market—waits until Mr. D or Mr. E has offered still more for the carrying of his cargo.

A CERTAIN firm of foreign shippers sold, a few weeks ago, two of their most obsolete small vessels for £40,000 each. They originally cost a little over £20,000 more than twenty-five years ago, and, but for the war trade, would now have been "scrapped." Yet it was calculated by the foreigner who bought them that their first three voyages would repay the cost of the vessels and leave a substantial profit in hand, as both carried on their first voyages for their new owner cargoes that produced a net profit of £15,000 each! Thus the law of supply and demand is making for a very limited class of the community—and, worse still, for numerous foreign neutral shipowners who do not pay a penny of income tax to the British Government—fortunes as fabulous as fairy tales. I know of one minor neutral firm whose dividend before the war was a modest 5%, and who are declaring a dividend this year of 150%.

I HAVE referred to the huge profits of neutrals, and it is well that we should bear in mind that the frightful plundering of the public which the bungles of officialdom have encouraged is not all to the advantage of British firms. Greeks, Norwegians, Danes, Spaniards, and Americans are sharing in it to an even greater proportion, because no part of their war profits is returnable to the Imperial Exchequer. While freights have so increased, dock dues have gone up very slightly, and the British Navy patrols the seas to protect these Greeks and Norwegians in their traffickings with British ports, so that we not only create the conditions which make for increased freights, but, at vast expense, provide the protection which enables neutral shippers to sail the seas.

THE fault of the Government consists chiefly in the wasteful use of some of the great merchant vessels which they have taken over for military purposes. I have been told on good authority—though I do not vouch for the truth of the statement—that a very large Transatlantic liner was wandering about the Mediterranean consuming thousands of tons of coal, and carrying—nothing! It had been sent from Salonika to Malta "for orders." It was there informed that the authorities had no use for it, and the captain had better go on to Alexandria, where the vessel might be required! This story is, at least, stupid enough to be true, and is on a par with other more authentic cases of official mismanagement. It is notorious that an immense proportion of this commandeered tonnage is being squandered by misdirection, and hence the insistent demand upon the reduced mercantile marine that remains. But this is only one of the many ways in which officialdom is playing the game of sending up freights. There are vessels lying in the Thames with precious cargoes that cannot be unloaded for lack of labour.

A VESSEL, whose owner I know personally, lay at a dock in the Mersey for nearly two months before its cargo could be unloaded, and during that time some fifteen to twenty other ships were lying in the river waiting for the berth when it was cleared. Think of the monstrous waste in this one case, where some fifteen to twenty valuable cargoes of foodstuffs were held up for two months simply because the Government had not the foresight to maintain an adequate supply of dock labour. The Mersey dock labourers have been encouraged to enlist in the Army to such an extent that the docks are denuded of a vital proportion of their labouring force. No service these dockers will render at the front is likely to recompense for the lack of their precious labour at their old familiar tasks. A matter of fifty men would have cleared this vessel in a few days, and most of the other vessels in the river patiently waiting for the emptied berth would also have been cleared and speeding on new voyages within the two months. What were these fifty labourers—probably peeling potatoes and making sausages in military camps at home—doing one tithe so valuable as the work from which they had been so thoughtlessly withdrawn?

IT will thus be seen that this great shipping scandal is not merely a question of the reduction of tonnage caused by the withdrawal of vessels for war service, and the destruction of others by submarines, but that it is also in large measure a labour question. The same incompetence that allowed thousands of skilled engineers to enlist and go to the front as infantrymen while their services at home would have outvalued whole battalions at the front, has produced this famine in shipping and ship handling.

WE may well despair of this shipping scandal being rectified until it has reached such proportions that public demonstrations by a plundered people may bring the political gentlemen, who so much desire to retain their votes, to devise some better means than the cutting down of the paper supply and a few of the bulkier articles of import, which procedure, at best, while pressing heavily on certain sections of the community, only saves drops from the bucketsful of waste for which the Government is daily responsible.

J. A. H.

4th March, 1916. No. 81. Vol. 4.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON

CANADIANS THRASH THE PRUSSIANS.—Under the laconic official heading of a night bombing attack, a plucky affair took place recently on the western front. A company of Canadians went out under cover of dark to raid the trenches of the Prussian Guards. The Canadians launched their bombs full in the midst of the Guards, who set their flares going and turned a machine-gun on the nocturnal visitors. It would have fared ill with the Canadians had not a lucky bomb-thrower planted his missile right on to the Maxim, thereby allowing twenty-three out of the party of twenty-five to retreat.

WOMANHOOD IN THE NEW ERA

Our Great Symposium on the War and Our National Life

When the last shot is fired and the victory oversea, which is already theoretically enthroned in the minds of every Briton, is an accomplished fact, a stern battle at home will begin, a battle to improve the life-conditions of every member of the community. Many great intellects will be requisitioned in the work of reconstructing our social fabric, and women unquestionably will play an important part in this work. The war has demonstrated, to a remarkable degree, the skill, ability, and strength of womanhood, and has opened up spheres of feminine activity undreamt of in the days when a small section asked rather noisily for sex equality and the vote. Two of the most absorbing articles of this instalment of our special symposium for the new era are from the pens of Mrs. Despard and Miss Cicely Hamilton, who have each well-considered views on a question of vital consequence. Among other contributions is one from Sir Oliver Lodge on the subject of Training and Service. Another timely contribution is on Labour and Wages connected with certain trades, from Mr. John Hodge, Chairman of the Labour Party.

WOMEN AND CITIZENSHIP, by Mrs. Despard

Mrs. DESPARD, whose opinion on the effect of the Great War on the position of women is given below, is President of the Women's Freedom League. Since the beginning of the war she has been doing a great deal of excellent work for the relatives of our soldiers at the front, some account of which she wrote for a recent issue of "The Great War." Mrs. Despard has also worked in Paris, attempting to bring together the members of families who had been separated owing to the German invasion of France and Belgium. Mrs. Despard is the sister of Viscount French of Ypres.

THAT the effect of the war will be, in a certain sense, cataclysmic, it is impossible to doubt. Old landmarks will be swept away; age-honoured truisms and conventions will be discounted; in every department of social life there will be changes which, at the present moment, it is impossible clearly to foresee. That amidst all these changes the relations between man and woman, as regards their common relation to the State, will remain as they are now is unthinkable. When, however, we try to forecast the future—as we should do if we would meet it worthily—we are confronted by great difficulties.

The European world finds itself faced with two eventualities. A peace such as that of 1870, which was merely a long truce given, on the part of one nation, to the building up—through illusion on the one hand and military despotism on the other—of the most tremendous engine of destruction the world has ever seen; on the part of the other nation to diplomatic fencing whose effect was merely to put off the evil day, and more or less half-hearted preparations for a war that might not come. If again such a treaty of peace be concluded, there can be but one outlook—a military despotism everywhere, and the pale phantom of fear triumphant.

None can be so blind as not to see what the position of women would be under such a system. All her higher aspirations would be crushed down. Her maternity, her newly-discovered organising ability, her deftness, her skill, her physical endurance; nay, even her courage and her patriotism would be used for the enrichment and strengthening of masculine plutocracies, while any vestige of the old spirit of independence would be punished even more sternly than it was before the war. That some would rebel is most likely, but they would be martyrs. Taken generally, women would be the most servile instruments of those who would control the servile State.

Thank Heaven, another eventuality is possible, and I hope I am right in believing that this will be the actual issue. Taught by sorrow, disciplined by pain, the peoples of Europe may awake from their dream of horror. The best elements may come to the surface. It may even be that from within or outside the welter of respectable mediocrities who have brought us to this pass, some free, selfless heaven-taught statesmen and stateswomen will arise who will have the power, no less than the will, to guide the troubled peoples into the way of peace. Then might be formed a Federation of States—a European Commonwealth—that would safeguard the weak and, by strength in unity and moral purpose, curb the strong, so that every nation would have the opportunity of developing on its own lines.

That is possible and—given such a departure, for which every true woman should be working now—the progress of woman towards her true status would follow its present course. I do not say that the right of citizenship in this country will be given to her immediately. That may be. It is certain that, if the war ends as we hope it will, great constitutional changes will take place. Britain, as a vast Empire, will be called upon to fulfil the responsibilities of Empire, Parliament must be reorganised on juster and larger lines. The nation must be represented—not only the women, but our Colonies, men and women, and our dependencies.

This may not come to pass at once, but ultimately, it must be done. In the meantime, woman will retain her new position in the world of industry; not as the rival but as the mate of the man-worker she will work in the future. Motherhood will be recognised as a work, to be honoured and rewarded by the State. The ability of woman as an administrator having been proved, careers long closed to her will be opened. There can be little doubt that if women are strong and confident, that if the men who have so finely championed their cause in the past are faithful, and those who are publicly testifying to her value in public work are consistent, the position of women in the future will be that for which the greatest women in the past have striven—that, in all civilised nations, they will possess equal citizenship, equality before the law, equal moral status, and equal human independence with the men.

IMPROVEMENT OF WAGES, by John Hodge, M.P.

Mr. JOHN HODGE, the Labour member for Gorton and Chairman of the Labour Party in Parliament, has written for us something about the effects of the war on labour. Mr. Hodge started life as an iron-worker, and is now the Secretary of the British Steel Smelters' Mill, Iron, and Tinplate Workers' Association, which he helped to found. Consequently, these are the trades with which he is most thoroughly acquainted.

THE difficulty to-day in almost every industry is to get sufficient labour.

It could hardly be otherwise at the moment in face of the hundreds of thousands of workmen who have enlisted. The consequent scarcity of labour resulted in competition amongst employers for it, and naturally wages increased, one might say, enormously.

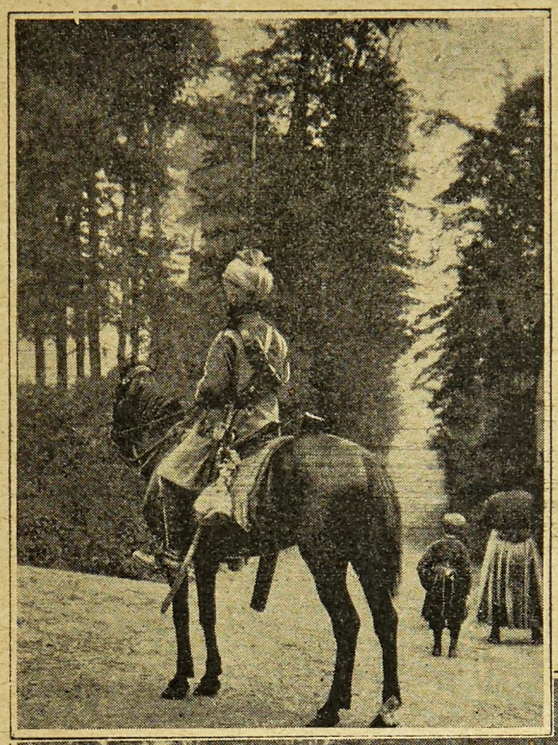
The desire to work, and the scarcity of hands, is evidenced by the workhouses being emptied of their occupants; these people in ordinary times would not have been looked at, to-day they have demonstrated their usefulness. This opens up a wider question which cannot be discussed now. The wages of boys and girls in munition works and factories demonstrate not only the scarcity of labour, but the enormous increase there has been in labour's remuneration generally. The following, however, upon which I can speak with knowledge of a precise character, demonstrates the general improvement.

For instance, previous to the war the condition of the iron and steel trades was anything but good. This also affected subsidiary industries upon which that trade is dependent. Wages were either stationary or decreasing. It may be observed that in the iron and steel trades sliding scales governed wages in almost every district in the kingdom.

Immediately following the declaration of war, the iron and steel trades began slowly to improve, and before the end of 1914 prices of steel and iron were rising rapidly and employment was abundant. The subsidiary trades did not feel the effect so speedily as what may be described as the heavy metal trades; this because of the great demand made upon the iron and steel industry for armour plate, ship and boiler plates, angles, and so on for ship construction and more particularly because of the great rush to complete the naval programme of the Government as well as the construction of new vessels of all

(*Continued on page* 52.)

Lance and Sabre Behind the Foremost Line



British officers making an inspection of an Indian cavalry camp in France. Inset: Indian sentry on guard, to the right of whom are seen two French figures looking down the road leading to the battle-front.

Striking photograph of two British Lancers of Sir Douglas Haig's bodyguard halting for a quiet smoke somewhere in the neighbourhood of headquarters. One seldom sees the lance as a weapon in these days, and certainly its value has so far proved to be rather more theoretical than practical. Note the bandoliers which are carried round the horses' necks.

THE WAR AND OUR NATIONAL LIFE

(*Continued from page 50*)

descriptions for the use of the naval authorities. Then again there was a big demand from France for steel for the purposes of shell-making, and at the end of the year we were sending to France about 10,000 tons of steel per week.

In the tinplate and sheet trades this briskness of trade did not operate, due principally to the fact that both are largely export trades. As an example, in the tinplate trade at the end of the year fully forty per cent. of the plant was idle. At the beginning of 1915, when our Government became aware of the facts of the situation with respect to munitions, the demand was for more and more steel. The tinplate trade and the sheet mill trade became rather busier, and this from a variety of causes, such as the erection of huts and the use of corrugated sheets, either for building them or roofing them, and then there was the demand for tinplates essential to the packing of cooked meats, fruits, and general equipment of our soldiers. The demand in these directions also came from France. As the need for more and more shells grew we were in a position to transfer many hundreds of tinplate and sheet mill workers into the forge press shell departments of a number of munition factories, so that in respect of this industry there was no overplus of labour.

As an example of how the greatly-increased cost of steel has operated in wages, the South Wales and Monmouthshire sliding scale has given increases in wages of between 25 per cent. and 30 per cent; in the West of Scotland it varies from 20 per cent. to 35 per cent., according to the basis of the scale. Such sections of the workmen as are not governed by the scale have had increases of a somewhat similar amount. In the tinplate trade of South Wales, the increases vary according to the earnings of the men; those under 20s. per week receiving 15 per cent. The reason for this being that those earning these wages were either young lads or girls. Between 20s. and 30s., 20 per cent.; 30s. and 40s., 15 per cent.; and above 40s., 10 per cent.

BACK TO THE LAND, by A. D. Hall, F.R.S.

Mr. A. D. HALL, F.R.S., who here expresses an opinion about the effect of the war on Agriculture, is one of the Development Commissioners, a body of men appointed a few years ago to show us how to make the very best use of our land and other natural resources. He gained a wide knowledge of agriculture while he was principal of the important South-Eastern Agricultural College at Wye, Kent, a position which he left in 1902 to become Director of the Lawes Experimental Station at Rothamsted.

I WILL tell you what, in my opinion, is the danger that we have to insure against. The danger will come at the end of the war. What is going to happen then? We are going to see a very large number of men coming back to the country without employment, and many of these men will have imbibed a taste for the open air, and will be expecting to get taken on to the land. What will they see? They will see in many parts of the country what is little better than ranching going on—great areas of grass, the cheapest form of farming on farms of about three hundred acres and upwards. They will say: "We want employment, and these farmers" (they will not mince the terms they use about the farmers) "are holding up the land against us in this kind of way." Lots of the men who are fighting in Flanders and the North of France are picking up a certain amount of agricultural knowledge, by the way. I was talking to a man in the train the other day—a very intelligent man who had come out of a manufacturing district, but who had begun to take an interest in farming because he was billeted upon a farm. He said to me: "I have been puzzling my head how it is there is no grass there where we are fighting and it is all grass round here"—we were travelling up through the Midlands. Men are asking themselves those questions, and the danger is that when this agricultural situation comes at the end of the war, when we are desperately hard up, when many of our industries are coming to a sudden standstill, and men are thrown upon the country, that some violent action will be taken. If any sort of plea can then be made that the present people occupying the land, the present race of farmers and landlords, are not making proper use of it—are ranching, are just skimming profit off large areas—then I am afraid that a violent sort of action will be taken that will work irreparable harm to British agriculture and the best of our present race of farmers.

WOMEN AND POLITICS, by Cicely Hamilton

Miss CICELY HAMILTON, whose opinion on the effect of the war on "Women and their Work" appears below, is one of the most versatile of those who have devoted themselves to the cause of woman's suffrage and the other movements for giving greater freedom to women. First a journalist and then an actress, she has written both books and plays, among them being the popular "Diana of Dobson's," "Marriage as a Trade," "A Matter of Money," etc. Since the outbreak of the war Miss Hamilton has been in France engaged in nursing the wounded. Her opinion is not only that of an educated and observant woman, but of one who possesses an unusual fund of practical common-sense.

THE proportion of married to unmarried women will inevitably suffer a decrease in the years that follow the war. Some millions of young men have already left their bones on the countless battlefields of Europe; and that fact means that a corresponding number of young women will be debarred from the exercise of the housekeeping, home-tending industry. Most of these young women, maids or widows, will be under the necessity of earning their living—directly and by their own efforts instead of indirectly and by means of the work and wages of a man. The paid labour market of the near future will see them forcing an entrance.

And this feminine invasion of the labour market will be rendered the more irresistible by the fact that women during the war have been invited—even hustled—into trades from which they were formerly excluded. In many cases the dividing line between men's and women's trades has practically disappeared in the face of national peril—and the longer the war continues the more it will tend to disappear.

I imagine, further, that the large class that was once actively and intensely concerned with the political disabilities of women will, in all probability, devote itself more to the question of her industrial needs and disabilities. And this not only for material reasons—the poverty that will follow the war making livelihood the first consideration—but because one of the indirect effects of the European conflict has been to demonstrate the uselessness of the vote except in times of peace—which are times of compromise. The events of the last year and a half have shown that democracy with the coming of a really great danger immediately abdicates its powers; there is no necessity to wrest them from it—it gives them up of its own free will, understanding the impossibility of exercising them. The advocates of political power for women will certainly take that fact into consideration. No doubt they will persist, and rightly persist, in their demand, but they will realise its comparative unimportance.

TRAINING AND SERVICE, By Sir Oliver Lodge

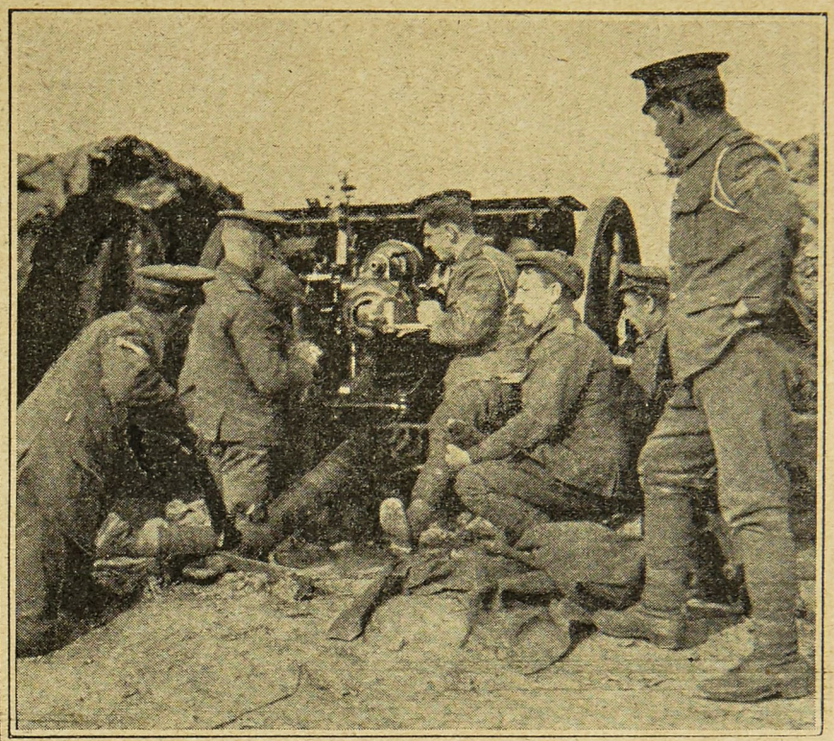
Sir OLIVER LODGE, whose opinion on education and the war we are allowed to quote here, is the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Birmingham. He is a man of unusual energy and experience, a man of the world as well as a scholar, one whose broad outlook on life has given him a unique position in the educational world of to-day. His special subjects of study are electricity and physical research; he was a pioneer of wireless telegraphy.

HOW to continue real education throughout life, and develop the power of every human being, or at least to devise conditions which should not seriously crush out such development, is a problem worthy of an exalted patriotism, for nothing can be more beneficial to the country. Class misunderstandings and petty jealousies, perhaps even trade union rules, stand in the way, and workmen themselves are often each other's hinderers. This is a state of things which has grown up in peace, but the present stress should bring to an end these sad evidences of civil war and industrial strife.

When will there be such another opportunity for inculcating the virtue of patriotism and self-sacrificing devotion to country, and the duty and nobility of service of all kinds, as there is now?

Education for boys who leave the primary schools is chiefly needed in the direction of bodily discipline and character training. Here it is where the essentials of a kind of military discipline are so appropriate. Yet the aim should be much more general than military service. Imagination is needed to realise the opportunities for service at ordinary times, and it is but seldom that they are looked for. They will not be looked for, nor thought of, unless something is done in the direction of disciplinary bodily training. It must be part of the education of the ordinary citizen to recognise an opportunity for service in a life of honourable industry, in a life of creation rather than in a life of destruction, in the arts of peace rather than in the arts of war.

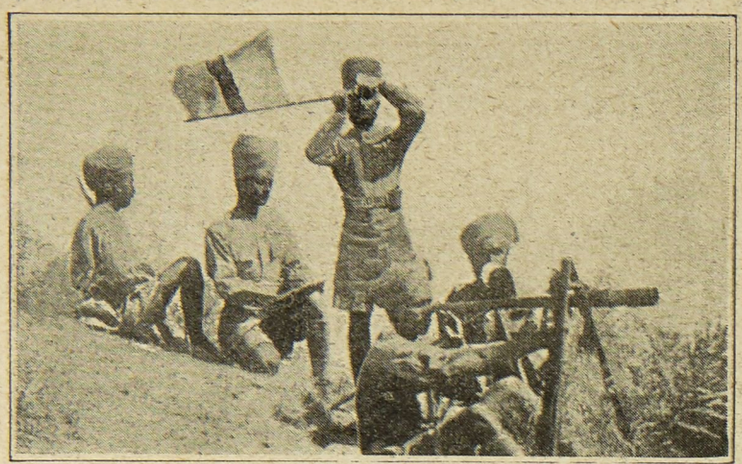
Fur Coats & Tam-o'-Shanters in the Balkan Field



Walter Dunn, aged fourteen, a stowaway with the 1st Canadian Contingent, who was adopted by them, smuggled to France, was in the fighting at Loos, then reached Salonika as a stowaway, and is now attached to an A.S.C. camp. Above: Field-gun practice at Salonika.

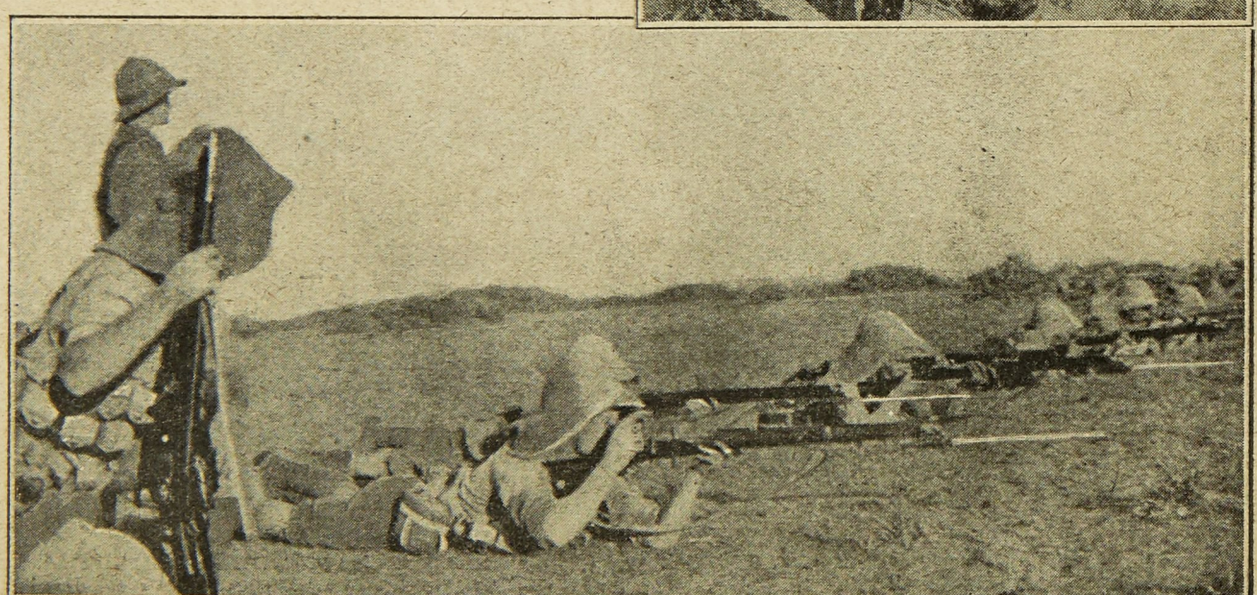
In a British trench in the Balkans, where the cold has been intense. The defences of Salonika are being steadily extended and strengthened. Three thousand five hundred Serbian refugees are engaged in making new trenches, while British and French transports continue to land artillery, men, and stores.

Indo-British Activities in a Remote Asian Area



Striking photographs of Britain's little campaign against the Mohmands, the turbulent Pathan tribe, in the North-West Province of India. Hindoo signallers "speaking" with flag and heliograph in the British lines near Hafiz Kar, north of the Khyber Pass.

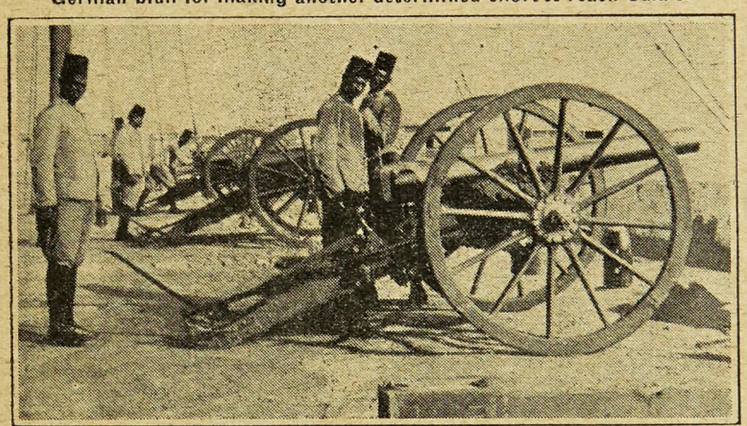
Firing on the rebel Mohmands in open country, prior to charging them with the bayonet. Right: Repelling a sudden attack on part of our front. One man is about to fix his bayonet.

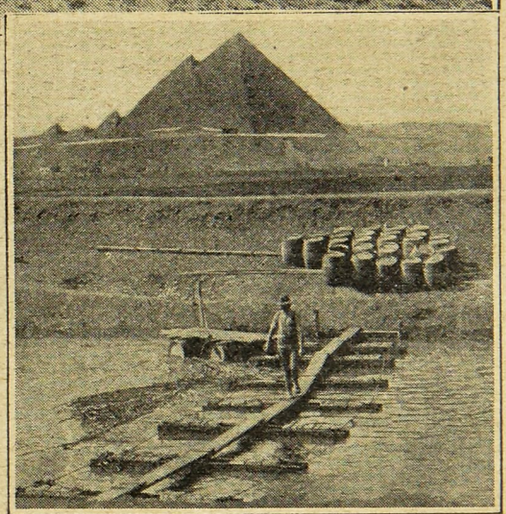


An attack in progress near Hafiz Kar, where General Campbell's 1st Division moved out to fight the rebels on September 5th, 1915. The Mohmands live partly in Afghanistan, partly in independent tribal territory within the British frontier, and partly in districts around Peshawar. They are Mohammedans, and were incited to rise through Germen influence.

Egypt Well Prepared Against German Aggression

Regiment of New Zealand Mounted Rifles on the march. General von der Goltz was said to be preparing a Turkish army for Egypt—but was this German bluff for making another determined effort to reach Calais?

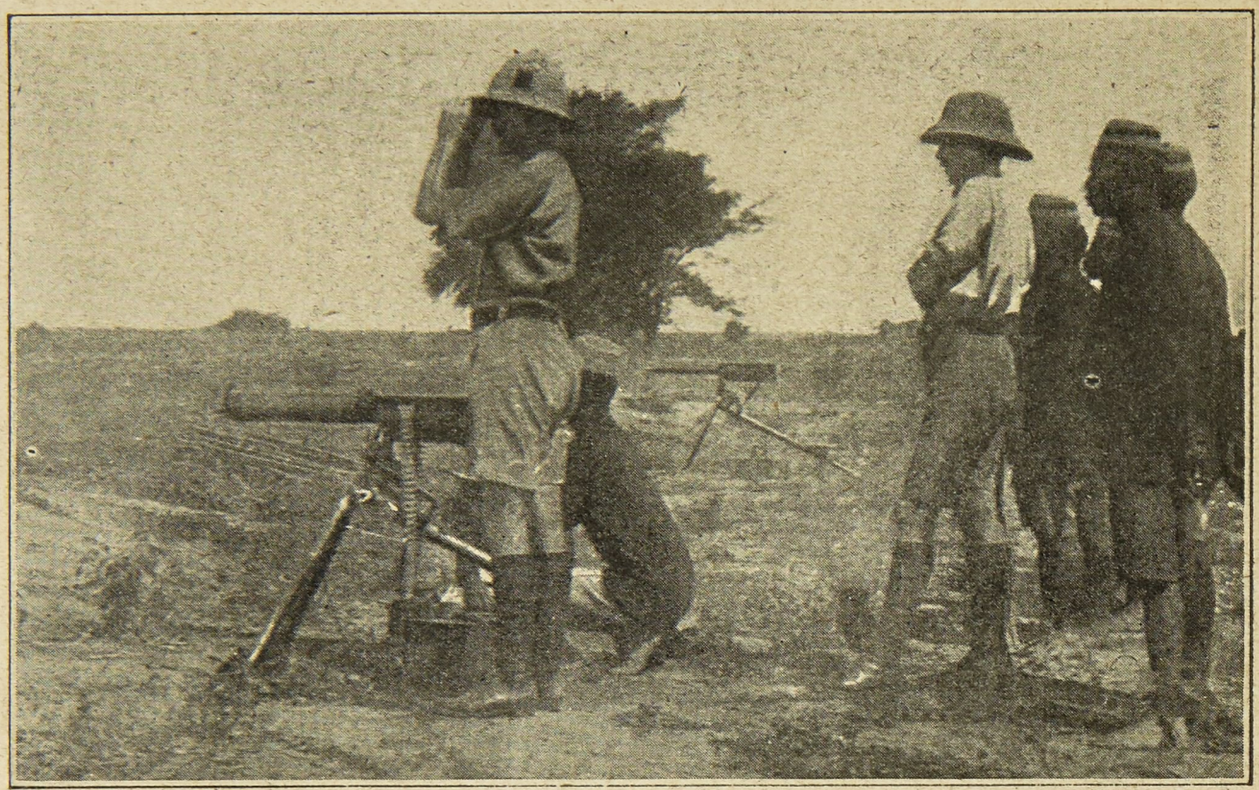




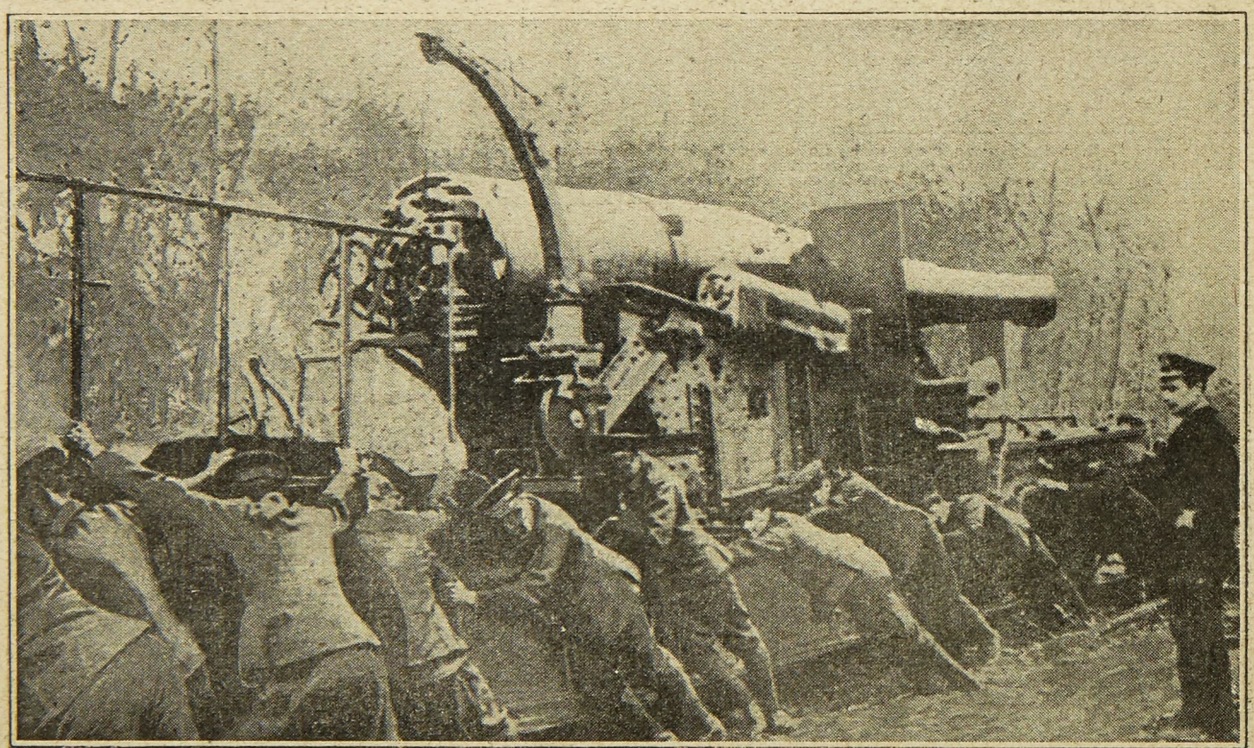
Battery of British field-guns, manned by native artillerymen of our Egyptian Army, in position on the bank of the Suez Canal. Right: Plank bridge across the irrigation canal near the Australians' camp at the Pyramids. Constructed with empty kerosine tins lashed between planks, this bridge was actually built and thrown across the canal in a matter of minutes.

Turkish munition and ambulance column journeying to the base, whence the enemy hopes to make a grand attack on Egypt. On January 23rd the South Africans and the 15th Sikhs routed the enemy in the desert of Western Egypt.

The Ultimate Extremes in Man-killing Machines



British officer instructing African natives in the use of the Maxim gun. The machine-gun has replaced the rifle to a great extent in modern battles. During an enemy advance, the rapid Maxim is the only weapon that can cope with numbers.

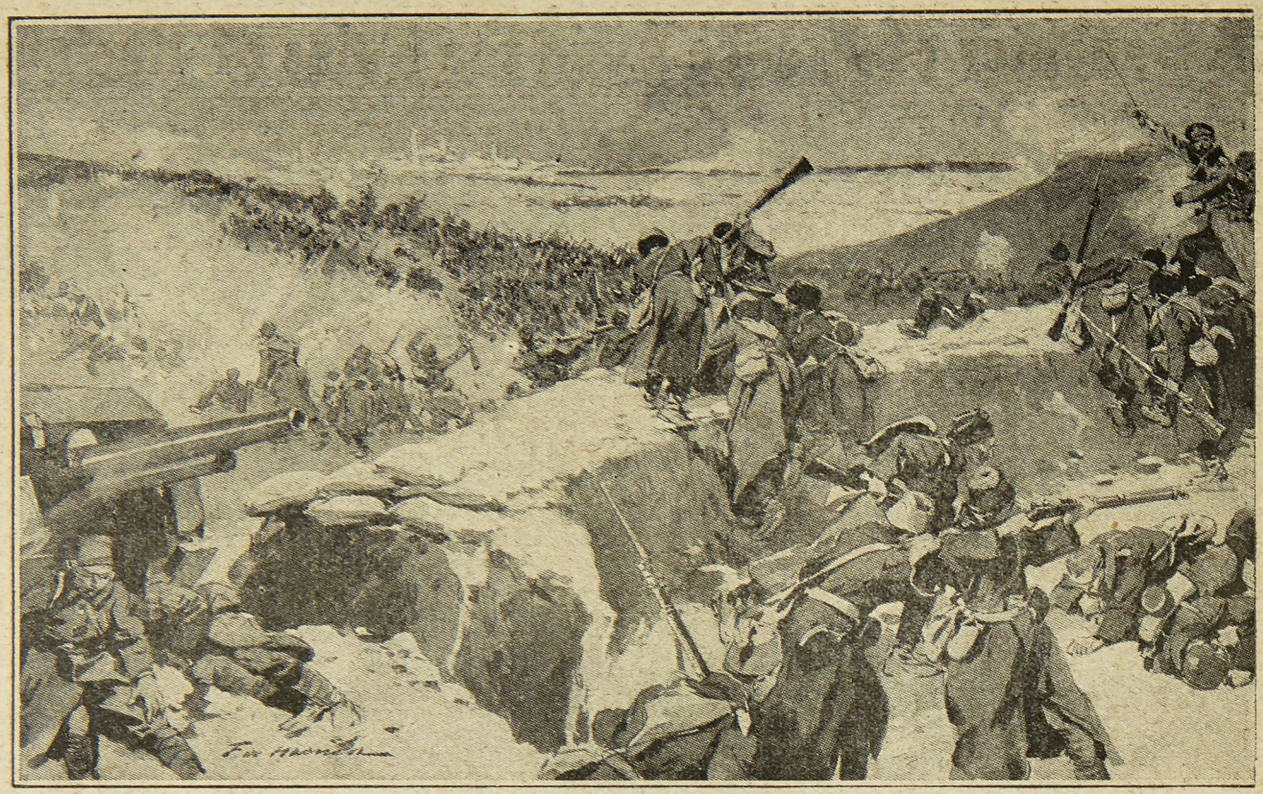


Enormous siege weapon being hauled into position. It is hardly likely that any defence work could withstand bombardment from a dozen such weapons, which are likely to play an important part in the near future.

Unquestionably the big gun is the weapon which will win the war, and no doubt all the belligerents have concentrated their energy on devising even more powerful machines than those used by the Germans at the beginning of the struggle.

A Daughter of France Amid the Ruins of Rheims

It is the women of France who are winning for General Joffre. It is they who inspire the Poilu to steel his heart against the "Furor Teutonicus." With the war on the very thresholds of their homes, the women of France know from tragic experience that the issue is either victory or death. This photograph shows a charming French girl who is only contemptuous of German shells, in spite of the havoc that they have wrought on the beautiful city of Rheims.



The valorous Siberian and Turkestan regiments capturing the forts of Erzerum at the point of the bayonet. The advance of these two regiments over a snow and ice bound plateau, six thousand feet above the sea-level, at a temperature registering fifty degrees—

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

XXXIV.—The Grand Duke's Hammer Stroke in the Icy Caucasus

SINCE January, 1915, when the Russians shattered the whole of the Ninth and Eleventh Turkish Army Corps at Sarykamish, so little was heard from this remote, almost mysterious, area of the world-war that it had practically lapsed from public memory. Both belligerents were undoubtedly at a standstill for nearly a year, until the moment when the Grand Duke Nicholas became Viceroy of the Caucasus, and took over the supreme command of the Russian armies combating the Turks. Aided by General Januskevitch, his Chief of Staff, he evolved a brilliant plan of campaign, which was carried out to the letter by General Judenich, culminating, with dramatic suddenness, in the fall of Erzerum, the old-world capital of Turkish Asia Minor.

The Grand Duke's Plans

Erzerum, like every other fortress involved in the Great War, was considered impregnable, and certainly if any place was naturally strongly situated it was this ancient city of Armenia. It is regarded as the key to Eastern Asia Minor, and as such the Germans in 1910 improved its fortifications on behalf of the Turks.

Erzerum lies in a hollow of an elevated plateau fringed with snow-covered peaks. The nearest important coast town to Erzerum is Trebizond, on the Black Sea, about two hundred miles away by the main road. The possession of this fortress city, therefore, practically cuts the Turks off from communication, Trebizond being one of the principal ports of Asia Minor, on the shore of the inland sea.

The Grand Duke divided his legions into three separate columns, operating independently towards the stronghold, the northern flank, via Olty, across a plateau of ice and snow, where the cold was fifty degrees below zero, the eastern flank taking the direct and obvious route to the fortress of Erzerum, via Kars and Sarykamish, and the south-eastern wing working its way up via Melasghert and Khnyss Kale. Thus the fortress was all but enveloped. But the Grand Duke realised that, under such climatic conditions, a lengthy siege six thousand feet above the sea-level in midwinter would be suicidal to any army. Even the iron-constituted Caucasians and Siberians could not endure the frightful cold for any great time, and he therefore resolved upon a lightning offensive, with the object of shattering the Turkish armies piecemeal.

Lightning Execution

With wonderful dash, which recalls the strategy of Napoleon's early triumphs, the south-eastern column fell upon the Ottomans, already half-demoralised by the cold and the supreme confidence of their adversaries, driving them out of Melasghert to Mush. This onslaught, violent and successful as it turned out to be, was in reality only a feint, the principal staggering and altogether unexpected attacks coming from the north across the Dumlu Dagh ridges, intersecting the plateau of eternal snow, while the other advance was made along the Kars road, leading dead on to the most formidable defences of the city facing east.

Enver Pasha, capable leader and accomplished assassin though he has proved himself so far to be, was completely deceived. Knowing the country north of Erzerum, the endless miles of untrodden snow, the Arctic cold, the rugged ridges rising high above the elevated plateau, the lack of roads for transport, he counted that way impassable. Surely the Caucasians would never attempt to descend on Erzerum across this fearsome white plain of desolation, which was, moreover, commanded by a chain of forts.

Avalanche and Blizzard

To the east of Erzerum, Hasankala and Koprikeui had been already captured by the Russians, facilitating the direct attack on the Deve Boyun forts, and on February 14th, 1915, after heavy bombardment, the first of these strongholds fell into our ally's hands.

Meanwhile, with a physical endurance which would have done credit to the Eskimos, the Siberian and Turkestan regiments, in their picturesque Astrakhan headgear and long flowing redingotes, so reminiscent of the equipment worn in the Spanish Peninsular War, advanced slowly over the Dumlu Dagh ridges, an avalanche of men swallowed up in an incessant blizzard. During this amazing march the whole army was lost sight of for some time and, fearing unprecedented disaster, the Commander rapidly sent reinforcements up from Olty.

By no means disheartened by their terrible ordeal, these regiments eventually

– below zero is one of the most extraordinary stories of the war. The outstanding feature of this timely Russian triumph was the rapidity with which the General Staff's plans were carried out; the whole affair lasting only five days.

loomed up before the northern forts of Erzerum, black spectres in a winding-sheet of driven snow. It was but a question of getting the heavy guns into position against the Turkish defences protecting the Dumlu Dagh stretches. How this herculean task was accomplished will make one of the finest stories in military history. From that moment the Turkish Armenian stronghold was doomed. Once having silenced the forts on the north side of the city, the more formidable Deve Boyun strongholds could be shelled from behind. These were already being bombarded by frontal attack along the Kars road.

So impetuous were the hardy Siberians that, instead of waiting for the various forts to be completely reduced, they charged down in a tempest of steel, and completed the work of the artillery in a very determined and sanguinary fashion.

Like a Pack of Cards

The conflict from the moment of the attack on Melasghert lasted only five days. It was estimated that there were 100,000 men, with 467 guns, some of them of old calibre, in the advanced forts, 374 guns in the central forts, and some 200 field guns. One by one the strongholds fell before the Russian bombardment and bayonets, till the last day of the onslaught, February 16th, when no fewer than seven hitherto considered impregnable positions capitulated.

The exact number of guns and prisoners captured in the débacle may be calculated in thousands. Suffice it, that this master-stroke of the Grand Duke Nicholas was the greatest blow inflicted on the Osman dynasty since the war began. Even the fall of Bagdad, city of the Caliphs, could not have had a more disconcerting effect on the Turks than this signal triumph.

The outstanding feature of the whole affair was the speed with which the plans of the General Staff were put into execution. Even under the very best climatic conditions, the Russians could not have shown more enthusiasm and power in attack. One corps alone is said to have captured something like 250 guns, and before a week was completed the Russian left column had forced its way down as far as Mush and Akhlat, carrying both places by assault, the former town being 75 miles south of Erzerum. Undoubtedly great credit for the success of the operation devolves upon General Judenich, Chief, under the Grand Duke, of the Caucasian Army. He is much beloved by his men, and is appropriately nicknamed "the general on the go." He knows the Caucasus region as fully as Hindenburg knew the Masurian Lakes on the Eastern Front.

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Map showing the position of Erzerum, in Asia Minor, and the relative distance of Trebizond, Constantinople and Bagdad from the fallen fortress. The fall of Erzerum is likely to have a far-reaching effect on the British Mesopotamian campaign.

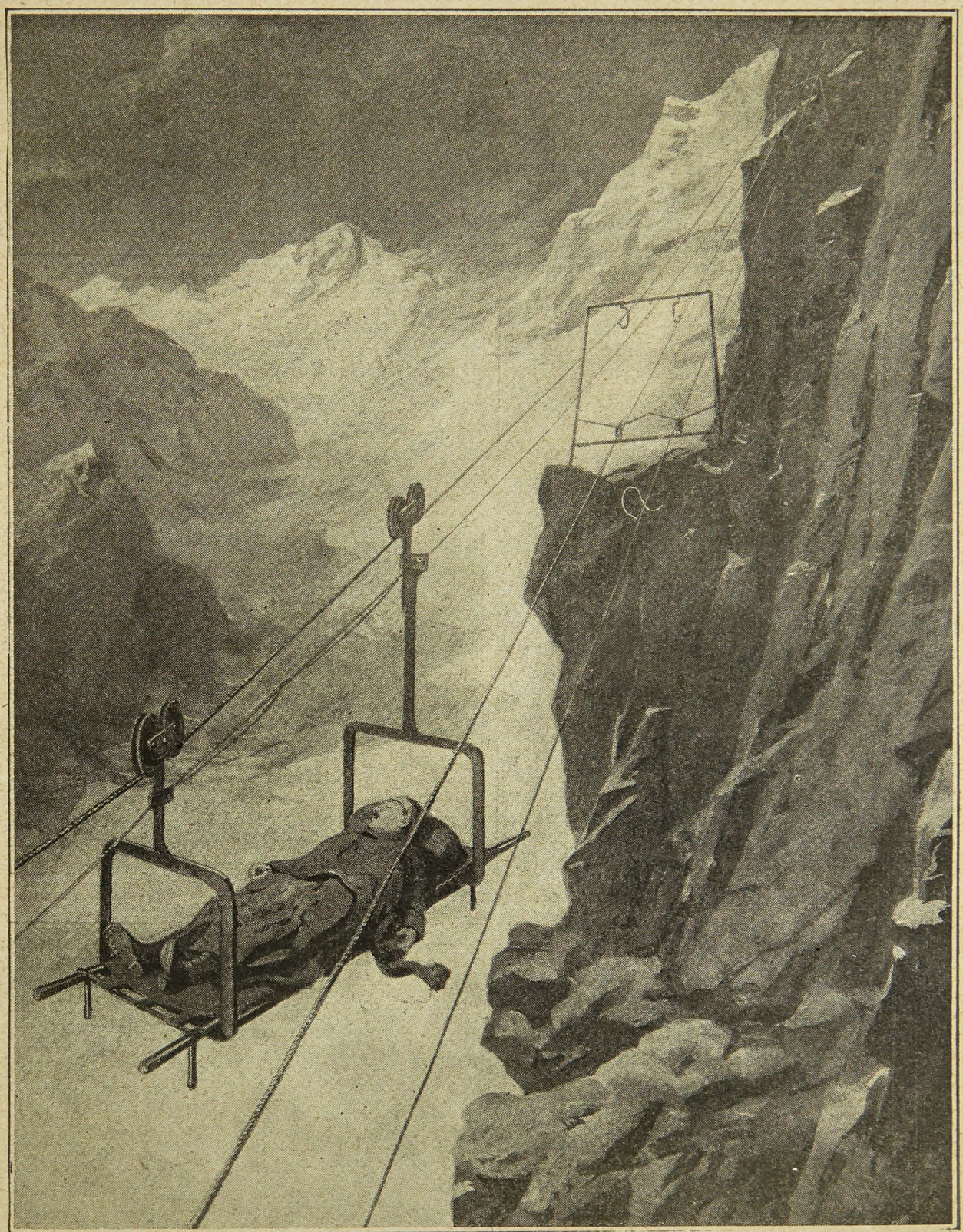
The Psychological Stroke

The vigorous offensive of the Grand Duke, following up his success as far as the shore of Lake Van, diverted Turkish forces from Mesopotamia, thereby relieving pressure on the British armies there, and doubtless disorganised other Teuton-Turkish plans in the East. General von der Goltz, the German military pedagogue, with his assistant, Liman von Sanders, has long dreamt of an invasion of Egypt, but the fall of Erzerum should sound the death-knell to those loudly-advertised and greatly-cherished designs of the Mailed Fist stretching east.

Great Guns to the Firing-line by Powerful Crane—

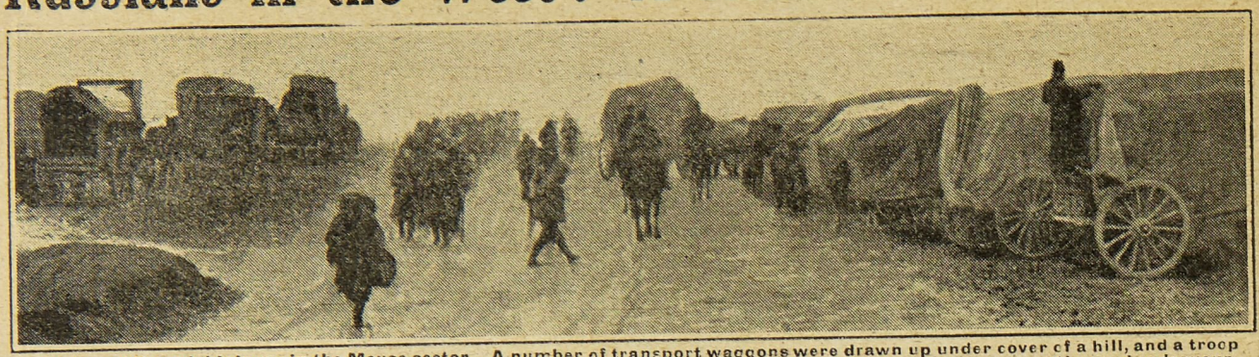
The monotony of trench warfare can only be realised by those who have done duty underground for many weeks "when there is nothing to report," so to speak. Mountain warfare, however, though quite as protracted, is unique in the excitement and exhilaration afforded to participants. Imagine this enormous piece of Italian ordnance swinging across a yawning Alpine chasm, attached by steel hawsers to a powerful crane. In this way much of the Italian mountain artillery has been lifted into almost inaccessible positions from which the Austrian forts could be shelled with the greatest possible effect.

—Wounded Men Return by Wire Through Space

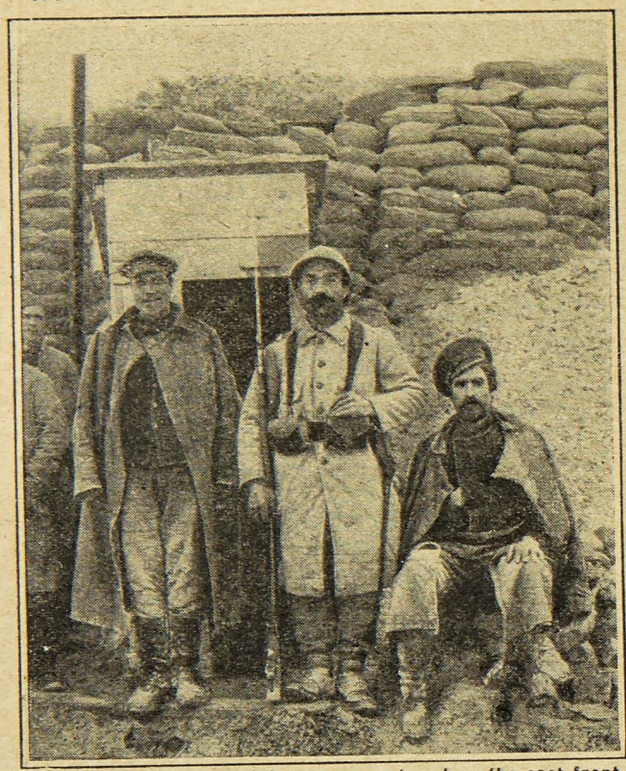


On the facing page appears a photograph of Italian Alpini hauling a heavy gun up to a mountain peak by means of a crane. In a similar manner wounded gunners, after having been temporarily treated, are sent down to a base on a wire. Placed on a stretcher, so designed to keep horizontal, the wounded are rapidly sent from place to place. To carry an injured man down some of the dangerous precipitous passes of the Alpine war zone would be impossible, and no safer, quicker, or more ingenious method could be devised than that shown at work in the above illustration.

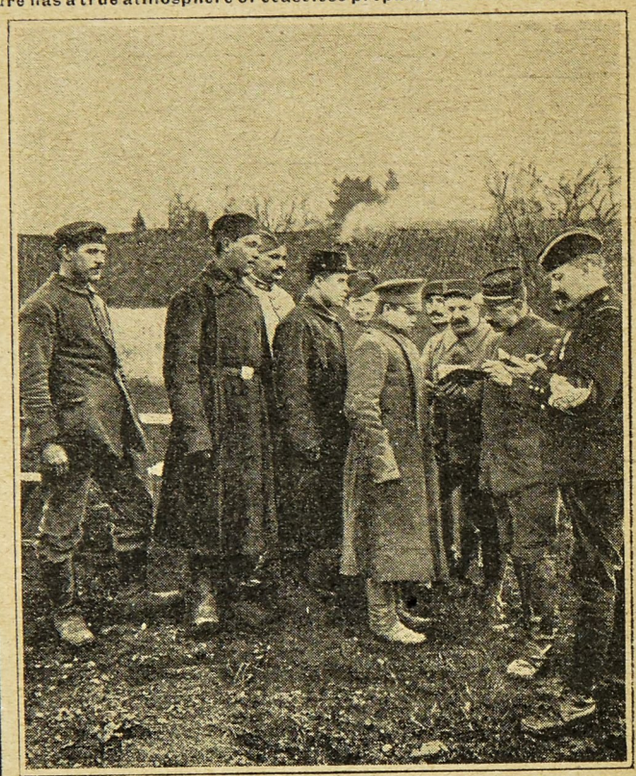
Russians in the West: A Romance of the War



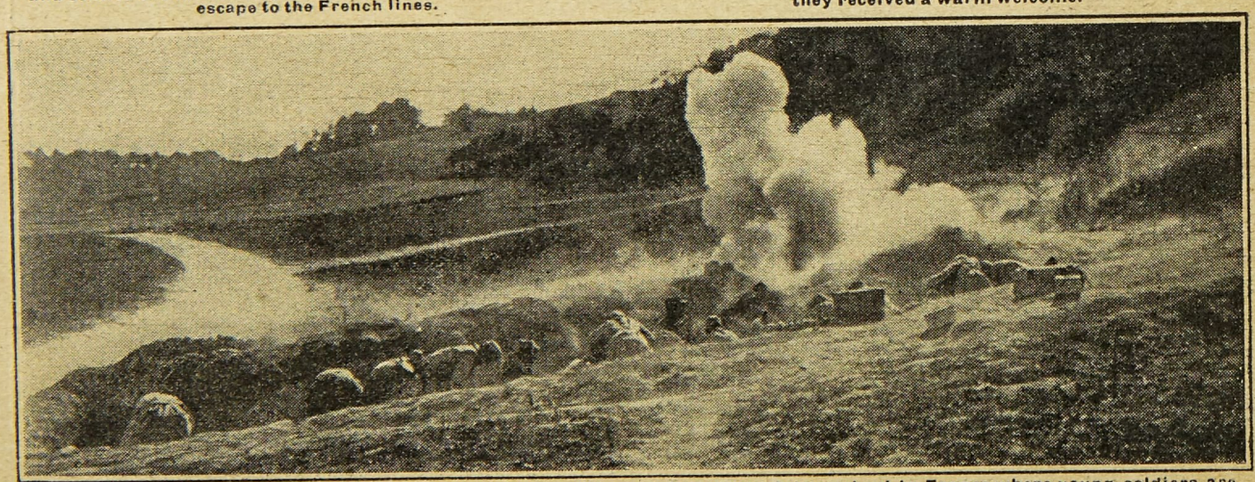
The broad French highway in the Meuse sector. A number of transport waggons were drawn up under cover of a hill, and a troop of trench-worn warriors are on their way to the base. The picture has a true atmosphere of ceaseless preparation and endeavour.



These two Russian soldiers were captured on the east front, and sent to the west to dig German trenches, but managed to escape to the French lines.



Group of Slav prisoners who were employed by the Germans, but who succeeded in escaping to their French allies, from whom they received a warm welcome.



Bombardiers in the making. This is not a battle picture, but was taken at a training school in France where young soldiers are taught to throw grenades and experience the shocks of bomb explosions.

Sturdy Slav Soldiers From Riga to Erzerum

Russian field-gun detachment in the Riga region, including a youthful Muscovite, who looks distinctly debonair with his cap cocked over his right ear. There is a strong strain of the Mongol type about these soldier subjects of the Tsar.

Turkish prisoners taken in the fighting round Erzerum going into captivity under a Russian guard. The cold in the Caucasus was intense, and these hardy Orientals have the appearance of Polar explorers.

THE happiest event of the winter campaign is undoubtedly the fall of Erzerum. By losing this fortress, together with hundreds of guns and a large number of men, the Turks have sustained their severest blow since the war began. Grand Duke Nicholas has once more proved a supreme strategist, and in pushing his armies on to Mush he has consolidated the victory. Russia now holds Armenia and all the roads to the Black Sea, and this should have a tremendous political effect in the East.

From the two photographs, the Russian of the north seems a strikingly divergent type from his brother of the Caucasus. Whereas the northerner seems almost Mongolian, the southerner has a peculiarly Latin appearance.

Splendid types of Caucasian soldiers in their picturesque uniforms. Ammunition is all that these soldiers receive from the Russian Government, but in return for their services they are given so many acres of land for farming purposes.

Keep Your Eye On Ypres!

By Our War Correspondent, F. A. McKENZIE

PEOPLE who wish to appreciate what is happening along the western front, and what may happen, would be well advised to keep their eyes on the Ypres salient.

In October, 1914, in the great fighting that followed the orders of the Kaiser to "reach Calais at all costs," the centre of battle was the old town of Ypres, in Belgium. Ypres was the last of the great towns of Belgium left to the Allies. It was the ancient capital of West Flanders, once a great commercial and manufacturing centre, with many of its architectural glories still remaining. Its population of two hundred thousand had declined to less than eighteen thousand. Wars, sieges, popular uprisings, and the plague had, in the course of centuries, swept over it. It had come to be a somewhat sleepy lace-making centre, glorified by an old cathedral and a magnificent Cloth Hall, the most splendid building of its kind in Belgium.

It would have been hard to realise, when curious tourists wandered through its streets in the early summer of 1914, that here was to be the heart of the Anglo-German conflict.

A Link With Civilisation

Everyone knows how the tremendous attack of October, 1914, was foiled, after perhaps the most desperate fighting the world has witnessed. A little British army, almost exhausted by many weeks of continuous hard fighting, beat back the German invaders, at least five times superior in numbers. When, in November, 1914, the German attack ended Ypres still remained in our hands, the head of our Flanders front.

During the winter of 1914-15 Ypres was a kind of Mecca to our troops. Many of the inhabitants who had fled during the autumn battle now returned. Shopkeepers took down their shutters. Ladies opened tea houses and restaurants. The soldier in the wet and muddy trenches regarded a visit to Ypres as a glimpse of heaven. Here he could get a hot bath; he could go into comfortable rooms for tea; he could find a warm bed to sleep in. The Germans occasionally shelled the place, it is true, but no one particularly heeded that. The Ypreois had become hardened to shells. And as winter merged into spring the hopes of the people rose high. The great allied advance was soon to begin. Before many weeks Ypres would be out of the danger zone, for the enemy would be flung far back.

The City of Lost Souls

Then one afternoon in April, 1915, the great blow fell. There had been unusually heavy shelling for some days. Suddenly hell seemed let loose. Monster guns opened out in a rain of death, big 17 in. shells that made a crater in the earth when they exploded, 12 in. shells, "Grannies," "Mothers," and "Coal Boxes." Amid the overwhelming din the people rushed from their houses almost distraught. Turcos, fleeing from Langemarck to the back of the town proclaiming that all was lost, increased the confusion. Mothers grasped their babies and ran; men tore away; those who waited to take anything with them died, and many of those who fled were struck down on the way. Ypres became the city of death.

Again came another German attack, an attack lasting several weeks, with the one primary aim to take Ypres. In the first onrush the Canadians saved the day for us. Then other troops came up, and a fight even more costly and strenuous than the earlier battle for the place followed. Once more we held it, but at the end of the struggles Ypres stuck out as a big salient, running into the German front. On three sides the Germans surrounded it. From three sides they could pour their fire into it. We held on, but only "by the skin of our teeth!" Not without reason soldiers named the place the "bloody salient," for every field of it has been drenched with the blood of brave men.

Think of the names of the places around it—Hill 60, Hooge, Zonnebeke, St. Eloi, Dickebusch, and St. Julien! From one side the heights of Messines menace it. Nearly three-quarters of a circle of German positions, backed by strong artillery, heap their fires upon it.

Why have the German General Staff shed so much blood to secure it? Why do they mean to make another great endeavour to capture it? There are two reasons. The first is political. It was the Kaiser's intention to announce the annexation of Belgium from the ancient cathedral of Ypres. He could then claim that practically all Belgium was in his hands, for even though we still held Furnes, that town would count for little. Secondly, Ypres is the centre of the high roads to the west. The great avenues from the country all around meet here. The Germans must take Ypres if they are to push on to Calais.

At the moment of writing many signs indicate that the Germans will make another attempt. Since May last year they have kept up a continuous struggle around the Ypres salient. When I was in the town last autumn it received regular morning and afternoon "strafes," and occasional bombardments in between. In December it was subjected to terrific fire, and when I last saw the place, a few days ago, it seemed as though the Germans were determined not to leave one stone standing upon another. Day and night the deserted town, still standing white-stoned against the winter sky, was being pelted with shells of every kind.

Why We Hold On to Ypres

From the point of view of military strength, Ypres is to-day a weakness rather than a strength to us. From the point of view of prestige, its occupation is invaluable. But our only certain defence of Ypres can be an advance on its flanks, that will give us the possession of Messines. To ensure the possession of Ypres we need to occupy the land to the south of it, making the Ypres-Lille Canal our front to the River Lys. An advance like this on our side would be the first step towards the capture of Lille, and the capture of Lille would mark the beginning of the end.

The much-vaunted capture by the Germans of one of our trenches on the Ypres salient is regrettable but not vital, and nothing like vital. But it would be foolish to shut our eyes to the fact that any trench lost along this exiguous and dangerous zone must count for more than it would in most other parts.

The German late winter advance on the British front is likely to come just around this spot. It is now being preceded by heavy artillery duels. The Germans are making various attacks, some of them apparently very foolish. The purpose of these is probably to try to induce us to reveal our positions, and to indicate the strength of our artillery. Farmers familiar with West Flanders say that the weather begins to be better and the land more dry at the beginning of March. When the weather improves we may look for the full development of the German move.

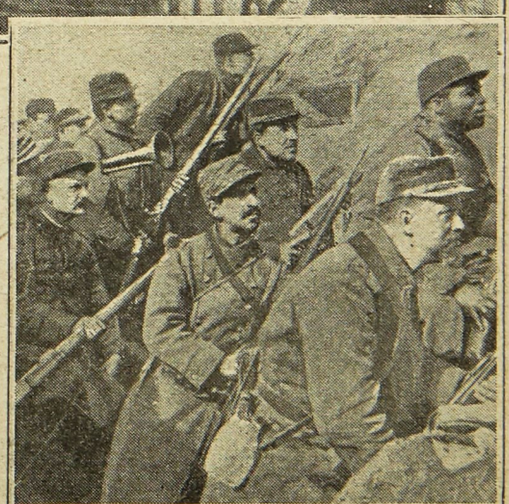
Ready for Anything

"Are we to wait until the Germans attack us? What are our armies going to do?" I hear some ask. I would reply to them in an old Scots phrase, "Dinna fash yersel'!" Don't worry! Our military plans in the west are in very good hands. We have taken full advantage of the winter. If the Germans win any great success along this front, I shall be greatly surprised. If we do not do something more than hold our own, there will be genuine reason for wonder.

What the stay-at-home public want to realise is that it will be a fight, not a walk-over for either side. We cannot place any weight on tales of German unpreparedness or exhaustion. The Germans have built up formidable defences here, and they are strong for either defence or attack. The fighting here must be costly. It may well be that for a time victory at particular points will seem to incline first to one side, then to another. There will be little cause for anxiety in this. For unless our plans have gone very much astray, we ought to be able to fling in the most enormous stock of munitions, and constant supports of men. And the last battalions thrown on this point will bring victory.

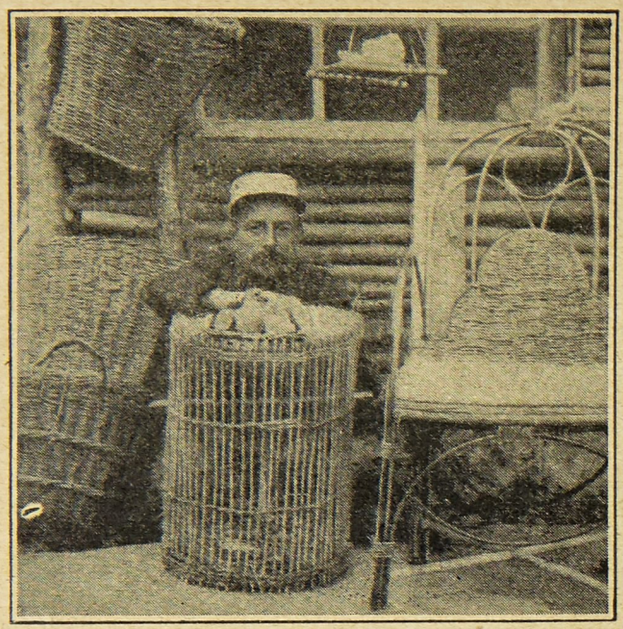
First-line Contrasts in the Stress of Battle

The pain of war amid the restful silence of a French wood. A sentry, discovered wounded at his post, being carried to a dressing-station.

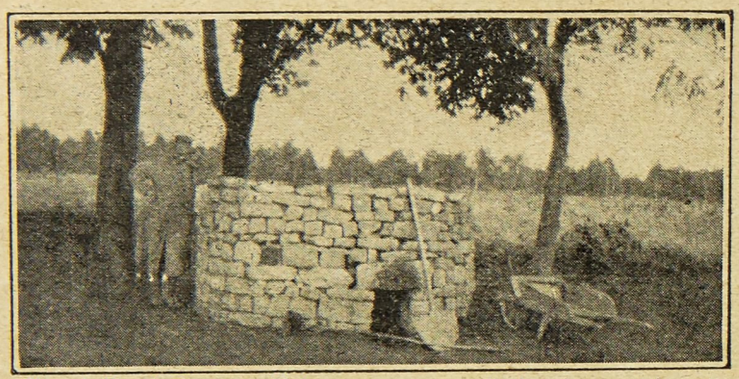


The label of honour. Frenchmen, slightly wounded and wearing the official "wound tickets," walking from the trenches to a hospital behind the lines. Right: A moment of tension. The bugle about to sound the charge in a French trench manned by United States Legionaires—who are not "too proud to fight."

Out-of-the-Way Films From the French Front



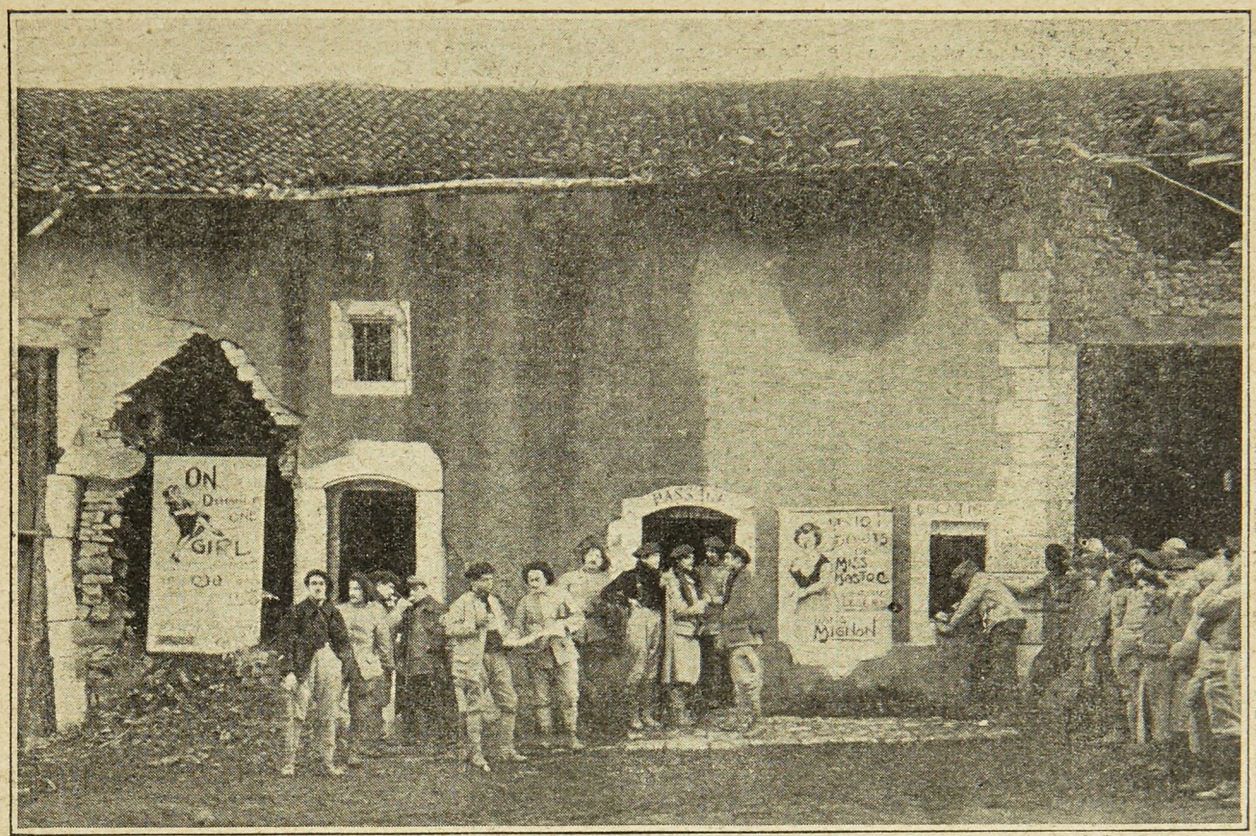
Bird-cages, wicker chairs, and baskets, made by French soldiers during their rest from the trenches. Two pigeons can be discerned on the cage roof.



Stone-built coke furnace which serves as a crematorium in a certain section of the French front. Right: Paper-knives made by French infantrymen from the heads of 77 mm. shells. Above: Anything to relieve the monotony of warfare is welcome in the French trenches. Some of our allies interested in the antics of a mascot blackbird.

French soldiers constructing a peculiar form of wooden trap, from the branches of trees, used in the trenches to impede German charges.

Theatricals Behind the Lines & Prison Walls



The drama at the front. Queue of French soldiers waiting for admittance to a "show" behind the lines. The theatre is an old shell-wrecked farm building, and the posters and props alike are the work of local talent. Among the amusing notices on the walls is one which reads, "Counterfeit money taken here."

A little tragedy in the great tragedy. Dramatic performance given by Belgian prisoners interned at Amberg, Bavaria. The audience and orchestra, as well as the cast, consisted of allied war prisoners. In view of the amateurish material available, the talent of the actors and the scenery may be counted a very distinct success.

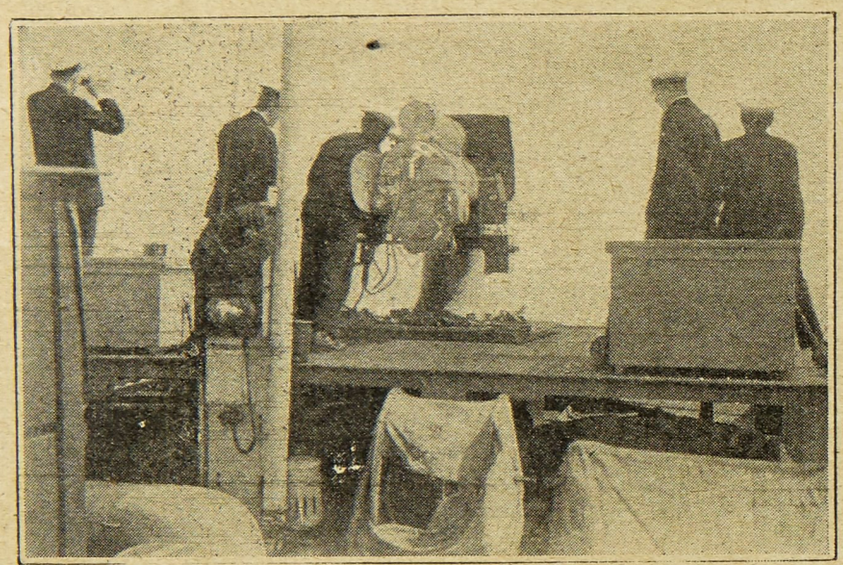
Sea Power and the Fall of Erzerum

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

WHEN a great fortress which has been modernised under German direction since 1910 falls by assault in five days, although it was of overwhelming importance to the joint plans of Germany and Turkey that it should hold out, it is reasonable to look for other contributory causes besides those of splendid generalship and the morale of the attacking army.

From time to time attention has been drawn to the effect that the destruction of Turkey's sea transport in the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora must have on the supplies of her armies, just as the more rigorous operation of the blockade, cutting off all supplies, constrained the movements of the Southern armies to their doom in the American Civil War.

It was the good fortune of the Russians in the Black Sea that there was no neutral shipping to replace what had belonged to Turkey. Some day we may hope that sea-power will be unshackled in the west to carry out a real blockade of the Germanic Empires, leaving them to feed on their own resources; and though we can never recover the lost time, I do not doubt the assistance that will thereby be rendered to the armies in the field.



With the British fleet in the Mediterranean. A 4·7 in. naval gun engaging an enemy submarine which was bent upon mischief of real military value for once.

Now, at Erzerum the Russians were about seventy-five miles from their railhead, and the Turks by road seven times as far from the railway terminus of Angora. The nearest point of the completed section of the Bagdad Railway was certainly closer than Angora, but great obstacles of mountain ranges intervened.

Importance of Trebizond

These facts caused the Turks to depend, as in the past, on the great Black Sea port of Trebizond, about two hundred miles away by road. The only rival of this place is the great Russian oil port of Batum, with railway accommodation, and between them they divide much of the trade of Europe with Persia. Coasting from Batum, it is ninety-three miles to Trebizond; but before one gets there, or about two-thirds the distance, there is the smaller port of Riza, whence a road to Erzerum was being constructed by the Turks some years ago. It is unique on this malarial coast in being very healthy, while the neighbourhood is a good source of supply.

Seven miles farther west of Trebizond is another port, Platana, or one hundred miles coasting from Batum. The steamers that used to call on these ports were chiefly dependent on the sailing shipping which has suffered so severely from Prince Troubitzkoy's Russian destroyers. Trebizond was in telegraphic communication with both Erzerum and Constantinople.

When the Ice Breaks

The victory has come at a time when the Black Sea will be opening to shipping everywhere, except by the Turkish door through the Dardanelles and Bosphorus. Now is not the time for repining over those small Powers' barred doors which block us in the Sound, the Scheldt, and the Dardanelles, except to make up our minds that after this war all sea defences shall be razed.

By the end of February in the Black Sea the short spell of ice barriers in the north usually unlocks. It may be as well to put on record the ice conditions for the Russian commercial harbour at Odessa, and for the Danube navigation at the mouths eighty to ninety-five miles away, since Odessa is a fairly good datum as to when Russia will be free to use her maritime advantages to the full.

In 1911 the block extended from January 19th to February 28th, and the Danube navigation was reopened on February 24th. In 1910 there occurred a very severe winter, and while the Danube was reopened on March 7th, Odessa was not freed of ice until April. These conditions were, however, very abnormal. In 1909 both Odessa and the Danube were open all the time. In 1908 Odessa was opened on February 20th, and the Danube on March 31st.

We are now on the eve of a period when Russia is free to do much effective work by using her Navy and mercantile marine. If, as is generally assumed, the Turks will retreat so as to be nearer the railway than the Russians, then the latter will find the reinforcements and supply of their forces by the ports along the Black Sea coast a very useful expedient if they possess sufficient shipping for their purposes. This shepherding from the sea is the more necessary since Erzerum possesses all its natural strength as against an attack from the eastward, and not from the west.

An endeavour will undoubtedly be made on the part of the Turks to retrieve the situation, and this must be met by advancing as quickly as possible to secure a strong defensive line. The farther the Russians get from their railhead the more will they depend on the sea and the series of ports along the coast from Trebizond to Sinope, according to the distance they advance in the course of 1916.

Now, the one lesson of the war has been for all the resources of the Allies to contribute to the simultaneous offensive; and it is certain that we do not do so, nor do we enhance our prestige, which counts for so much in the East, by sitting down in Egypt. The problem, therefore, before the War Councils in Paris, London and Rome is the one of pressing forward so that Germany can afford no relief to Turkey, while the latter is unable to concentrate against the Grand Duke's army.

The Greatest Problem

We have to survey the situation as a whole, with due regard not merely to strategical and tactical factors, but also to the health of the country in which our troops will be forced to act, and to the ominous state of affairs in the shipping trade which has induced Mr. Runciman to say that the shipping problem is the greatest economic problem of the day. It is, however, also the greatest military problem in regard to the neutral as well.

Why should the neutral ship be allowed to profit by the splendid efficiency of our Navy, and smuggle goods through Denmark and Holland? If there had been such neutral shipping and territory to do similar offices for the Turkish Army, the Russians would have had a much more difficult task. What is still more wonderful is that the very German mines and submarines discriminate in favour of those neutral ships who do this work for Germany, while the Norwegians, who do not, lose ship after ship.

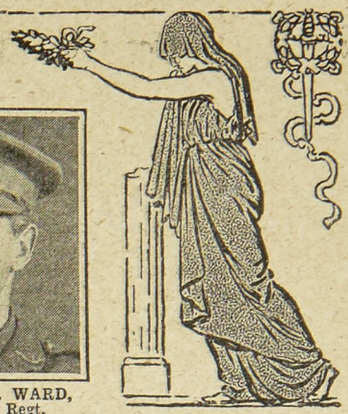
Control Co-ordination

The dice are loaded very heavily against us this way. May we not vary the metaphor, and say the sands have all but run out, and *at last* we are going to act?

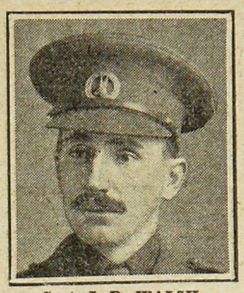
The resources of the country have necessarily been devoted to war, with the result that there has not been anything like the normal output of new ships to replace those which have fallen victims to the enemy. The war's demands grow, and the scarcity of ships is a limitation to the full exercise of our maritime power.

For this reason pleas have been put forward for a more businesslike use of the ships. For this reason we asked months ago for Japanese small fighting craft, destroyers and trawlers, to be sent to the Mediterranean to help to hunt submarines. Again, for this reason we pleaded for unity of control under British direction for all the allied small craft.

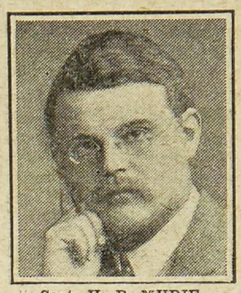
Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead



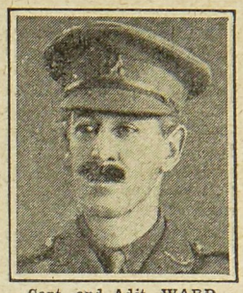
Brig.-Gen. W. J. St. J. HARVEY, Black Watch.



Capt. J. D. WALSH, 2nd S. African Infantry.



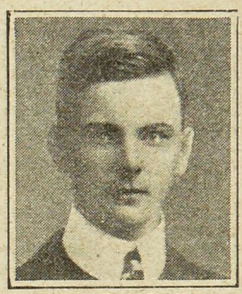
Capt. H. B. MUDIE, Remount Service.



Capt. and Adjt. WARD, 5th Norfolk Regt.

Lieut. the Hon. M. H. N. HOOD, R.N.V.R.

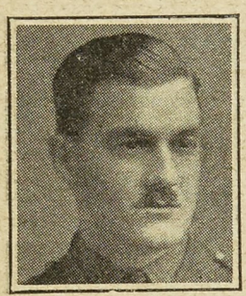
Lieut. J. A. COWIE, R.N.R.



Lieut. W. C. MAYO, 9th Sherwood Foresters.

Lieut. E. M. HARPER, 7th Royal Munster Fusiliers.

Lieut. E. G. WILLIAMS, 2nd Grenadier Guards.



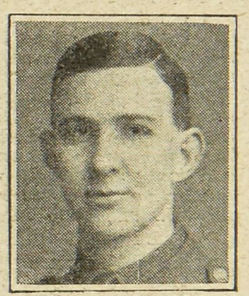
Lieut. B. E. HICKS, 8th Royal Berks Regt.

Brigadier-General W. J. St. John Harvey died of wounds received in action in Mesopotamia. He saw long service with the Black Watch and was at most of the engagements in the Boer War, being wounded at Magersfontein. Later he went to Egypt and was appointed to the command of a brigade in September, 1915.

Captain and Adjutant Edward Martyr Ward was one of the lost legion of Norfolks, whose heroism on Gallipoli is one of the epics of the war. Lieutenant the Hon. Maurice Hood, killed in action on Gallipoli, was the only surviving son of Viscount and Viscountess Bridport. He was gazetted lieutenant in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, his seniority being dated February 28th, 1915.

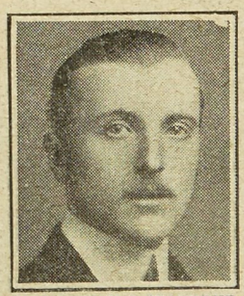
Lieutenant the Hon. William Lionel Charles Walrond, M.P., died from tubercular laryngitis contracted on active service. He was the younger and only surviving son of Lord Waleran, and was private secretary to his father when Chief Unionist Whip. In 1906 he was elected in the Unionist interest for the Tiverton Division.

Lieutenant James A. Cowie was a shipmaster when he joined the Navy on the outbreak of war. For some time he was on duty in the North Sea, but was transferred to the English Channel, and subsequently went to the Mediterranean to command a patrol unit. His ship was reported missing, and has now been given up for lost. Lieut. Cowie was regarded as a skilled officer and had received official recognition for bravery on duty.

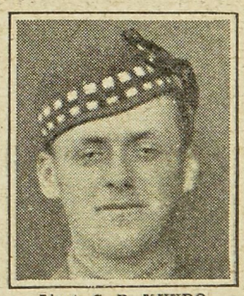


Lieut. G. E. TRACEY, 9th Devonshire Regt.

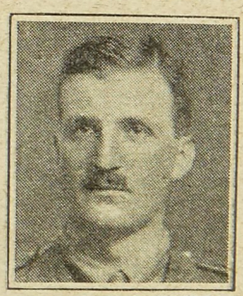
Lieut. S. R. V. TRAVERS, 7th Royal Munster Fusiliers.



Lt. Hon. W. L. C. WALROND, M.P., A.S.C.



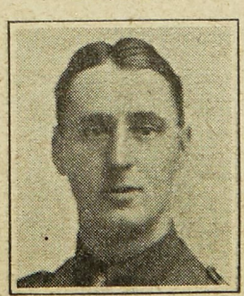
Lieut. C. B. MUNRO, 13th Royal Scots.



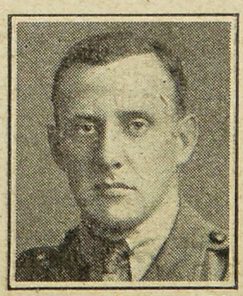
Lieut. H. B. L. HINDE, 3rd Somerset L.I.

Lieut. J. P. PHILLIMORE, 6th The Buffs.

Sub.-Lieut. W. V. GILBERT, Royal Naval Division.



Sec.-Lieut. A. S. BAXTER, 18th Middlesex Regt.



Sec.-Lt. W. J. McCONNOCHIE, Royal Flying Corps.

Lieut. E. E. EARLY, 5th Lincoln Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. G. R. A. CASE, 3rd Lancs Regt.

Portraits by Bassano, Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Brooke Hughes, Russell.

Cross Currents in the Air Question

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

THE question of building British airships is eclipsed at the present moment by the Air Muddle question, for recent events, including sundry airship raids, have exposed the hopeless state of muddle existing in our lack of arrangements for aerial defence. Mr. Joynson-Hicks has exposed the lack of anti-aircraft guns along our coasts, just where Zeppelins fly lowest, and are most easily hit. Mr. Tennant, Under-Secretary for War, has admitted that our aeroplane supplies are inadequate. Mr. Samuel has stated now, after eighteen months of war, that we are going to have, some time in the future, a proper system of inter-communication between defensive air stations and a central control station, at the price of cutting off the public from the use of the telephone system while raids are in progress, just when anxious people want to find out whether those dear to them are safe.

The imple Solution

Mr. Balfour has again admitted, in new words, that he is a child in these matters. Sir Percy Scott is a kind of shuttlecock between the War Office and the Admiralty, and is likely to be swamped in the middle of Whitehall unless one of these departments provides a lodging for him and his guns. Would anyone have believed it possible that the air defence of this country could be in such a muddle after eight years of warning and eighteen months of war in the air? Yet the solution of all these difficulties is perfectly simple if only the whole organisation of aerial defence and offence is put into the hands of one capable man, and if the Navy and Army are allowed to look after the seaplanes and aeroplanes which they need for their respective jobs. The proposed Air Ministry need not interfere in the least with the two existing Services. The air defence of this country can be tackled quite separately.

Arguments Against Airships

There seems to be the making of a very pretty argument just at present between the advocates of airships and those who pin their faith to aeroplanes. Those who claim to be the highest authorities on all questions of aircraft—namely, the staff of the Royal Aircraft Factory, their associates of the National Physical Laboratory, and the "technical experts who compose Lord Rayleigh's committee"—seem to be of the opinion that large airships can have no great future after the aeroplane has developed into a twenty-four-hour or fifty-hour flying machine, and that they can have no prospect of being useful to the British cause within the expected duration of the present war.

Having fought for an adequate supply of aeroplanes when these same "experts" wanted to spend money on airship experiments, I am naturally not prejudiced in favour of airships; nevertheless I am forced to admit that the airship advocates, who include some of the most long-headed and experienced officers of the Navy and Army, have a number of good arguments on their side. The chief reason for opposing the building of airships in the past three or four—or even five—years was the fact that the amount of money which the Government was prepared to spend on all sorts of aircraft was just enough to experiment with a few aeroplanes, and not enough to build and experiment with one decent airship. Remember that, at the beginning of the war, the Royal Flying Corps could not raise one hundred aeroplanes which were fit for active service, and remember that a hundred aeroplanes cost about half as much as a Zeppelin, and you will see the soundness of the argument. If the airship people had had their way we should, on that line of reasoning, have had half a Zeppelin, instead of the few aeroplanes which saved the British Army at Mons. That reason for "scrapping" airships no longer holds good, and there are good reasons now for having airships.

In Favour of Dirigibles

The aeroplane which can fly for twenty-four or fifty hours—as prophesied by the "experts"—is still a long way from existing as a practical vehicle. True one German pilot has flown for twenty-four hours and ten minutes without stopping, and several others have flown for fourteen or fifteen, or eighteen hours, but their machines were simply flying petrol-tanks; they had no power to spare to lift bombs or guns capable of destroying airships, and their speed was much slower than that of any decent airship.

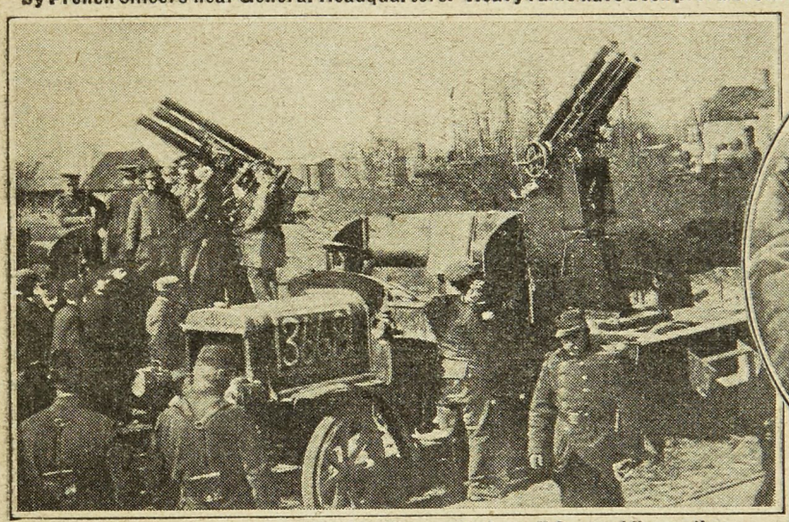
It seems unlikely that the airship will be put out of existence yet awhile by aeroplanes, which are capable of going up in the evening and of patrolling over cities till daylight as an anti-airship guard. On the other hand, there are certain officers who know enough about airships to be able to turn out something capable of tackling a hostile Zeppelin, if they are allowed to spend money freely in building the types they wish.

It seems well worth while to let those who know most about airships go ahead with their work with all possible speed. Even in time of peace airships will have their uses, for there is some satisfaction in being able to float peacefully if an engine stops, instead of being compelled to come down.

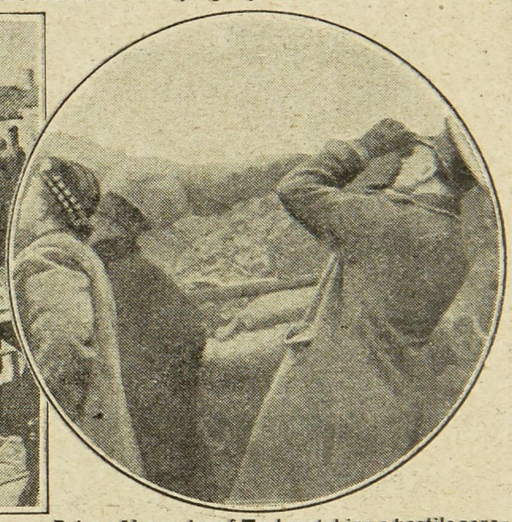
British anti-aircraft quick-firers shelling Taubes from armoured cars in a French village behind the lines. This illustration, from a sketch made during a raid, shows two enemy aeroplanes being driven off. At no great distance from the firing-line the French peasants, as can be seen, still continue their farm work.

Wrecked Aeroplanes and 'Archies' East and West

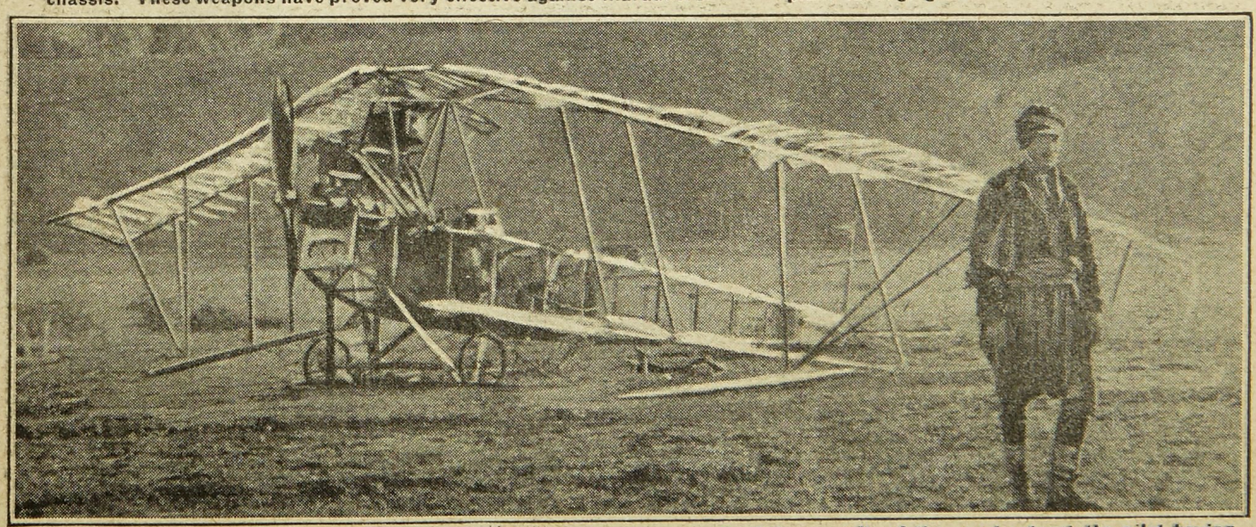
German biplane brought down by the French near Salonika. The machine was practically undamaged, and is under inspection by French officers near General Headquarters. Heavy rains have been prevalent in Macedonia to judge by the state of this roadway.



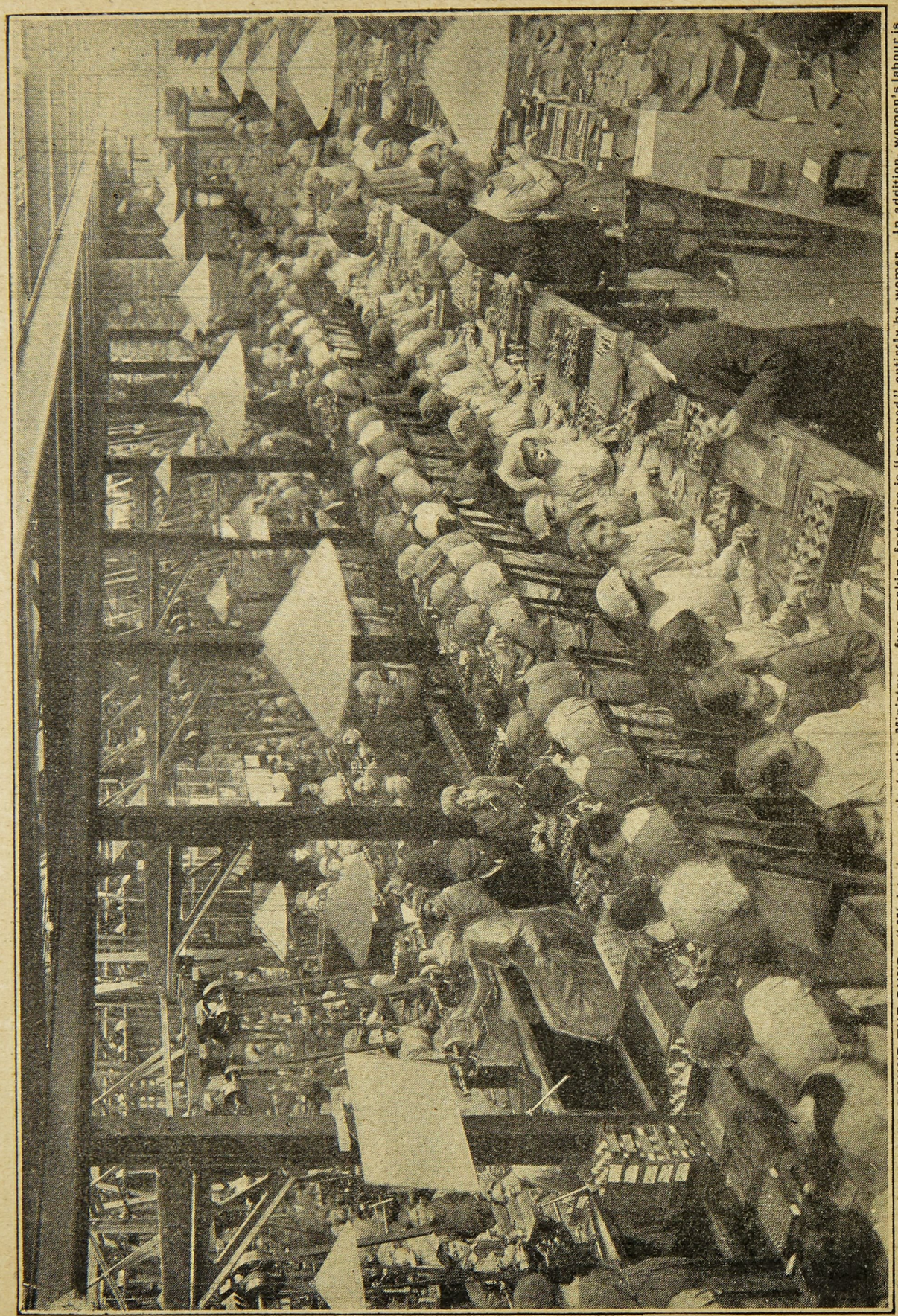
British anti-aircraft guns, or "Archies," mounted on "General" omnibus chassis. These weapons have proved very effective against marauders.



Prince Alexander of Teck watching a hostile aeroplane through glasses in trenches near the Yser.



Wreckage of a Serbian aeroplane left in an Albanian mountain pass. Doubtless a relic of the great retreat, the pilot having destroyed the mechanism before abandoning the aeroplane through lack of petrol.



SOME OF THE WOMEN BEHIND THE GUNS.—"Ministering angels to the Ministry of Munitions," as they have been called, comprising representatives of every social grade. In this striking illustration a number are "assembling" fuses. The work of making and testing shell-fuses is so admirably suited to them that the machinery in the majority of fuse-making factories is "manned" entirely by women. In addition, women's labour is employed in other work of very diversified character in munition shops. After the war the view-point of old-fashioned folk, who think that such-and-such a thing "cannot be done by women," will need readjusting. Britain's necessity has proved women's opportunity.

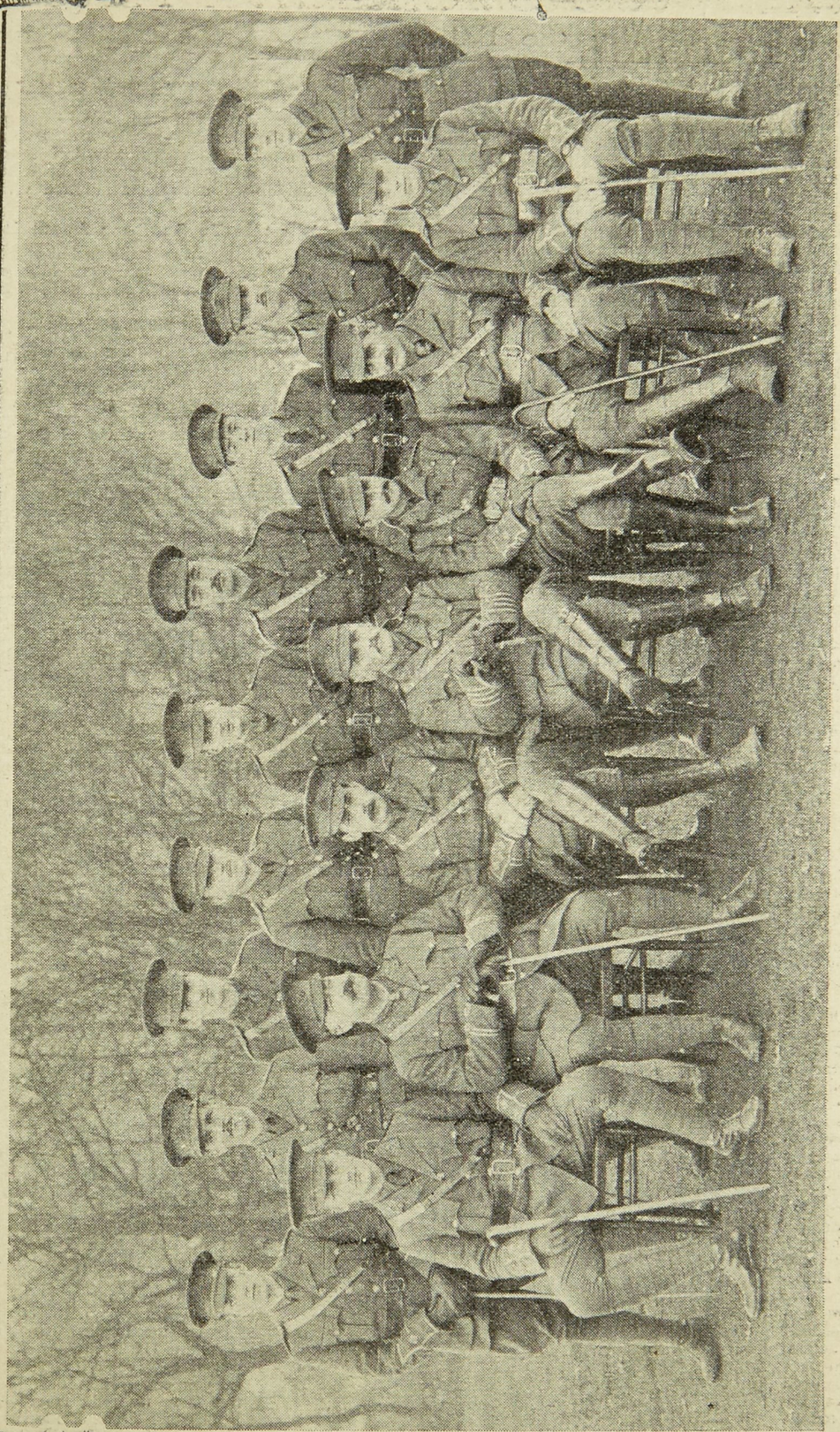


Photo by Lassano.

OFFICERS WHO WILL LEAD OUR NEW ARMIES TO VICTORY.—NO. XV.

9TH BATTALION THE SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT.—Back row: Sec.-Lieut. L. H. A. Deakin, Sec.-Lieut. P. C. Parry, Sec.-Lieut. E. L. Savill, Sec.-Lieut. G. G. Bell, Sec.-Lieut. H. E. D. Cullen, Sec.-Lieut. H. M. Ferguson, Sec.-Lieut. A. G. Dowry, Sec.-Lieut. C. S. Marchant, Sec.-Lieut. H. E. Davis. Front row: Lieut. H. Harpham, Capt. J. F. Chapman, Capt. and Adjt. M. L. Freeth, Col. A. R. Loscombe (commanding), Major C. A. M. Howard, Capt. W. H. Keys, Sec.-Lieut. L. Dodson.

Following the Drum—and After

By the Editor

Is the War Office Responsible?

WHAT may be termed the medical aspect of Army Service is again engaging attention in a somewhat unpleasant manner. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand who enlist in the Army do so in the belief that it, as a result of their service with the Colours, they become incapacitated for work on their return to civil life, they will receive some sort of compensation from the War Office. This belief has received a rude shock by the publicity given to several cases which, if remedial steps be not taken, will constitute one of the gravest scandals of the war. It appears that if a man is invalided out of the Service with rheumatism, due to standing in the water of the trenches, or with consumption, due to hardship and exposure, he has no claim whatsoever on the War Office, even if his condition is such as to preclude any possibility of his earning his living in a civil capacity. The War Office authorities shelter themselves behind the statement that it is impossible to tell whether such diseases are a direct result of service, or are merely the development of seeds sown in the constitution at an earlier date.

Wave of Indignation

THIS is no answer at all. Indeed, it constitutes a very grave reflection on the doctor who passed such cases in the first instance. It is the business of an Army doctor to know whether the recruit whom he examines is a thoroughly sound man or not, and if the doctor makes a mistake, and a man passed by him is discharged from the Army unable to earn a living, the War Office should stand by the mistake of its official, and provide the necessary monetary compensation. Reference has been made already in these columns to the lack of care exercised in the examination of recruits during the last few months. This policy may mean an imposing paper total, but it is laying up terrible trouble for the future. Fathers, mothers, and wives will endure bravely the loss of a son or husband on the field of battle, but there will be a tremendous wave of indignation if, as a result of the present policy, thousands of men who ought never to have been passed for the Army are thrown back into civil life incapacitated for earning a living, and dependent, at the best, on the charity of their friends, or, at the worst, on the poor rates.

"A Hundred Years' War"

HOUSTON STEWART CHAMBERLAIN—traitor Chamberlain — declares that the war between England and Germany will last a hundred years — not necessarily the fighting in the field, but the international struggle for supremacy. "Krieg," he explains, means much more than "war" or "guerre"; it signifies an obstinate persistence in the endeavour to accomplish some purpose. The struggle between the two countries is no mere fight for physical supremacy, but a supreme effort to secure the ascendancy for its world-philosophy, and he proceeds to inform us that the essential aim of the English is the development of the will, whereas the German is devoted to artistically directed knowledge and action.

Rheims Cathedral, we suppose, is one monument of that artistically directed action. Anyhow, "a situation has arisen which will continue until one nation subjugates the other, for the two cannot possibly live on the same footing near and with one another." We little imagined that we could agree with anything that Houston Stewart Chamberlain ever might say, but he has got the truth this time. We have no intention of permitting the German—or the Prussian, at all events—to live on his old footing with any nation, and he is beginning to discover our power to give effect to our determination. But the job will not take a hundred years to accomplish.

What Is To Be Done About It?

"V. V. V.," in the "Sphere," puts the problem, but spares the answer. This is the question: Outside Kensington Palace is a statue of King William III., thus inscribed:

> William III. of Orange, King of Great Britain and Ireland (1689-1702). Presented by William II., German Emperor and King of Prussia, to King Edward VII., for the British nation, 1907.

What is to be done about it? It is suggested that if we sent it back, the Kaiser would melt it down for ammunition. But we might send it back in ammunition form.

Two Essentials of Peace

M. ALBERT THOMAS, the French Minister of Munitions, says there will be no peace until Alsace and Lorraine are definitely re-established as a part of French unity. His opinion is that the annexation of the two provinces by Germany was a political blunder due to inability to take long views, and one that imposed a too onerous trust upon the successors of the men responsible for it. We agree. The terms upon which peace can be made are gradually becoming clear, and one of them certainly is the restoration to France of Alsace and Lorraine.

The Pledge to Belgium

ANOTHER of the terms of possible peace is the restoration of the integrity and inviolability of Belgium as settled by the historic scrap of paper—as is announced to the whole world by the representatives of the Allies who have solemnly renewed the engagements originally entered into with that country. They have declared that the allied and guaranteeing Powers "will not end hostilities until Belgium has been restored to her political and economic independence, and liberally indemnified for the damage she has sustained." Great Britain, France and Russia made this solemn promise, and Italy and Japan, not guarantors of Belgium's independence, signified their assent. Both these statements, made by responsible Ministers, may give Germany something to think about.

A Compelling Contrast.

The Case for Vol. III

THE illustration on this page of the first two volumes of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, bound in the publishers' registered binding cases, affords a strong contrast to the loose parts of the third volume, some of which are torn, soiled and even lost. It were a great pity if you allowed this splendid record of the war to become soiled and incomplete, when, for only one shilling and sixpence, you can secure a handsome, strong and lasting binding case, which will keep all your twenty-six parts of each volume intact and unsoiled for years to come. Order the binding case for Volume III. from your newsagent to-day; or, if you prefer it, you can obtain one, post free for 1s. 10d., from the Publishers, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

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48 Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free. N

The War Illustrated, March 11th, 1916. *Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

The Meaning of Verdun by F. A. McKenzie

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly

Vol. 4 The Terrible Fight for Douaumont in the Great Battle of Verdun **No. 82**

Between the Devil and the Deep Sea

IT is the custom of the clergy to take their texts exclusively from the Word of God; but the devil, too, provides some fruitful aphorisms, and no apology seems to be required from a writer who offers a lucubration based upon one of the pearls of thought dropped from the lips of Herr Houston Stewart Chamberlain. Herr Houston Stewart Chamberlain, of course, is that unique creature the renegade Englishman, for whom a running noose and a five-foot drop will be ready when peace is signed. In the meantime he is using his breath to defame the land he has betrayed, and lately he has been screaming from the pulpit of the "Tägliche Rundschau," a German Service paper.

"WHAT must occur," he shrieks, "is the victorious maintenance of Germany's will against England's will. England's arrogance must be broken and humiliated. England must recognise that Germany is her superior. . . . Let us exploit ruthlessly all the weapons of strength at our disposal, and ruthlessly enforce specifically German idealism against English idealism in every direction." And besides pledging his dishonoured word that victory for Germany is certain, he commits himself to the really amazing prophecy that "in time even the English will be won over as the friends of Germany." One doesn't like to say "liar," but what is the proper word? That, however, is by the way. The words of the text are: "Let us ruthlessly enforce specifically German idealism," and our "firstly" is "What is German idealism?" And our "secondly" is "How do you ruthlessly enforce any idealism?"

THE answer to the first conundrum is the one word Kultur, a familiar word that yet has not been very accurately defined. Perhaps the best definition of it is that given lately by Professor Maurice Millioud. "Kultur implies State direction, to the end that man and the people shall be assimilated into it, incorporated within it, and shaped to serve its ends that they may share in the accomplishment of its purpose." And the purpose of the State, briefly, is to give effect to the doctrine of Pan-Germanism, which, again according to Professor Millioud, is the mental expression of the ambition of the caste which dominates the Empire.

THAT, of course, is the military caste. In the few years preceding the outbreak of the war opposition to it was arising in the Empire. Socialism was beginning to raise a menacing front against Militarism, but the people as a whole were still under the influence of the discipline imposed upon them by their educational authorities. It was rigid and cruel in the extreme, and paralysing to the soul of the individual, but it had the sanction of time. In 1773 the poet Schiller was enrolled as a pupil at the Free Seminary founded by the Duke of Würtemberg at Solitude, and spent there six of the most harassing and comfortless years of his life.

CARLYLE, who certainly cannot be accused of rabid anti-Germanism, says that the Stuttgart system of education seems to have been formed on the principle, not of cherishing and correcting Nature, but of rooting it out and supplying its place with something better. The process of teaching and living was conducted with the stiff formality of military drilling. Everything went by statute and ordinance; there was no scope for the exercise of free-will, no allowance for the varieties of original structure. What the effect on Schiller was we know from himself. His genius saved him from utter ruin, but his work was marred, or, at least, delayed, until he was emancipated from the tyranny of the system.

For eight years (he wrote) my enthusiasm struggled with military discipline; but the passion for poetry is vehement, and fiery as a first love. What discipline was meant to extinguish it blew into a flame. To escape from arrangements that tortured me, my heart sought refuge in the world of ideas, when as yet I was unacquainted with the world of realities, from which iron bars excluded me. I was unacquainted with men, for the four hundred that lived with me were but repetitions of the same creature, true casts of one single mould, and of that very mould which plastic Nature solemnly disclaimed. . . . Thus my pencil necessarily brought out a monster, for which by good fortune the world had no original, and which I would not wish to be immortal, except to perpetuate an example of the offspring which Genius in its unnatural union with Thraldom may give to the world. I allude to "The Robbers."

NOT so, most certainly, are a free people developed; but throughout the intervening hundred and forty years the military caste have persisted in their maintenance of the same thraldom of all who do not belong to themselves, and the hundreds of thousands of German soldiers who have fallen in this war, compressed cannon fodder, were so many "true casts of one single mould," as truly "creatures" and as certainly not "men" as the four hundred in whose society the ardent Schiller chafed at Solitude.

THE fruit of this specifically German idealism is slavery, spiritual, mental and bodily. Only in Germany is the fact not fully perceived, though there, too, the Socialists have caught a glimpse of it. Everywhere else men have seen through the specious protestations of German genius that its aims are purely altruistic. Universal philanthropy, as Carlyle remarked, forms but a precarious and very powerless rule of conduct. So far as this precious idealism has got it has produced slaves, and the world has declared its resolution not to permit slavery to continue as a condition in life. Kultur is recognised as the antithesis of civilisation because its tendency is retrograde, and its object is the restoration of conditions which have been discarded because they were worn out. The plain truth is that Germany's will is antagonistic to the will of the whole civilised world. Her situation reminds one of the cow that walked along the railway track to dispute the right of way with an express; the event will be as bad for Germany as it was for the cow.

THERE remains our "secondly": How do you ruthlessly enforce idealism? The answer is simplicity itself. You don't. You can't. If it does not grow from within the soul of a people they will always lack it; it cannot be imposed from without. To talk about enforcing idealism, ruthlessly or in any other fashion, is to make contradiction in terms. This latest rhetorical outburst on the part of Herr Houston Stewart Chamberlain is poor stuff to offer even to the Germans, and we cannot believe that it will keep them quiet very much longer. The man is a fool as well as a knave, for when the German people find that they have been led only to disaster and doom, they will mete out to their former lords some of that frightfulness and ruthlessness which these have been advocating as consistent with their idealism and as necessary to its realisation. What will Herr Chamberlain and men of his kidney do in those days? For even now they stand between the devil and the deep sea—and the deep sea belongs to us.

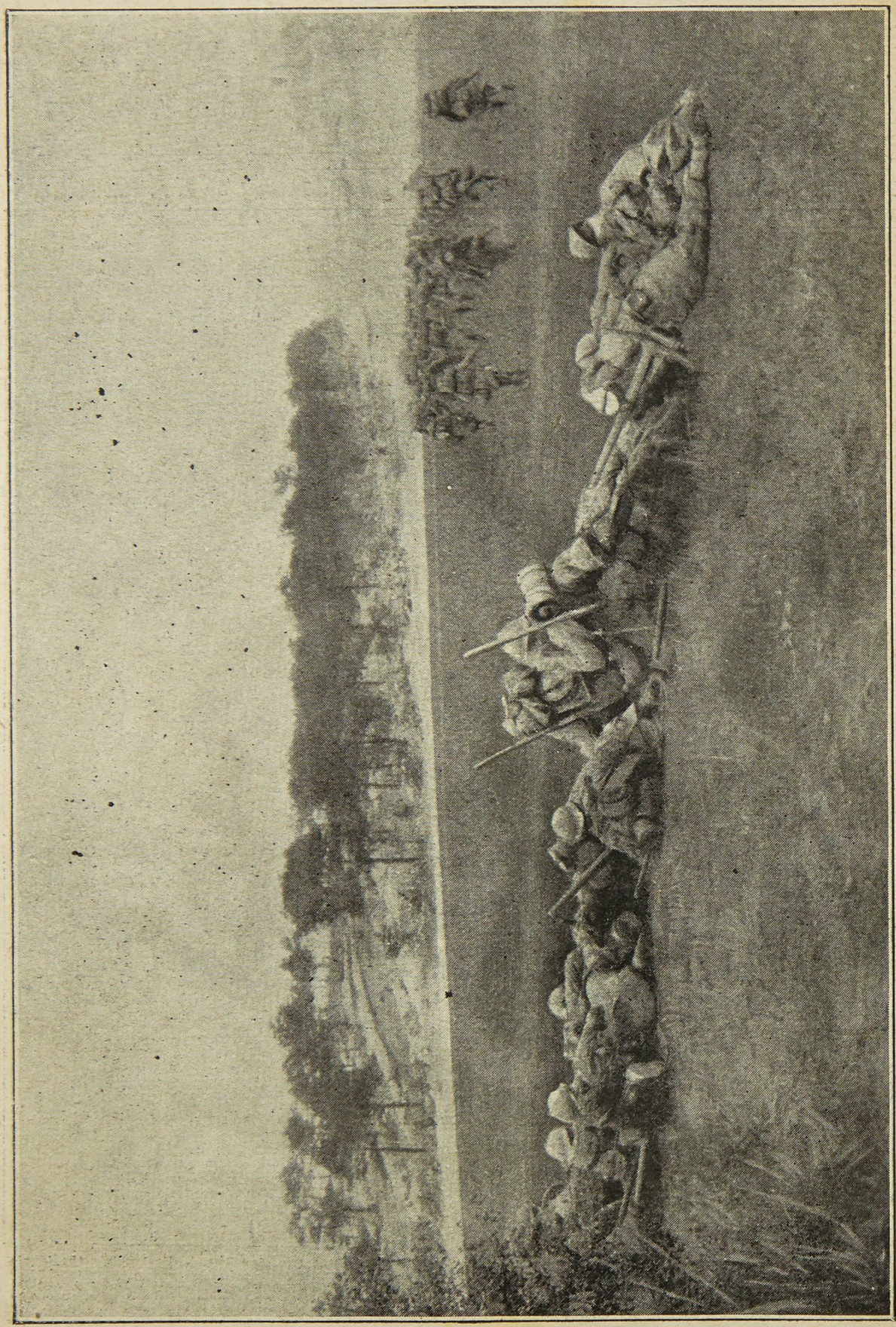
C. M.

11th March, 1916. No. 82. Vol. 4.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON

COWARDLY "KULTUR."—A favourite ruse of the treacherously-inclined Hun is to hide behind a comrade who apparently is surrendering himself prisoner. With rifle ready and loaded, he is able to take in cold blood the life of the hesitant Briton. This cowardly conduct occurred recently during a Canadian night attack on the Prussian Guard. Fortunately the Maple Leaf man was too quick for the Prussians, and managed to get a revolver "bull" and bayonet thrust in first. In this engagement the Canadians took the enemy by surprise, and succeeded in wreaking considerable damage with bombs.



FRENCH TROOPS ADVANCING TO A COUNTER-ATTACK.—After exploding a number of land-mines at a certain point along the French front recently, detachments of infantry received orders to occupy a number of positions from which they could launch a strong counter-attack against the Germans. This, one of the most striking photographs yet obtained in the zone of fire, shows the advance, at the double, of the first detachment. In the foreground is the second detachment, awaiting the command to advance and play its part on the colossal chess-board of war. All the men are wearing their steel helmets and respirators, in anticipation of a gas-attack by the checkmated Huns.

The Meaning of Verdun

By Our War Correspondent, F. A. McKENZIE

I AM writing this article at an hour when the fate of Verdun still hangs in the balance. It has frequently been maintained in these pages during the past few months that a big German offensive would take place in the west, and would be timed to commence before our own spring campaign could open. The thing has happened as anticipated. The Germans have once more acted on their established rule to hit first, and to hit as hard as they can. It is a very sound rule, too.

The idea that the western situation had resolved itself into a deadlock, and that stultified armies would vainly face each other there unable to move—while the war developed and was decided upon the Russian and south-eastern fronts—has been exploded once for all. There were many weighty arguments that the main spring move would be against Russia. The reasons on the other side seemed to me overwhelming, and so in truth they have proved.

Woolf's Bureau at Work

Writing in the most critical hour of the greatest battle the world has ever known, it would be foolish to forecast a result which may be known to all of my readers before this article is published. But it is already possible to draw some clear lessons from the early stages of the Battle of Verdun.

This battle has given the final lie to the belief that the German Army has lost its power, and that it is far less efficient, less confident, or less thoroughly equipped than it was two years ago. A number of people in this country have, during the past few months, carefully circulated every possible rumour against the German Army. We have heard that it is now recruited with cripples, youths, and old men, with lads of sixteen, and sexagenarians. These rumours have probably been spread from Berlin itself, deliberately spread with the idea of causing us to underestimate the enemy. As one Tommy said after a stiff fight, "If these are the cripples and the old men, I wonder what their able-bodied men are like!" We have to face the fact that our enemy this year is better prepared from a military point of view for the campaign ahead than ever before. He is strong in numbers, and his men are obsessed with assurance of victory.

Deadlock Fallacy Dispelled

The second lesson is that trench war, as developed nowadays, need not necessarily end in a deadlock. During the winter months most soldiers have keenly debated among themselves the question whether, granted any superiority in numbers, it would be possible for an army to penetrate far into the enemy's fully entrenched lines. It is easy enough to capture the first lines of trenches. The real problem comes in capturing the great gun positions behind. It seemed to many that so terrific a fire could be concentrated upon any point that an attacking army must be swept out of existence while attempting to cover the distance, possibly from one to two miles, between the front trenches and the main gun positions.

Verdun has shown that annihilation need not follow. The German armies have advanced, at the time of writing, at least four miles at various points from the original front trench line. That is to say, they have not only captured the front French trenches, but they have captured whole lines of artillery positions behind. The cost has, of course, been tremendous, but the thing has been done. The French expected a German attack, and had prepared for it. They had munitions in plenty, and doubtless they had also all manner of carefully concealed gun positions. And yet,

[*Continued on page 77*

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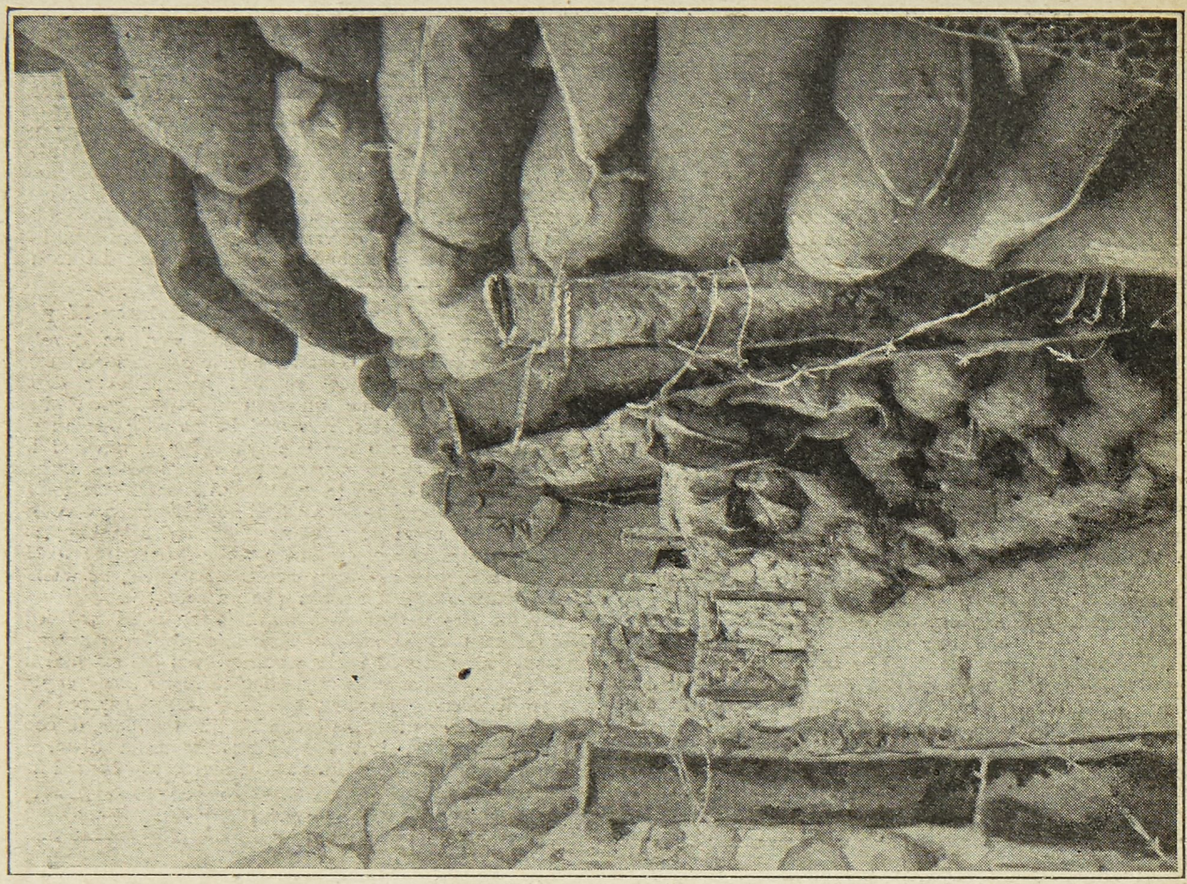
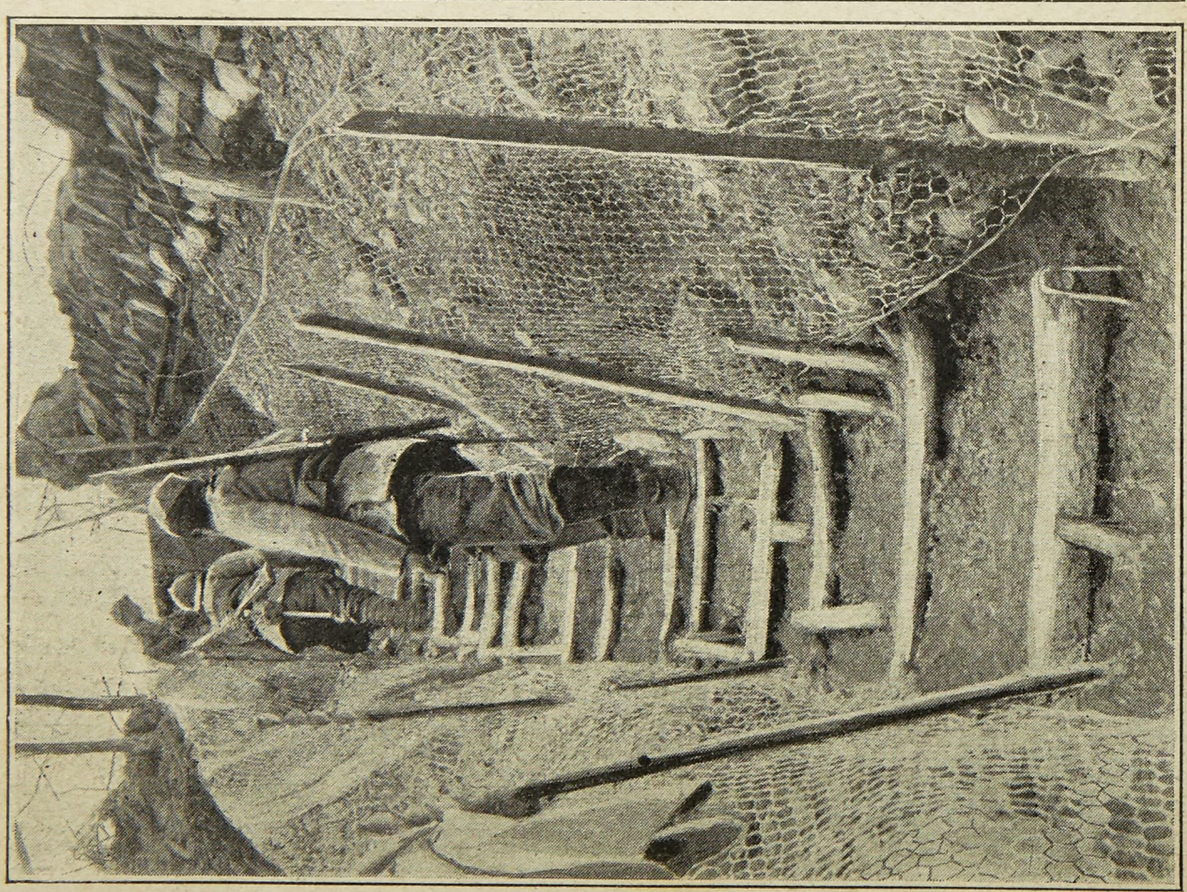
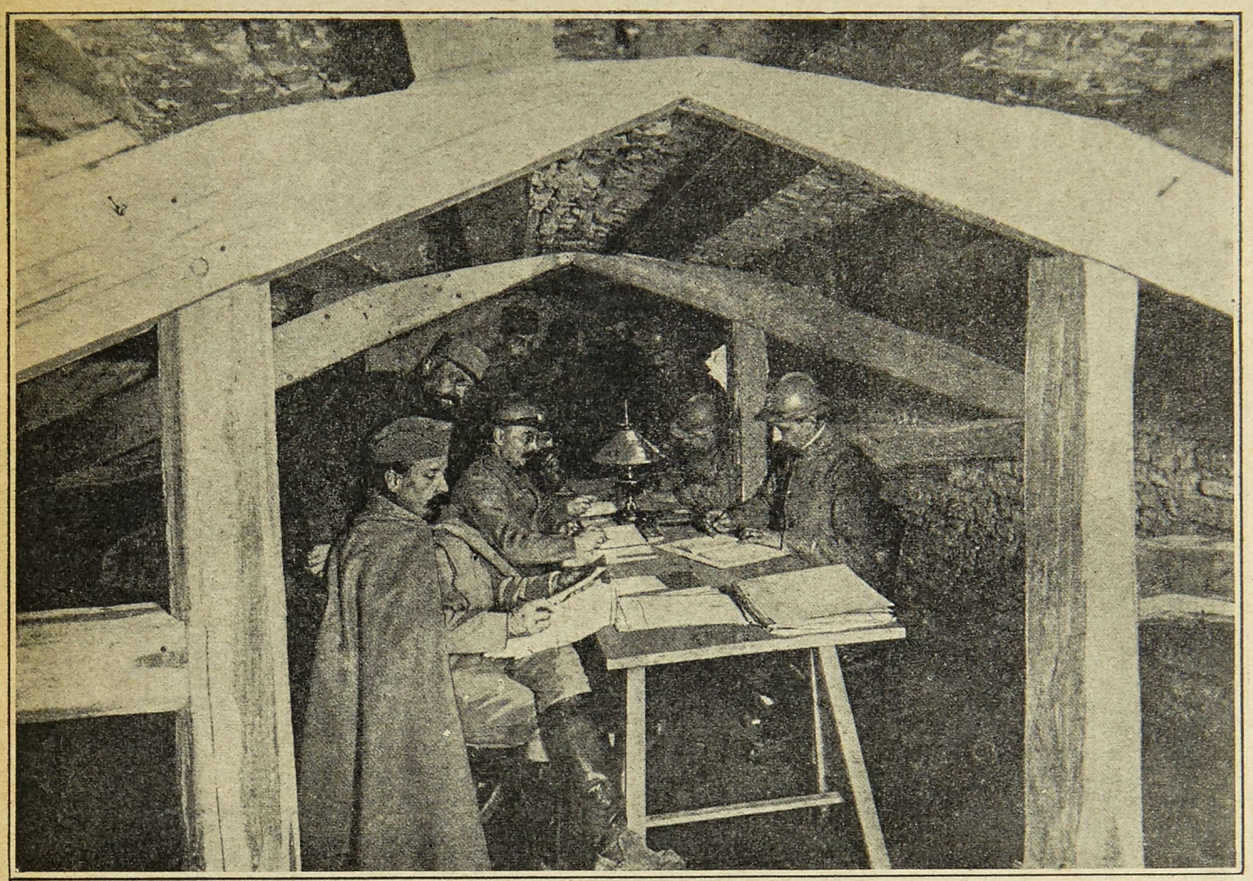
The French Champagne bombardment in September, 1915, was only strategic as compared with the German attack on Verdun in February, 1916. The above map shows the environment of this, the latest, great German offensive on the west front. The most sanguinary fighting took place at Douaumont and the Poivre Hills to the north-east of the stronghold proper.



strongly-fortified first-line trench on the French front. Above the earthworks piles of sandbags afford additional protection from enemy "hate." The two steel-capped watchers are peering through periscopes for movements in the German lines.



IN THE FRENCH FIRING-LINE WHEN "LIVELINESS" IS LULLED.—Pleasant effect, as of a peaceful rural garden, in a French firing trench where a rustic stairway marks a rambling passage to the next trench, built on a higher level. Right: In a



Headquarters of one of the French divisions established in a strongly fortified cellar near the firing-line. Staff officers, some of whom are wearing the steel casque, are busy working out some military problem.

THE MEANING OF VERDUN

(*continued from page 75.*)

in the face of it all, the Germans advanced from point after point until brought to a pause at this moment before the Douaumont ridge.

How has this been done? Again we are able to supply the answer even before the detailed accounts arrive from the front. The German victory is due in part to the reckless courage of the regiments that attacked. It is useless to ignore this point, even though these men are our enemies. But the advance was mainly due, not to the charges of the infantry, but to effects of artillery fire.

Hurricane of High Explosives

The Germans had clearly been preparing for months, at this point, a force of artillery and a stock of munitions unparalleled in the history of war. A little while ago a high French officer declared that, if necessary, France would hurl a million shells on every kilometre of the German lines and wipe them out. Germany did what France had threatened to do. The front French lines were simply wiped out by the fire from guns and howitzers of every size, from the 42 cm. downwards. The French troops in the front lines clung to their positions with the utmost gallantry so long as it was possible. But gallantry counts for little against 42 cm.'s filled with high explosives. While the front lines were thus being flattened out by this appalling rain of death, the heavier gun positions in the rear were themselves the mark of a still more formidable German fire. It was the greater concentration of guns at this point that made the German advance, such as it was, possible.

Compare this for the moment with the attack on Verdun a little over forty-five years ago, October, 1870, when the city was last besieged by the Germans. The Germans at this time attacked, not from many miles away, but planted their batteries a few hundred yards from the city walls. They opened fire, not with thousands of guns as now, but with forty-eight guns—12-pounders and 24-pounders. I may mention here that an ordinary field battery to-day is equipped with an 18-pounder gun; a siege-gun weighs its shell by the hundredweight or ton; that will show the difference between the calibre then and now. The Germans kept up what was considered then an almost overwhelming bombardment. They fired on an average from thirty to forty shots every minute. Now we fire more in a second. Many of their shells were incendiary, and set parts of the town on fire. Verdun was driven to surrender.

Whatever may be the result of the siege of Verdun to-day, the proof afforded by the early operations—that it is possible to break through the enemy trenches—is of the greatest importance to us. In the long lines of the west the French and British armies far outnumber the Germans. Did trenches constitute a final barrier, then 5,000,000 men, French, British and Belgian, would be held up impotently along a line of five hundred miles while the fate of the world was decided on the eastern and south-eastern fronts. But it is not to be so.

What the Verdun Attack Proves

At Verdun, Germany picked one of the strongest points of the French lines; she attacked where an attack would seem most difficult, and advanced. Our armies, in the weeks that are ahead, will attack, too. They will find their best points, and in driving through them may well hope to make many of the enemy's present positions impossible. The German advance at Verdun has finally proved that we ought to be able in this spring campaign to make our numerical superiority tell against the enemy. It is proved that trenches and trench defences are bound to disappear before adequate gun fire and shell supplies.

It may well happen now, as we all hope it may, that the French, driven back upon their greater hill positions, can from them first hold up the enemy and then launch a tremendous counter offensive. Such a move may succeed, or it may not, but somewhere along the lines a counter offensive must be made, and is bound to succeed if launched promptly, pushed with stern resolution, backed by adequate forces, and carried to the ultimate point.

That Break-the-Ice Spirit will Break the Huns!

Transport waggons partially snowed up near a British camp in Flanders, where there have been severe snowstorms recently. But the almost Arctic weather has been "enjoyed" in fine sporting spirit by our fighting men.

Striking proof of the hardihood of Britain's Spartan soldiers in Flanders. A "washing parade," at which the men, but scantily clad, are indulging in their early morning ablutions on the snow-covered bank of an icy stream near the camp.

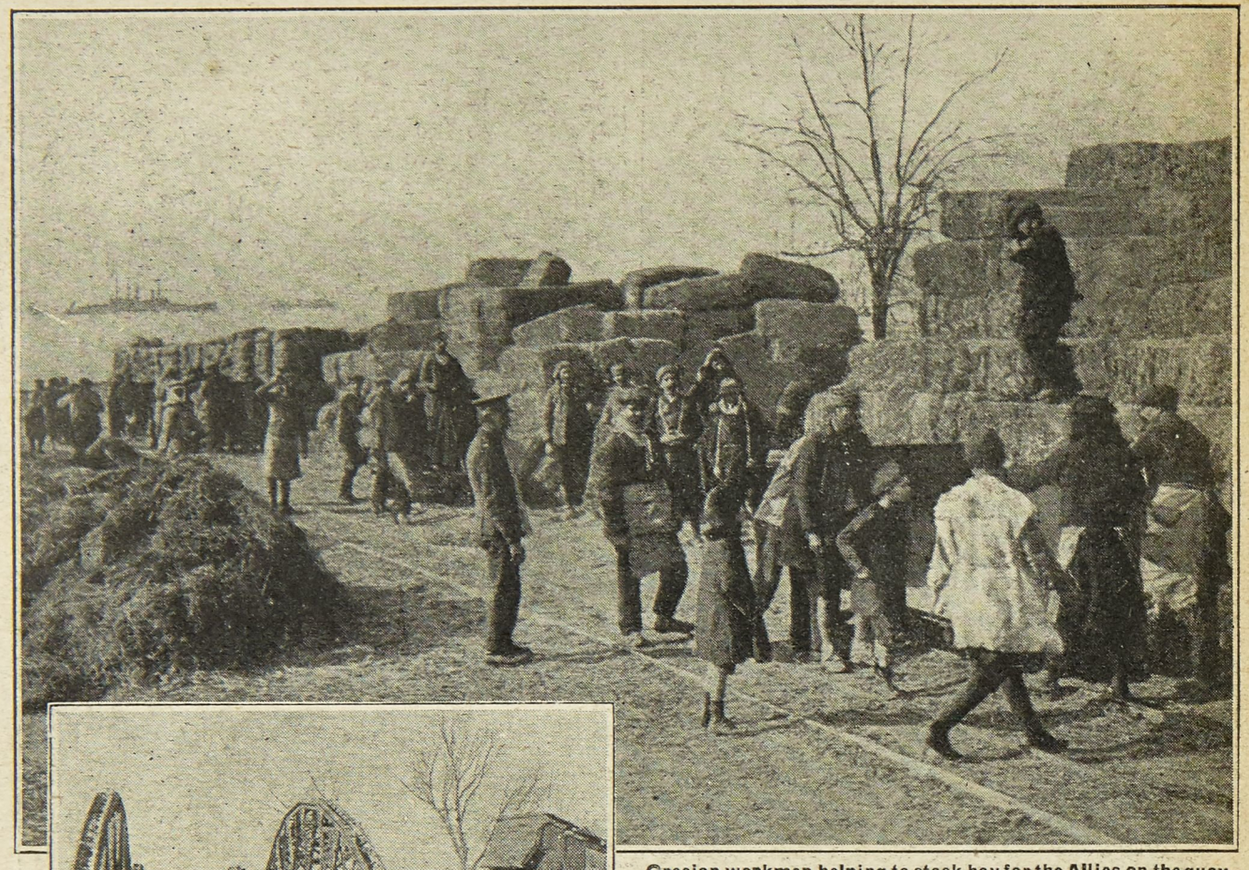
On Guard Against Treachery near Salonika

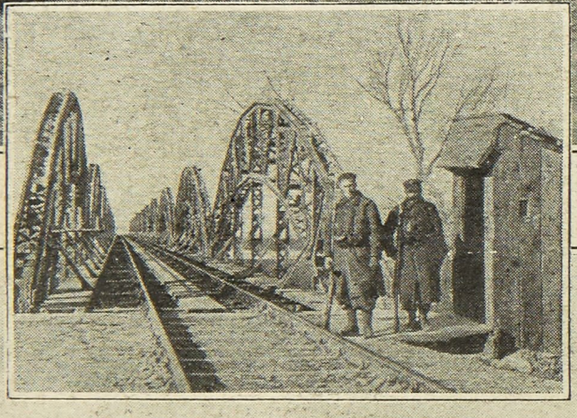
Enemy sharpshooters captured by the French near Salonika. Right: Greek priest chatting with allied soldiers.

By underground from a British base camp to the firing-line trenches in the Balkans.

Sergeant examining one of the passes necessary for those who wish to use the roads adjacent to the British positions outside Salonika. Right: Greek patrol escorting Bulgarian deserters to Salonika. The effect of the fall of Erzerum has been great throughout the Balkans, and it is stated that the enemy has abandoned the plan of attacking Salonika.

Greek Friendliness at Four Francs a Day



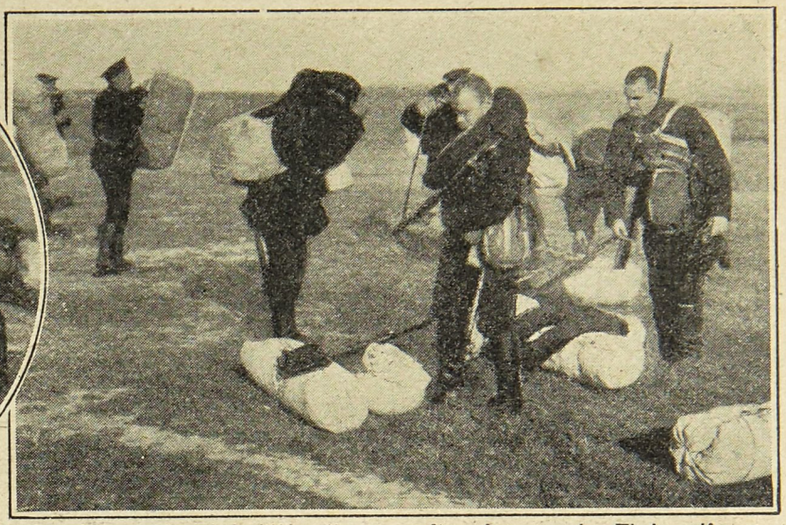


Grecian workmen helping to stack hay for the Allies on the quay at Salonika at four francs a day. Left: French and Greek sentries on guard at a railway bridge over the Vardar, near Salonika.

Greek civilians digging trenches for the French in the lines outside Salonika. Though remaining neutral, the Greeks have Royal sanction for aiding the Allies. On February 24th King Constantine telegraphed to General Moschopoulos, Commander of the Greek Third Army Corps, ordering him to settle all differences with the allied armies and to afford them facilities required.

Enter the Russians in the Balkan Arena

Russian sailor and a British Tommy. They need not know the "lingo" in order to fraternise.



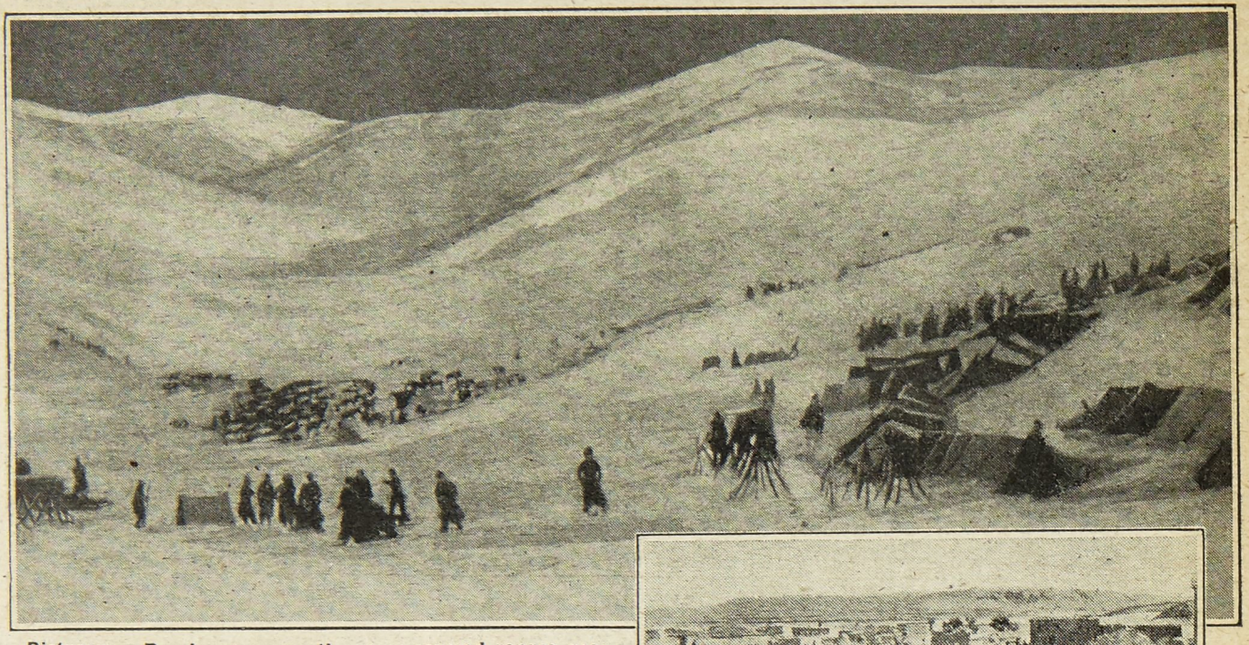
Russians placing their kits on the grass after a long march. Their uniforms, with the exception of the topboots, are not unlike those of the British.

Russian sailors, after the occupation of a Levantine fort, having piled their kits, are about to go on a few hours restful reconnaissance. In the background some British soldiers are contemplating their new allies in the Balkan field.

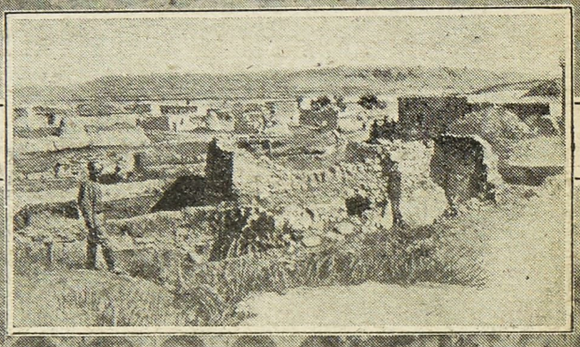
More types of Russian Marines at a Levantine fort. Does this prelude any concentration of Slav forces in the Near East?

Russian Marines with kits on Greek territory, after the sinking of the transport Norseman.

Slavs Push on to Cities of Immortal Romance



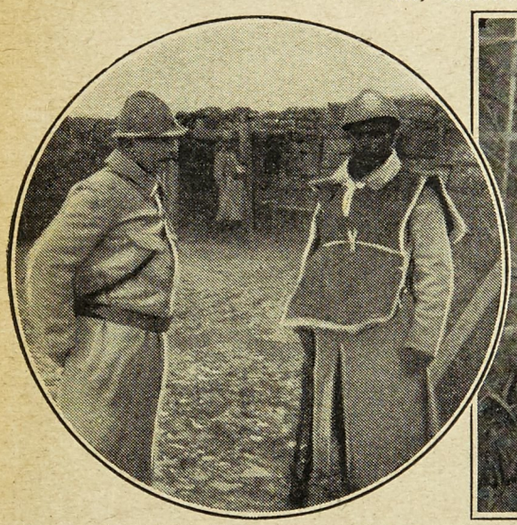
Picturesque Russian camp on the snow-covered ranges near Erzerum. After the fall of the forts and town, the Turks were steadily driven southwards and westwards.

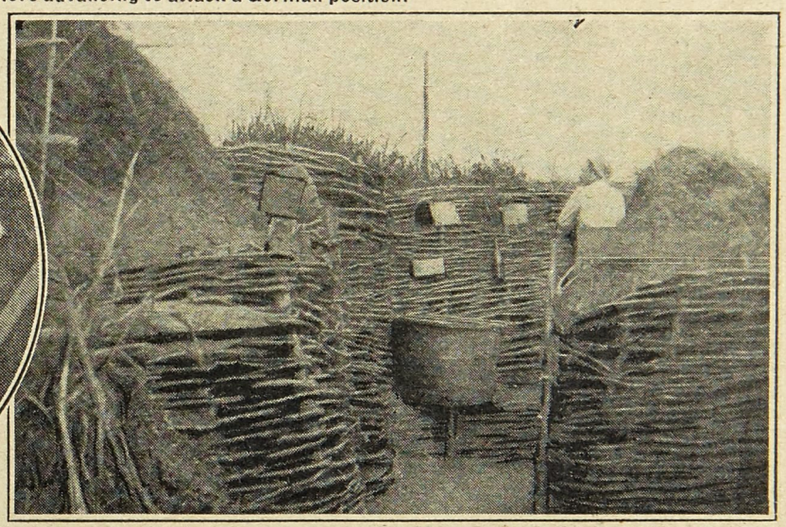


Persian artillery in an old-world courtyard on the Irak frontier. Inset: Ruins of Khorassan, in Persia, after the town had been bombarded by the advancing Russians. The dislodgment of the Turks from a series of positions in Persia, and the fall of the town of Kermanshah, brought the Russians on the Teheran-Bagdad route to within two hundred miles of the Tigris above Baqdad.

The Daily Jaunt to 'No Man's Land' and Back

French bandsmen marching to the firing-line, there to hearten their comrades with "the spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife," before advancing to attack a German position.





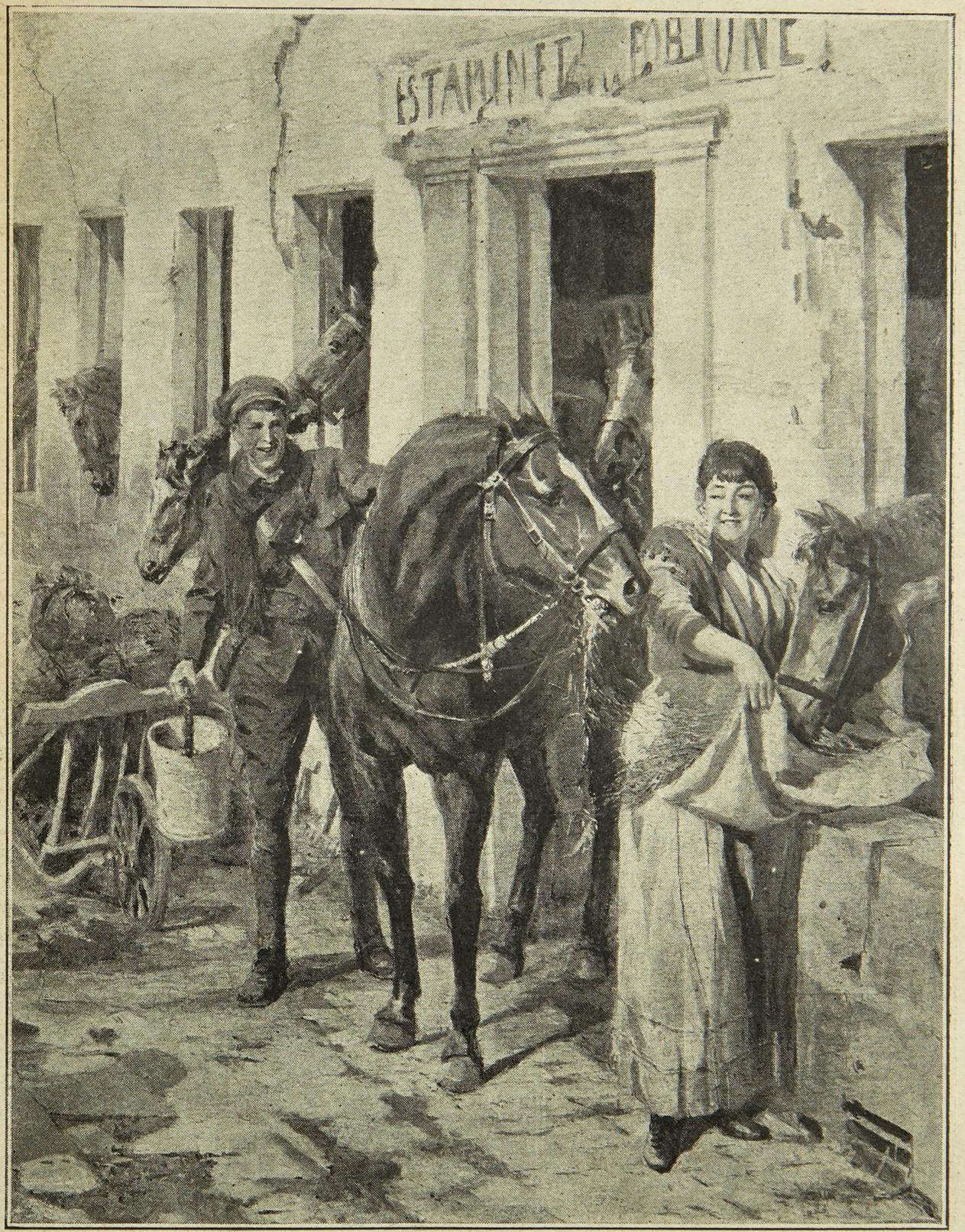
Spacious though muddy "courtyard" of a French trench. The man on the right is wearing a leather cloak as an additional guard against the cold and rain. Right: Sentries within the buttressed walls of a French firing-trench on the watch for an expected gas cloud. The hanging boxes contain respirators ready for instant distribution. Note the direction-boards on the corners of the "streets."

Along a main road leading from the stress of battle to the comparative quiet of billets. Steel-helmeted Frenchmen, heavily laden, on their way from the firing-line trenches for a well-earned rest at their billets near the base.

Women Shell-Carriers on the Italian Front

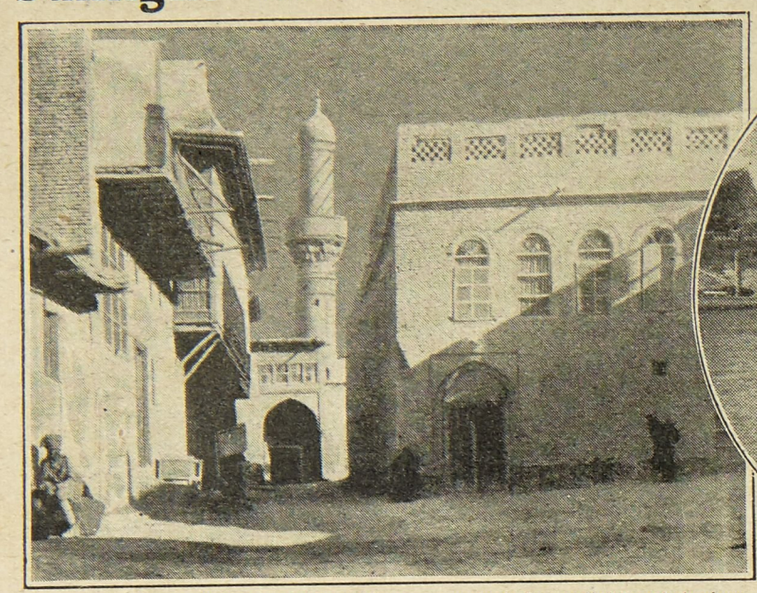
Last week we published a photograph showing heavy Italian guns being hoisted on to mountain crags by cranes. Machines, however, have not entirely supplanted the human element on the Alps, and this drawing demonstrates a more picturesque, if primitive, method of waging war. Thus the intensely patriotic women of Italy are able to take an active part in their brothers' campaign by conveying shells in baskets to mountain batteries. Though climatic conditions have hindered plans of our Mediterranean ally, preparations are going on along the Trentino front in view of advances when the weather permits.

Fortune of War at the 'Estaminet Fortune'

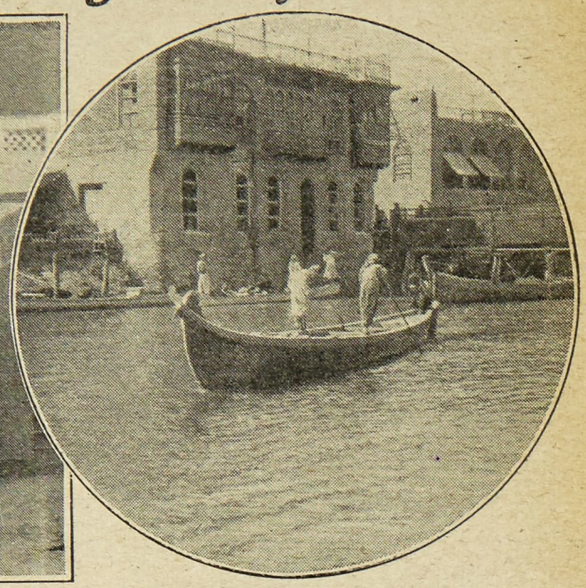


Alas! that many picturesque hostelries in Belgium have fallen on evil days. Fate has brought them into "No Man's Land," but it is an ill wind that blows no good, and a few estaminets have done well through the war, especially those situated behind the lines, which are used for stabling transport horses. Not infrequently a fascinating Belgian or French peasant girl will brave the stray shell to bring fodder to the horses, and if Tommy is in the offing a pretty though somewhat incoherent flirtation will ensue. But who cares about neatly-polished phrases when youth, beauty and gallantry are eloquence itself?

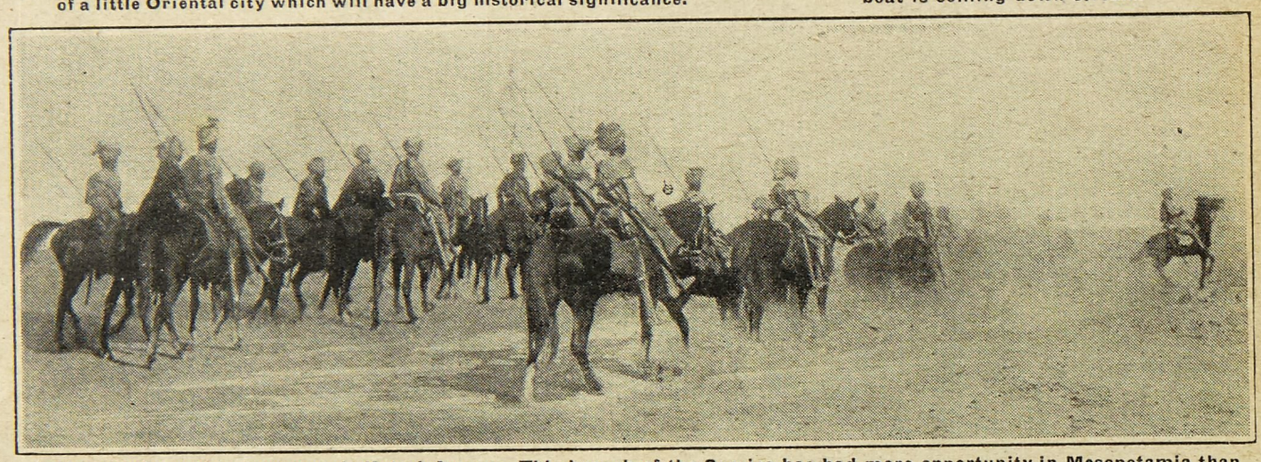
Sunlight and Shadow on Tigris Mystic Banks



Some age-haunted corner of Kut-el-Amara—a study in sunlight and shadow of a little Oriental city which will have a big historical significance.



On the banks of the Tigris at Basra. A native boat is coming down stream.

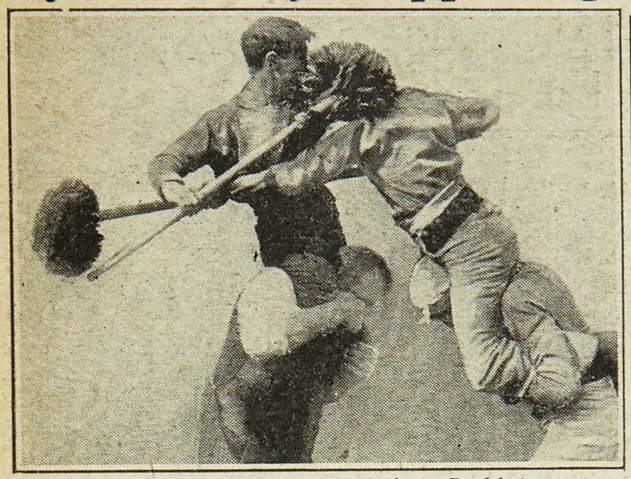


Indian cavalry advancing towards Kut-el-Amara. This branch of the Service has had more opportunity in Mesopotamia than in Europe. These swarthy Indian Lancers on the shimmering steeds cantering across the desert make a very fine display.

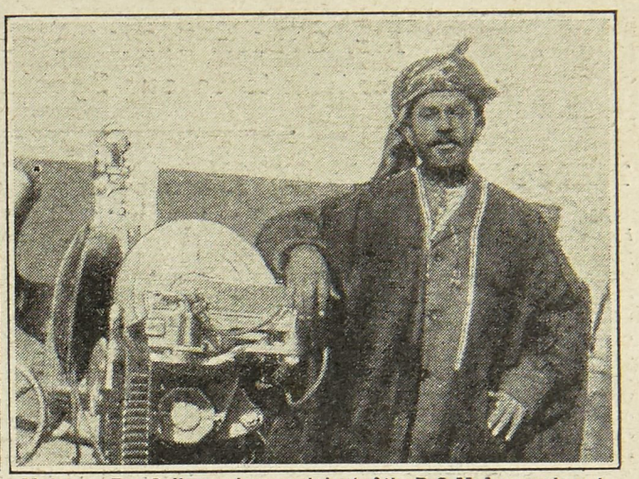
Dejected Turkish prisoners under a British guard somewhere in Mesopotamia.

Welcome sleep after a day's fighting in the hot sun. British sailors tired out rest on the deck of a warship on the Tigris.

By-the-Way Happenings in the World-Wide War



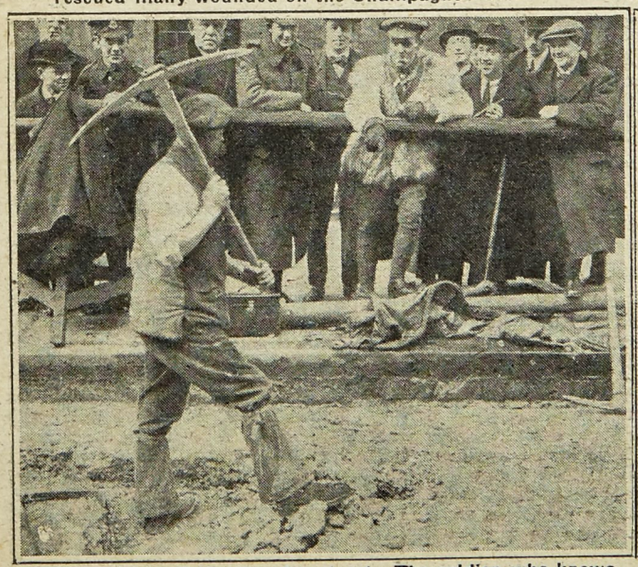
A little engagement with the Grand Fleet. Duel between two men with mops dipped in flour and soot.



Mahomet Ben Salim, unique recipient of the D.C.M. for good work in Mesopotamia as senior naval officers' interpreter.

French missionary wearing riband of the Legion of Honour, the Cross of War, and religious emblems. He rescued many wounded on the Champagne front.

The war on the trench pest. Rat-hunter with a bag of rodents killed by the dog. These vermin infest some of the first-line positions in swarms, and are a source of great annoyance to the soldiers.



Amusing incident in a London street. The soldier, who knows something about "navvying," teaches the labourer his business, and the language used will not pass the Censor.

Ancient custom in France during war-time. Town crier with a drum announces the daily communique, generally only to the women of the village. Nearly all their menfolk are on service.

WAR'S EFFECT ON BUSINESS AND FINANCE

Mr. Gordon Selfridge and Mr. Charles Duguid contribute to our Special New Era Symposium

THE COMMERCIAL BATTLE TO FOLLOW THE WAR

Mr. H. GORDON SELFRIDGE, who here writes on Business and the War, is a familiar name, and, like "Selfridge's," he needs no introduction. He is an American, and for thirteen years he was connected with the great firm of Marshall Field & Co., of Chicago. In 1909 he came to England, and carried out successfully a very big idea. This was to start a great store in London; not to start a little one and let it grow into a big one. He chose Oxford Street for his experiment, and soon opened there a business of enormous size.

THE business men of the British Empire must go into the coming commercial war with all the virility they can muster, and by increasing the resources of the country to the utmost possible extent prove that they can beat Germany in the game of commerce. The lingering feeling that business is not quite the best thing for educated young men must be swept entirely away. Young men must be so imbued with the idea that business life is attractive that they will prefer it to the worn-out, overcrowded profession of law, in which it is becoming more and more difficult to make a living.

The country will have to depend upon its commerce after the war for the money necessary to pay its debts and to provide funds for the future, and it should therefore be made known that there is room for the best ability in the country. It has been truly said that the Englishman's weak point is the long week-end. Germans do not take long week-ends, and after the war every German will be made to feel that he must work harder than ever to recover the lost trade. England will have to compete in the same spirit, and unless the work is done the position will have to be given up.

I do not fear competition from the United States, where the majority of the manufacturers are content with their home market. It is Germany who will be the strong competitor, and she knows all the tricks of the trade. The young men will have to undertake the task, and they must be inspired with the necessary determination and strength of will. They must learn to adopt new methods, to fear nothing, to risk failure—which ought not to be penalised so heavily as it has been in the past in England—and to exercise their imagination. Men should be encouraged to begin business in a small way with little capital, and to accumulate savings for use in the business by working hard and living plainly. They must not mind how many hours they work, nor trouble about week-ends and half-day holidays.

The great thing is to regard business as a great zestful game, with plenty of mirth to brighten it. Men should approach it in the same spirit as they do a day's golf, thinking of it as play, not as work.

However, this war is causing an experience through which none of us have ever passed before, and while we may theorise as much as we choose, our theories must be more or less guess-work until the time comes when we are able to see the force and direction of the current of public matters financially, commercially, and otherwise.

CONDITION OF THE MONEY MARKETS TO-DAY

Mr. Charles Duguid, who here gives his opinion on the effect of the Great War on finance, is the financial editor of the "Daily Mail" and the "Evening News." He is also manager of the "Daily Mail" Exchange, and consulting editor to the financial section of the "Times." Mr. Duguid was previously City editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette," the "Westminster Gazette," the "Morning Post," and the "Observer," and has written quite a number of books on financial subjects.

ANY attempt to state the effect of the war on finance in a few lines must consist merely of a brief catalogue of the facts. The subject demands a volume, so momentous has been the effect of a war which has caused financial metamorphoses throughout the world. In the case of Great Britain the National Debt has been multiplied by 2½, the Government having raised loans to the amount of £1,050,000,000. The national expenditure has been increased from £260,000,000 a year to £1,589,706,000 a year. The country has become a borrowing instead of a lending nation, having with France raised a loan of £100,000,000, besides other credits, in the United States. The financing of practically everything else by the war has been stopped. Finance has been democratised; people are investors in Government securities—some of them to the amount of five shillings—who were never investors before. The industrial classes are temporarily squandering unprecedentedly high wages. The currency has been changed; small notes having taken the place of gold in ordinary circulation. The Treasury, which hitherto financed itself by means of Treasury Bills issued as money was temporarily required, has placed those Treasury Bills on tap, as it were. The banks compress their business into shorter hours. The Stock Exchange is but a shadow of its former self, all speculative transactions and purchases from abroad being stopped. Many of the soundest securities were unsaleable because minimum prices were fixed below which they must not be sold. Companies and individuals earning more profits than before the war have to give half the excess to the State. The railways and many factories have been taken over by the Government, which guarantees profits at a certain rate to the proprietors. Most of the revolutionary provisions, while framed in the first place to meet the waste of war, have also for their object the keeping of the country on a sound financial basis, and they have succeeded in doing so.

In Germany the financial system has lost its basis of gold—which is not the case in Great Britain—and is now founded on Government issues of paper. Her foreign trade having been practically stopped by the war, Germany can earn nothing outside herself; she is even unable to increase her taxation, and bankruptcy stares her in the face, from which it will take years of peace to emerge. Austria-Hungary is financially ruined and mortgaged to Germany. The United States, overflowing with war work and a huge influx of gold in part payment for munitions, is in danger of financial inflation, but hopes to supplant Great Britain as the financial centre of the world.

READING, by Herbert Jenkins

Mr. HERBERT JENKINS, who writes here about the effect of the war on reading, is, perhaps, the best-known of the younger London publishers. A few years ago he founded the firm of Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., and already he has produced many excellent books. Mr. Jenkins is also himself a writer, and is the author of a notable book on George Borrow.

IF the war has proved anything it has been the folly of forecast, and in nothing have the prophets been further from the truth than in their anticipations of its effect upon books. People are now reading more than they have read for many years past, and the sale of cheap books has been remarkable.

This is largely due to the fact that there are abroad two brigands, Mr. McKenna and Count Zeppelin, the one demanding your purse and the other your life, and it is infinitely cheaper and safer to stay at home—and read. Once the reading habit is formed it is difficult to outgrow.

When the war is over, the newspapers will appear tame and tasteless with no records of Germans, Austrians, and Turks slain or captured. There will not be much money for dining out and theatres, and people must be amused. Therefore, they will turn to books and magazines, remembering a habit acquired when they wanted to be taken out of themselves and away from the everlasting story of carnage and conquest.

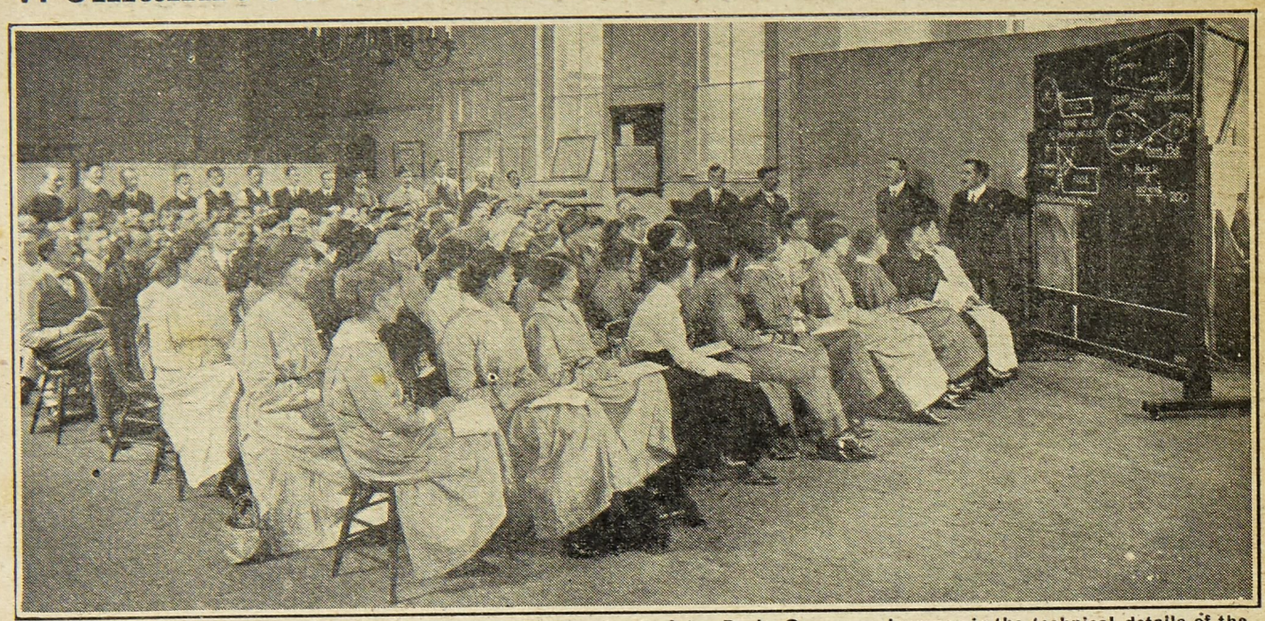
Again there are very few among us who have not suffered some personal loss, and we shall become a more serious-minded people, less addicted to the feasting and frivolity that so misled the Germans and convinced them that we had become a nation of decadents.

To summarise, I anticipate that the effect of the war upon reading will be one of stimulation, just as I anticipate that there will be a return to the simpler home life that nineteen months ago had almost slipped from our grasp. Sovereigns jingling in the pocket are an invitation to go out and spend them; bills unpaid in the rack are a reminder that we must stay at home and save in order to pay them.

Gallant Wexfords Scatter Germans with Cold Steel

There was a terrible bayonet charge by one of the newest Irish regiments when a daring German attack on a portion of the British front was repulsed recently. As the enemy approached, after his artillery had paved the way, the Irishmen knelt down in their trenches and received Benediction from their chaplain. Then they leaped over the parapets, yelling "We are the boys of Wexford!" and met the Germans in a terrific charge, fighting "like wild men from Borneo," to use an Irish private's expression. The Germans turned and fled, pursued by the Irishmen, who recaptured two trenches and took many prisoners.

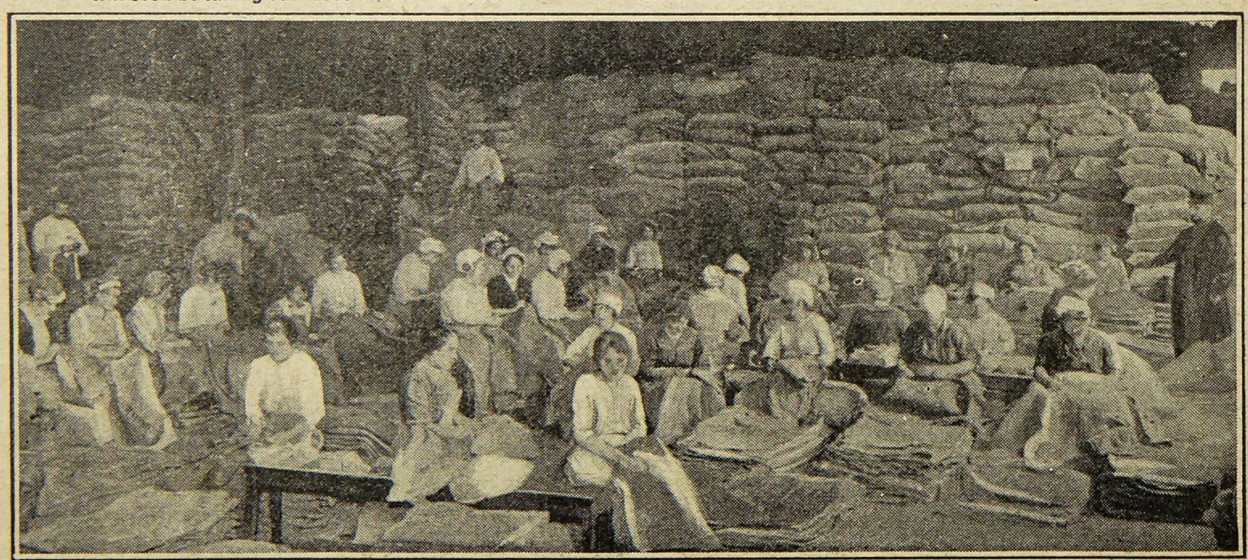
Womanhood the Great Reserve Behind the Lines



Instruction in shell-making. L.C.C. teachers training men in the later Derby Groups and women in the technical details of the lathe, etc. Several hundred women have already become efficient shell-makers through these special classes.

Women 'bus-conductors who have completed their training, and will soon be taking our fares on the "General."

Women workers who have volunteered for the land, and are therefore on the local roll of honour set up in Norfolk villages.

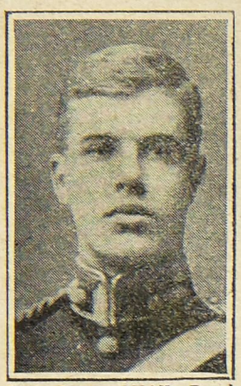


Emporium in Paris, where women are employed in making sacks for use in defences along the French lines. When the sacks are completed they are sent to the trenches, and filled with mould, making one of the strongest barricades ever devised.

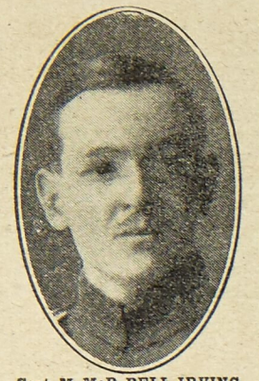
Poison Masks for School Children of Rheims

Comedy and tragedy blend curiously in these two illustrations. These little children of France may actually consider themselves in the fighting-line. Daily they attend their school in Rheims, within range of German shells, wearing respirators. Such an antithesis of civilisation it would be hard to find. And to think that this might happen in some city in England were it not for the twenty-one miles of sea separating us from the Continent—and naval su premacy!

Decorated for Valour: More of Britain's Brave Sons



Capt. D. L. AMAN, Royal Marine Artillery, awarded the D.S.C. for zeal and cool courage under fire.



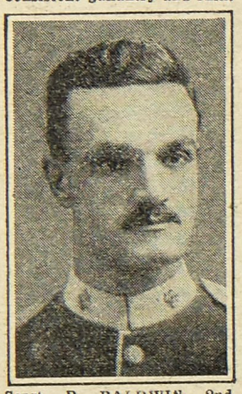
Capt. M. McB. BELL-IRVING, D.S.O., Royal Flying Corps, decorated for conspicuous and consistent gallantry and skill.

Capt. J. H. DEAN, 13th Cheshire Regt., awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous bravery at Le Touquet salient.

Lieut. F. TRUSCOTT, 6th Suffolk Cyclists, awarded the Military Cross for extreme bravery in saving life.

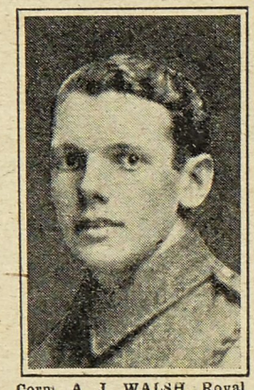
Sec.-Lieut. G. P. HARDING, 1st Cheshire Regt., gained the Military Cross for a plucky bombing attack.

Sec.-Lieut. C. I. GORDON, 1st Wiltshire Regt., awarded the Military Cross for heroically entering a German trench.

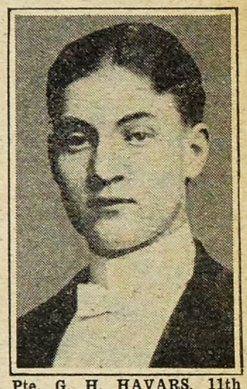


Sergt. R. BALDWIN, 2nd Worcester Regiment, twice awarded the D.C.M. for gallantry under fire.

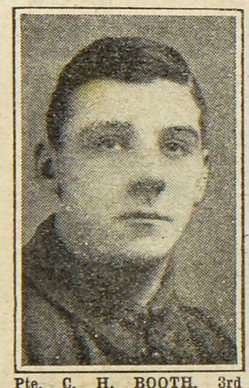
Sergt.-Maj. C. JOHNSON, Scottish Borderers, received the D.C.M. for bravery in action.



Corpl. A. J. WALSH, Royal Garrison Artillery, gained the D.C.M. and the French Military Medal for gallantry.



Pte. G. H. HAVARS, 11th Middlesex Regt., awarded the D.C.M. for bravery in action at Vermelles.

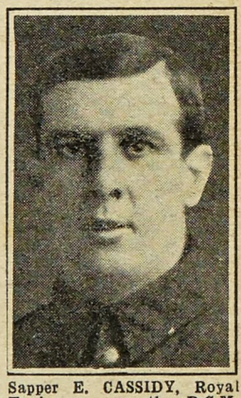


Pte. C. H. BOOTH, 3rd Coldstream Guards, awarded the D.C.M. for clearing a house of German snipers.

Corpl. S. A. FITCH, R.A.M.C., awarded the D.C.M. for heroism with the 30th Field Ambulance at Suvla Bay.

Pte. G. J. HIGGINS, 10th Rifle Brigade, gained the D.C.M. for gallantry near Cordonnerie.

Corpl. R. HUNT, 10th Rifle Brigade, awarded the D.C.M. for bravely cutting German wires near Cordonnerie.



Sapper E. CASSIDY, Royal Engineers, won the D.C.M. for devotion to duty with the 176th Tunnelling Company.

CAPT. D. L. AMAN, Royal Marine Artillery, received the Distinguished Service Cross for his great ability and fine example of coolness and courage under fire, while commanding two sections of anti-aircraft guns in the Ypres salient.

Capt. M. McBean Bell-Irving, Royal Flying Corps, was awarded the Distinguished Service Order for successfully engaging three hostile aeroplanes. The first he drove off, the second he sent to the ground in flames, the third nose-dived, and disappeared. He was then attacked by three other enemy machines, drove one off, and was then wounded.

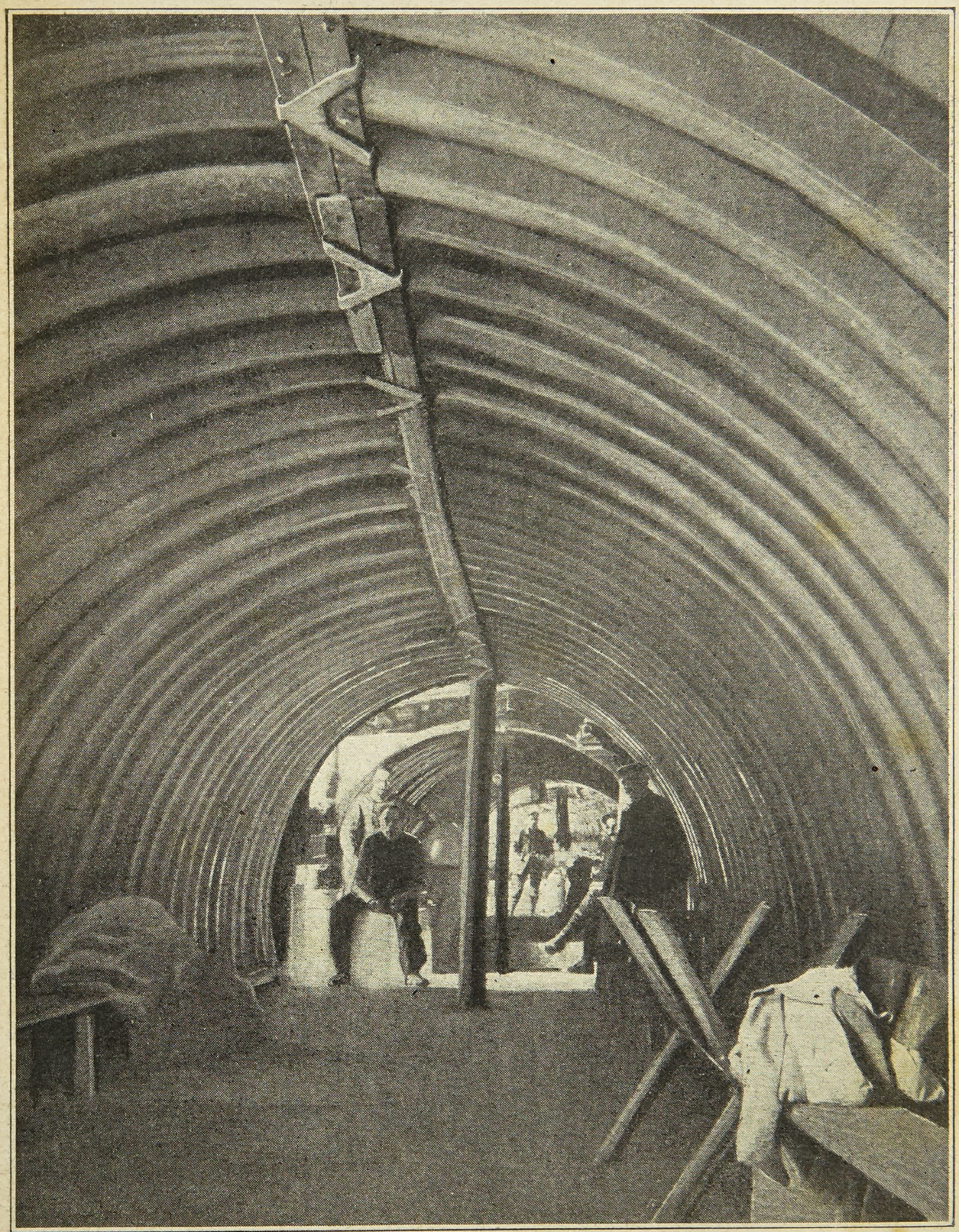
Capt. J. H. Dean, 13th Cheshire Regt., led a fighting patrol with great coolness and dash, gained a footing on the parapet of the German trench, and bombed the trench for about forty yards, while under heavy fire. By his heroism Capt. Dean won the Military Cross.

Lieut. Francis Truscott, Suffolk Cyclists, an heroic winner of the Military Cross, is the eldest son of Sir George Truscott, Lord Mayor of London, 1908-9. Sec.-Lieut. G. P. Harding, 1st Cheshire Regt., gained the Military Cross for his bravery when leading a bombing attack on the German trenches. Sec.-Lieut. C. I. Gordon, 1st Wiltshire Regt., won the Military Cross for his heroism in penetrating the German lines, with a sergeant, and then entering their trenches alone. The following night he led a party of nine through the German wire, and crawled about fifty yards under their parapet, then jumped into their trench and shot two Germans.

Sergt. Reuben Baldwin, 2nd Worcester Regt., is one of the few men who have twice won the D.C.M. Sergt.-Major C. Johnson, Scottish Borderers, who gained the D.C.M. for bravery in action, also took part in the Chitral and Tirah campaigns, and was present at the capturing of the Heights of Dargai.

Corporal R. Hunt and Private G. J. Higgins, 10th Rifle Brigade, won the D.C.M. together for remaining out over two hours (with Private Bench, also awarded the D.C.M.), and successfully cutting through the enemy's wire, although a German sentry was in view all the time.

Tunnels of War in Trench-Riven Champagne



A French super-dugout in Champagne, in the form of a tube built through a portion of a first-line trench. Our Allies keep the roof well guarded with piles of sandbags, while the interior of the trench tube is comfortably furnished with stools, trestle-beds, and chairs, and forms a warm and comparatively safe shelter from shrapnel, rain and March winds.

War Facts the Public Ought to Know

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

ONE of the mysteries of the war has been the failure to communicate information to the public when no war interest could be endangered by so doing. We all remember how the censorship prohibited news of the loss of a warship, while many of us, and the whole German nation, were in possession of full accounts and photographic reproductions from American newspapers, furnished by a shipload of civilians who had witnessed the occurrence.

Again, we were not permitted to say anything about the last Zeppelin raid on London, only to find that an account was sent by wireless to America within forty-eight hours from a Dutch liner.

While our own people have been puzzled and distressed by this attitude, the harm done in the neutral countries is very great. The secrecy extends even to the Navy, and the lessons of the war are not circulated because of the fears of "my Lords" that even carefully censored accounts may fall into the hands of the enemy. There is a sort of wisdom which passes the bounds of sanity. It is the hypochondria of war.

Promise and Performance

Now, what is the standard laid down by the Prime Minister? Here it is in his own words: "The wish for the fullest possible information is natural, and is most legitimate, nor can there be possibly any greater mistake than to suppose that the Government has any interest of any kind in concealing anything that is known to themselves, subject to the one overruling condition that its disclosure does not assist the enemy."

Apply this standard to the following cases:

1. The entry of Turkey into the war was brought about by the escape of the Goeben and the Breslau from our Mediterranean Squadron in the first week of August, 1914. How did it happen? Surely the British public has the right to know something of an event which has been the source of all our disasters.

What the Public Should Know

How much does it know? On August 30th, 1914, the Admiralty announced that "the conduct and dispositions of Admiral Sir Berkeley Milne in regard to the German vessels Goeben and Breslau have been the subject of the careful examination of the Board of Admiralty, with the result that their Lordships have approved the measures taken by him in all respects." Their Lordships might have been better employed, and the ordinary procedure of a court-martial would have thrashed out the matter. Three weeks later it was announced that Rear-Admiral Troubridge, the second in command, had been recalled to go before a court of inquiry.

The admiral wisely insisted on a court-martial, which is conducted on oath, and which delivers its own verdict, instead of leaving the judgment to a Board of Admiralty, which might, or might not, be in itself responsible for the failure. This court-martial was held in November, 1914, and all that the bewildered public knows is that Rear-Admiral Troubridge was acquitted. There remains, then, only the responsibility of the Admiralty, and since the public knows nothing, it rightly declines to pronounce, beyond scouting the plea that nobody was responsible for one of the most disastrous failures of history.

2. We have had no account of the distribution of our ships abroad in the crisis from July 25th to August 4th, 1914, a publication which might shed some light on why not a single vessel of the enemy was shadowed. It might also tell us why we had only one cruiser on the east coast of South America, and none near the whole stretch of thousands of miles of coastline along the west of North and South America. Surely this could endanger no British interest in March, 1916.

Heligoland and Baltic

3. We have had no explanation why the First Fleet was not sent to its strategical station until the last moment before war, why the North Sea was not hunted through before war broke out, to prevent Germany carrying out the oft-declared policy of mining the sea against us, and why mobilisation was delayed until two days before war.

4. It is a mystery of the war why we did not mine the Heligoland Bight or use mines at all until war had been raging for many weeks.

5. It would hurt no public interest to disclose why one of the most obvious and finest tactical moves of the whole war was missed by failing to pass submarines into the Baltic during the crisis and until some months after war had broken out.

6. By one means and another it has come to light that the Admiralty gave us a very imperfect account of the day of disasters on March 18th, 1915, when we bombarded the inner forts in the Dardanelles. We have all read of the indignation in Parliament because of the delay in publishing Sir Ian Hamilton's despatches concerning much more recent events, and yet we have never had the naval despatches concerning the remarkable events on March 18th.

7. We have never been told by whose orders the Aboukir, Cressy, and Hogue were cruising in the North Sea when they were torpedoed on a patrol route chosen for no conceivable reason and with no destroyers to protect them.

Why No Facts?

8. There was an entire failure to carry out the naval practice invariably followed for several centuries up to the year 1907—viz., to hold a court-martial whenever a ship was lost. On my exposure of the falsity of the Government case, put forward by Sir John Simon, that they had found a number of precedents for their action, the new First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Balfour, promised to revert to the immemorial naval practice, but the failure to publish any verdict in the case of the loss of the King Edward VII. and of the Natal leaves us to infer that some public interest will be endangered.

Now, what is to be said in favour of publicity? I will not repeat the arguments I have used in peace time, such as those I put forward shortly before the war in a lecture at the Royal United Service Institution. I will content myself by giving three instances when publicity helped our cause to a very great extent.

1. The revelation by the "Morning Post" that the Navy had been instructed to allow enemy reservists through in neutral vessels caused a wave of indignation which brought this order in aid of Germany to an end in November, 1914.

2. The "Times" publicity about the shortage of munitions produced a remedy which would have been more successful if the Government had courted publicity earlier in the war.

3. The publicity about the impossibility of keeping up our fighting strength at the front led to the Compulsion Act.

If only there had been a publicity campaign in reference to the blockade at the beginning of the war, if only the public had known what it should have been told—that the original Naval Prize Manual at the beginning of the war embodied most of the bad features of the Declaration of London—we would have forced on the Government a blockade such as the Navy desires, and the war would have ended through the failure of supplies for the Germanic armies.

Disquieting Queries

Now let me name some examples of questions in which I hold that no public interest would be prejudiced, but the efficient conduct of the war would be furthered, if we had the whole truth before the public.

1. There is the Belgian Relief Commission, by which this country takes on Germany's obligation to feed the Belgian civil population within German lines.

2. Our diplomatic and Consular representation in Denmark. Is it, or is it not, a fact that we have only one Consul who is a British subject outside Copenhagen, and that he is not stationed at the great port of Aarhuus, the capital of Jutland, from which steamship lines and a double railway track radiate to Germany. Have we not the indefeasible right to be represented in Denmark on the same scale as Germany?

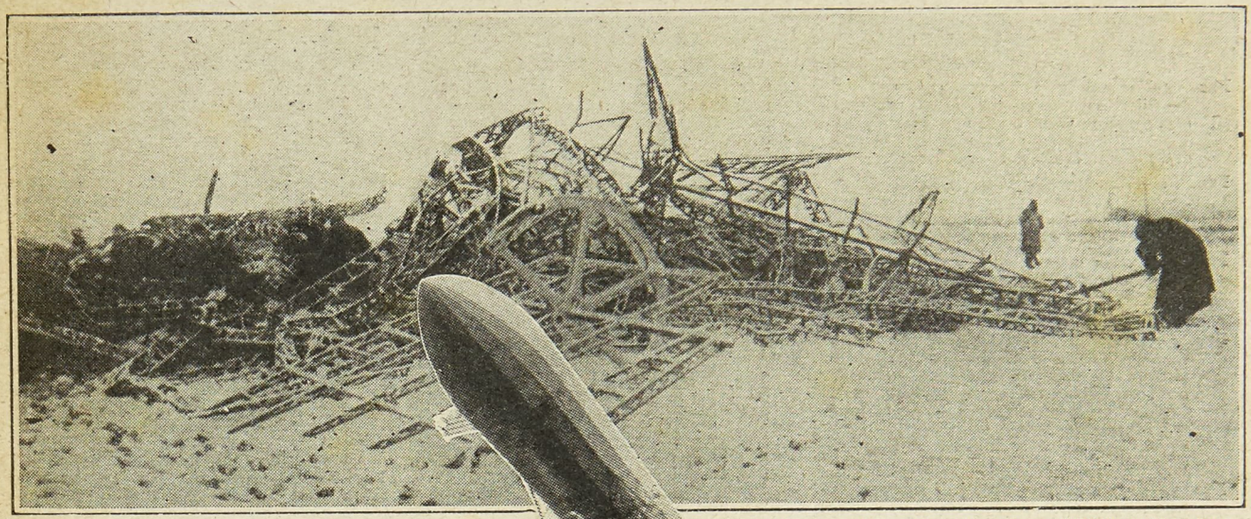
Hunt the "Hyphenated"

3. Is it the case that nearly all the dangerous spies who come to us are hyphenated Germans, who come as Swiss, Dutch, and American nationals after hatching their plots in the security of neutral soil? Would it not be much simpler, as I ventured to suggest in a letter to Mr. Asquith many months ago, to exclude all aliens who did not possess British Consular passes, which should be refused if thought desirable, without assigning any reasons? We exclude all such most rigorously within the fighting-lines, so that a Cabinet Minister was arrested only the other day, but who is to say in these days of aircraft that the United Kingdom is not within the fighting-lines to a certain extent?

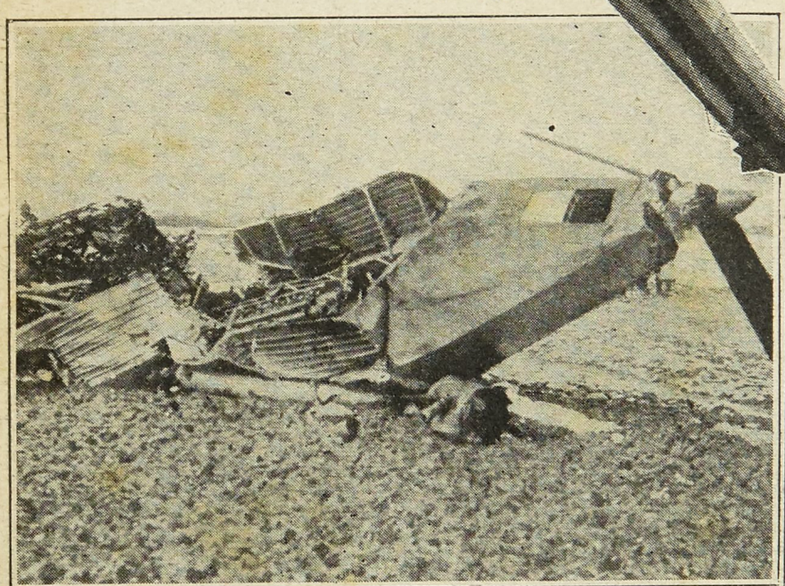
NOTHING NEW IN FRIGHTFULNESS

The bombastic warning of the German Government that, after March 1st, all allied vessels within reach would be torpedoed at sight, though intended to be very impressive, only left the public somewhat unmoved. There is certainly nothing terribly novel in this Mephistophelian attitude, when we remember that so many as fifty-four unarmed British and neutral ships were torpedoed and sunk without warning by U boats up to and including December 31st, 1915.

Aerial Monster Destroyed by a Three-inch Shell



Remains of the Zeppelin LZ77 at Brabant Le Roy, which was brought down by a "75" shell. Our French friends are overjoyed by the striking success, as indeed everyone must be, that some of the "baby-killers" at last got their just deserts.



Wrecked car and broken propeller of the LZ77, comprising much precious metal, which will of course be returned to the Huns in shells in due course.

Pte. Pennetier (left), who brought down the Zeppelin LZ77, and his adjutant, Gramling.

What can be done with a well-placed shell may be gathered from this photograph, which shows the aerial monster after it had fallen to earth from a height of six thousand feet. Compare it with inset illustration of a Zeppelin intact.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, February 1st to 29th, 1916

FEB. 1.—General Smith-Dorrien, commanding in East Africa, reports good progress being made with branch railway from Voi. It has been pushed on to the site of an enemy camp west of Mbuyuni.

FEB. 2.—Announced that British liner Appam captured by German armed liner Moewe, and taken, with prize crew aboard, to the American port of Norfolk.

FEB. 3.—Russia reports that her advance in the Caucasus continues successfully.

Heavy hostile shelling against our trenches around Loos.

FEB. 4.—**Loss of a Zeppelin.**—Germans admit that one of the Zeppelins that took part in raid on Midland Counties, Jan. 31, has been wrecked in the North Sea.

Allied columns in the Cameroon closing in on remnant of German force, many of enemy retiring over frontier of Spanish Guinea.

FEB. 5.—Reported from British Headquarters in France that there have been twenty-eight combats in the air. In five cases the German machines were driven down to their lines, and a sixth forced to descend with a stopped engine.

FEB. 6.—In Belgium the French artillery, in co-operation with the British, execute a destructive fire on German trenches facing Boesinghe.

Minor Naval Action in the Adriatic.—A British cruiser and a French torpedo-boat, covering the retirement of the Serbian Army, meet four enemy destroyers and fire upon them. Latter flee towards Cattaro.

FEB. 7.—Fire breaks out on board H.M. boarding steamer Peel Castle in Strait of Dover; no loss of life reported.

Renewed fighting on Bukovina frontier. From Russian reports it appears the fighting was desperate, our ally doing great execution with the bayonet. The enemy's casualties in one engagement were 2,000 killed.

A communiqué regarding operations in Mesopotamia states that General Townshend is holding Kut-el-Amara as a point of strategical value.

FEB. 8.—German long-range gun fires three shells into Belfort.

French armoured cruiser Amiral Charner torpedoed by enemy submarine and sinks. Most of crew of 375 lost.

FEB. 9.—**Air Raid in Kent.**—Two enemy seaplanes fly over Margate and Ramsgate in the afternoon, causing few casualties and slight damage.

Officially reported that in Galicia the Russians have driven the enemy back to the west of the Dniester, capturing Uscieczko, and establishing themselves on the west bank of the river.

FEB. 10.—**General Smuts to Command in East Africa.**—Announced that General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien has resigned owing to ill-health, and General Smuts has succeeded him, with rank of Temporary Lieutenant-General.

Military Service Act, 1916, comes into operation.

Germany sends a Note to the United States as to the arming of merchantmen of the Allies.

FEB. 11.—French announce that south of the Somme, in the course of separate actions carried out on the 8th and 9th, they retook a considerable part of the trench elements which had remained in the enemy's hands in the region to the south of Frise.

Announced that hostile Arabs attacked British reconnaissance force on its return to Nasiriyeh from an upper branch of the Tigris named Shat-el-Hai. Our total casualties 373. A small punitive column was later despatched from Nasiriyeh, surprised the Arabs, and destroyed four of their villages.

FEB. 12.—Reconnaissance carried out within the north-east boundary of German East Africa against main force of Germans at Salaita Hill, with a loss to our troops of 172 men. The 2nd South African Brigade engaged.

Forward Move at Salonika.—Announced that French troops have crossed the Vardar and installed themselves on the right bank of the river in the region of Yenitso (Janitza) and at Verria.

Russia gains successes in four areas. Towns occupied in Persia and Caucasus, in which latter region guns and stores and 700 prisoners captured; the Erzerum forts bombarded. An important height in Galicia dominating the enemy's railway line recaptured and held; the defence of Dvinsk strengthened by the taking of a village.

FEB. 13.—In Artois the Germans launch a series of attacks from Hill 140 to the road from Neuville to La Folie. In the course of the fourth attack the enemy penetrated into the French first-line trench to the west of Hill 140, but driven out by an immediate counter-attack.

British spring a mine west of Hulluch.

Russians capture one of forts before Erzerum.

After a violent bombardment the Germans storm 200 yards of trench east of Seppois, in Alsace. Most of lost ground retaken by the French.

FEB. 14.—**Admiralty announces H.M.S. Arethusa struck a mine** off the East Coast, and it is feared she will become a total wreck. About 10 men lose their lives.

In Champagne, near Tahure, the Germans capture a trench. South of the Somme the French recover portions of captured trenches.

New Ypres Battle.—Between the Ypres-Comines Canal and the Ypres-Comines railway Germans capture 600 yards of the "International trench."

Five hostile air raids in Italy. Eight persons killed in Milan by enemy bombs.

FEB. 15.—Russians storm and carry another of the Erzerum forts. Thirteen French aeroplanes drop 150 bombs on Strumnitza.

FEB. 16.—**Fall of Erzerum.**

Reported that the Austrians and Bulgarians are advancing on Durazzo.

FEB. 17.—**Conquest of the Cameroon.**—War Office announces that operations now practically ended, and conquest of the Cameroon complete, with the exception of the isolated position of Mora Hill (in the extreme north). Later announced that General Dobell, commander of British forces, reports that the Germans have ceased their resistance.

FEB. 18.—General Smuts reports that an enemy force attacked the post of Kachumbe, on the Uganda border, but driven off.

FEB. 19.—Colonial Office announces telegram from Governor-General of Nigeria that German garrison at Mora has capitulated.

Russian troops take Mush, 81 miles south of Erzerum, and Akhlat, on Lake Van.

FEB. 20.—Four German seaplanes drop 17 bombs on Lowestoft, and six on Walmer. Two men and a boy killed in latter town.

Successful night air raid by British airmen against Cambrai aerodrome.

FEB. 21.—Zeppelin brought down in French Lorraine by French motor-gun section.

Opening of Great Verdun Battle.—Front from Brabant-sur-Meuse to Herbebois. Haumont Wood and the Beaumont salient captured by Germans. Attacks against Brabant and Herbebois repulsed.

FEB. 22.—Second day. Front from Brabant to Ornes. Haumont village evacuated. Part of the Beaumont salient recaptured. Strong enemy attack on Herbebois stopped. Artillery bombardment on a 25-mile front from Malancourt (west of the Meuse) to near Etain.

FEB. 23.—Third day. Front from Brabant to south of Ornes. French evacuate Brabant and repulse attack against Samogneux. Part of the recaptured Beaumont salient again lost. French withdraw from Samogneux and Ornes. French air raid on Metz-Sablon railway, one of the lines of communication for present operations.

FEB. 24.—Fourth day. No German attacks during the night. French established on the line of heights stretching from the east of Champneuville to the south of Ornes. Germans claim capture of Champneuville, Beaumont, Ornes, and the French positions up to the ridge of Lauvemont, as well as over 10,000 prisoners.

FEB. 25.—Fifth day. Several German attacks against the new French positions repulsed.

New Post for Lord Derby.—Announced that he is to be chairman of a joint Naval and Military Air Defence Committee.

Russians reported to have taken Kermanshah, 170 miles east of Bagdad.

FEB. 26.—**Verdun Battle.**—Germans capture Fort Douaumont, a dismantled fort without either guns or garrison in the outer line of defences to the north-east of Verdun, but French report its environment.

Evacuation of Albania by Serbian, Montenegrin, and Albanian troops. Italian troops leave Durazzo.

Erzerum Captures.—Officially announced that Russians made prisoners 235 Turkish officers and 12,753 men, and captured 323 guns.

French take an important position from the enemy at Ste. Marie a Py, in Champagne.

Feb. 27.—**Verdun Battle.**—French rally beyond Fort Douaumont, and closely encircling the fractions of the German force that survived the terrible artillery fire directed on the ruined fort.

P. and O. Liner Maloja sinks off Dover: said to have been torpedoed. One hundred and fifty-five persons missing.

FEB. 28.—Announced that the South Africans and Territorials have routed the Arabs in Western Egypt.

Verdun Battle continued. To the north the activity of the opposing artilleries is still very great. To the west of Fort Douaumont the French troops engage in hand-to-hand fighting with the enemy, and drive him from small redoubt in which he had established himself.

In Champagne, in the region of the Navarin Farm, north of Souain, Germans capture the French position.

FEB. 29.—Reported that General Aylmer's column on the Tigris has moved up three miles nearer Kut.

To the north of Verdun, the French maintain their front. Violent hand-to-hand encounters about Douaumont, and a fierce struggle for Manheulles, ten miles east-south-east of Verdun. Enemy take the village, and French by counter attack regain its western end.

French transport Provence II. reported sunk in Mediterranean, Feb. 26. Nearly 1,000 lives lost.

Photo by Bassano.

OFFICERS WHO WILL LEAD OUR NEW ARMIES TO VICTORY.—NO. XVI.

8TH BATTALION THE EAST LANCASHIRE REGIMENT.—Back row: Sec.-Lieut. D. S. Jones, Sec.-Lieut. R. A. C. Mathews, Sec.-Lieut. J. M. T. Stock, Sec.-Lieut. R. A. Beloe, Sec.-Lieut. M. Forman, Lieut. B. J. A. Fawcett, Lieut. S. F. Robinson. Middle row: Lieut. J. F. D. Heath, Lieut. A. C. Winser, Sec.-Lieut. G. W H. Bentley, Sec.-Lieut. R. A. Bower, Lieut. A. B. Yuille, Lieut. C. W. J. Lawrence, Sec.-Lieut. R. J. Blake, Sec.-Lieut. T. M. MacQueen, Lieut. C. Burnham (R.A.M.C.), Sec.-Lieut. P. R. Koekkock, Lieut. E. A. Collymore, Lieut. C. A. Peake. Front row: Capt. G. Ess, Capt. N. M. Hunnybun, Lieut. and Qrmstr. J. S. Sandilands, Major B. H. B. Magrath (second in command), Colonel J. S. Melville (commanding), Capt. and Adjt. P. Hammond, Capt. S. G. Bradshaw, Capt. H. M. Singer, Capt. the Rev. A. Allchin.

Japan's Part in the Great War

By the Editor

Our Ally in the Far East

WHAT is the position of Japan in the world-war? It has been put very succinctly by Dr. K. Ukita, a Professor of Waseda University. "In accordance with our esteem for the world-wide peace and sacredness of international law," he declares, "we have done with Germany, and discharged our duty so far as the peace of the Far East is concerned." Japan, adds the professor, desires the ultimate victory of the Allies, but "if Germany should, having conquered the Allies, refuse to admit Japan's right in the Far East, we have no alternative but to fight it out with might and main, until we crush down Germany for the sake of righteousness." Meanwhile, we must not forget the great services rendered to the allied cause by the Japanese Fleet, Japan's financial aid and the invaluable output of the Japanese munition factories for the supply of materials to the Russian forces in the field.

"The Robbers"

APROPOS to C. M.'s contribution in our "Observation Post" this week, a good story, told in one of the Danish papers, may here be recounted:

"There was a great German for you! What other country could produce such a genius?" said a German patriot to a Dane, as the two were talking in Schiller's house in Weimar.

"Well, Schiller was not typically German," quietly protested the Dane. "He was a very cosmopolitan poet. Look how much inspiration he drew from foreign countries and peoples. His 'Maid of Orleans' was inspired by France, 'Maria Stuart' by England, 'Don Carlos' by Spain, 'The Bride of Messina' by Italy, 'Wilhelm Tell' by Switzerland, and so on, and so on."

"Do you mean to say that Germany has not inspired any of Schiller's work?" exclaimed the German, quite angrily.

"Oh, no," quietly answered the Dane, "there is 'The Robbers,' for instance."

General Russky's Thanks

A CAPITAL story is going the rounds about General Russky, who, one is glad to learn, is beginning to recover from his serious illness. It concerns this distinguished Russian commander's readiness to accept useful criticism from subordinates. Once in the field he gave orders to the general commanding a division. As usual, the orders were well thought out, but there was a slight error in the part assigned to the artillery. To this an artillery captain directed the attention of his superior. His chief, however, did not think it advisable to report the matter, whereupon the captain, disregarding the breach of discipline, approached General Russky himself. General Russky thanked him very warmly, promoted him, and related the whole incident in an Order of the Day.

A Tradesman Hero

MISS CAVELL was not the only heroic soul who willingly risked life in order to help compatriots to escape from the hands of the Huns. We shall know the names of more of them some day. Meanwhile, we stand at the salute as we hear this General Army Order issued by General Joffre, announcing the heroic devotion of Camille Eugene Jacquet, an elderly wine merchant of Lille:

Condemned to capital punishment by the Germans, and executed in the Lille Citadel on September 22nd, 1915, for having harboured, hidden, and given help to French soldiers, and having helped them to escape, he died as a hero with his hands free and his eyes unbandaged, crying "Vive la France! Vive la Republique!"

An Unpretentious Patriot

MANY officers and men passed through the hands of this unostentatious patriot. Perhaps the most extraordinary case was that of an airman who, having dropped bombs on the German wireless station at Lille, was forced to come down near the gates of the town. When the German motor-mitrailleuses arrived at the spot, the machine was in flames and the airman gone. M. Jacquet had spirited him away. For a fortnight he hid him in his house, and then succeeded in smuggling him over the frontier. Now the airman, too, is dead; but both he and the splendid patriot who saved him once will live for ever in the memory of Lille—and of the whole of France.

Who Is Indispensable?

ONE wholesome effect of the investigation of appeals for exemption from military service may quite possibly be an enormous diminution of the mental disease vulgarly known as "swelled head." Its chief symptom is a delusion that the individual is indispensable to his temporary environment. The absurdity of the delusion is proved anew to every wholly sane mind by every death that occurs; ever the ranks fill up, and ever the work goes on. But something unprecedented was certainly required to convince men suffering from the complaint in a mild, or still undeveloped form, that they can be done without in business. Many cases that have come before the tribunals would be amusing, if at the same time they were not so sad.

THE passing thought reminds one of a remark made once by Mr. Coulson Kernahan. Lecturing on literature he observed that all trades and crafts have their special and peculiar disease—painter's colic, for instance, and perhaps housemaid's knee. The literary craft, he remarked, is distinguished above all others by having two complaints of its own—writer's cramp and swelled head. "And the pity of it is," he added pathetically, "that writer's cramp is never cured, and swelled head never kills."

Owls in the Trenches

THE following extract from a letter just received from an officer at the front, and quoted in the "Times," may be of interest to game preservers: "When I was up in the trenches recently I saw numerous owls; they used to flap about among the trenches at night, quite regardless of shells and snipers, getting a fine harvest of rats and mice, with which the trenches literally swarm. They were the big brown owls. They always disappeared two hours before dawn. I never could make out where to, but I suppose to woods behind the lines."

A Ready Reference

NO one has ever seen a really good dictionary for sale with a paper cover. What would be the use of putting paper on a book which is going to be referred to many times in a week? Ever refer to your back numbers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED? Because, if you do so often, they won't remain very sound in their paper covers. Not a very ready reference with numbers of loose parts in different rooms of the house, is it? Why not have them bound, and keep them in your bookcase—an ever-ready reference. The newsagent from whom you get your parts will sell you one of the publishers' registered binding cases for 1s. 6d.; or you can obtain it direct from the Publishers, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C., post free for 1s. 10d.

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Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
48 Inland 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d per copy, post free. N

The War Illustrated, March 18th, 1916. *Reg. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

German Gamble for Verdun in Picture & Story

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly

Vol. 4 The Defender of Verdun: General Petain looks across the fateful field **No. 83**

THE OBSERVATION POST

Concerning Mad Dogs and Some Bees

PEOPLE who are compelled by age or sex to stay inactive at home, and await with what patience they may command the end of the heroic conflicts now proceeding in Europe, should give thanks for men and books that encourage their hope with irrefutable reason. Books which do this must rely upon analogy for their chief argument, and analogy is far from being proof. But it is also far from being nothing more than merely comfortable doctrine. Prophecy, of course, can only be actually justified by the event, but it ceases to be rash when it is based upon history and supported by parallels drawn from the natural order of things.

A RECENT example of such a book is Mr. W. Trotter's "Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War," wherein he traces social systems back to their first origin, and shows how the earliest characteristics survive to the latest of days and can be exposed naked and vital still if, and when, the general conditions revert approximately to the primitive.

SOCIOLOGISTS have abandoned the two familiar old theories—the one, that the family was the original unit of society; the other, that society developed from social contract between individuals. The theory they now propound is that it has been evolved from an "undifferentiated horde," and that "the herd instinct is a developed horde instinct which still survives in the individual's subconscious self." The immediate topical interest of the book is seen when one realises another of the points in its structure: that war is a state which necessarily involves a return to a more primitive manner of living nationally, and that, consequently, the native herd-qualities of the belligerents are more fully revealed by it. The present war being, indeed, a war of actual life and death, the herd qualities are practically seen naked, and the revelation is one that may comfort us and our Allies more than a little, if any of us require comforting.

THE Germans as seen by Mr. Trotter are a new species. He compares them to a pack of furious hounds whose predatory pack instinct, however, has been developed scientifically into an almost perfect acceptance of State control, with an altogether amazing power of aggressive gregariousness. This "shows itself at times as a simplicity or even childishness, as a boorish cunning, as an incredible ant-like activity, as a sudden blast of maniacal boasting, a reckless savagery of gloating in blood, a simple-minded sentimentality; as outbursts of idolatry, not of the pallid, metaphorical, modern type, but the full-blooded African kind, with all the apparatus of idol, fetish, and tom-tom."

IT strikes one as a true description of the operation of the Teuton spirit as made familiar to us by Kaiser, Ministers, Army, Press, and public, and it dots the "i's" in the imperative necessity of exterminating the pack of furious beasts. Mr. Trotter's analysis of our own herd character is more pleasing, but it seems to be no less borne out by our conduct in the matter of this war. He finds our parallel in a community of bees, and no one who knows Maeterlinck's essay on "The Life of the Bee" can fail to be struck by the justice of the comparison drawn by the student of sociology. Caught unprepared for the tremendous shock, and bewildered by it, the people yet set to work to face the danger, working with a half-conscious instinct, precisely as the bees do when the hive is threatened with sudden destruction. And Mr. Trotter's considered judgment is that they are capable of evolving by degrees a more enduring and more deadly strength than that appertaining to the war pack of the hounds.

MAETERLINCK is careful to give warning that conclusions that apply to man must not be deduced too hastily from the facts ascertained about the life of the bee. But the analogy between the evolution of man and that of the hymenoptera, "which, of all the inhabitants of this globe, possess the highest degree of intellect after that of man," is too close to be meaningless for man, and if Mr. Trotter is justified—as he seems to us to be—in finding the analogy closest between the communal life of the hymenoptera and the social organisation of the British race, the deduction that may be drawn fairly from the fact should be most helpful and encouraging to us now.

BY way of justification of the analogy this may be quoted of the disposition of the bees towards entry into quarrels: "It is true that were someone, who neither knows nor respects the customs and character of the bee, suddenly to fling open the hive, it would turn at once into a burning bush of heroism and anger; but the slight amount of skill that is needed to handle it with impunity can be most readily acquired. Let but a little smoke be deftly applied, much coolness and gentleness be shown, and our well-armed workers will suffer themselves to be despoiled without dreaming of drawing their sting. It is not the fact that the bees recognise their master, nor have they any fear of man." With the necessary verbal alterations that, and many another passage, might have been written of ourselves.

PERTINENT, too, to the present situation in England is this, of the sacrifice required to be laid by the individual upon the public altar: "The aim of Nature is manifestly the improvement of the race; but no less manifest is her inability, or refusal, to obtain such improvement except at the cost of the liberty, the rights, and the happiness of the individual. In proportion as a society organises itself, and rises in the scale, so does a shrinkage enter the private life of each one of its members. Where there is progress it is the result only of a more and more complete sacrifice of the individual to the general interest. Each one is compelled first of all to renounce his vices, which are acts of independence. Then having freed himself from his most dangerous vices, each individual has to acquire a certain number of more and more painful virtues." And so the process goes on, though it remains a question whether ever in this world human morality can attain such a pitch as that of the bees which culminates in the swarm, "the great annual sacrifice to the genius of the race." Is there not, perhaps, a point to be found here which the presidents of the local tribunals might put to young men asking for exemption from military service on purely personal grounds?

ONE other reflection is suggested by Mr. Trotter's comparison of the Teuton herd instinct to that of the pack of wild dogs and of our own to that of the hive. Tersely put, it is this: Only a fool dog upsets a beehive. In the case in point, the pack in its mad onrush has upset the hive, and although in the first shock of the disaster the bees may have seemed to be disorganised and put to heedless flight, they were not therefore disposed of. They have taken counsel together, and are after the pack in good earnest. Never will the pack shake them off now. With a low, deep murmur, more menacing than the yelping of the pack, the bees will follow, harry, madden, and kill, until, powerless to endure longer and powerless to offer further retaliation, the poor remainder of the pack shall rush down a steep place into the sea, and their breed shall disappear from off the face of the earth for ever.

C. M.

18th March, 1916. No. 83. Vol. 4.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON

QUITE A HARMLESS FLIRTATION AT PORT EREO.—This little Armenian girl was rescued, together with her parents, by a British battleship off Asia Minor. Her mother having told her to whom they all owe their lives, the child runs up and kisses the hands of every British sailor she meets with a pretty expression of infantile gratitude.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

XXXV.—The German Gamble for Verdun: First Phase

TOWARDS the close of 1915, after nearly a year and a half of unprecedented homicide, the Junkers were still convinced of final victory. It is true that the German mark had greatly fallen in value, that occasional manifestations of unrest had occurred in Berlin, that the Kaiser was known to be suffering with an incurable malady, and that the Crown Prince could not possibly be regarded as a brilliant successor to the mighty Hohenzollern dynasty, as they conceived it.

But all these were inevitabilities, which appeared insignificant enough before the German military and diplomatic successes of the preceding weeks. Nevertheless, a certain incredulity was current among people of the Fatherland. The Kaiser's soldiers strode from the Yser to Riga, from Lovtchen to Constantinople. To all intents and purposes the Teuton War-God was invincible, and yet the Germans could not impose peace on their presumably broken adversaries.

Something had to be done in the west

Field-Marshal von Haeseler, the veteran in supreme command of the German Verdun offensive.

to prove the failure of the Allies once and for all, some crushing blow which would bring Paris within reach of the mailed fist again, or, even if but a moral victory could be secured, it would help the flotation of another German loan.

In fact, some desperate move commended itself as imperative if only to forestall the threatened allied offensive, and the chance of this bringing home to the people of Germany the conviction that, despite all the promises and pledges of High Headquarters, the sword of Michael was not invincible, and that the long-expected crushing victory on the western side of the Rhine was but the insubstantial fabric of a dream.

The German General Staff, after instructing Wolff to make much of Salonika, Egypt, and Asia, in a vain attempt to mislead the Allies, decided that their blow should fall on Verdun, in the most thoroughly prepared and completely organised sector of the long French line.

Would-be Wilhelm III. had been here in nominal command of seven army corps, some three hundred and fifty thousand men, among whom were the pick of Prussian soldiery. Germany's greatest generals drew up a plan of attack, and after two months of Trojan toil—strengthening their positions to surety, constructing roads for the transport of colossal artillery borrowed from the Galician and Serbian fronts—a moderate bombardment opened on February 20th against the northern French positions defending Verdun from the Meuse to the Woevre. This by way of preliminary to the most violent effort of the Central Empires since the initial rush to Paris, beside which even the tragedy of the Yser in the Calais attempt was to pale, beside which the dynastic struggle of Waterloo was but an incident.

The Landscape Disfigured

Gradating in power, the bombardment on a line from the Meuse right bank to Fromezey wreaked wanton havoc among the beautiful sylvan districts of Haumont and Caures, and was followed by determined infantry attacks in massed formation. On the 22nd the German artillery fire reached a degree of intensity incomparable to anything the war had yet seen, reducing the French bombardment in Champagne during September, 1915, to a mere strategic gunfire.

The heavens rained a veritable tornado of every calibre, from the small 3 in. to the gigantic 17 in. shell, each uttering its own peculiar death moan, contributing to an ear-splitting cacophony of terror. The face of the landscape was disfigured, small ridges were obliterated, and woods were levelled in the sulphuric dust. To hold positions against such a tempest would have meant useless sacrifice of life, and the French commander therefore withdrew from the village of Haumont, after inflicting terrible losses on the attackers.

Simultaneously two equally great efforts were being made by a German centre line striking from the region of Beaumont towards Louvemont, and the extreme left wing advancing from the Bois de la Vauche against Douaumont Fort, four and a half miles north-east of Verdun as the crow flies, and the latter position was regarded by the German Staff as the key to the situation. To possess the Ridge of Douaumont was tantamount to holding Verdun itself, they imagined. This probably explains the fearful slaughter permitted in the hope of carrying the fort by sheer weight of numbers.

"Douaumont, or Die!"

The battle had already lasted six days when the Germans, by February 26th, had pushed forward to the foot of Douaumont Plateau, and there, while the French artillery were feverish for the signal to shatter the enemy to pieces, a Hun general harangued his men before the assault, warning them to fight to a finish, as "the French shot all the prisoners who fell into their hands." At about eight o'clock in the morning the van of the German infantry was visible through the glasses of the French command. No fewer than seven crack regiments were hurled up the ridge approaching Douaumont.

The French guns began to speak, the range was exact, and blood-red ravines were torn in the inexhaustible masses of German grey, each shell accounting for many lives. Never had gunners such an easy target. Wave upon wave, with almost unnatural indifference to death, born of iron discipline, surged over the corpses of their comrades, and advanced slowly up the hill.

Parading into the very jaws of death, the Kaiser's beloved Brandenburgers carried the disused Fort of Douaumont—only to find, after all, that it was little better than an empty shell—while the German artillery enveloped the whole plateau with a crescent of fire, making it temporarily untenable to the defenders. Once again the French command ordered a withdrawal, under cover of an epic rearguard action against fearful odds.

This retreat was a masterstroke of leadership, carried out with precision and stern resolution. Elated by its success, the German Staff, with the Kaiser at its head (he had followed the progress of the battle through his glasses from an eminence beyond Ornes) saw the chance of pushing the attack to a definite conclusion, and breaching the French front before it could rally and consolidate its new line.

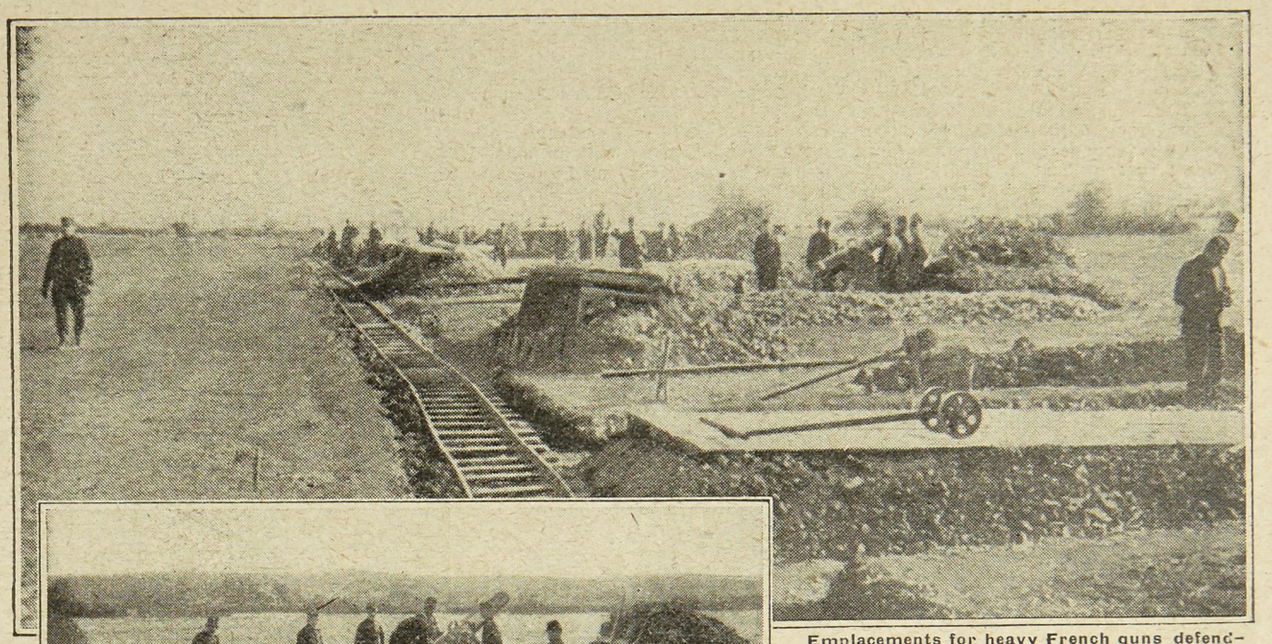
The man of the moment. General Petain, to whose brilliant leadership is due the glorious defence of Verdun.

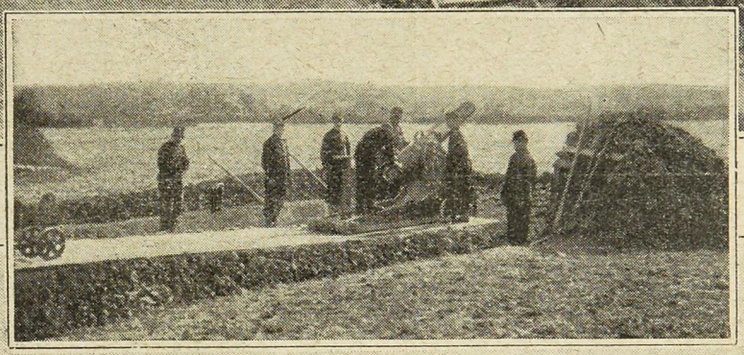
At the psychological instant, however, some picked French corps—ever held in readiness during a critical battle—were launched in a heavy counter-attack against the exultant Brandenburgers. It is no exaggeration to say that the fate of Verdun rested on these chosen warriors. Fully realising their grest responsibility, this corps d'élite, stalwart Celts from dreamy Brittany, crashed on to the enemy in a volley of glittering steel, fighting with inspired frenzy.

The Germans, fatigued by continuous combat, surprised by the sudden onslaught, wavered, rallied, and fell back again. The corps d'élite, sweeping right and left of the fort, all but surrounded the Brandenburgers and other regiments now clinging to the Douaumont Ridge with the courage of despair. Those German soldiers in the fort held out in spite of their hopeless situation, obtaining

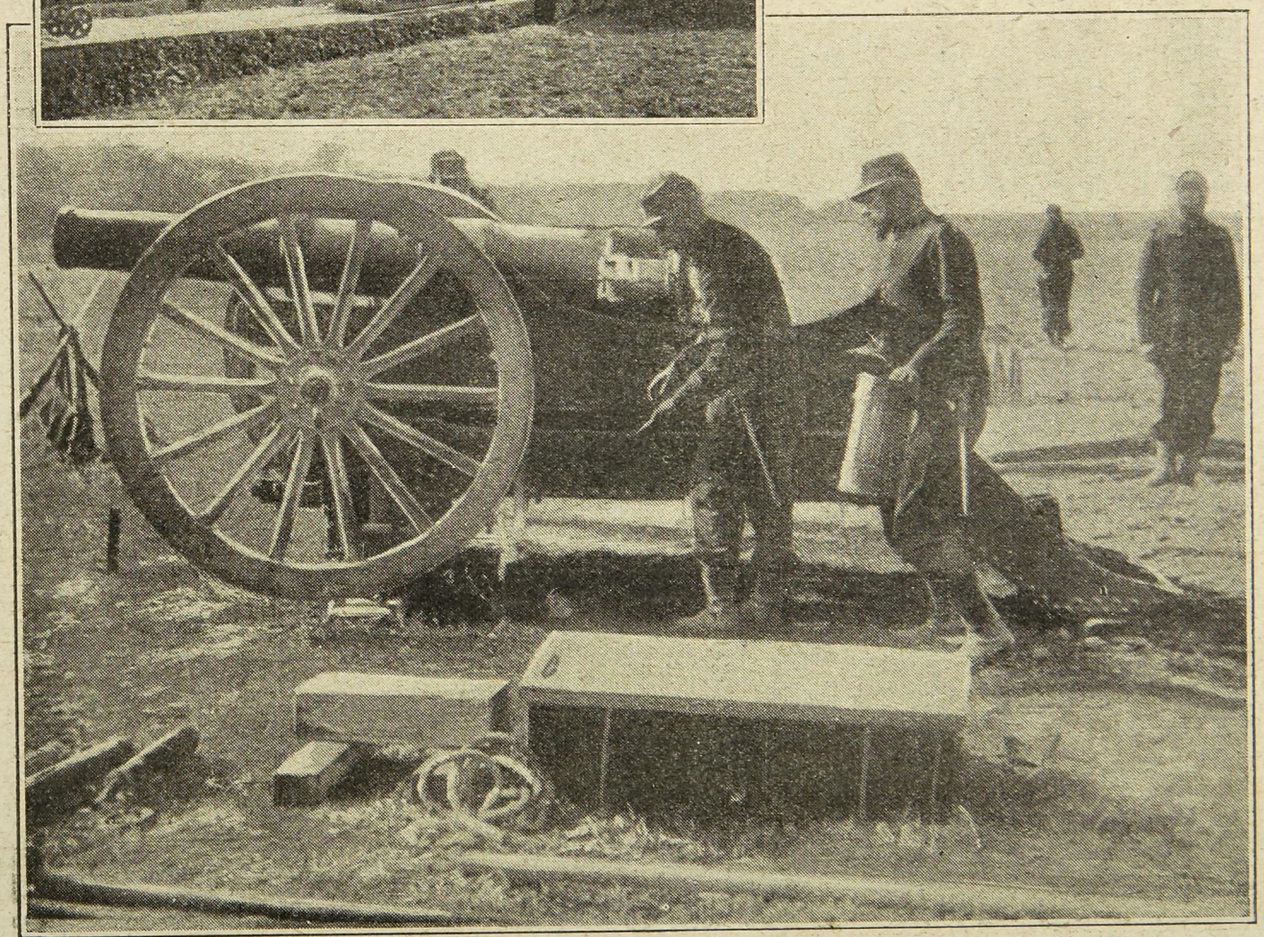
[*Continued on page* 100.

French Guns That Decimated German Masses





Emplacements for heavy French guns defending Verdun positions. The photograph gives some idea of the labour entailed in connection with heavy artillery work. Rails are used to facilitate the transport of these huge weapons.



Near view of one of the heavy guns which wrought such terrible destruction among the massed German infantry hurled against Douaumont. The inset impression shows another of these weapons in action. Note the long platform emplacement

THE GERMAN GAMBLE

(*Continued from page* 98.)

supplies, it is believed, by means of an underground passage leading to the German lines.

Thus the formidable German offensive was arrested at the very moment when it was within an ace of succeeding. After gaining and losing their objective three times, the fury of the enemy spent itself in vain, subsiding as the sea recedes from a steadfast reef.

When it was known that the Bretons had saved the situation, a great shout of "Vive la France!" went up from the throats of the regiments in the rear. Not since the glorious national hymn had been sung by Rouget de Lisle himself was the "Marseillaise" rendered with more soul-moving effect, or under more appropriate circumstances.

The Germans, in falling back from the Douaumont Ridge, were likewise compelled to evacuate Champneuville and Poivre Hill, positions also gained at incredible loss.

At nightfall, in the callous light of the moon, the spectacle was at once weird, grandiose, and terrifying. Hecatombs of dead darkened the snow-white plateau. The stretcher-bearers walked slowly among the silent ranks looking for those still within reach of human aid. The cold was Arctic, and hundreds of wounded succumbed from exposure. Even the very wine in the flasks of the Red Cross workers froze hard. The casualties in this orgy of blood were truly without number. The figures, so far, can only be guessed. Among the enemy fifty thousand killed are estimated, and well over one hundred thousand wounded. The French, with characteristic economy in human life, may have lost a third of these figures.

The first phase of the Battle of Verdun may be said to have ended with the recapture of Douaumont after six days of frightful struggle between hundreds of thousands of machines and men imbued with almost divine courage for a mortal ideal. The Germans gained some four miles of territory, but this gain was the greatest defeat they had yet sustained.

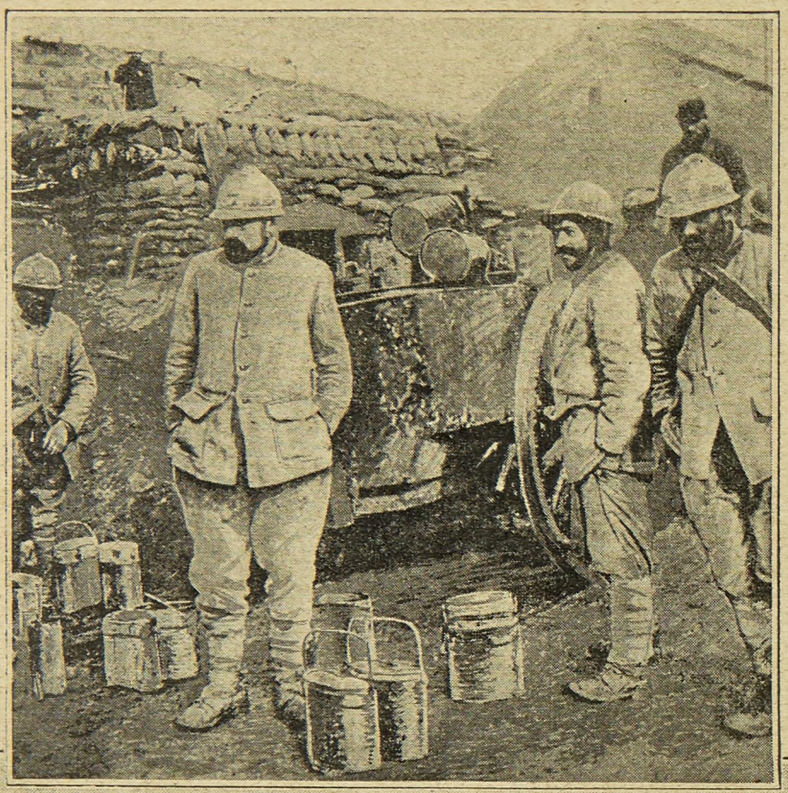
Even had the cherished fortress itself fallen into the hands of the enemy, it is doubtful if such a success would have compensated for the enormous loss in effectives, and the lavish expenditure of ammunition. Our Ally long realised that heavy artillery in modern warfare negatived the value of stationary forts, and the fact that Verdun held out at all was only due to its having been protected by a large army and every conceivable kind of defence work several miles in advance of the position.

The Men of Destiny

The outstanding hero of the French resistance was General Henri Philippe Pétain. Little is known of this suddenly romantic figure save that until the outbreak of the war he was but a humble colonel. Still in his fifties, not unlike Lord Roberts in appearance, with a Spartan constitution, he is a hard worker, and beloved of his men.

His chief adversary was Graf von Haeseler, who had already many failures to his debit in the Argonne, and who attempted to retrieve his reputation with such reckless prodigality of life in the attack on Verdun. Eighty years of age, he was a pupil of the older Moltke, and known to the world as "The Devil of Metz."

A. B.



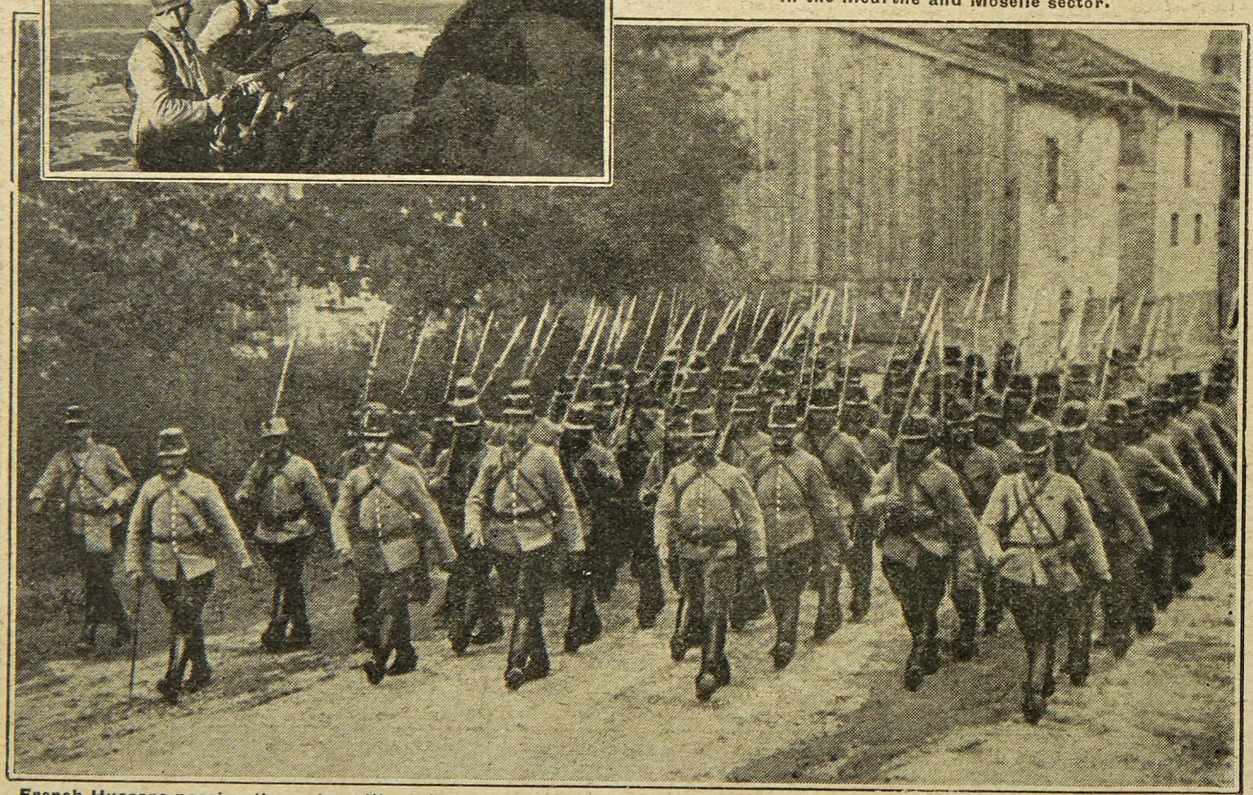
Part of the inexhaustible supply of munitions for mitrailleuses on the way to the battle zone. Inset: Welcome reinforcement for the men in the first line. Cans of hot soup ready to be transported to the trenches during the great battle.

En Avant! For the Glory of France at Douaumont

When the German onslaught on the Douaumont position had all but succeeded, a staggering counter-blow was delivered. After waiting eighteen hours in the snow the French reserves came into action, Bretons and Zouaves dashing forward oblivious to the fearful storm of German shells. Blue, khaki, the rolling white snowfields, the flashing bayonets, the shining bugles, and flaming Tricolour made as impressive a spectacle as could be imagined. With an inspired courage the great men of France stemmed the German tide at the critical moment, sweeping the enemy over the vital Douaumont ridge.

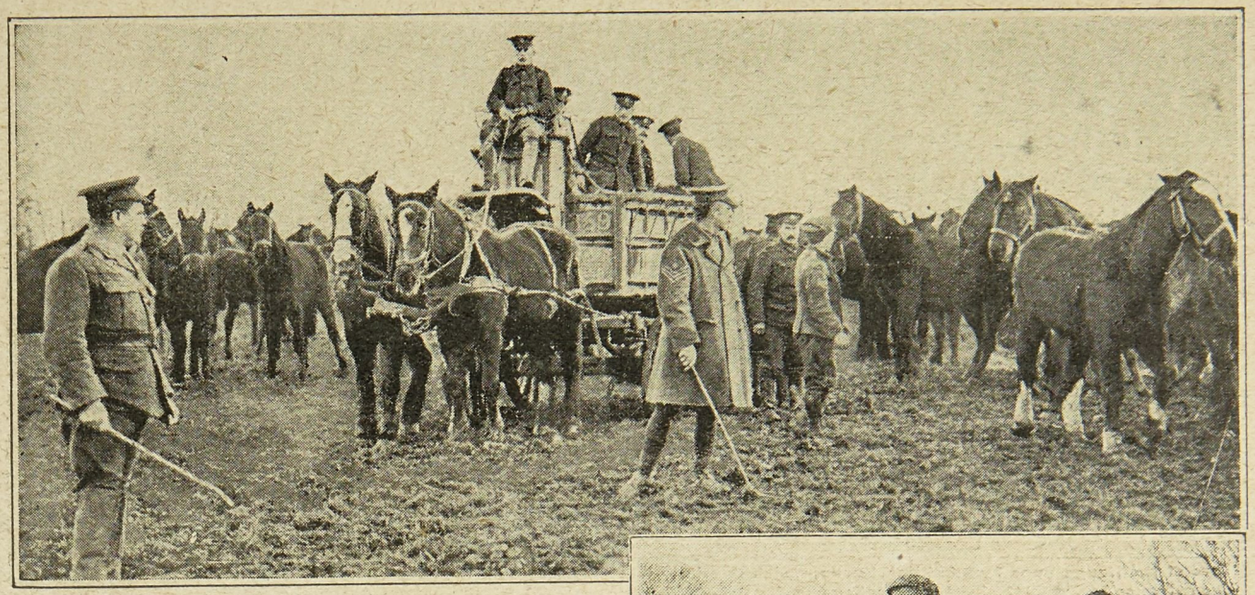
French Hussars in the Trenches as Infantrymen

French Hussars as infantrymen on duty in the trenches. Inset: Two French soldiers on the shore of an ice-bound lake in the Meurthe and Moselle sector.

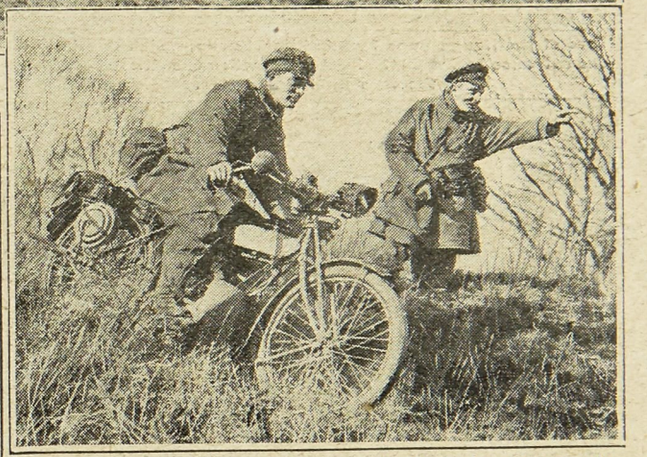


French Hussars passing through a village in the battle-zone on their way to take a turn of duty in the trenches. The cavalry of all belligerents have adapted themselves readily to the modern conditions of warfare.

Four Branches of Our Army on Active Service



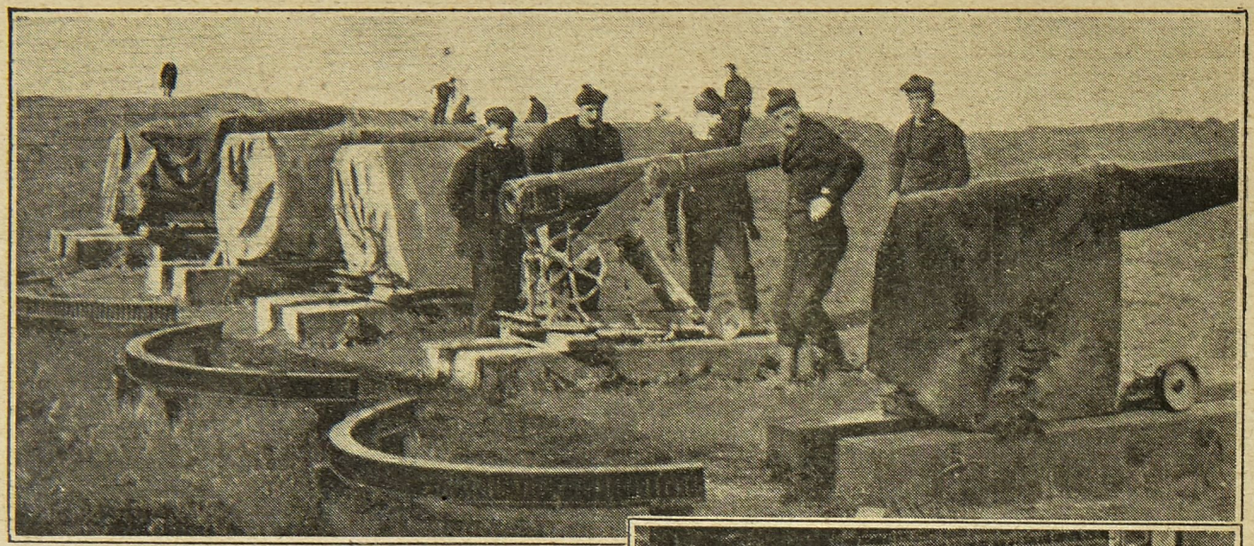
Fodder for the horse of war. British soldiers distributing hay from A.S.C. waggons behind the lines.



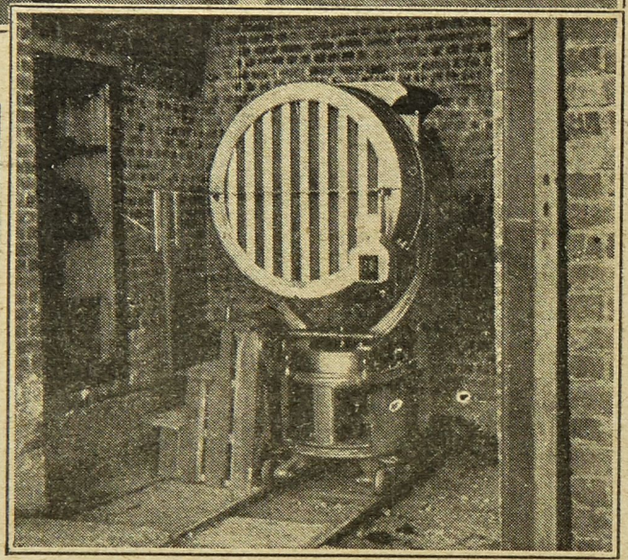
Motor despatch-riders in France set off again over rough country, after having made sure of their bearings. Inset: Signal Service men searching for a break in a telephone wire.

"Watchers" of the anti-aircraft section in France searching through special glasses for signs of enemy 'planes. In the background wire entanglements of our reserve trenches may be seen.

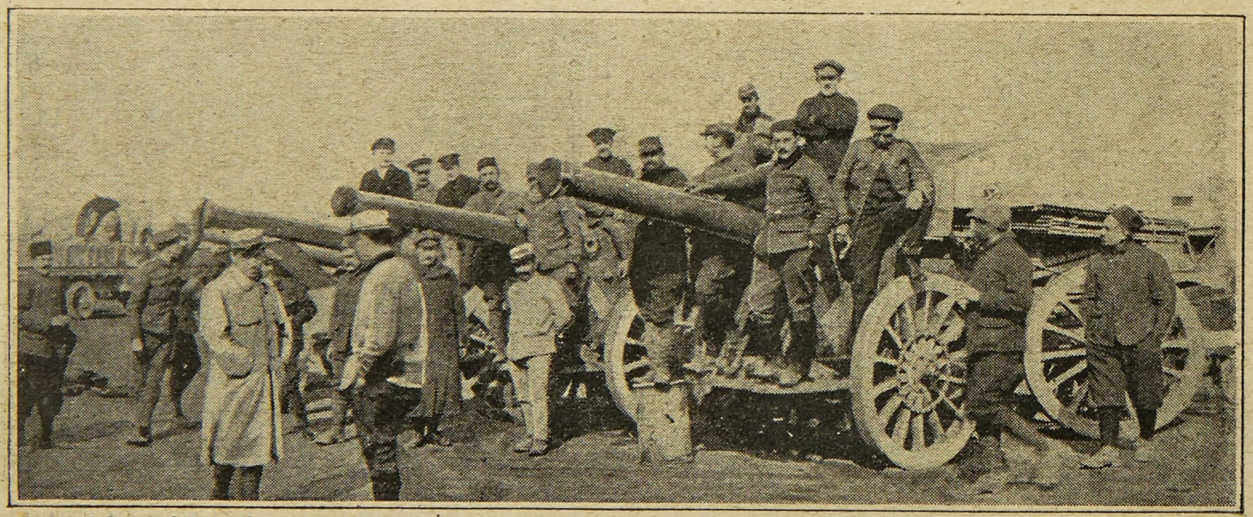
Allied and Enemy Ordnance at Salonika



Five of the Krupp guns found at Karaburun, which dominates the entrance to the Gulf of Salonika, when the Allies occupied the cape during January.



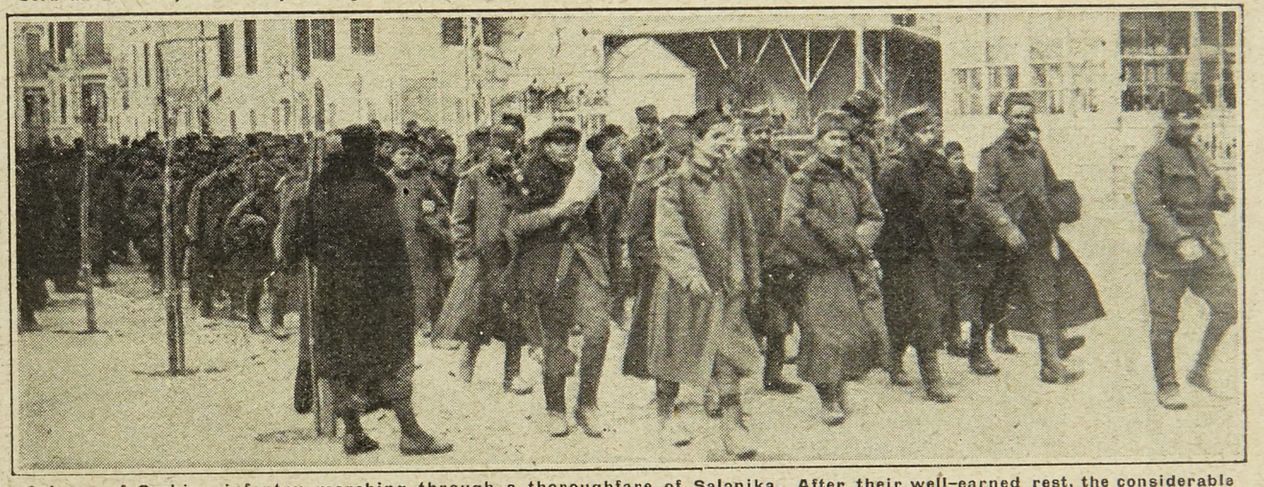
Loading a machine-gun belt with cartridges at a British camp near Salonika. Right: One of the searchlights installed in the enemy station on Karaburun. On the cape were discovered Krupp guns so mounted that in the enemy's hands they would have rendered Salonika untenable.



Some of General Sarrail's guns at Salonika. A cheerful gathering of British, French, and native soldiers round some fresh additions to the Allies' artillery in the Balkans.

Serbs & Indians Ready to Take the Balkan Field

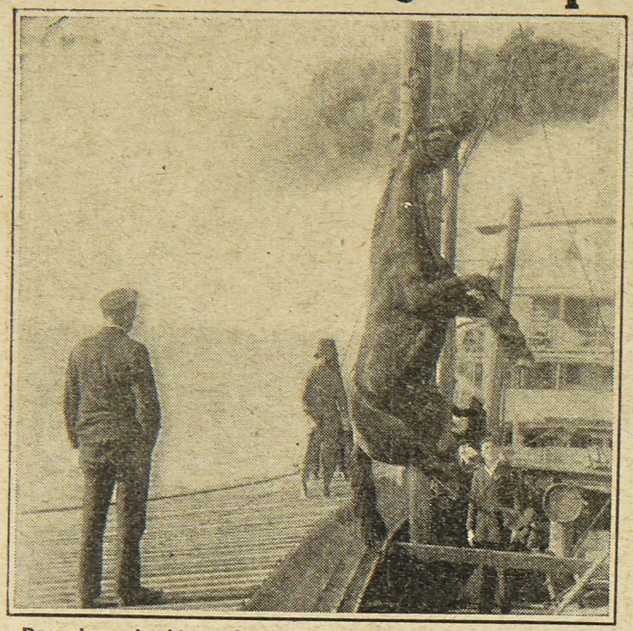
Serbian soldiers, after recuperating at Corfu, waiting outside headquarters at Salonika, there to be re-equipped for the front.



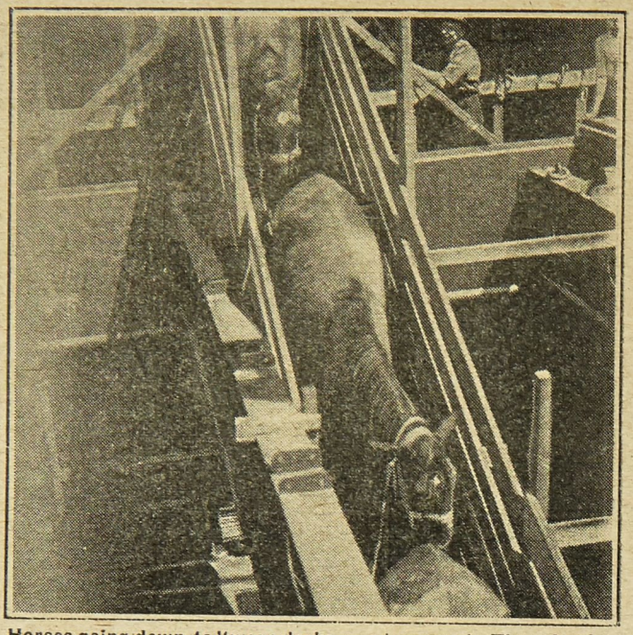
Column of Serbian infantry marching through a thoroughfare of Salonika. After their well-earned rest, the considerable forces of King Peter are now ready to go into harness again.

Indian mule transport column coming into Salonika for fodder, while a body of French soldiers are leaving the town to take up their positions in the lines. Most of the Allies have now been represented in the Levantine region, including British, French, Russian and Indian.

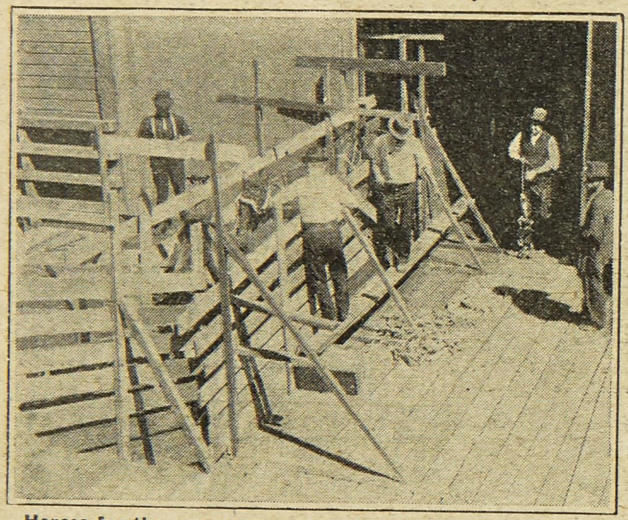
The Faithful Quadruped Goes on War Service



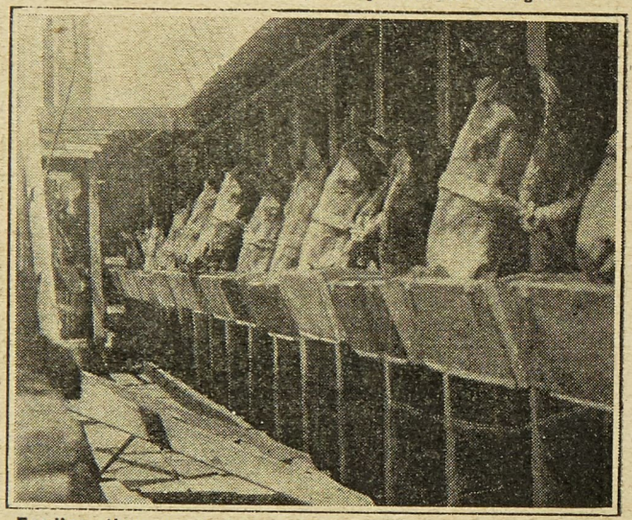
Dropping a dead horse in the Indian Ocean during a transport's voyage from Australia to Bombay.



Horses going down to 'tween decks on a transport. The animals suffer terribly from the journey if the sea is rough.



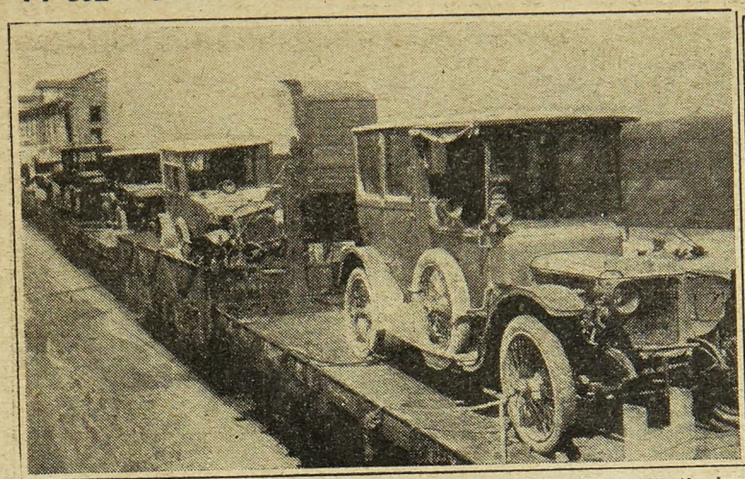
Horses for the war zone coming aboard ship. Everything to mitigate the discomforts of the voyage is done.

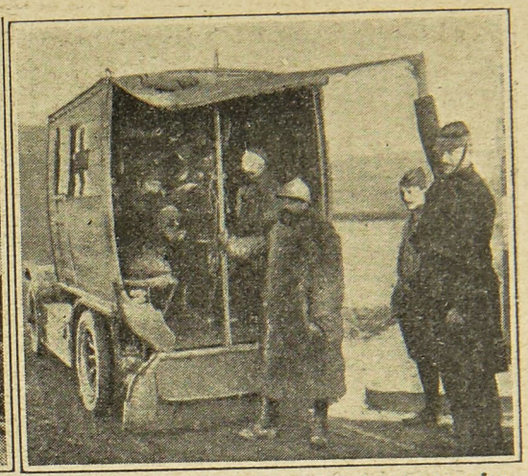


Feeding time on a transport. Horses in their specially-constructed stalls.

Horses at Brisbane, Australia, being got ready for transhipment to France and Flanders. The problem of a supply of these animals for war service has not been so acute as it was expected to be, owing to the development of siege warfare, and to the use of motor-vehicles, which fortunately minimises the need of man's four-footed friend on the battlefield.

War-time Autos & Some Shell-Wrecked Derelicts

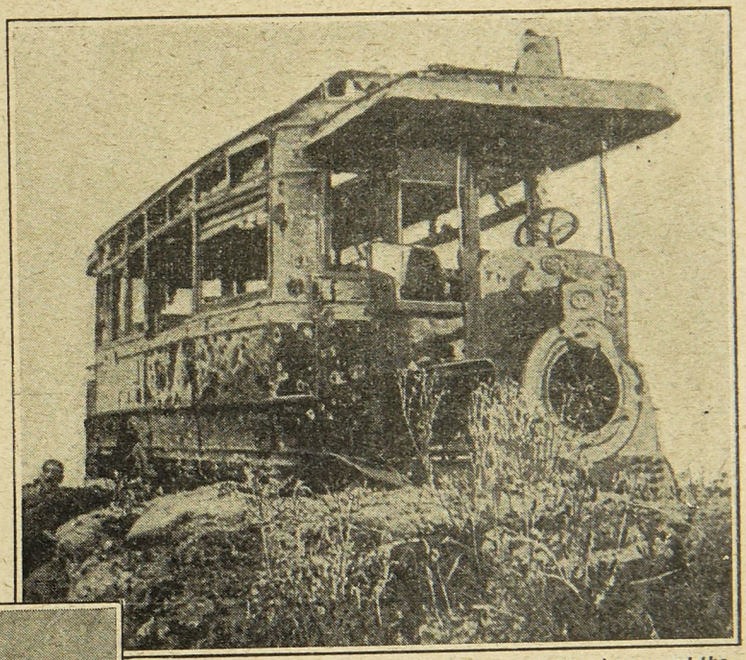




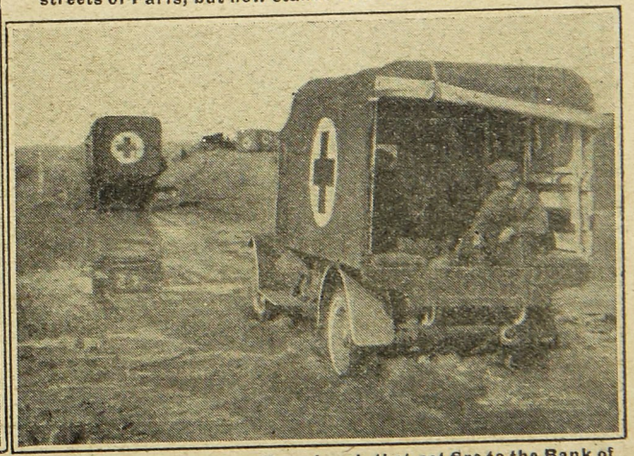
Truckloads of war-worn motor-cars being sent from the front to the base for repairs. Right: Motor ambulance waggon for conveying French wounded from the trenches to the hospitals.

TO say now that this is a "war of machinery" is trite, for it became evident almost as soon as hostilities began that, in addition to the usual machines of modern warfare, representatives of the machinery of peace—such as private motor-cars, omnibuses, and cycles—were to have an important and valuable place in the operations on the various fields of battle. In addition, they were required along the intricate lines of communication, which, in the strict military sense, stretch over all those parts of the globe in which the work of the military authorities is being carried out, however remotely connected it may be with the actual fighting areas.

Conscription for motor-vehicles and machinery became law as soon as the war started. It would be impossible to estimate the vast numbers of motor-propelled vehicles which are playing their part in the machinery of war. The wastage in the battalions of motor-cars, motor-omnibuses, and motor-drawn transport and ambulance waggons has been immense. But usually the wrecked cars are sent back to the various bases, there to be repaired, or, if too badly broken, to have as many as possible of their parts used again.



The half-burnt shell of a motor-'bus that once journeyed the streets of Paris, but now stands desolate near the first-line.



Railway truck on the quayside at Salonika that was set on fire by the same Zeppelin incendiary bomb that set fire to the Bank of Salonika. Right: British ambulances driving through a stream near Salonika, taking sick men to a hospital ship.

The Last Alarm of a Hapless German Sentinel

Two parties of the West Yorkshires started on a nocturnal raid on the enemy's trenches after cutting through the German wire. An officer and sergeant came across an enemy sentry oblivious of immediate danger. The sergeant approached, and aimed point-blank, but his revolver missfired. He thereupon sprang at the throat of the sentry, who uttered a piercing shriek. The officer then crept up and endeavoured to club the German, but his weapon went off, the bullet passing through the sentry's neck and the sergeant's hand. By now the Germans were fully alarmed, and the raiders retreated.

Fusilier Rescues Wounded Captain Under Fire

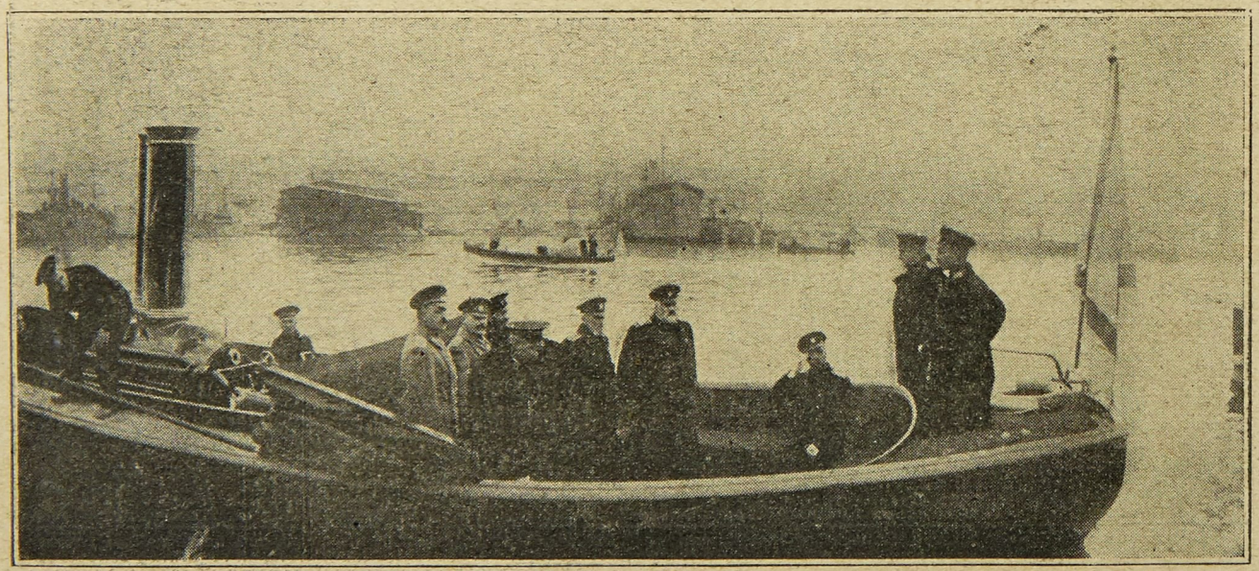
The bravery of Captain Russell Roberts, F.R.G.S., and of Private Mauffinades, 10th Royal Fusiliers, makes a vivid story in the annals of British heroism. During a night-time bombing attack on the German lines, Captain Roberts, although twice wounded by rifle fire, picked up a bomb flung by the Germans. Unhappily it exploded in his hand, and he sustained further severe injuries. Private Mauffinades, on regaining consciousness after being stunned by another bomb, which struck him on the head but fortunately did not explode, took the captain on his shoulders, and under heavy fire crawled to the British lines.

Russian Royalties Work and Rest Behind the Lines

The Tsar with the Grand Duke Nicholas, the Grand Dukes Peter Nicholaievitch and Alexander Michaelovitch, Prince Peter Alexandrovitch of Oldenburg, officers of H.I.M.'s suite, and the Staff of the Grand Duke.

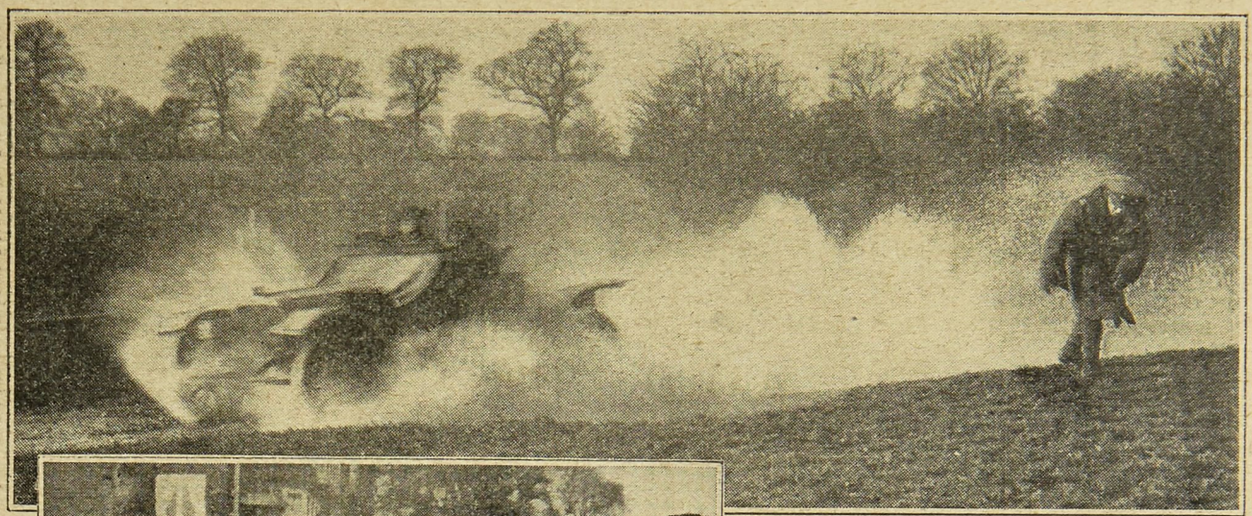
Royal group, including the Tsar, his four daughters, the Tsarevitch, and four of H.I.M.'s nephews, taken in the grounds of the Palace at Tsarskoe-Selo.

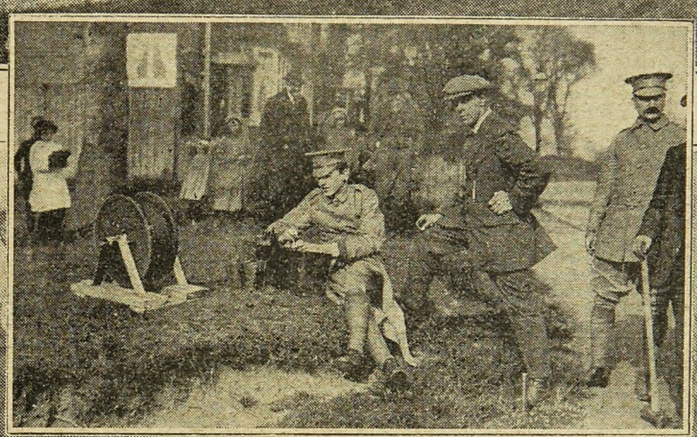
The Emperor with the Tsarevitch, the Grand Duchess Tatiana, and Prince Nikita Alexandrovitch, one of the Tsar's nephews, at Tsarskoe-Selo.



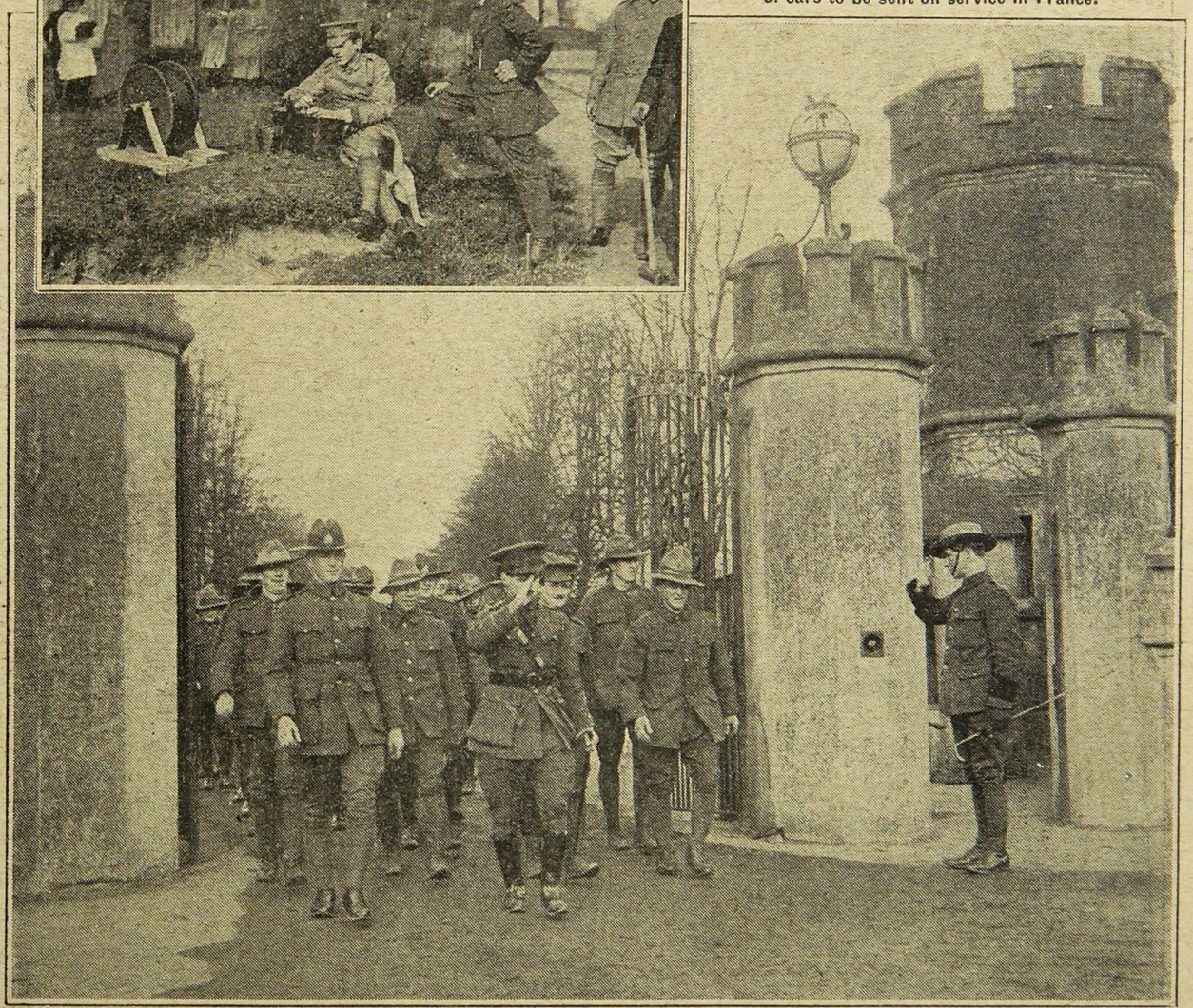
From Riga to Sebastopol is a far cry, but the indefatigable Emperor of All the Russias may one day review troops in the Baltic port and another inspect his fleet at the other end of Russia's line, in the Black Sea. This photograph shows his Imperial Majesty with Admiral Gregorovitch and Naval Staff.

Ceaseless Endeavour at Home for Victory Abroad

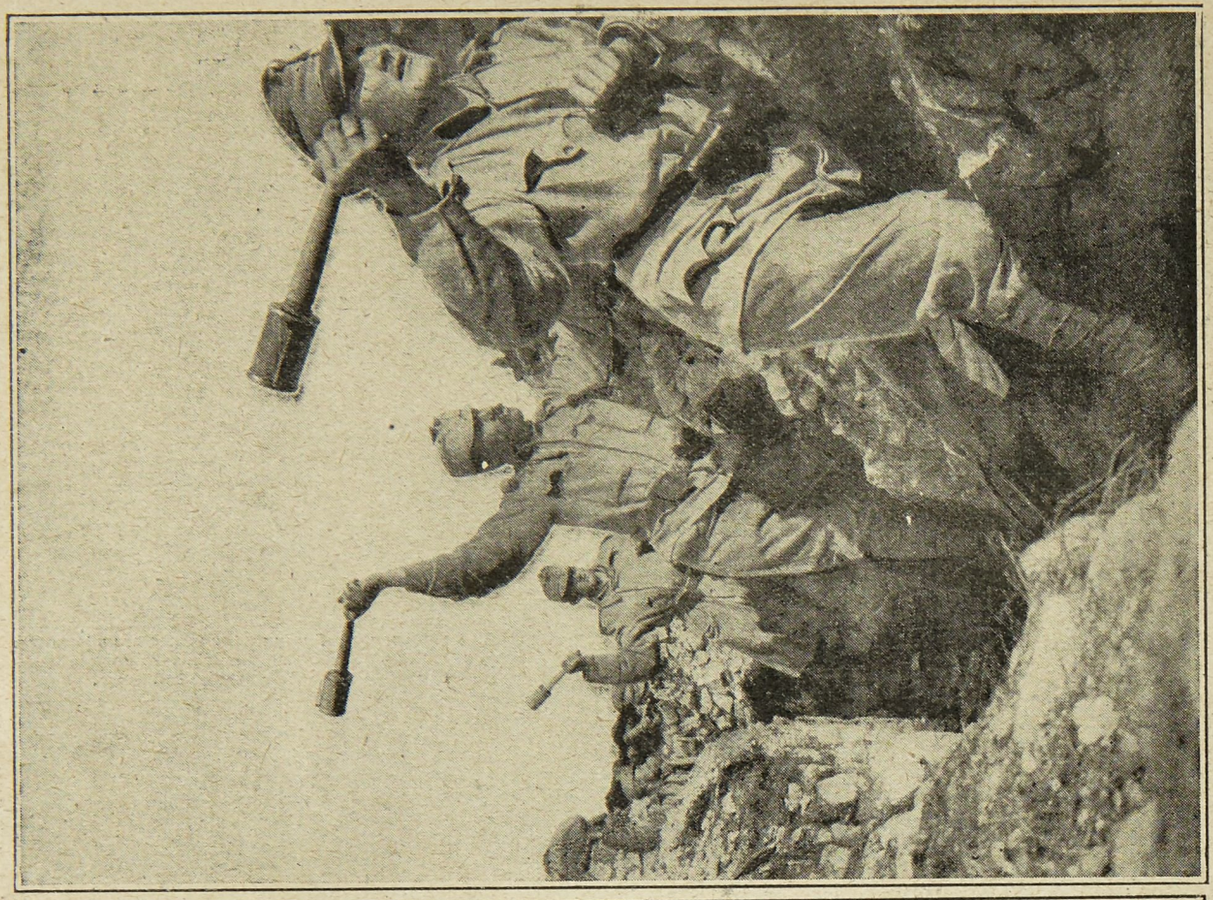


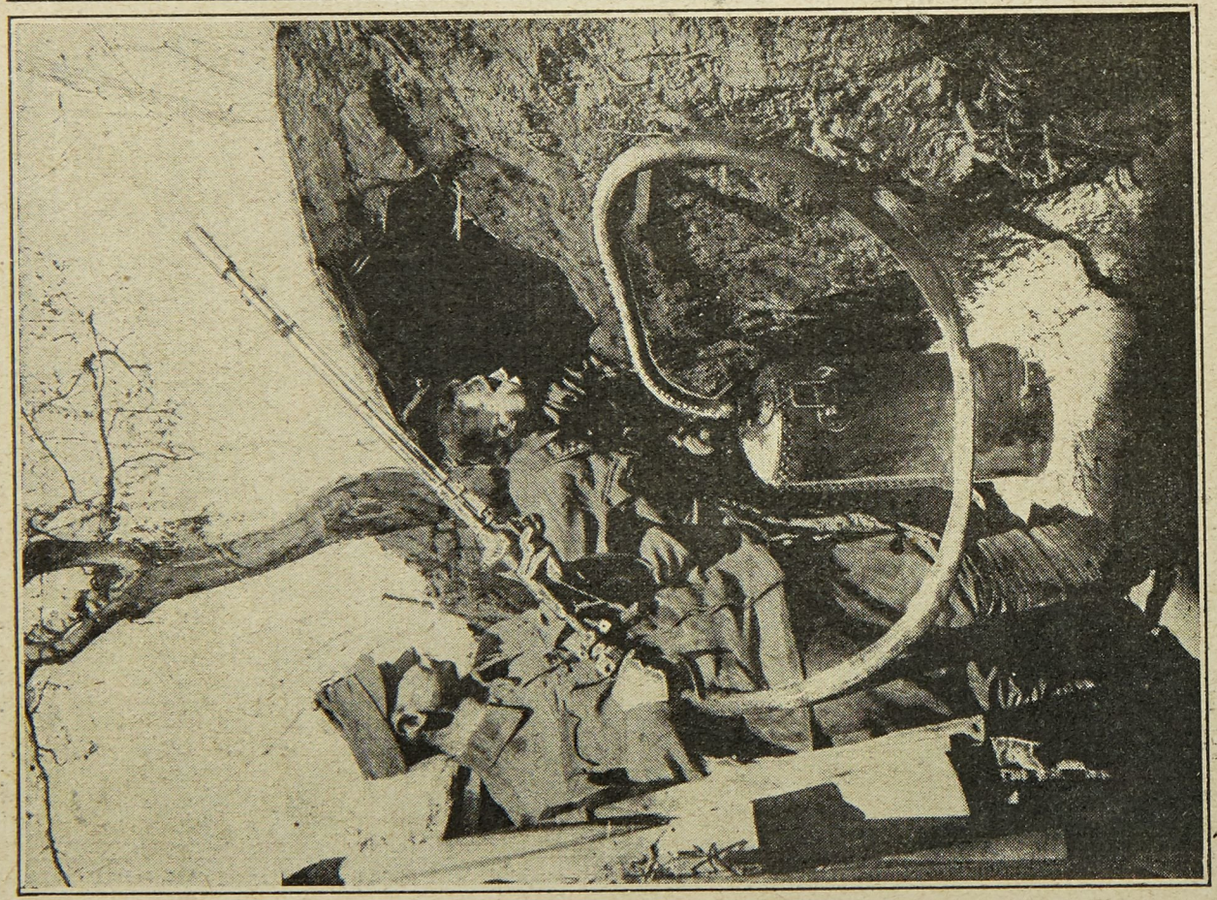


All in a good cause. Army motor inspector undergoes a shower-bath while watching the trials of certain types of cars to be sent on service in France.



Their first march out in the Old Country. New Zealanders off for a route march under Captain Price, acting adjutant. Inset: Members of the Birmingham Electrical Volunteers who are engaged in coast defence work for the Admiralty. The corps was raised by Mr. W. E. Milne, and consists of men ineligible for regular military service.





FLAMES AND GRENADES.—Perhaps the most amazing feature of the war has been the combination of primitive weapons—the club and the hand-thrown missile—with the latest appliances of science. The photograph on the left shows Hungarians using an apparatus for projecting burning acids, while that on the right shows Austrians hurling hand-grenades.

The Greatest Glory of France To-day

By Our War Correspondent, F. A. McKENZIE

THE fate of Verdun is, as I write this article, still undecided. The first great German offensive has been beaten back, after gigantic efforts and almost incredible slaughter, on the heights of the Meuse. A titanic artillery battle is now proceeding, a battle that may decide the fate of the town. Both sides have brought up every available gun. Krupp is pitted against Schneider-Canot.

However the fight may go, it has already given final proof to one fact. The new France, which so many ardent and fiery souls prayed and travailed for, is to-day an actuality. It is a France worthy of the great traditions of the premier military nation of Europe. The new French Army, now freed from the hampering bonds of political interference and sectarianism that almost strangled it, has proved itself fit successor of those great soldiers whose glory for many centuries made the world ring. The race that produced Jeanne d'Arc, the nation of the soldiers of many a great Louis, the people from which Napoleon's armies sprang, has come to its own again.

Miracle of Regeneration

Verdun may be kept or Verdun may go, but France has more than regained her place in the foremost ranks of the most brilliant, powerful, capable, and strenuous fighting nations of the world.

"Of course!" I hear some reader remark. "Why dwell on the obvious!" But it is not of course. On the contrary, the thing is one of the miracles of our time. Even two years ago the most competent military critics were inclined to look on France as a measured and declining force in European war. They declared that it was impossible for the French Army to stand up against the Germans. Their reasons were well known. The French system of mobilisation was such that the call to the Colours must produce considerable confusion and congestion along all lines of traffic. The French Army was cursed by the interference and control of politicians. Incompetent men had been appointed to high posts because they were friends of men in office. Good, capable men had been disgraced because of their religion. Necessary military supplies were lacking. No one denied the courage of the individual Frenchman, but the cold and capable critics, who argued out war as one would argue out a problem in chess, maintained that individual courage and regimental gallantry could never save a nation against a fully-prepared foe like Germany.

Great Losses for a Great Ideal

The critics were right, as far as they went. In a deeper sense the critics were wrong. They did not realise that below the political entanglements the heart of France beat true. In the early days of the war it seemed that all the forecasts of evil would prove right. The full story has not yet been told, and perhaps never will be told, of the Territorials in the North who met the savage blows of the German invaders without adequate artillery, without adequate arms, with little save individual courage at the back of them. France paid dearly for her lack of readiness. Part of the richest of her territory remains to-day in the enemy's grasp. In every French town that I know almost every woman is in mourning. When I gaze in the shop windows as I walk through French streets I notice in the milliners' and dressmakers' almost all the hats and costumes are black.

The hour of need brought the men. First among them stands out General Joffre. At the beginning of the war British people were slow to understand why France should have such absolute confidence in "Papa" Joffre. Our first real appreciation of the man was earned by his great courage in revising the high commands under him, in clearing out in wholesale fashion inefficient generals, in revealing weaknesses in his own armies in order that they might be remedied. His early strategy showed that he had realised in the beginning the overwhelming importance of keeping all his armies together. To accomplish this he sacrificed Lille, Valenciennes, and Maubeuge. He was equally prepared to sacrifice, if necessary, Amiens, Rouen, and Paris. Joffre, unemotional, imperturbable, with the nerves of an old farmer and the fine brain of a highly-trained soldier, kept to his task, unshaken by the greatest disasters. He is going on in the same way to-day, stone-walling, blocking, holding up violence until violence exhausts itself. He knows that his time will come to strike back.

Even the determination of Joffre could have done little had it not been for the wonderful business organisation that at once took away from the Parliamentary side the work of producing necessary supplies for war. People are sometimes apt to forget that France has given us in our time some of the greatest business organisers, and some of the most amazing business institutions in the world. The solid, capable organisers—they were many—took hold of the problem of munitions almost before Britain had realised that there was a problem of munitions. The result of their work is felt to-day in every mile of the front. The cry went forth: "Des munitions pour la victoire." And men and women unable to join the fighting in the field flocked by the hundred thousand to make them.

The Individual at His Best

Even above these I place the revelation during the last few weeks of the superb heroism of the individual private soldier and of the company officers. The Army gave itself a chance. Absinthe was prohibited. Simple living and a hard life turned the very Paris boulevardier into a strong soldier. I have seen nothing finer, if I may revert for the moment to what I myself have witnessed, than the spirit and temper with which the French troops enter battle. They are as keen to fight as the hound on the leash is keen to slip away after its prey. When near some of these soldiers, dirty, unwashed, tired, going into fight, singing the "Marseillaise" as they went, it seemed to me that in a flash I had obtained some vision of the real nation that for long, by sheer gallantry, held all Europe at bay. "Allons, enfants de la patrie! Le jour de gloire est arrivée." That is the note of new France, as of the old.

It is the private soldier, the conscript in the ranks, who is the greatest glory of France to-day. Verdun may remain, or Verdun may go. But the nation that can produce such men by the million has its future assured.

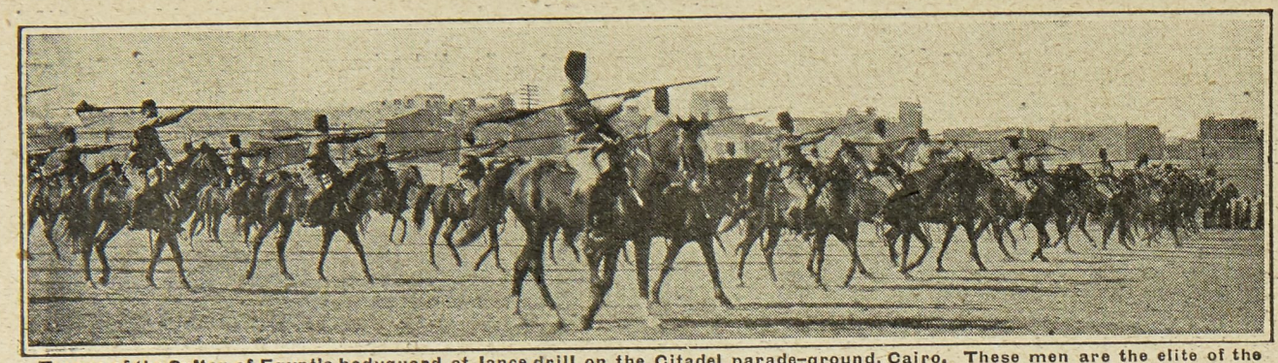
France has much to avenge. The burden of this war has fallen on her with ten times the force it has on ourselves. She has over forty years of humiliation to wipe out. Alsace and Lorraine are still bleeding wounds in her throbbing breast. But France has proved afresh the essential greatness of her people. To the old political ties and the ties of personal friendship which have linked our nations for some years, there have been added a fresh and stronger tie, one of profound admiration and respect on our part for a great nation that has proved its greatness amidst cruel suffering, and that will in the already visible future prove its greatness in the hour of victory.

"A FLIGHT OF NORTHERN SAVAGES"

In that once popular and satirical romance concerning the vanity of human wishes—"Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia"—written by Dr. Johnson in 1759, occurs a passage peculiarly apposite at the moment. Rasselas is made to ask the inventor why he objects to impart his art of flying to all the world, when he receives this reply: "If men were all virtuous, I should with great alacrity teach them to fly. But what would be the security of the good if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky? Against an army sailing through the clouds, neither walls, mountains, nor seas could afford security. A flight of northern savages might hover in the wind, and light with irresistible violence upon the capital of a fruitful region."

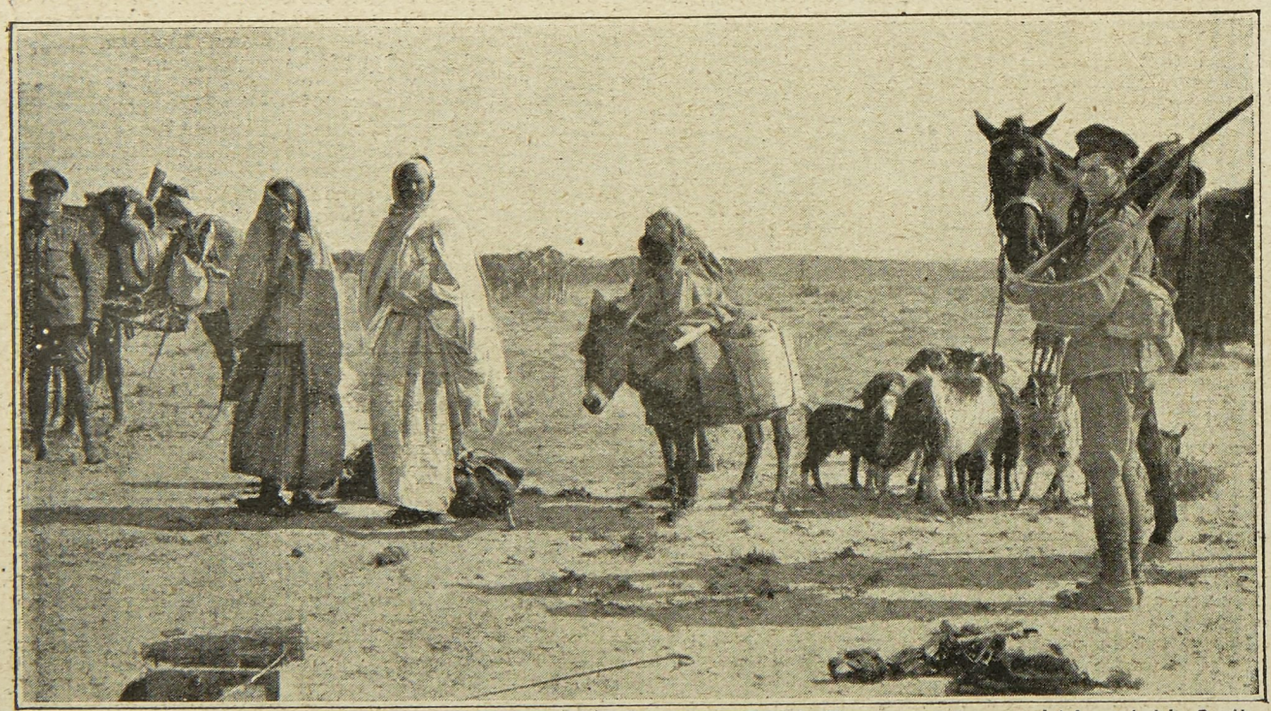
"A flight of northern savages indeed!" comments Mr. F. Steward Taylor, in sending this delightful extract to the "Times."

Turban, Fez, and Kepi in the Land of the Nile



Troops of the Sultan of Egypt's bodyguard at lance drill on the Citadel parade-ground, Cairo. These men are the elite of the Egyptian Army, many of them comparing favourably with our Horse Guards in point of physique.

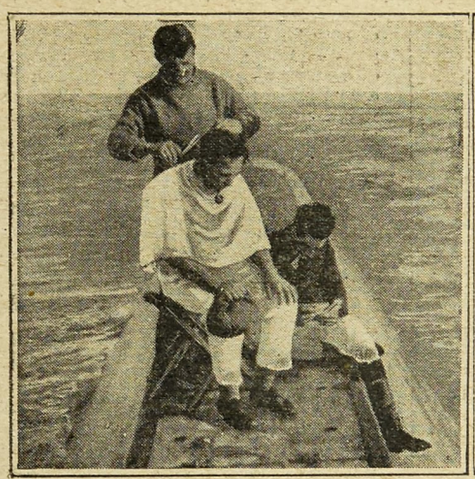
Photograph taken from a British armoured car in Western Egypt. These cars, moving swiftly and silently over the desert sands, arouse the natives' curiosity, and in this case made them averse to being photographed.



Bedouins captured during the recent fighting with the Senussi in Western Egypt. The enemy were completely routed by South African troops and the Dorsetshire Yeomanry, and their leader, Nuri Bey (brother of Enver), was killed.

War-time Items of Interest Public and Personal

Marquis of Downshire and (2) his son, the Earl of Hillsborough, as special constables. (3) Pilot-Sergeant Gaynemer, who, for his daring exploits in the air, has been created a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and awarded the Military Medal and the Cross of War. (4) Capt. V. M. Lunnon, 11th Essex Regt., enlisted on Sept. 7th, 1914, and rose to his present rank in seven months.



An unstable toilet—hair-cutting operations on the narrow deck of a British submarine. Above: On the occasion of a fete day held in the French lines at Salonika there was a pageant in which topical matters were burlesqued. A goose-step performer.

By a recent order of the French War Minister, stripes are granted according to the number of times a man is wounded. In this photograph the top black stripes represent eighteen months' service, and the lower for wounds are red. (2) Germans bargaining for meat in a Serbian town. (3) Cap and ear-piece for deaf recruits or soldiers whose hearing has been impaired. Inside the front of the cap is an instrument, and the sound, penetrating the eyelets, is thus conveyed to the ear-piece.

How to Baffle the U Boats

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

WHEN the news came of the fall of Erzerum, I suggested that it would lead to the fall of the great port of Trebizond, on the Black Sea, 196 miles away by the caravan road along which the trade passes. It was pointed out that there were other Turkish ports near by, and that we were on the eve of the first attempt at combined operations between army and navy in the Black Sea.

Sea-Power and Turkish Failure

The Turks, if denied the sea, will have some difficulty in withdrawing the probably considerable supplies accumulated at Trebizond, including it is rumoured the artillery equipment of a couple of army corps, and will probably destroy what they cannot take away. The Russian forces in Armenia are now operating on a very extensive front, reaching from the Black Sea to Bitlis and beyond, so that the sooner use can be made of the Turkish ports such as Riza, Trebizond and Platana, with supplies from Odessa and Rumania, the sooner will the strain be relieved on the mobility of the forces. There is another consideration, intimately connected with these operations in the East and the desire of the Navy in home waters to be allowed to enforce a rigorous blockade.

Clipping the Eagle's Wings

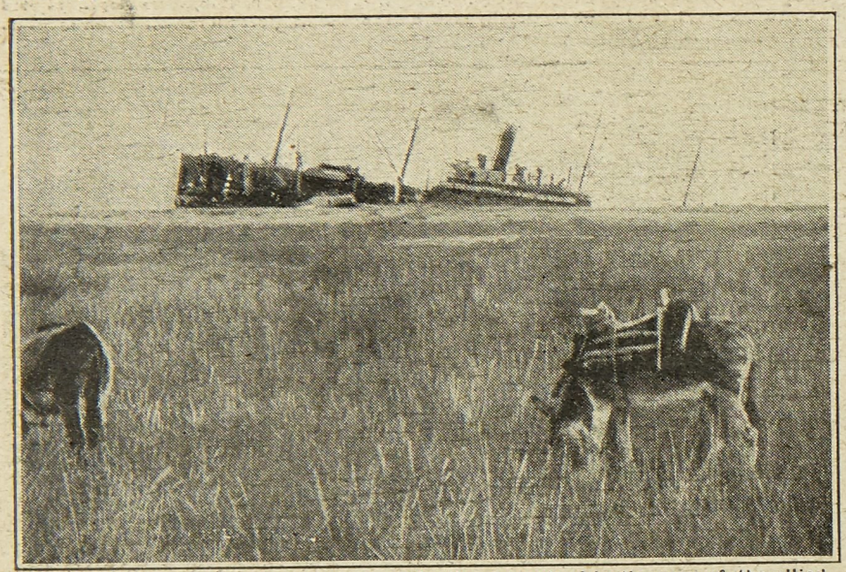
The war tends more and more to become an economic one, and the Russians are threatening areas which are important to the supply of Turkey, and bringing to ruin the grandiose scheme associated with the German plan of opening the road to the East and feeding the Germanic Empires therefrom.

In fact the economic cry is everywhere heard. "A victory for Germany at all costs in the west!" is one Teuton cry, partly in order to give success to a new German loan, partly to stop the effects of scarcity on the spirits of the people, and partly to be able to turn again to the North Russian European front when otherwise the Polish harvests may be threatened.

Why, again, on the sea is it submarines everywhere and every day? Because Germany realises the import of Mr. Runciman's grave words that the shipping problem is our greatest economic crisis. Britain strikes again through her ally when Portugal seizes the numerous German ships in her ports for the purpose of using them to relieve the scarcity of vessels. America finds for the first time that the submarine question is really acute, and admits of no further delay.

If America Came In

Should she intervene, the economic stringency in Germany would at once become almost unbearable, for the whole smuggling business through Holland, Denmark, and Sweden would collapse within a month, and the shipping at the disposal of the Allies would be reinforced by the whole of the German ships enjoying the hospitality of American ports, unless they are blown up at their moorings.



French transport, carrying stores to Salonika, torpedoed in the zone of the allied operations by an enemy submarine, and beached to save her valuable cargo. The pack-donkeys were released to graze along the shore.

As for the submarine campaign, it would at once become more calamitous; and after a brief spell of frightfulness it would die of impotence. Why the one and then the other? Because of a certainty the submarine would be ordered to sink at sight everything that came in its way, with small regard to Norwegians and Swedes. The former have already lost fifty-three vessels, of which twenty-five were steamers, by German mines or torpedoes. And here let me digress to point out an apparent instance of the working of German frightfulness with a view to coercing neutrals, else it is one of the most remarkable coincidences on record. The great Danish shipping line, under Captain Cold, has one hundred and thirty-five steamers. They lost two steamers at the beginning of the war.

Denmark Immune

That perhaps was the lesson. They have not lost a single one since, while the Norwegians have lost so heavily. And yet the Danish ships traverse a more dangerous zone. Is the reason that they are helping Germany? Because if so, the immunity of their ships is explained. It is an interesting problem.

To return to the German submarines. It may be asked: Why should the campaign die of impotence? My answer is that the mere intervention of America will enable us to arm merchant ships for concealed offence—just as the so-called Moewe is armed—on a large scale, and the submarine will be hunted out of existence. The Germans have given us as an unprepared nation eighteen months of time, and it has been utilised to make the guns which did not exist when war broke out. We have had to make up for the lapses of the past with all the inadequate reserves, and so the merchant ship has come last. Our former methods of preparation can be shown by one glaring instance.

Where Were the Guns?

In 1907 I exposed the fact that a large number of cruisers had been deprived of two 12-pounder guns each, though the armament given to modern cruisers for defence against submarines showed that these cruisers required a larger instead of a smaller number of these guns. The guns had been taken for the armament of destroyers in order to save the expense of ordering new guns from, say, Woolwich, where wholesale discharges of workmen were taking place. Among the ships thus deprived of essential armament were the three Cressy cruisers and others, which have since perished as a result of enemy submarine torpedoes.

What Must Be Done

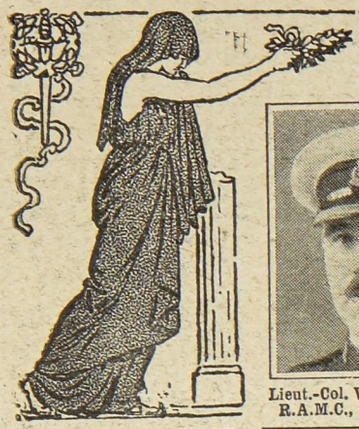
What a difference even the insignificant defensive gun makes is shown by the Admiralty list of forty unarmed ships which were torpedoed without warning in 1915. Does anyone suppose that, if these ships had been armed, more than five or six would have been successfully torpedoed? And how many submarines would have been accounted for? Certainly three or four. The German list of eighteen cases where merchantmen fired on submarines is very helpful. Only six of these steamers were sunk, and remember, they had only defensive guns. There were probably other cases which the Germans never heard of, because the submarines reported to Neptune and not to the Kaiser. The important thing is to train the mercantile crews and find out the best eyes for shooting. What can be done by training in that direction has just been revealed to us by a German officer who was on board the Derrflinger in the action with Beatty's ships. He says that at eleven miles range the Lion, going twenty-three knots, with one shot wiped off a 12 in. gun-turret with fifty men into the sea, and her next shots fell in very nearly the same place. What can be done on the grand scale in the Navy can be done on the small scale in the mercantile marine if pains are taken. The crisis is acute, and pains must be taken. We are assured that we cannot reduce the demands of the Admiralty and the War Office on the mercantile marine, and we certainly cannot afford to let the enemy take toll of another five hundred ships on our mercantile marine. It is, therefore, a problem which must be grappled with energy, and if this is done I do not doubt the triumphal success.

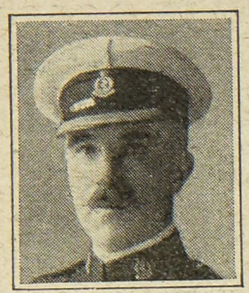
Diving and 'Daubing' by Handy-men at Sea

With Britain's "handy-men" on active service in the Eastern Mediterranean. British sailors manning a diving-pump for a diver working among the wreckage on the shores of Cape Kephali, on the Island of Imros, off the coast of Greece.

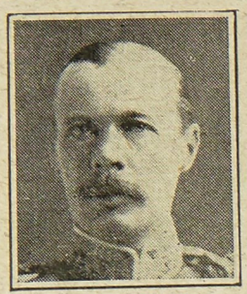
Bluejackets washing and scrubbing clothes aboard a British monitor. This operation is known as "daubing" in the Royal Navy, and in every ship there are men who add shillings a week to their pay by "taking in washing" at a small charge per item.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead





Lieut.-Col. W. M. O'CONNOR, R.A.M.C., Field Ambulance.

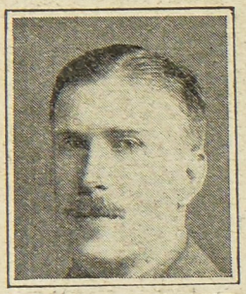


Major E. CAMPION, 2nd Seaforth Highlanders.

Capt. B. P. NEVILE, 7th Lincoln Regt.

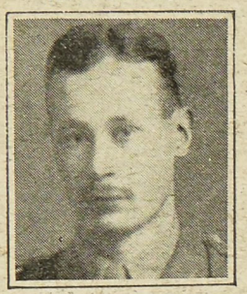
Capt. G. S. STRITCH, 6th Connaught Rangers.

Capt. E. H. WYAND, 16th King's Royal Rifle Corps.

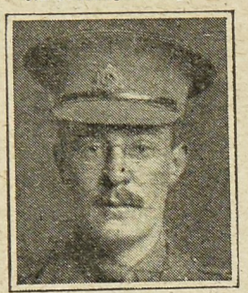


Capt. C. W. D'ARCY-IRVINE, 6th Leinster Regt.

Lieut. J. A. MOORE, 7th South Staffs Regt.



Capt. E. P. ALMACK, Royal Field Artillery.



Lieut. C. J. WILLIAMS, 8th Bedford Regt.

Lieut. C. A. M. BINGEN, 5th Royal Sussex Regt.

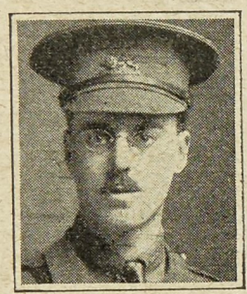
Major Edward Campion, 2nd Seaforth Highlanders, was the third son of Colonel W. H. Campion, C.B. Major Campion obtained his first appointment in the Seaforth Highlanders from the Militia in 1895. From October, 1900, to October, 1901, he was temporary A.D.C. to Major-General, Infantry Brigade, Aldershot. He saw active service in the Nile Expedition, 1898, taking part in the Battles of Atbara and Khartoum, and in the South African War, being awarded the Queen's Medal with five clasps.

Captain Bernard Philip Nevile, 7th Lincolnshire Regiment, joined the Public Schools O.T.C. on the outbreak of war, and received a commission shortly afterwards.

Captain George Seymour Stritch, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., 6th Connaught Rangers, held a captaincy in the Territorials when the war started, and, on offering his services, was the first officer gazetted to the 15th Durham Light Infantry. Captain Stritch was a cousin of Sir Edward Carson

Lieut. Eugene Launcelot Erskine Lindop, 41st Dogras, was gazetted to the Indian Army from the unattached list in November, 1908. In April, 1913, he was appointed adjutant to his regiment.

Lieut. Charles James Williams, 8th Bedfordshire Regiment, was the second son of Mr. H. C. Williams, Deputy Mayor of Bedford, and formerly Commissioner in Bengal. He joined the Inns of Court Officers Training Corps on the day after war was declared.

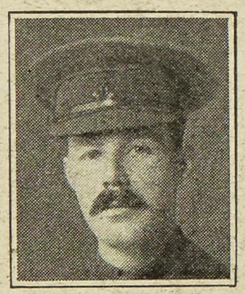


Lieut. C. L. MERE, 6th Royal Lancaster Regt.

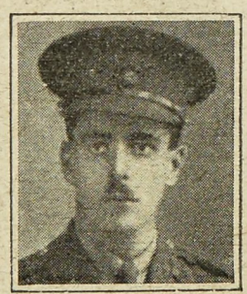
Lieut. K. McIVER, 2nd Nigeria Regt.

Lieut. E. F. FOWLER SMART, 7th Leicester Regt.

Lieut. S. O. ALLDAY, 5th South Staffs Regt.



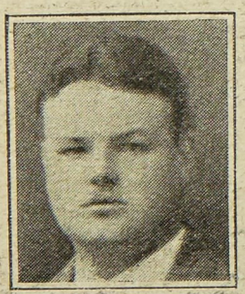
Lieut. E. L. E. LINDOP, 41st Dogras (Indian Army).



Lieut. J. BENNETT, Royal Munster Fusiliers.

Lieut. H. C. T. NEALE, 1st Northampton Regt.

Lieut. W. S. DRURY, 8th Royal Dublin Fusiliers.



Sec.-Lieut. A. D. STEWART, 9th Royal Sussex Regt.

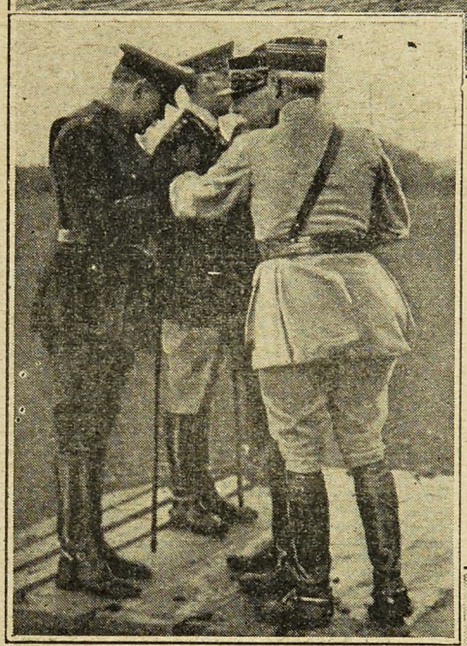
Sec.-Lieut. R. W. PHILLIPPS, 1st Grenadier Guards.

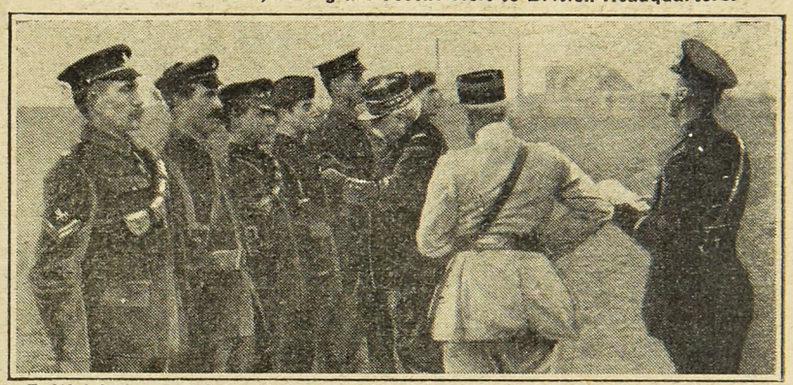
Sec.-Lieut. G. R. JEFFERY, 20th Hussars.

Portraits by Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Swaine, Vandyk, Lambert Weston, Brooke Hughes.

France Honours Britons for Valour in the Field

General Joffre inspecting the guard of honour, drawn up in the cobbled street of an old French town, during his recent visit to British Headquarters.





British heroes receiving their decorations from General Joffre. Left: The great French Generalissimo decorating British officers. It has been stated that Madame Joffre has made a hobby of collecting portraits of every V.C. hero.

Heroes of the renowned Chasseurs Alpin, or "Blue Devils," as the Germans call them, behind the French lines in the Vosges, receiving decorations for valour. Most of the men are wearing steel helmets in place of their more picturesque "tam-o'-shanters."

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENTS IN THE WAR

XII.—The Loyal North Lancashires

"THE battalion will advance. Quick march!" On the morning of Friday, October 23rd, 1914, Major A. J. Carter, D.S.O., the officer commanding, gave this familiar order to the 1st Battalion of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. Throughout the night the men had been marching, practically without food or rest, and after a brief halt they were on the move again, for there was grim business ahead.

Near the road running from Bixschoote to Langemarck the British had dug some trenches, and during the First Battle of Ypres the Germans captured them. If they had been allowed to stay there, Sir John French would probably have been forced to give up Ypres. The Loyal North Lancashires and two other battalions of General Bulfin's Brigade were ordered up, and to them was given the task of regaining the lost trenches.

The Lancashire men were sent towards the village of Pilken, about half-way between Bixschoote and Langemarck, and by a series of short rushes they advanced steadily towards the enemy. In a little while they were near enough for the final charge. A wild rush, and the trenches were taken.

Major and His Chair

In this little engagement the Lancashires had two officers killed and four wounded, while about one hundred and fifty men were hit. One of the wounded was Major H. G. Powell, and his conduct on that day was remarkable for coolness and pluck. It seems that some time previously the major had sprained his ankle, so when the advance began he took a chair out of a house near by and hobbled along with it in one hand and his stick in the other. At the end of each rush, when the men plumped down on the ground, he put down his chair and sat on it, directing his section all the time. Marvellous to relate, he got to within two hundred yards of the German trenches without being hit, but then he was wounded and was carried off to the dressing-station.

These Lancashire lads had been fighting hard for two months. The battalion was among the first to land in France, and as part of the 1st Division it fought at Mons and retreated to the Marne. During the retreat its commanding officer, Lieut.-Colonel G. C. Knight, was killed.

Fight for a Sugar Factory

At the Battle of the Aisne the North Lancashires crossed that river under heavy fire near Bourg, and then pressed uphill towards Vendresse. On the top of the hill, parallel to the river, there is a high road called the Chemin des Dames, and near this is the hamlet of Troyon. In Troyon there is, or was, a sugar factory, and this had been turned by the Germans into a strong little fortress. Again our men moved forward through the wet

"For the lilies of France and our own red rose
Are twined in a coronal now;
At war's bloody bridal it glitters and glows
On Liberty's beautiful brow."

—GERALD MASSEY.

grass, and about mid-day the North Lancashires, who were leading, got quite close to it. Then, with a shout, they rushed into the factory, drove out the Germans, and it was ours. About this time the battalion's new colonel, Lieut.-Colonel W. R. Lloyd, was returned as missing, and it was some time before it was known that he had been killed during this fighting on the Aisne.

From the Aisne the gallant battalion, then under Major Carter, went to Ypres, where it was through October and November. The story of the fight on October 23rd has been told already, and soon after that the North Lancashires were moved to Klein Zillebeke. There, on November 4th, they were fiercely attacked, but they succeeded in driving back the enemy. In directing this defence Major Carter, the leader of the charge at Pilken, was killed—the third commanding officer in less than three months.

By a coincidence on that same November day the 2nd Battalion of the regiment was also fighting desperately at the other side of the world. In October a little expeditionary force was sent from India to German East Africa, and this contained, in addition to several Indian regiments, the 2nd Loyal North Lancashires from Bangalore.

Bees as German Allies

The troops reached the port of Tanga, near where they landed, and on November 4th all was ready for the attack on the German town. The men moved forward through the bush, the Lancashire men being on the right, and although the Germans had placed all kinds of obstacles in their way, and had arranged excellent ways of finding the ranges for their guns, they managed to get into the town. That, however, was all. In Tanga itself nearly every house was a fortress; and fired on from every side, the troops were ordered to return to the boats, which they did. In this fight the Lancashires lost about one hundred and fifty officers and men, the killed including Major F. J. Braithwaite, commanding the battalion. For bravery on this day the Distinguished Conduct Medal was given to nine non-commissioned officers and men.

One cunning dodge, borrowed by the Germans from the natives, may be mentioned here. Along the sides of the road they had hidden hives of bees, which were stupefied by smoke. As our men passed, the covers of these hives were jerked off by wires, and the dazed insects flew out and stung the advancing soldiers. It is said that over a hundred stings were extracted from one of the men of the North Lancashires.

The battalion remained in British East Africa, and on March 9th part of it had a skirmish with the Germans at Mwaika Hill. In this the British were victorious, and, for his gallantry in bringing up ammunition to the firing-line, Private M. Sullivan received the D.C.M.

During the First Battle of Ypres, which lasted until the middle of November, the 1st Battalion was continually in the thick of the fight, and during the whole winter it was doing something or other. For instance, on December 21st, Sergeant W. Jeffrey led some of the Lancashire men in a night attack on some trenches which the Germans had captured at La Quinque Rue. This was part of a move to help the Indians who had been attacked at Givenchy, and the result of it was the recapture of the trenches and the saving of the British line. At Cuinchy, in January, 1915, the North Lancashires were sent to hold a dangerous part of the front.

A Loyal Regiment

During the spring the exhausted battalion had a rest, but it was wanted again during the Second Battle of Ypres. With the other units of the 2nd Brigade, the North Lancashires did their bit in those anxious days of May, and a little later a Territorial battalion—the 4th—of the same regiment had an opportunity to show its prowess. This was at Rue d'Ouvert during the attack on June 15th.

The 1st Battalion of this regiment, distinguished by the prefix Loyal, was raised in Scotland in 1740, and did not have any connection with Lancashire until 1782. It was known as the 47th Regiment of the Line, and was sent to Nova Scotia about 1758. At the siege of the great French fortress of Louisburg it was in Wolfe's Brigade, and it was known for a time as "Wolfe's Own"; it was in the centre of the thin British line in the famous battle on the Heights of Abraham, which made Canada a British possession. From Canada the 47th went to serve against the American Colonists, and after fighting hard at Bunker Hill, it was part of the force captured at Saratoga Springs. After the peace it was made a Lancashire regiment, but it remained for some years in Canada.

Persian Gulf Service—1815

The old 81st, now the 2nd Battalion of the North Lancashires, first made a name for itself at the Battle of Maida in 1806, when it had a big share in defeating the French. Both the 47th and the 81st took part in the Peninsular War, one or both of them fighting at Corunna, Tarifa, and Vittoria. At the storming of San Sebastian the 47th did wonders, but at a cost of two hundred and fifty-two officers and men killed or wounded.

After the conclusion of the peace of 1815, the regiment was busy rooting out the pirates who infested the shores of the Persian Gulf, and in fighting in India and Burma. During the Crimean War the Lancashire men fought at the Alma and at Inkerman, and they were in Afghanistan in 1878. During the Boer War part of the regiment, under Colonel Kekewich, formed the garrison of Kimberley, and throughout the campaign its high reputation was increased.

A. W. Holland

Photo by Gale & Polden, Ltd.

OFFICERS WHO WILL LEAD OUR NEW ARMIES TO VICTORY.—NO. XVII.

9TH (SERVICE) BATTALION LOYAL NORTH LANCASHIRE REGIMENT.—Back row: Sec.-Lieut. A. O. Trefusis, Sec.-Lieut. W. F. Loudon, Lieut. H. D. H. Padwick, Sec.-Lieut. E. W. Hardman, Sec.-Lieut. R. D. Robinson, Sec.-Lieut. C. W. Sayers. Middle row: Sec.-Lieut. R. Willis, Lieut. L. F. Jenkin, Lieut. A. C. Hay, Sec.-Lieut. H. J. Charles, Lieut. F. G. Laurie, Lieut. H. H. Hiscocks, Lieut. C. P. Gillies, Lieut. C. C. Yates, Sec.-Lieut. E. H. Kann, Sec.-Lieut. H. N. Stokoe, Lieut. C. Dalziel, Lieut. H. M. Collins, R.A.M.C. Front row: Lieut. and Qrmstr. B. Bartholomew, Lieut. J. H. Pullin, Capt. H. H. M. Smith, Major C. B. Messiter, Capt. and Adjt. M. F. Trew, Lieut.-Col. C. E. M. Pyne, Major W. A. Jupp, Capt. G. R. Trefusis, Capt. W. H. M. Wienholt, Capt. M. Perrin, Capt. W. J. Henderson.

The Garden that He Loved

By the Editor

Spring in "No Man's Land"

"WHO knows from what once lovely lip it springs unseen," said the Persian philosopher, many hundred years ago, of the "reviving Herb."

Daffodils and other flowers are beginning to peep above the soil of "No Man's Land," and nightingales have built their nests on the lip of the first-line trenches. It would seem that the glorious goddess Flora has stolen a march on grisly Death, who has stalked unchallenged in this barren waste during the sombre winter months. We stay-at-homes who go down to Kew or to Epping Forest, and find the beauties of spring irreconcilable with the horrors of war, are apt to forget that Nature revives, too, in the front gardens, so to speak, of Trench Town.

Nightingales and Orioles

MANY touching stories are told, apropos of the advent of spring in the stricken fields. An article appeared in "The Times" recently, in which an officer talks at length on birds at the front. He is a keen ornithologist is this soulful Briton, and through the gun smoke he can tell a fieldfare or an icterine. He can hear the nightingale's litany and the piping of the oriole, in spite of the noise of Armageddon. And so it is with many great hearts, giving their all for the great cause. What rustic or townsman can read this little story without feeling a lump in his throat:

Sweet Williams and Mother-o'-Thousands

IT is a leaf out of a field notebook by Professor Morgan. One of the Wiltshire lads was mortally wounded.

"You will be home in Wiltshire again," I said encouragingly. He mused.

"Reckon the Sweet Williams 'ull be out in the garden now; they do smell uncommon sweet. And Mother-o'-Thousands on the wall—oh-h-h!"

A spasm of pain contracted his face. The nurse was hovering near, and I saw my time was up.

"My dear fellow," I said lamely, "I fear you are in great pain."

"Ah," he said, "but it wur worth it."

. . . . . .

The next day I called to have news of him. The bed was empty. He was dead.

The German 1928 Class

HERR HOUSTON STEWART CHAMBERLAIN has expressed the opinion that a time will come when England will be linked with Germany by silken bonds of amity. Field-Marshal Baron von der Goltz Pasha does not agree with him. This portentous person fears that "an undiminished portion will remain of the colossal volume of hate and envy which precipitated this war against the astonishingly prosperous German Empire." Consequently he wants his countrymen to lay up a good store of cannon-fodder for the future. The Kaiser having thrown away hundreds of thousands of his brave and loyal, but exceedingly foolish, subjects, Field-Marshal Baron von der Goltz Pasha has fixed his eye upon the little boys of six. He demands that they shall be trained in gymnastics and physical culture, so that they may be strong and sizable by the time the French "75's" want something more to consume.

A Plea for Slang

SLANG has had many apologists. The latest is Mr. Beach Thomas, who pleads for official recognition of some of the trench words that have passed into the currency of language. He protests, fairly, that they are admirable shorthand technical terms. Many of them are onomatopœic, particularly those applied to various shells because of the sound they make in bursting. For example, "crump" for a high-explosive, "whizzbang" for mixed shrapnel and high explosive, "pip-squeak" for one that could only be a pip-squeak, and "sausage dud" for a 60 lb. projectile from a trench mortar that has failed to burst. "Cushy," too, for a soft job, or for a "nice" wound that will qualify a man for home without entailing permanent injury, might be sanctioned.

Two Good Anecdotes

MR. THOMAS has some good stories anent our soldiers' efforts to learn French. One, in response to a civil "Bon soir" from a temporary host, replied "Qui mal y pense" without a moment's hesitation, and took his departure with perfect gravity and a sense of satisfaction at his own ready courtesy. And yet another commented on the astonishing fondness of the French for mayonnaise: "You hear it played wherever you go," he said.

Wit and Wisdom in the Trenches

IT is singular that the best—in fact, the only wit of the moment—emanates from those very men who daily carry their lives in their hands while upholding the Empire's cause under the most frightful conditions imaginable. Every really pungent story or priceless jest comes to London via Trench Town or the North Sea, and not a few humorous soldier-artists have given us intense delight by interpreting the funny side of war in brush and pencil. A good example appears in the current number of "Blackwood's Magazine." Some wireless messages were held up on a British warship, presumably for public reasons. Substituted spoof notices, however, appeared on the ward-room board, one of which was: "The situation in France is as it is. The Press Bureau, while not vouching for the accuracy of this statement, does not object to its publication."

A Generous Offer

HOW often one sees articles labelled "lowest possible price," and very often the price is quite beyond the means of people. It has been stated, elsewhere, that THE WAR ILLUSTRATED binding cases have been offered to my readers by the publishers at "the lowest possible price." Quite true. Only in this case "the lowest possible price"—eighteen pence—is within easy reach of all. A price which, I maintain, is most generous, and which, in spite of increases in the cost of materials, remains the same to-day. There is only one way—the best way—of preserving the loose parts of Volume III. of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED — order the binding case for this volume from the newsagent who supplies you with the parts. If you have any difficulty, the case may be obtained post free for 1s. 10d. from the Publishers, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

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Inland 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

The War Illustrated, March 25th, 1916. *Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

A Study of the Shirkers by Flora Annie Steel

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly

Vol. 4 General Christiaan Smuts moves against German East Africa, "Kultur's" last Colony **No. 84**

Ourselves as Seen by Others

WHEN Robert Burns sighed his well-known wish that some power would give us the gift to see ourselves as others see us, he did so in a mood protesting against a kind of smug self-satisfaction that is a constant pandemic complaint. He was a man who chafed more than most against the prig—perhaps the most objectionable creature there is—and the familiar lines were in the nature of a lament that he could not kick all the unco guid who shook their over-righteous heads at his unconscionable goings on.

BUT the gift would be a useful one to others besides prigs. Self-depreciation may easily be more damaging than exaggerated self-esteem, and it is at any rate an arguable proposition that Englishmen certainly are inclined to err in the direction of underestimating their native good qualities. In practice, perhaps, no very great harm is done, for a robust common-sense comes to the assistance of the diffident man in emergency, and tradition, too, prevents him from doing less than the utmost. Nevertheless, it is a mistake to underestimate capacity in anticipation, and many a man would tackle a difficult job with greater zest and dash if he could view himself through the eyes of others, and see what a promising figure he did, in fact, present.

WITHIN the last few weeks an article has appeared which ought to be at once a gratification and a stimulus to every Englishman. Written by M. Leonid Andreieff, a Russian man of letters who has been described as the Russian Edgar Allan Poe, and published in the "Petrograd Bourse Gazette," a translation of it has since been published in the "Times Literary Supplement"—a periodical, it should be said in passing, in which some of the finest thought of the day is to be found. The imagination of this highly gifted Russian fastened on the vision of the new British graves in abandoned Gallipoli, and in the course of an elegiac article of real literary beauty, he passed from contemplation of these to an examination of the character of the people from whom the occupants of those distant graves had sprung.

THE interest of the article, and the value of the tribute to our character as a nation, is that the writer dwells on the point that those brave fellows were all ordinary men. Too often a people are spoken of in terms of their greatest men, as though all Italians were Michelangelo or Dante, all Germans Schiller or Beethoven, all Frenchmen Napoleon, all Englishmen Shakespeare. While it is true that the great men of a country include within themselves all the varied qualities that distinguish their countrymen from others, and present in their own person the quintessential genius of their race, their very genius sets them aloof and apart, and precludes them from being truly typical. In our case now, the wonder of this war is not the organising ability of the Secretary of State for War, nor the financial genius of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, nor yet the personal dynamic of the Minister of Munitions; it is the spirit and the temper of the myriad Army drawn, not from a professional fighting caste, but from every social rank and every kind of peaceful occupation. If you would see the soul of our people to-day, you must look for it on the battle-field.

IT is there that M. Andreieff has turned his eyes, and it will do us good to look at ourselves through them. Speaking as a Slav, in whose national character, he says, observers profess to have discovered certain feminine traits, M. Andreieff declares that it is our manliness that appealed to him most strongly in the first instance. Yet it is not that that engaged his affection. The Germans, too, have undeniable virility, but they do not win his warm regard. In seeking for the differentiating quality he notes as significant the fact that while the Russians have taken over into their language the English word "gentleman," it is from the German that they have taken the words "Bürger" and "Philister"; in that allusion he sees a definition of the quality distinguishing the Englishman from the German.

FRANKLY, he likes everything about us. Our exterior, full of assurance and strength; our misty land, our clear understanding, which, like the sun, dispels all sorts of clouds; our history and our literature. He contemplates with a certain genial irony our conservative attitude towards life, our institutions, our Sunday, our Mr. Gradgrind and Mr. Dombey; but he loves Mr. Pickwick and Pendennis. He maintains that no other literature has given such an attractive, lovable, and, above all, familiar type of the average person. "Heroes and great men are to be found everywhere, in Germany as well as in England; but no other country can boast so extraordinarily good a type of average man." Surely that is a very fine thing to hear said about ourselves.

M. ANDREIEFF has no patience with our pessimists. When he hears "croakers" upbraiding England with her mistakes, as if they believed her to be endowed with divine infallibility and with unbounded moral and material might, he looks at the Englishmen of Dickens and Kipling with reverence and affection, and shakes them by "their strong, reluctant hand. For the whole history of their glory is a history of mistakes made good." The average Englishman stands before the mind of this Russian thinker the sole being in the world who has discovered the secret of work-a-day romance—"an even and unquenchable glow that pays its meed of homage to each day, each thing, each man." A smile that is not unkind rises to the lips at the solemnity with which an Englishman dines, but the smile dies before the realisation that he loves, works, and fights with the same solemnity, and when torn from his home and subjected to the most appalling tests of hardihood and reliability, "rises and passes and dies" with equal seriousness. It is "this work-a-day romance, this honouring of each thing each day, that fills the Germans with terror, and inspires Russia with the highest hopes of ultimate victory." And in very truth there is something awesome about it. M. Andreieff is right when he says that the German prayer, "Gott strafe England," breathes fear of England far more than faith in God.

TRIBUTE like this is very gratifying, but we should not have been the people to compel it if its sole effect was to make us purr. It brings with it an obligation upon us not to forfeit our character, and upon those of us who are still civilians an obligation to do more to deserve it. There are those abandoned graves in Gallipoli, and those graves in the friendlier soils of Flanders and of France. "Retaliation" is not part of our methods, and vengeance is not ours to wreak: but we are the ministers of just retribution, and we must do our part, whatever that may be, in the exaction of it. And chiefly we have to see to it that all those lives were not given up in vain; they were given freely, and even gladly, in maintenance of ideals; and a trust is imposed upon us to secure reality for those ideals undiminished and undimmed.

C. M.

25th March, 1916. No. 84. Vol. 4.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON

HOT WORK IN A MINE CRATER.—South-west of La Bassee five mines were recently exploded by our troops, who promptly occupied the resultant craters. Immediately after this British success the Germans launched a bombing attack, which, after some hot fighting in and around the captured craters, was repulsed. Our illustration depicts a stirring few moments in one of the mine craters during the German counter-attack. Two men are placing a machine-gun in position.

FALLEN "STARS": A STUDY OF THE SHIRKERS

Specially Written by FLORA ANNIE STEEL, the Famous Novelist

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel is widely known as one of the ablest of British novelists, with an international reputation. Her readers must be numbered by hundreds of thousands throughout the English-speaking world. In later years Mrs. Steel has also written with much originality and unfailing vigour on subjects associated with what may be called the Woman Question. Keenly interested in sociology, she has closely studied the social conditions of our own country, and expressed her convictions thereon with a fearless pen. Since the war began, Mrs. Steel has been actively identified with women's work, and the Editor of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *has thought her peculiarly fitted to address his readers on a vital matter of the moment—the shirking of the young men, and the patriotic devotion of the women.*

LOOKERS-ON, we are told, see most of the game. Now, in the present great war of words and works —chiefly, it is to be feared, words—we women are so far onlookers that we had neither part nor complicity in bringing it about.

Elliott & Fry
Flora Annie Steel

Consequently, it may be of interest if I set down the views of most women on a problem that touches the most vulnerable point of their life—its motherhood.

Briefly, have the strong, able-bodied, single human male creatures, who, by their tens of thousands, are allowing "stars" to protect them from fulfilling the ordinary citizen's duty of self-defence, any claim to be called men, and thus be regarded by womenkind as possible husbands, possible fathers of children?

This may seem a crude and harsh way of putting it, but it is the way of every woman who recognises the part she has to play in the world; who knows that she is the guardian of the immortality of the race, that on her choice lies the burden of future growth or future decay.

The question, then—are these young fellows justified in the attitude they have taken up, or are they not?—is an urgent one to us.

That it would be answered in the negative by ninety per cent. of Great Britain's women, is, I think, certain. We fail to see that they are necessary or indispensable. We see that their work can be done as well by older men, by married men, even by women. It is impossible to arrive at any other conclusion. We see, for instance, two long galleries in a munition factory inarched with ceaselessly-moving spandrels of belting; we see these aisles pillared by machines, each instinct with an almost uncanny skill which dwarfs the humanity attending them to insignificance. And in one of these galleries devoted to precisely the same work we find twenty-five unskilled men to one unskilled woman, while in the other the positions are reversed, and we find twenty-five unskilled women to one unskilled man,

In Favour of Women

We ask the reason; and there is none. But the mere fact of the discrepancy proves that the strength of young manhood is not *necessary* for the unskilled work. Women can do it quite as well. Nay! the consensus of managers' opinion is in favour of the female. I have conversed with many; they all had the same tale to tell. Women were more industrious, quite as intelligent, more trustworthy, while their punctuality was a revelation. No Mondays off, no Saturdays filched. In the recent air-raid in the Midlands the women of one slightly damaged factory appeared to time next morning. Some few men dropped in late, the majority did not turn up at all. In regard to the lower grades of even skilled labour, I was told also that in many of the gauging operations women had already developed a quite extraordinary proficiency, and that their percentage of scrapped work was no higher than that of the men—a fact, considering the shortness of their experience, very much to their credit, and which opens up the question of skilled labour for women. Some managers went even further. One told me that he would like to turn every unskilled workman out of the machine-rooms and replace them by women. Asked his reason, the reply was: "*In the present press and stress of work women are more ready to spend themselves to the uttermost.*"

From the point of view, then, of the managers, who have experience in employing women, the young fellows who now seek star-shelter are *not* indispensable.

Neither do the machines they use support the claim. Pass down those aisles of patient, forceful, chained giants, each shaving, shaping, stamping, grinding, with almost inconceivable dexterity, at the bidding of an unskilled touch. What is it to them if the button be pressed by a male or a female hand, by married or single, by old or young, so long as it *is* pressed? It matters naught; their steady, silent, sliding work goes on regardless of sex, or state, or age. If the machines could speak, their verdict would be: "*Go! your young, strong man's hand is specialised for the rifle-butt. In this time of war that, and that only, is your skilled trade!*"

What is the Reason?

Since his environment, then, gives no countenance to his claim to be starred, there remains only his own conviction that he is indispensable. That is a very common human delusion, which is often only dissipated by death; then, at last, we have to learn the lesson that we can be done without.

John P.
Robinson he
Thought the world wouldn't go if he didn't say "Gee!"

is, therefore, no cogent reason.

Meanwhile, the rat-scuttle in the military tribunals goes on, and whole regiments of able-bodied young men remain doing women's work. We women are beginning fearfully to ask why these sons of ours refuse to fulfil their primary duty of self-defence—for self-defence is State defence, since the State is but self, magnified, glorified, and concentrated into something beyond mere individual selfishness. We feel that the tilting of a cigarette in the mouth is no answer. We are loth to believe them cowards, yet it is manifest that they are afraid of something

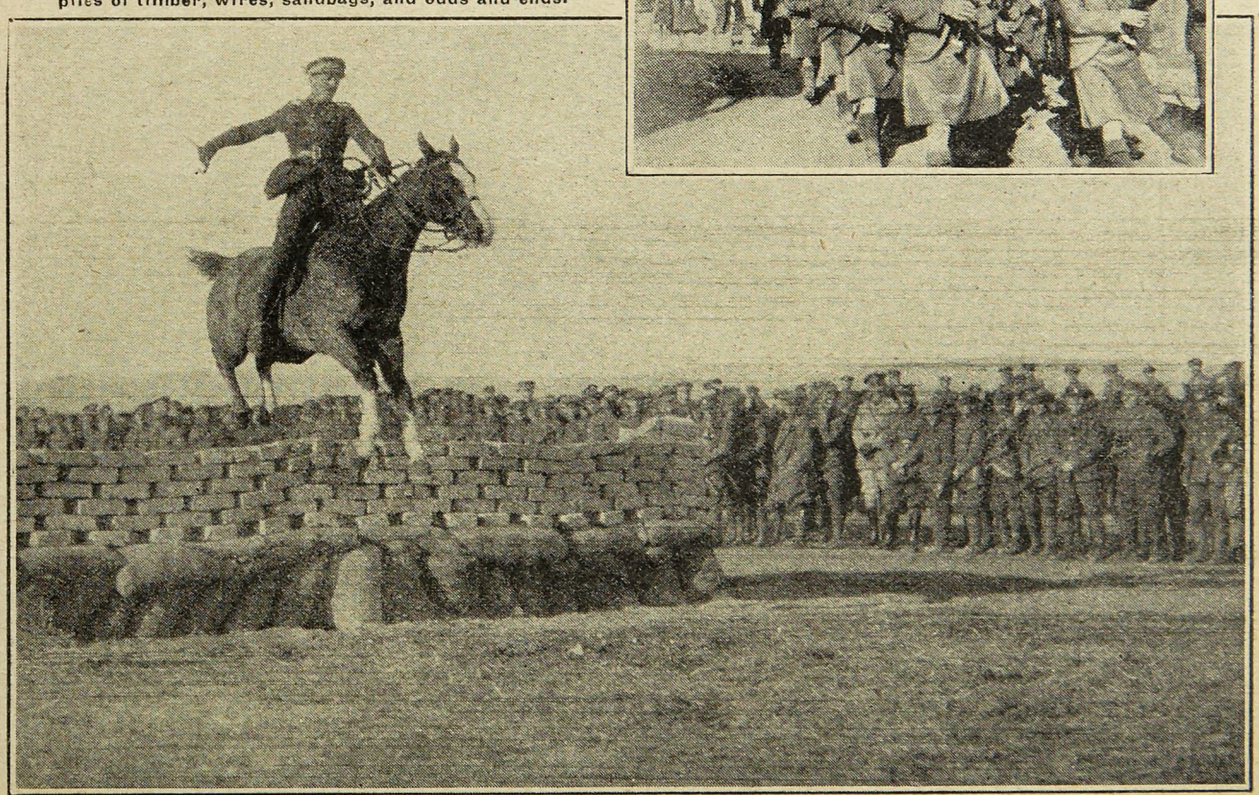
The fear of losing money must be there, naturally; and the fear of losing occupation when the war is over. Both have foundation, though it is somewhat idle to talk of times when peace shall reign while the issue as to what that peace will be still hangs in the balance. If it be peace with German ascendancy, the sooner these young men go out and hang themselves the better for their liberty, their happiness. Apart from this the fear is cogent enough. Men, as a rule, do not believe the woman's promise to restore the job—provided the job remains, which, when war is over, may not be the case—when the original owner returns. Possibly they judge by their own standard, and in addition they are quick to see that circumstance is against them. When, as is the case now, we find in an otherwise well-managed factory a totally unskilled male earning 8½d. an hour and an equally unskilled female whose value is assessed at 3d. an hour, it is only natural to fear lest the management should elect to diminish wages and have their wants supplied at the lower figure.

The only remedy for this is equal pay for equal work. To ensure this, however, needs forbearance on both sides, especially on the side of the males. Looking facts in the face, it seems foolish to suppose that an absolutely unskilled

[*Continued on page* 124

From Field to Field of Britain's Endeavour

After a bayonet charge. British officers inspecting a German trench recently captured, before it was cleared of its tangled piles of timber, wires, sandbags, and odds and ends.



British officer jumping the "stone wall"—built of sandbags and bricks—at a gymkhana held at one of the British camps outside Salonika. Inset above: Pipers of a Scottish regiment on the march through a quaint village street in Greece. The kilt is by no means new to the Greeks, who wear a similar garment called the fustanelle.

A STUDY OF THE SHIRKERS

(Continued from page 122)

workman should be worth 42s. a week—the wage, that is, of a highly educated clerk, or still more highly educated curate.

Then, apart from the greed of gold, the love of comfort makes young men cling to the soft jobs. For this we women have short shrift. The ordinary working woman's life is made up of discomforts. Our whole lives are spent in pampering our menkind. We feel it is time they should repay some of our care. Thousands—nay, millions—have done so bravely, lovingly; why should not these others do likewise? Why should they seek star-shelter? It will not avail them at the Great Day, when the heavens shall be rent, and the stars fall from their courses! Then they will be branded as cowards.

This must not be. Half these young fellows err from obstinacy, from stupidity, from crass ignorance. It behoves, therefore, those who see, who know, to rise up and force them to their duty. The regenerating influence of even a few months of military discipline is acknowledged on all sides. It has become a truism in the village that Tony Lumpkin has come home, after six months, a man indeed, a man at whom every good-looking girl casts glances of approval, well set up, polite, full of go. This being so, it is the bounden duty of the State to force every single young man to serve his time. It is not mere folly, it is absolutely criminal to delay. The women of the future will need husbands, and fathers for their children. Let us make them, and make them worthy.

The Lost Leonids' Return

Truly it seems to many of us women as if all the deep-laid schemes of men *must* go agley. August last year saw us all at work on the National Register, from which so much was expected. Then Lord Derby's scheme was promulgated with pledges and promises galore. Full eight months have passed, and what has happened? A scuttle of rats! The lost Leonids have returned in showers of fallen stars! The young men have not been brought in. The farmer's seven sons—starred as milkmen, shepherds, waggoners, ploughmen—still hunt the county three times a week! The cigarette smokers, the picture-palace goers, the chocolate-cream eaters still charge the factory canteens in serried phalanx at the first blink of the dinner hour! The municipal workers, whose pay goes to swell the ninety millions of Civil estimates—a sum more than the total cost of administrating our Indian Empire, with its three hundred and ten millions of people—still pick up waste-paper in the streets or draw travelling allowance for the compilation of totally useless statistics! The higher grade Government clerks still work from ten to four, while University women are asked to plough.

Our Race Wants Mobilising

We have raked to the Colours thousands of weedy clerks, shop assistants, what not, who would have done work on the land far better than all but exceptional women can do it, and would have made stout men thereby. We are setting women to work at operations for which they are physically unfit, and which could be done by older married men. Instead of this, these also, owing to the failure of the single man, are being removed from the most urgent work of the nation—the breeding of that future generation for the sake of which our brave soldiers are dying day by day.

For we of this generation can never hope to reap the benefit of the harvest we are sowing. That is the portion of our children and our children's children.

And therein lies the reason why this question of the skulkers and shirkers, this question as to how best to husband the mental and physical resources of our race, touches our motherhood so closely.

Our race wants mobilising as a whole. No question here of filling up a recruit's place with the first woman available, whether she be fit or not fit. No! Let the married unskilled worker of the factory go to the fields, let the older men take the place of the younger, and let the women fill in the cracks!

Of a truth, the present ineptitude is pitiful. It makes some of us feel ashamed of being British women.

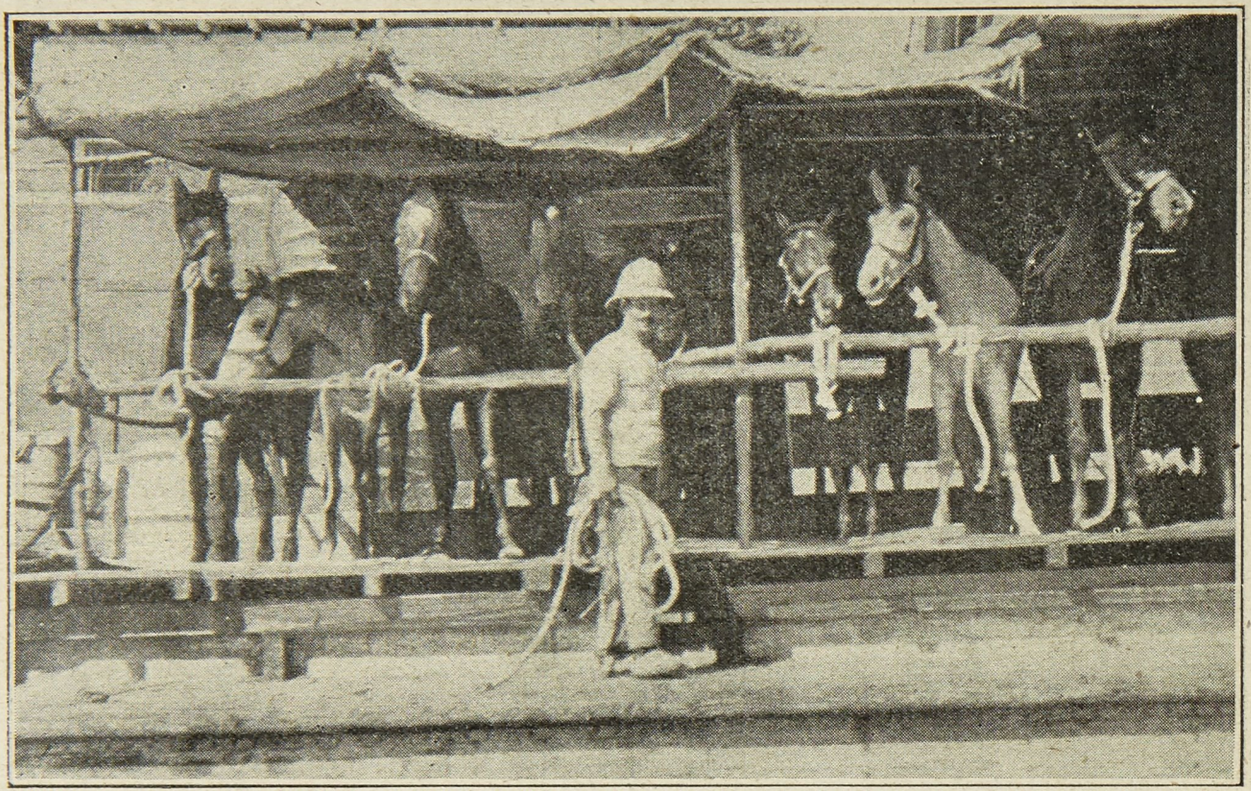
Flora Annie Steel

A study in shell-power. Huge stacks of high-explosive projectiles in readiness behind the French lines, but well out of range of German artillery. The photograph is an index to the determination of our ally to fight to a victorious conclusion.

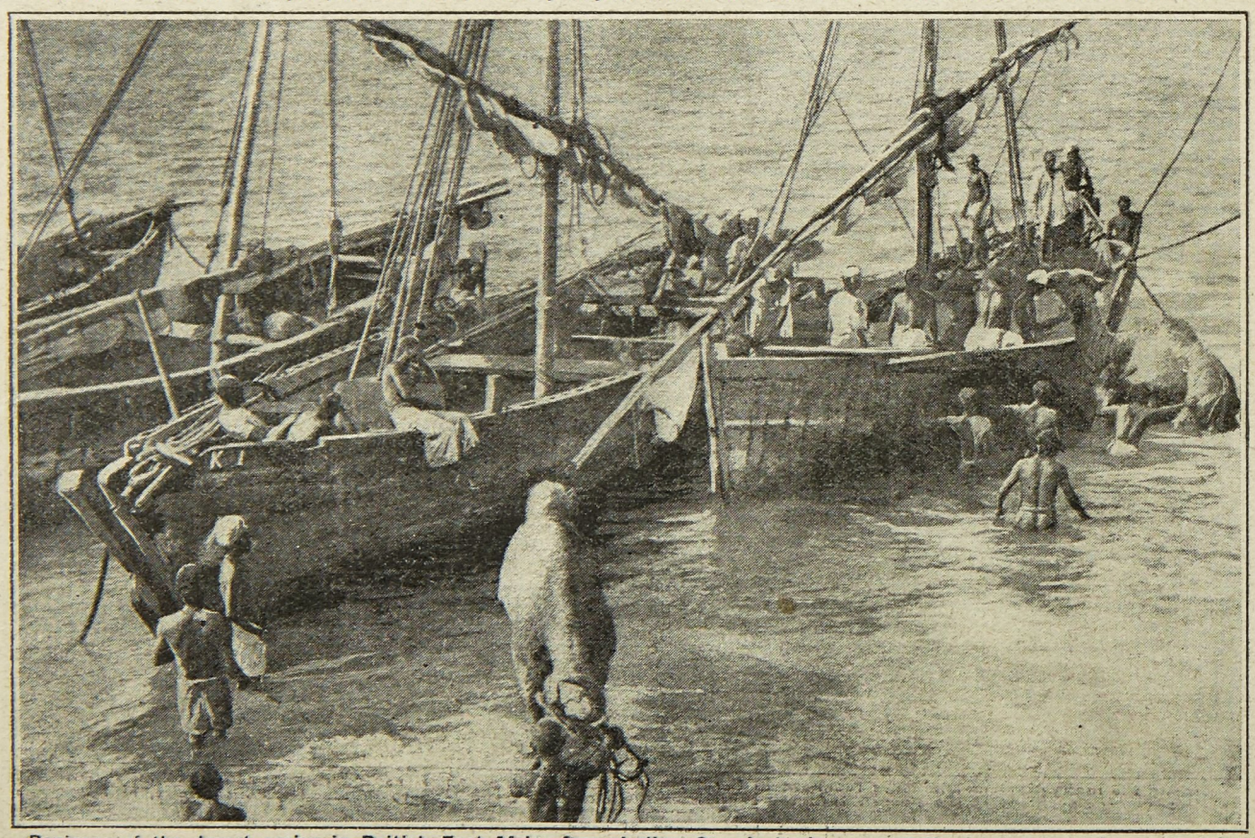
'On Your Feet, Lads!' A Glory of Douaumont

Among the many glorious incidents recorded in the defence of Verdun, the heroism of the French infantry commandant De Font Reaux is, perhaps, the most prominent. During the critical days when Douaumont was all but held by the Germans and the fate of Verdun was in the balance, the men of the commandant's regiment, through terrible stress and fatigue, threatened to yield. De Font Reaux, realising the danger, seized a rifle, walked slowly into the shrapnel cloud, and shouting, "On your feet, lads, and form fours!" rallied his men to do or die for the honour of the Tricolour.

Beasts of Burden in Asian and African Areas

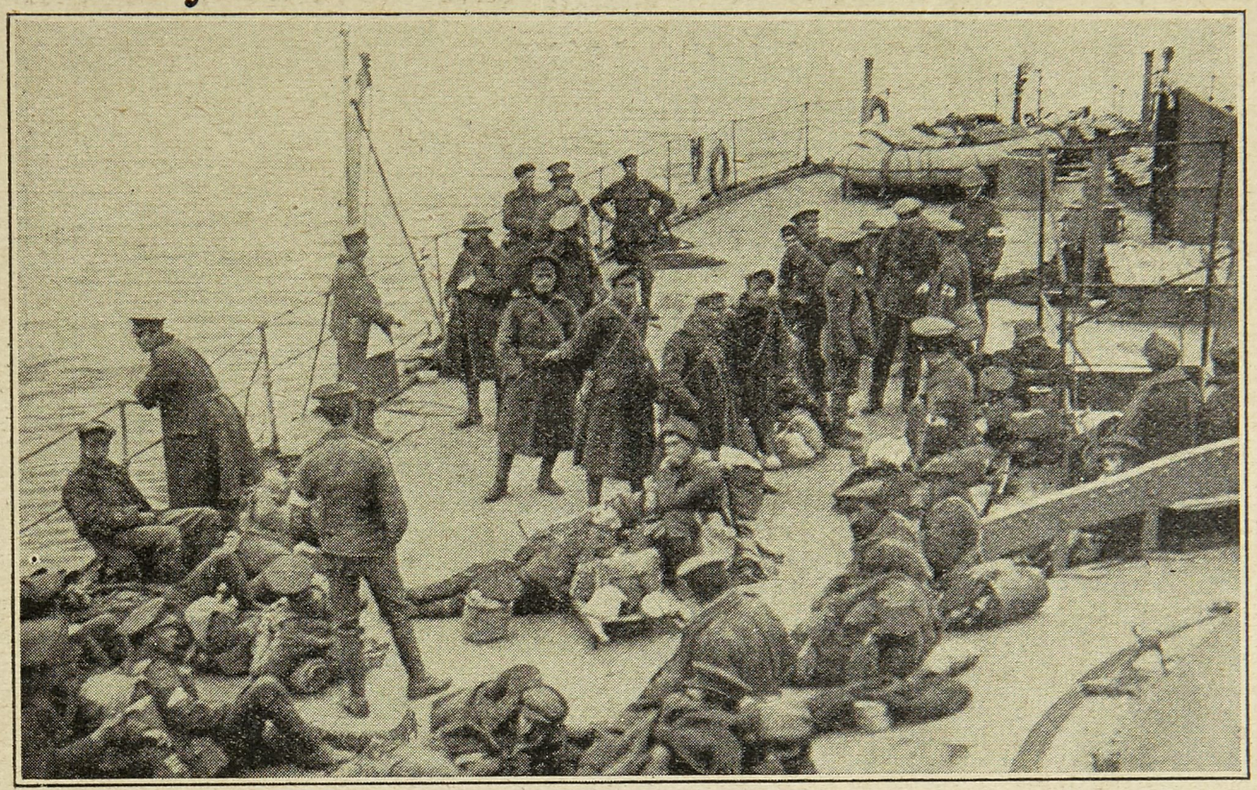


Horses for transport work with the British Expeditionary Force in Mesopotamia being ferried across the Tigris. With a lack of mechanical transport, the war-horse finds plenty of work to do in the Persian Gulf area of the world-wide war.



Denizens of the desert arrive in British East Africa from India. Camels having proved the best means of transport in B.E. Africa, a large number have been requisitioned, and some of them are seen coming ashore from native boats.

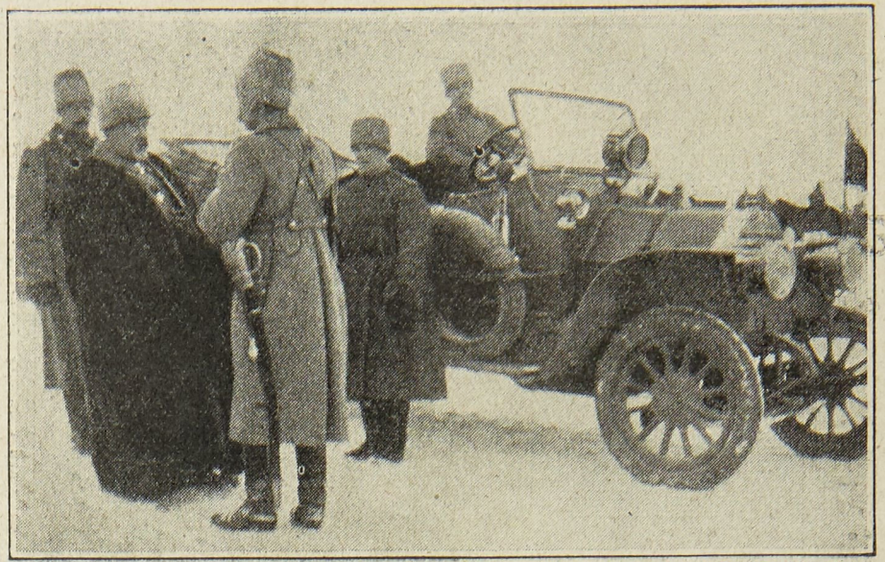
Military Movements Under Britannia's Shield

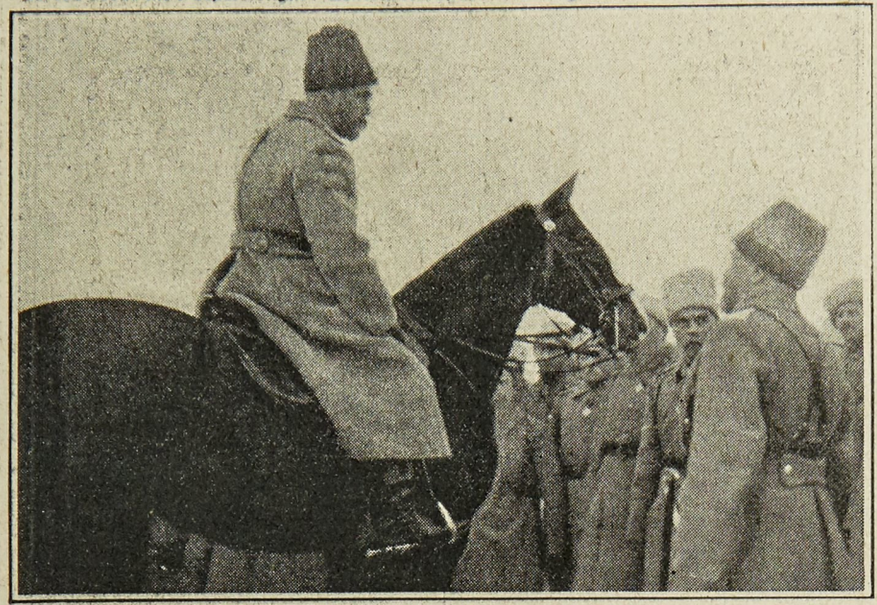


Somewhere in the middle sea. British soldiers billeted for the night on board a battleship during conveyance to another area of hostilities in the Levant.

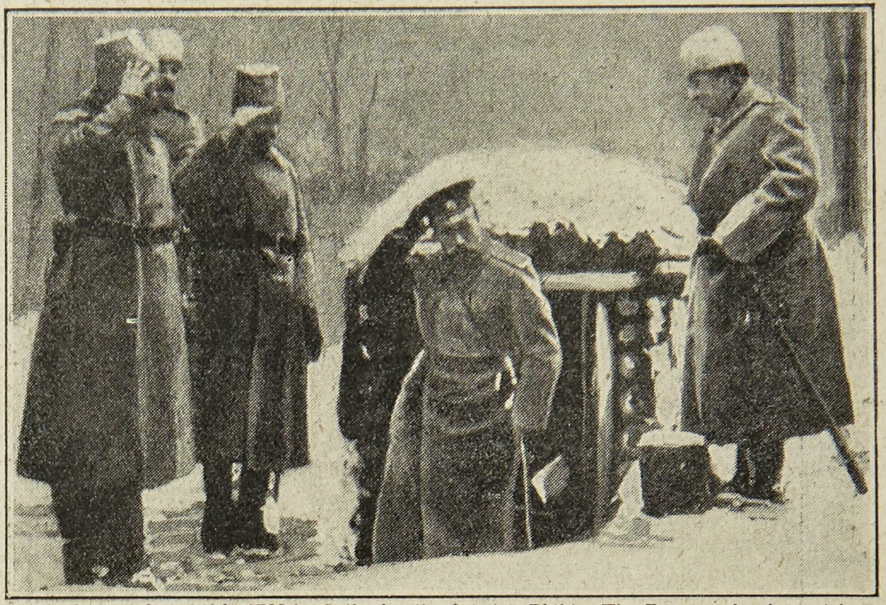
After the crampe dug-out, the spacious and stable deck of a British warship. Men of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force moving from one place to another under the Navy's wing.

The Tsar, during a recent visit to his armies on the northern front, about to taste the food served out to the troops. Right: General Kuropatkin talking with one of his Staff officers. By an Imperial Ukase of February 19th, 1916, General Kuropatkin was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the armies on the northern front in place of General Plehve.



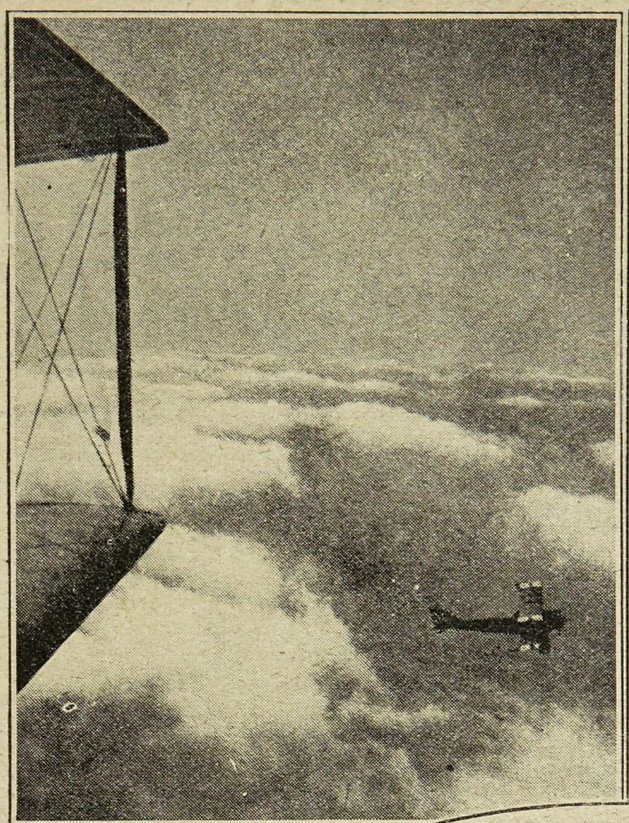


The Tsar, mounted, talking to officers who are Knights of the Order of Heroes of St. George the Conqueror—"most valiant representatives" of his armies, as his Imperial Majesty described them. The Cross of St. George is the Russian equivalent of the Victoria Cross, and the order was founded in 1769 by Catherine the Great. Right: The Emperor leaving a telephone dug-out at an artillery observation post—one of the most perilous positions on the front. General Kuropatkin is standing nearest the Tsar, on the right of the photograph.

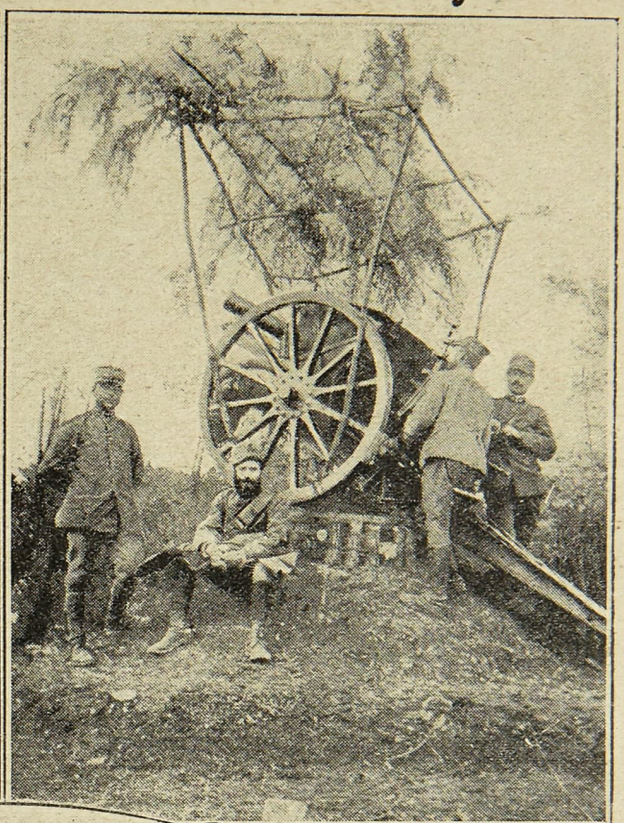


THE TSAR OF RUSSIA WITH GENERAL KUROPATKIN ON THE NORTHERN FRONT.

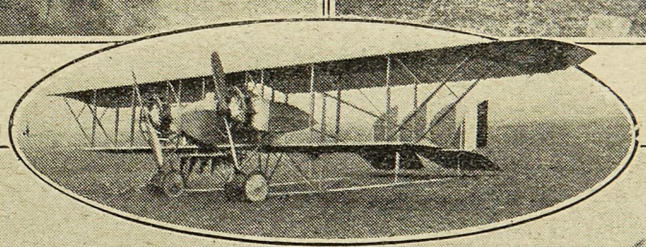
Perennial Duel Between 'Archies' & Skycraft

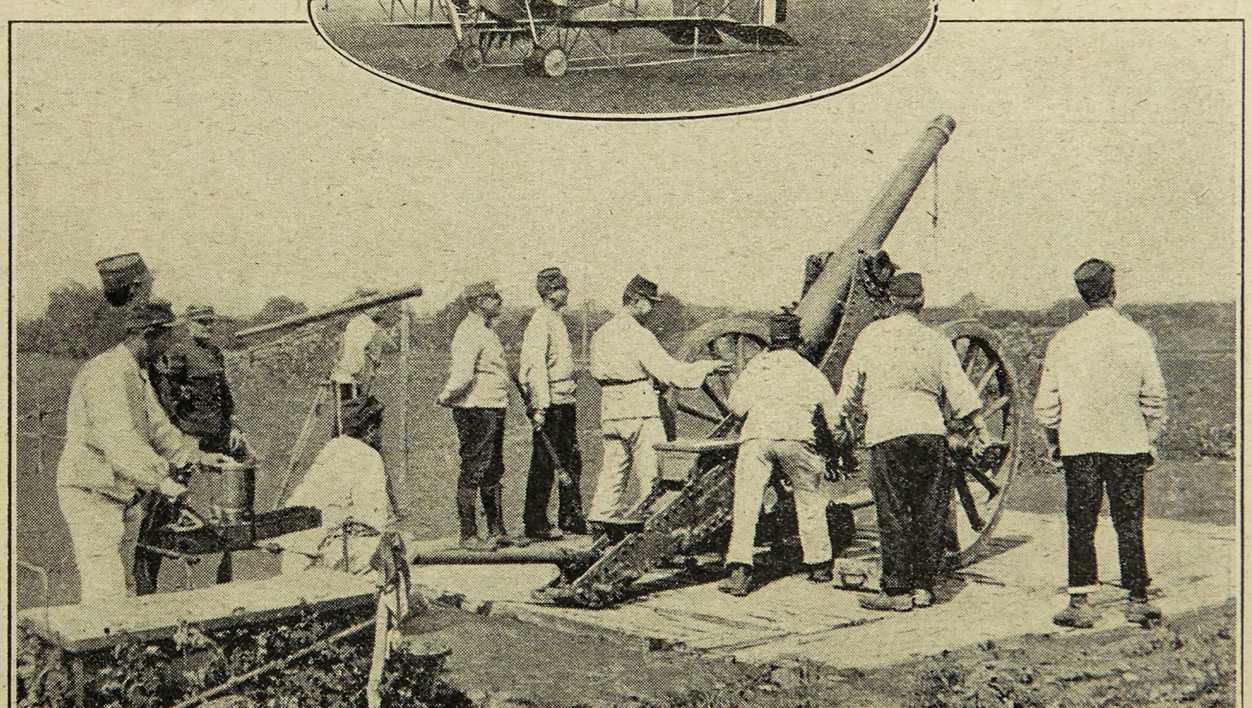


Getting over a German aeroplane. Remarkable impression taken from the observer's seat on a two-decker machine.



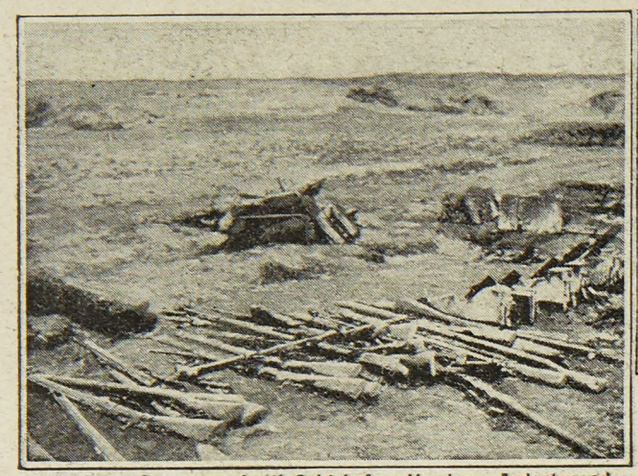
Italian anti-aircraft gunners and their "Archie" ingeniously screened, although emplaced on an Alpine height.



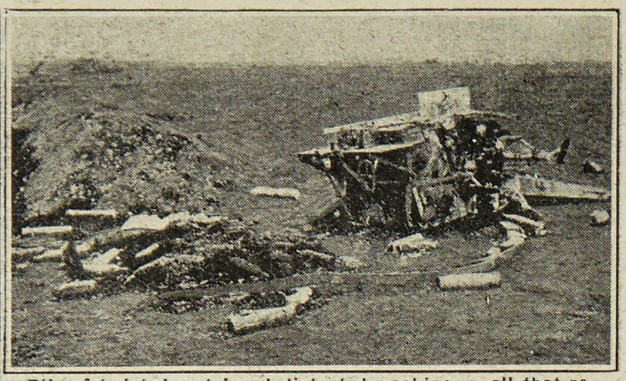


French 90 mm. gun in action against a German high-flyer. There is nothing so gratifying as to bring down an enemy hawk or a Zeppelin monster. Can it be wondered that the gunner who destroyed the L77 actually wept for joy after his lucky shot? Inset: Twin-engined Caudron, type of machine which has been doing useful reconnaissance work. *(Photo: Birkett.)*

With the French Parrying the Thrusts at Verdun

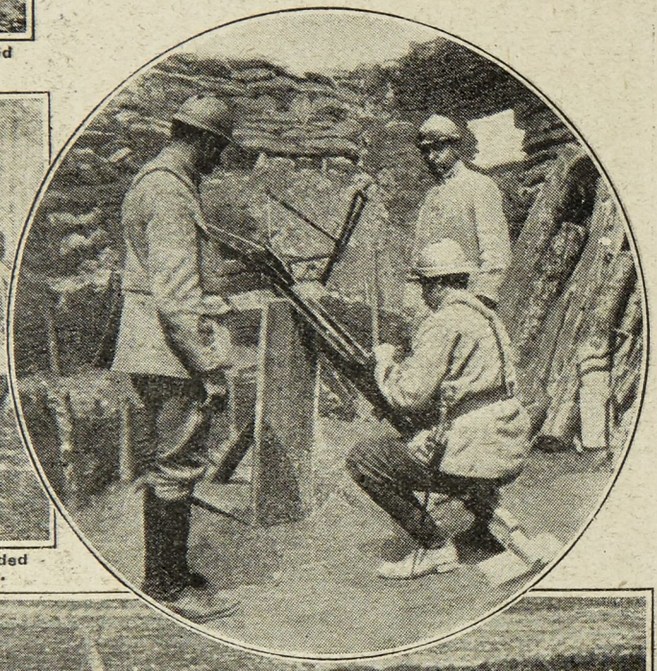


Wastage of war on a battlefield before Verdun. A destroyed gun, some trench mortars, and captured German rifles.



Pile of twisted metal and distorted machinery—all that remained of a field-gun after one of the battles round Verdun.

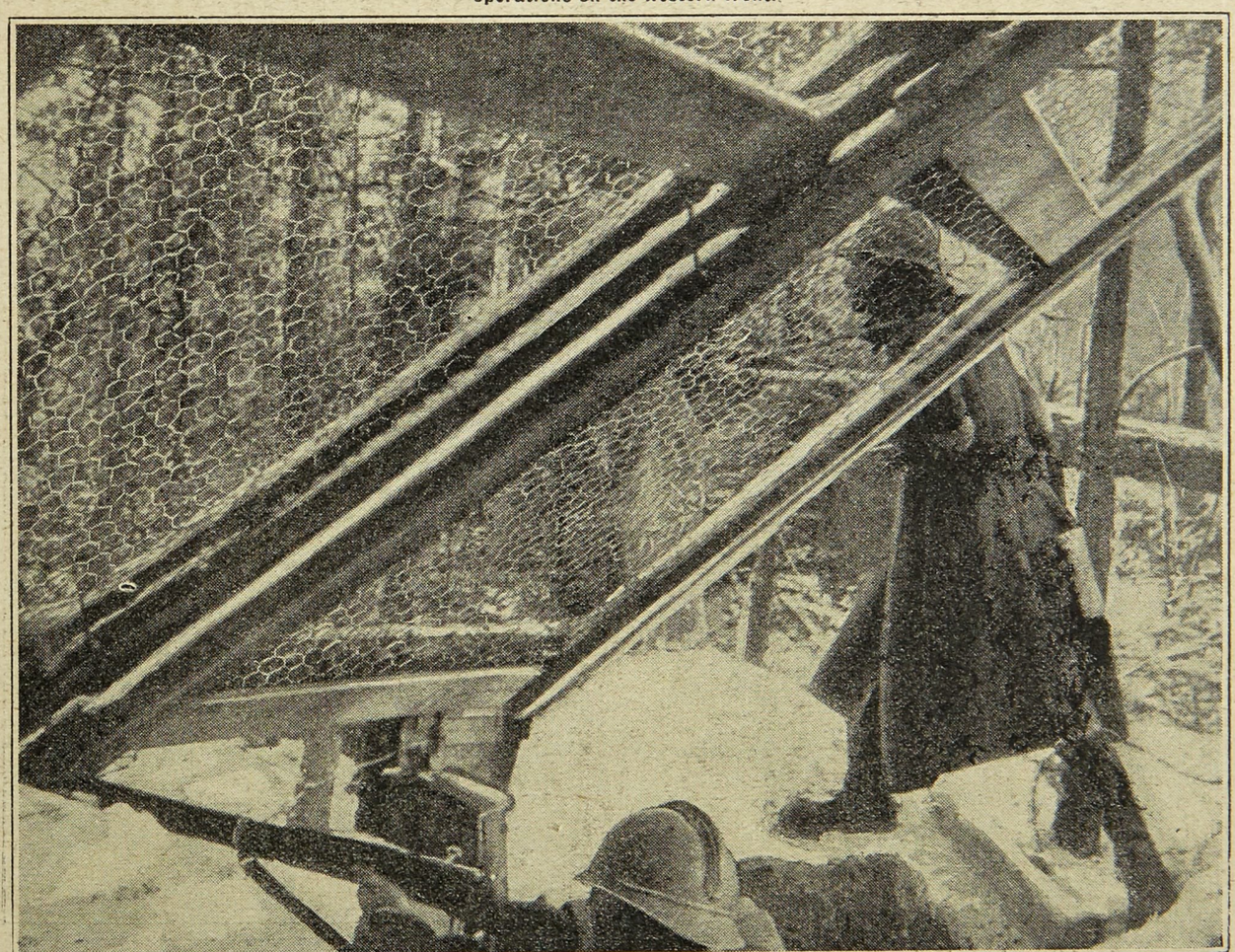
French reserves enjoying a comfortable luncheon on the wooded slopes of the Meuse and within range of German shell fire.



Types of the men now fighting round Verdun and experiencing the heaviest bombardment of the war. Muddy, battle-stained, and tired, these Frenchmen were on their way to billets for a spell of rest. Inset: An ancient weapon still effective in trench warfare—an arbalest in use in a French trench.

French Safeguards Against Gas and Grenades

French officers donning respirators before passing through an asphyxiating gas manufactory situated within the zone of operations on the western front.

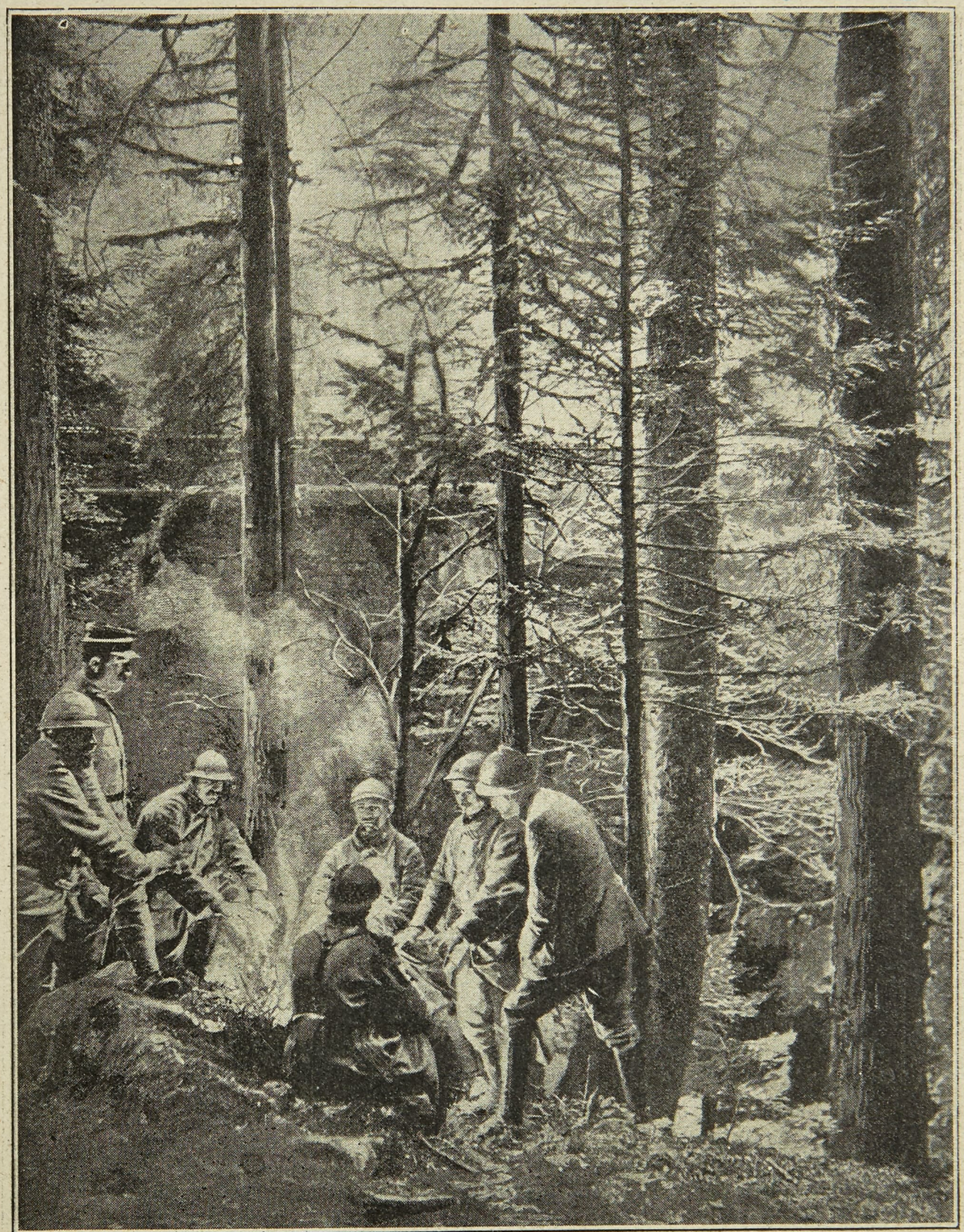


Yet another device to guard against flying splinters. Our ally takes every precaution to preserve life, having invented the gabion, or wattle defences, in addition to the steel casque. This photograph shows a special wire screen, covering a trench in a wood near Verdun, which breaks the power of grenades.

The End of the Line in the Sodden Prêtre Wood

Posted in a densely-wooded corner of the Pretre Wood these two French soldiers, from behind the sand-bagged position, keep vigil for signs of Germans. With eyes and ears strained for enemy movements, crouched down for hours on the saturated earth, underneath dripping trees, such is the lot of the outpost. A rude canopy suspended among the branches helps to screen the men from the incessant rain and enemy airmen. The Bois le Pretre is situated between Thiaucourt and Pont a Mousson.

Warm Corner Amid Pines of the Snowy Vosges



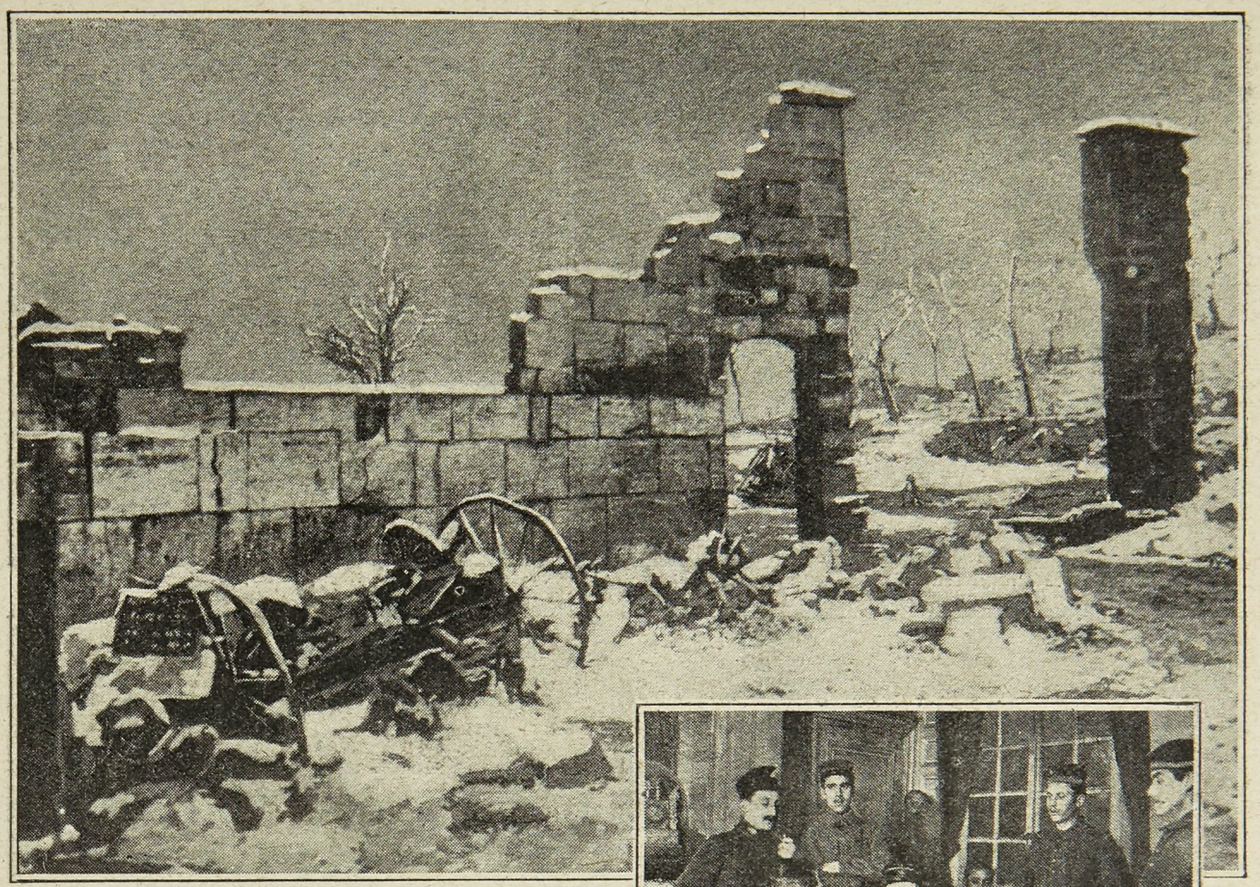
Abounding in pine woods, this sector of the French line is one of the most attractive on the front, and during the recent snowfall presented a weirdly beautiful appearance. Verdun being in the Vosges sector, these forests have been subjected to the most terrific bombardment of the war, and large territories have been laid waste. This impression, taken at evenfall, shows a group of French officers warming themselves at a camp-fire, and recounting stories of the great German offensive.

Pétain's Heroes to and from the Battle-Front

On the war-way outside Verdun—a scene along a main road behind the battle-line. Soldiers are marching to or from the trenches, while women, children and old men, ordered to leave their homes, are beginning their journey to safety.

Troops in reserve behind the Verdun fighting-line, eagerly awaiting the order to advance. Inset: Civilians about to leave the battle-zone. At the beginning of the fighting the military authorities required all civil inhabitants to leave the town and villages near the front.

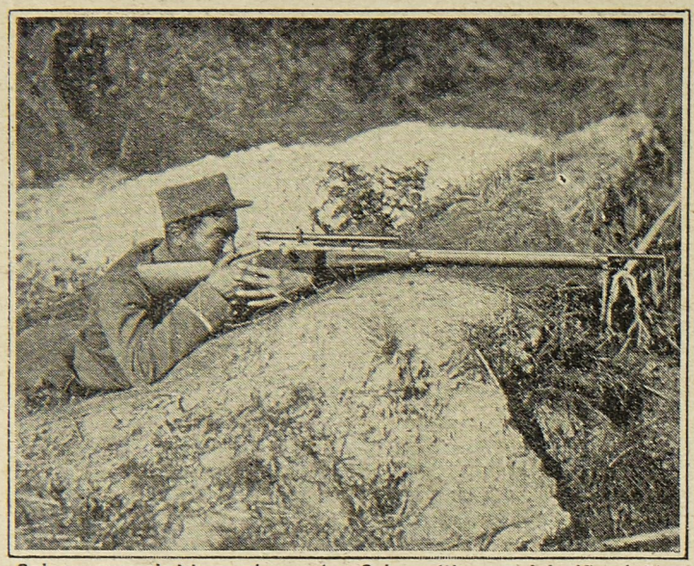
Debris and Derelicts of the Verdun Storm

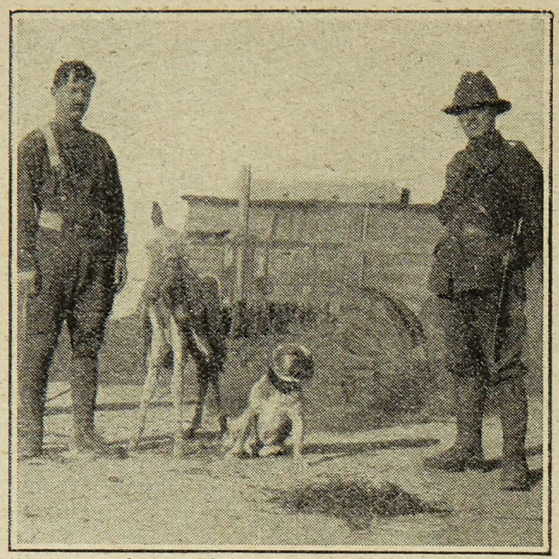


Ruins of Hennemont. A vivid impression of war's wreckage and wastage. Under the shattered wall, half-buried in the snow, is a mangled gun-carriage.

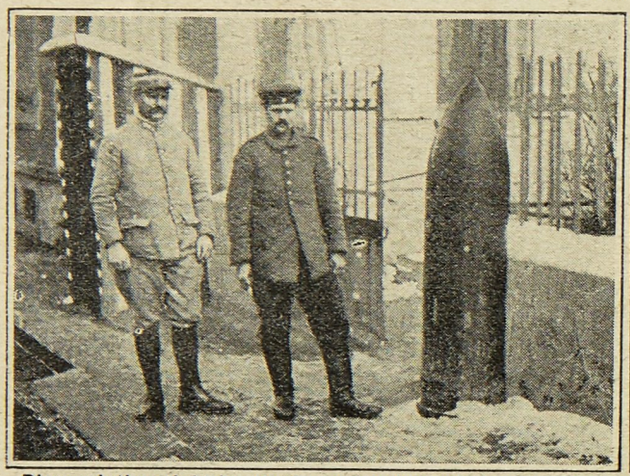
Some of the Germans captured during the thrust at Verdun being marched to the rear, to the delight of a few small boys still remaining in the town. Inset: French officers interrogating prisoners at Verdun.

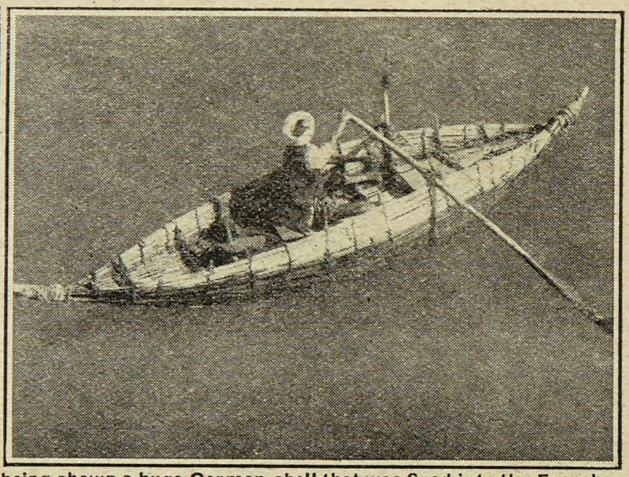
With Friend and Foe Ashore and Afloat



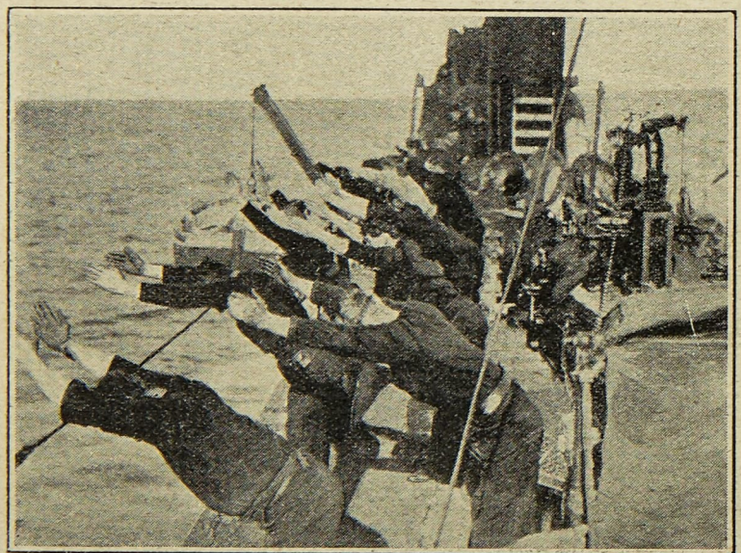


Sniper, concealed in a mine crater, firing with a special rifle-sight on the French front. Right: Baby donkey and bulldog, mascots of the New Zealanders in camp in Egypt.





Disappointing sight for the German prisoner! A captured Hun being shown a huge German shell that was fired into the French lines, but failed to explode. Right: Primitive river craft, built of hollow reeds, used by natives in Mesopotamia.

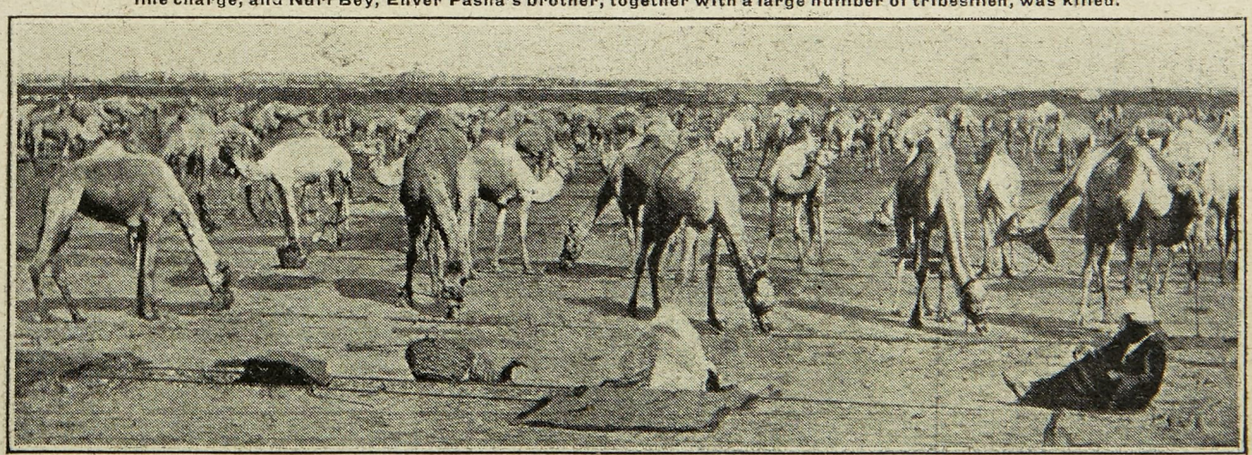


Swedish drill aboard a British destroyer. Right: Weird "make-up" of officers of a British cruiser scanning the sea for a submarine. They are wearing life-saving apparatus—belts, collars, and respirators.

Fighting the Bedouins in Western Egypt

Australians training near Cairo. In the background may be seen residences and foliage which mark the edge of the desert.

Disconsolate Bedouins captured during the recent fighting in Western Egypt. In this engagement the Dorset Yeomanry made a fine charge, and Nuri Bey, Enver Pasha's brother, together with a large number of tribesmen, was killed.



Anchored! "Ships of the desert" held in readiness to proceed to the western frontier of Egypt. As in the days of Rameses, these unwieldy denizens are still the only means of transport over the desert. Modern science has not discovered anything to take their place for the conveyance of men and munitions over large tracts of sand.

UGANDA
BRITISH
EAST
AFRICA
BELGIAN CONGO
GERMAN
EAST AFRICA
NORTHERN
RHODESIA
NYASALAND PROTS.
PORTUGUESE
EAST AFRICA
Victoria Nyanza
L. Albert
L. Kioga
L. Edward
L. Kivu
L. Moero
Lake Bangweolo
Mt. Elgon
Mt. Ruwenzori
Mt. Kenia
Mt. Sambu
Mt. Meru
Ruanda
Urundi
Bukoba
Muansa
Mosh
Iramba
Tabora
Kilimatinde
Mpapwa
Pangani
Mrogoro
Iringa
Mahenge
Kilwa
Langenburg
Lindi
Nairobi
Entebbe
Port Florence
Shirati
Kondoa Irangi
Wilhelmstal
Kilimatinde
Kilosa
Dar es Salaam
Bagamoyo
Saadani
Tanga
Mombasa
Zanzibar
Pemba
Mafia
Kilwa Kivinje
Lindi
Mikindani
Liwale
Mahenge
Songea
New Langenburg
Old Langenburg
Fife
Abercorn
Bismarckburg
Usumbura
Kigali
Kivu
Bukoba
Kisumu
Karungu
Kwa-Hindi
Mbusa
Ikoma
Nasa
Niarvonga
Kiafumu
Kitaganda
Maria-Hilf
St. Michael
Kirambo
Usaku
Kiwoya
Usure
Ndala
Rubugwa
Kalula
Kakoma
Gombe
Mhabi
Njogi
Kipumbwi
Mambova
Rudewa
Mafisi
Buyuni
Kwale I.
Kiwangwa
Mafia
Fakarra
Mohoro
Samanga
Mufindi
Utengule
Gawiro
Madibira
Mgangira
Kilwa Kisiwani
Mchinga
Kiswere
Mgendo
Ifinga
Old Iringa
New Iringa
Old Langenburg
Wiedhafen
Begaya
Krimbo
Panyambe
Mtendo
Undi
Kalúma
Newala
Lukuledi
Umbe-Kuru
Mikindani
Kionga
Itule
Ibo
Luli
Malindi
Voi
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Magadi
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Moshi
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Taveta
Mbuyani
Kima Njaro
Mto Andei
Lelekei
Kitaganda
Kiswani
Pare
Mtai
Mtalo
Vanga
Jasin
Korogwe
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Kipumbwi

The Star of Victory!

By Our War Correspondent, F. A. McKENZIE

SPECULATION about the future of the war is at once the most uncertain, the most enthralling, and the most deceptive of pursuits. The only thing certain about war is its uncertainty. Read the forecasts of the experts eighteen months ago if you wish to learn how far men can go astray. And yet, at a time like this, an hour of crisis, one is inevitably tempted to look forward, and to judge what is coming from what has happened.

The future of the war depends largely on the spirit and temper of Britain itself. All the prophecies of evil about the internal developments in the British Empire during the war have proved false. When the Dardanelles Expedition was abandoned, trouble was feared in the Mohammedan world. Our Mohammedan Empire rests on prestige. Our prestige had received a bad blow. Trouble, nevertheless, has been avoided.

The world of labour, we were told, would be torn by internal differences and the nation disrupted when conscription was enforced. Nothing of the kind has happened. Men familiar with Ireland told us that, despite the splendid loyalty of the mass of the Irish and the Nationalists, there would be trouble in the south-west. If that danger has come to anything, I have yet to learn of it. We have had demonstrations of the fierce loyalty of the mass of the Irish on two-score battlefields.

The Writing on the Wall

Our situation at home is good, and promises to continue good. There is great prosperity. There is absolute loyalty. While Germany hungers, there is plenty and to spare from the Orkneys to Land's End. There are butter riots in Berlin and war riots in Cologne. There is united determination in Britain. Every German market-place whispers the hope of peace. The British statesman who dared to suggest seriously a premature peace would be hanged by indignant crowds on the nearest lamp-post. War depends for its end primarily on the spirit of the nation behind it. Germany falters before her great sacrifices; we say that we are just beginning to fight. And the spirit of Britain is but the rival of the spirit of France and Russia.

Six months ago we had good reason for apprehension over the situation in the Near East. Our men were dying like flies on the rocky shores of Gallipoli; Bulgaria had turned against us; Rumania seemed doubtful; Serbia was being overrun. To-day we have cut our losses at the Dardanelles, and have strengthened our position on the mainland. We have an impregnable position and great armies at Salonika. The Turkish people, almost starving for lack of food, and threatened by the bold Russian advance in the Caucasus, are talking of shaking off the German yoke imposed on them by Enver Pasha. Rumania, after much hesitation, seems at last on the point of coming on our side.

Russia's Coming Opportunity

Some weeks must elapse before weather conditions make an advance possible by the Germans on the Russian front. The plains, the marshes, and the fierce rivers of Western Russia and Poland make early spring fighting exceedingly difficult. The Russians have enormously strengthened their position since last autumn. They have never lacked courage, but they have now abundant munitions, where before they had little or none.

The Russian nation does not submit readily to the cast-iron discipline of the Germans. Russian men are better as individual fighters than in elaborating the organisation of a gigantic campaign. In other words, individual bravery and great powers of endurance are the strong points of the Russian character, and exact organisation is the weak point. But this spring a new kind of Russian army will advance. The old type of professional officer has been almost wiped out, and members of the learned professions, landowners, and business leaders officer the new forces. Those who know Russia better than I do assure me that these new armies have not only all the old doggedness of the Russian soldier, but a new intelligence, an amazing enthusiasm, and unconquerable determination. Russia will obtain her chance against Germany immediately after Germany has squandered the best of her troops.

After Verdun on the West Front

The fortune of the war will be finally settled neither to the east nor to the south-east, but in the west. What is the outlook here?

As I write, the third stage of the big German offensive along the western front has come to a close, and a yet greater attempt to break through is about to begin. The artillery on both sides is waging a tremendous battle. Guns, guns, guns all along the line are settling the fate of the fight. In England, people are inclined to regard the battle as already won. This is not the view of the best-informed French experts. In the heavy fighting yet ahead, the French General Staff may find it advisable to draw their line yet farther back, even possibly—not probably—behind Verdun. All that we can say is that the fighting up to now affords us every reason to hope that the Germans will not be able to break their way through. They are exhausting their best men and their vast supplies of munitions on this one sustained throw. If they succeed, it is unlikely that they will be able to possess themselves of more than a few miles of fresh territory. The signs are that they will not succeed!

The great attack on Verdun and on the extreme French eastern front has been, up to now, a profound disappointment to the Germans, and a cause of encouragement to the Allies. It has weakened the German position in every neutral country. It has shattered the tradition of the invincibility of German heavy artillery. It has shown the desperate position of the German Government, forced to adopt such costly devices to attempt to finish the war.

When the German offensive has exhausted itself, our great chance will come. Many capable observers believe that the British and French in the west will be content with maintaining their present positions for some months ahead, and with letting the enemy break their forces by bull-like rushes against them.

The Sure Way to Success

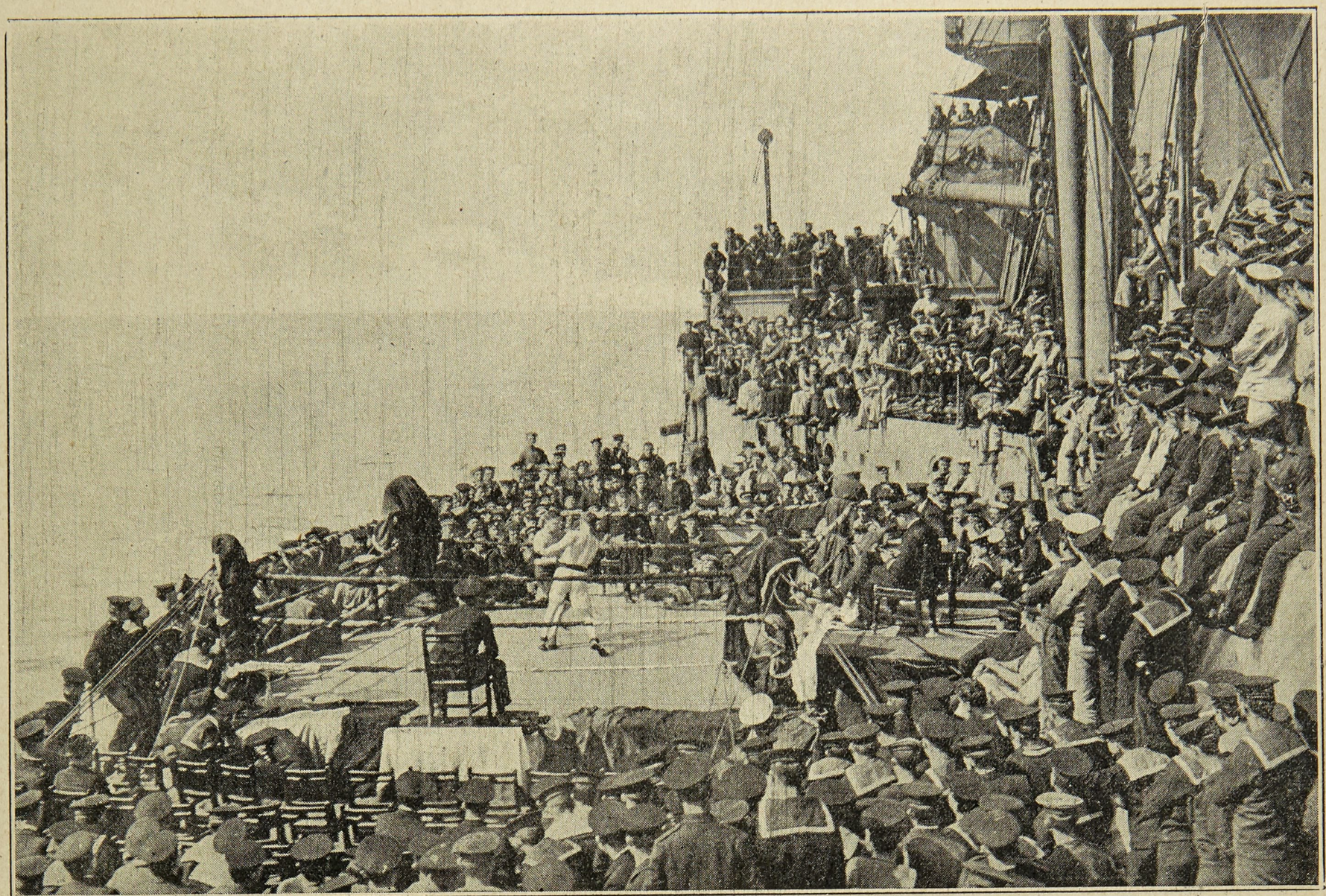
This view is, I believe, wrong. We are bound to make a crowning attempt at a spring offensive. The army which remains passive loses moral, strength, and confidence. Continual offensive is the price of victory. We must ATTACK! ATTACK! ATTACK!

The one great weakness of our scheme of war during the past six months has been our lack of decision and enterprise. Here, I refer to the main direction of the war, not to the spirit of battalions or brigades. They have done all that they could to provoke and meet the enemy. But we have been inclined in the general direction of the war to wait on the enemy.

"Wait and see," may be good policy in politics. I cannot say, for I know little of politics. But in war, it is a fatal and damnable delusion. An army always on the defensive is an army doomed. This is not my individual opinion alone, but the view of all who have studied the history of war. We must attack this spring! We will attack! The only question is when, where, and how we are to attack!

Everything indicates that the big spring fighting on our section of the line may centre around Lille. The capture of Lille, the repulse of the German moves against Verdun, and the annihilation of the German Fleet would be the first unmistakable signs that the military glory of Germany had finally set.

These things will not end the war, but they will be the beginning of the end. The tide will then be definitely turned. Neutral nations will flock to us. Difficulties about our strictly enforcing a blockade will disappear. Hungary will begin to ask why she should go on with Austria to ruin. Turkey will attempt to save something by yielding before it is too late. We, as a nation, will be called upon for unexampled sacrifices, and may well have to endure unparalleled sufferings. But, through them all, the star of victory will loom clearer and clearer.



IN THE RING: A SPORTING EVENT WITH THE GRAND FLEET.—A glove fight in a "ring" aboard a British warship at sea. During hours of recreation the noble art of self-defence is appropriately popular in the Royal Navy, as in the Army. This striking photograph proves the attraction that an organised boxing-match has for both officers and men. All are watching enthusiastically the stern fistic combat taking place on a sea that might almost any hour witness the fiercest naval battle in the history of the world.

The North Sea Position

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

THE most sensational revelation of the debate on the Navy was the one which, if there is an inquiry after the war, must be probed to the bottom. I am not now referring to the neglect which withdrew the cruisers from foreign stations, so that there was no defence of the trade routes. This point was indeed confirmed by Mr. Balfour.

The Strategic Base

The revelation I am now referring to was when he said that on the outbreak of war there was no prepared or defended base along the whole of our East Coast within the striking range of the German submarine flotilla. One may refer to it now that the ban of the censorship is removed, and the public will realise for the first time the immense debt of gratitude they owe to the Grand Fleet which, under a physical handicap of the most extraordinary character, yet maintained its successful blockade of the North Sea. How successive First Lords, and the First Sea Lords, who were specially charged with the responsibility for the distribution and organisation of the fleets, came to ignore such a simple and obvious precaution as a submarine-proof base, is easily the first mystery of the war, eclipsing even the extraordinary series of blunders over the Dardanelles. I have before me at this moment an anonymous article with map which I cut out from the "Glasgow Herald" several years ago, in which the actual station contemplated was revealed, with a good deal of descriptive matter. The public should understand that the base for a fleet in war is the strategical base. Places like Portsmouth, Devonport, Rosyth, and Malta, with great dockyards, are merely refitting bases; and it is the exception rather than the rule that the strategical base corresponds to the refitting base.

German Naval Handicaps

For this reason, in 1906 and 1907, we advocated in the House of Commons the building of floating docks, which could be stationed at a strategical base, where sixty feet of water could be obtained, and so save the six-monthly visit to the refitting base for the purpose of cleaning the bottom of the ship. It was several years before we converted the Admiralty to our views.

Now that we are free to speak, it must be evident that the Germans were perfectly well aware of the handicap under which the Grand Fleet had been placed by the then Government's lack of preparation. Germany's failure in using her two weapons can be ascribed to four causes, which will continue to stand us in good stead, unless there is a still further development in the Zeppelin than the remarkable one which has already taken place. The two essential German weapons, the mine-layer and the submarine, suffered from four handicaps in the northern waters:

1. They lacked information, and there was no means of getting it except from neutral vessels, and here, as throughout this war, the neutrals have hampered us to some extent.

2. The gales to the north are very numerous, and impede the action of submarines. They also sweep up the mine-fields.

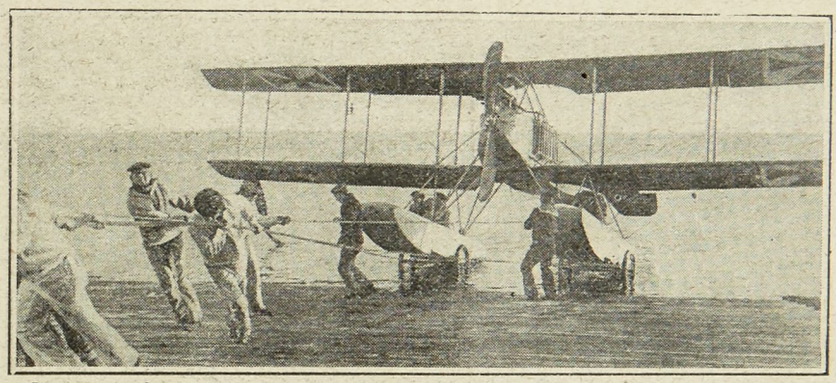
3. The depths in most parts are so great that submarines cannot lie on the bottom and mines cannot be moored.

4. The tide races in important channels are against them.

It is worth while to point out at this stage of our inquiry how much more favourably circumstanced we were in this matter than the Germans. Practically the whole basin of the North Sea, in the north along the line of latitude of 58° N., or the southernmost point of Norway, is over 100 metres, or 55 fathoms, deep. This offers no facilities for mines, or for submarines lying on the bottom. On the other hand, along the short German coast, where the German Fleet must act from, there are 4,761 square miles under 20 metres, or about 11 fathoms, deep. Consequently, its channels between the sandbanks are favourable for both mines and submarines, and it is a mine-field area which an efficient War Staff, encouraged by a resolute Government, would have raced for during a war crisis.

Land and Sea Compared

To understand this, let me hark back to an old analogy I used some twenty-three years ago, and in doing so let us remember that certain portions of what is now German coast, such as Zeebrugge, Ostend, and Knocke, were once in our hands to do what we liked with. I had been asked by the Council of the Royal United Service Institution to read a paper on the Mediterranean and Suez Canal in Naval War. It happened that I had been studying several standard works on land operations, and I had been struck by the chaotic state of our ideas about sea operations as compared with the land, largely because of the fixed idea that the sea is a fluid *tabula rasa*.



German sailors hauling a hydroplane out of the sea at Wilhelmshafen after a trial flight.

"Too Late!"

The idea of holding lines by trenches on the face of it seems absurd, but what should be the naval equivalent to those trenches on the land? My answer, in the paper I prepared, was the lines of mines. By them you make waters your territory, and the closer you press them in to the enemy's bases the more you restrict his freedom of action. Your mines deny the use of the waters to him so long as he does not possess the chart of your mine-field, and nowadays they help your submarines by preventing the mined area from being prepared against them. As we have seen, we had all the advantages conferred on us by Nature, and we neglected to use mines altogether until it was "too late."

The Germans did not miss a second, but laid mines, as they had always proclaimed they would do, off our English coast before the declaration of war. As we did not hunt through the North Sea, there was nothing to prevent them doing so. We mobilised too late; we sent the First Fleet to its base too late; we prepared that base too late; in everything we were too late, and the responsibility rests almost entirely on the politicians.

Mines and Tactics

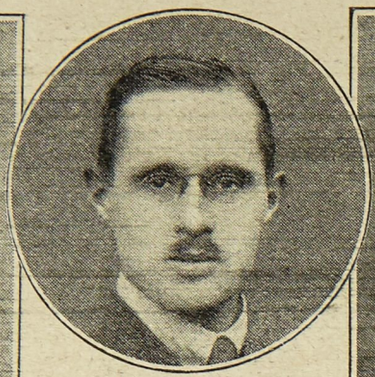
Once the first area of mines has been laid their extension is easy, and Colonel Churchill ought to understand that offensive tactics around Heligoland are now much more risky than they were in the earlier stages of the war. His own Board issued a statement on January 24th, 1915, that the fight with the German battle-cruisers, which was broken off seventy miles from Heligoland, was abandoned because of the "dangers from submarines and mines." There was reason to doubt this statement then, but its tendency may very well be true now that the danger area has reached a great distance beyond Heligoland. Had this area been mined against the Germans instead of by them, the Kiel Ship Canal would have been neutralised, and the German ships would have had to operate from the Baltic, or some two days' journey away. In such circumstances a more offensive policy involved risks which could be calculated. In the present state of uncertainty the policy of offence involves risks which are incalculable.

Von Tirpitz Will Not Venture

In the meantime, what is the German Navy, costing £300,000,000 to build up, accomplishing as a return? It is not protecting any interests at sea. It may be said that it prevents an invasion in the Baltic and North Sea; but this could have been equally well done, at much less expense, by shore preparation. Such considerations, however, lead nowhere. So far as the North Sea is concerned, the existence of the German Fleet is a bar to the invasion of Schleswig or to the landing of a British force for the defence of Danish territory in Jutland along the forty-mile front from sea to sea. In the present scarcity of men, its continued existence does enable Germany to economise about 250,000 men on the garrison in Schleswig; and for that reason I still hold to the opinion I expressed over a year ago, that nothing short of a council of despair would induce the Germans to offer battle to our Grand Fleet.

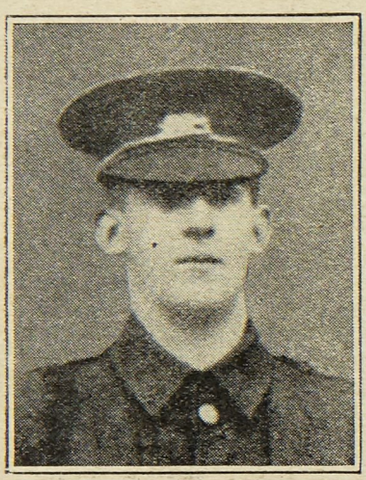
Decorated for Valour: More of Britain's Brave Sons

Pte. CHARLES HULL, V.C., 21st Lancers, saved an officer's life at great risk to his own, under close fire within a few yards of the enemy. The officer was Capt. G. E. D. Learoyd, whose horse had been shot.



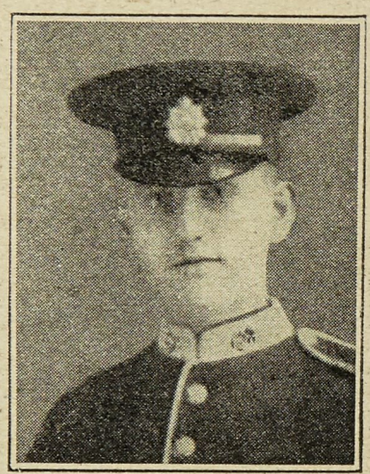
Capt. CECIL PHILLIPS, the Welsh Regiment, awarded the Military Cross for bravery with a bombing party on Gallipoli. He won the decoration a few days after landing.

Sergt. H. J. WALLER, the Middlesex Regt., awarded the D.C.M. for his conspicuous bravery in continuing to throw bombs after he had been severely wounded at Loos.



Pte. H. CHRISTIAN, V.C., 2nd R. Lancaster Regt., held a mine crater with a few men in front of our trenches, and was forced to withdraw by German fire. He returned alone to rescue three men.

Sec.-Lieut. A. V. SMITH, 5th East Lancashire Regt. (T.F.), gained the Victoria Cross for a magnificent act of self-sacrifice that saved many lives. He was throwing a grenade when it slipped from his hand and fell to the bottom of the trench, close to several officers and men. He immediately shouted out a warning, but seeing that the officers and men were unable to get into cover, and knowing that the grenade was due to explode, he flung himself down on it, and was instantly killed.



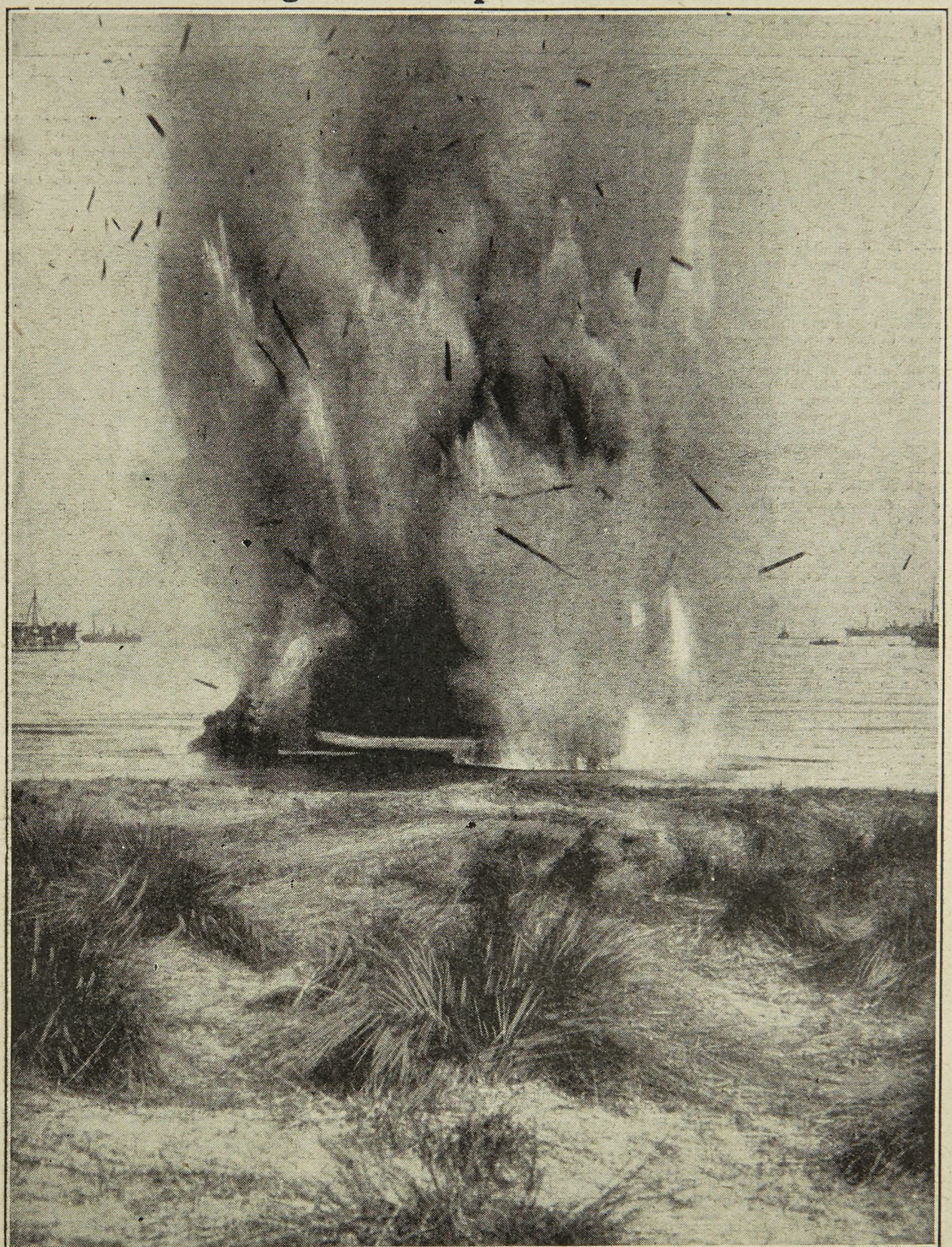
Sergt. S. MAYNARD, 1st Border Regt., awarded the D.C.M. and the French Military Cross for conspicuous bravery at the Dardanelles. He was also mentioned in despatches

Corpl. W. BARTLETT, 2nd Bedford Regt., awarded the D.C.M. for saving three wounded men by going out three times under heavy fire at Neuve Chapelle. Corpl. Bartlett was killed at Festubert.

Sec.-Lieut. J. K. W. TRUEMAN, 6th Wiltshire Regt., awarded the Military Cross for his bravery at Festubert. He held a perilous position until ordered to withdraw.

Sec.-Lieut. S. P. HANNAN, R.F.A., gained the Military Cross for his bravery when acting as forward observation officer. He sent valuable information to his battery, under heavy fire.

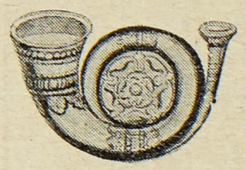
While Awaiting Von Tirpitz: An Odd Job at Sea



Destruction of an old lighter, blown up by British "handymen" in the Eastern Mediterranean—one of the many odd jobs that fall to the men of the British Navy while they are waiting impatiently for the Germans to come out and fight.

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENTS IN THE WAR

XIII.—The Yorkshire Light Infantry



"OFFICERS killed" is unfortunately a very common headline in the papers today. It was not so familiar, however, on September 2nd, 1914, the day on which the names of the first officers killed in the Great War were made known to the public, and that list, consequently, attracted a good deal of notice. Under the heading killed, there were thirty-five names, and eleven of these, or almost a third, belonged to the Yorkshire Light Infantry. In addition the battalion had two reported wounded and three missing. About a month later a long list of non-commissioned officers and men killed, wounded and missing was published.

The First Shell

These facts told something about the deeds of our Army in those last anxious days of August, 1914, and the story can now be filled in. This 2nd Battalion of the Yorkshire Light Infantry was at Dublin when the war began, and on August 7th the men were put on board a troopship which then steamed away. Owing to the dangers from mines, it took a roundabout route; but after two days on the water the men landed at Havre, and soon took train for Le Cateau.

On Thursday the 20th they got the order to move, and away they marched, swinging blithely along and singing as they went. They were in fine condition, and in spite of the heat they did thirty-two miles in the day, and on the next morning they were off again. Soon they crossed from France into Belgium, and then almost the first thing they saw was a Union Jack and a big canvas flapping away. On it were the words, "Welcome to our British comrades." On Saturday afternoon they were only three miles from Mons; there they halted, had some tea, and slept the night in a brewery.

On Sunday morning the Yorkshiremen, smoking and lounging about the place and watching the motors and the Staff officers dashing by, heard in the distance the booming of guns, and about midday a shell dropped some eight hundred yards from where they were. Soon after this they were ordered to fall in, and after a short march they found themselves near the bank of a canal. There they dug some trenches and waited for the Germans, who, so it was said, were moving towards the canal.

The Battle of Le Cateau

In the afternoon the enemy could be seen in a wood in the distance, and as soon as they came near enough our men got the order to fire, the Yorkshiremen being the first to aim. Many Germans were killed, but others came on, and after dark our men, although they had had very few losses, were told to fall back.

It was in the Battle of Le Cateau, fought on Wednesday, August 26th, that the Yorkshire Light Infantry lost so many officers and men, and it is a day which will never be forgotten so long as the regiment endures. On a line stretching from Le Cateau to Cambrai the Second Army Corps, General Smith-Dorrien's, dug some trenches and waited in them for the Germans.

> *"And what stir*
> *Keeps good old York there with his men of war."*
>
> —SHAKESPEARE, *Richard II.*

They had not long to wait, and it was Mons over again. The Germans marched bravely on, and were shot down. Again and again this happened, but meanwhile others of Von Kluck's men were getting round the two ends of the British line, and soon our men found that they were being fired at, not only from the front, but also from the side. They stood it for a good long time, and then about half-past three in the afternoon the general gave the order to retire.

In this engagement the Yorkshiremen had had a very bad time. One by one the other battalions got safely away, all except the Yorkshire Light Infantry, who were the last to move. At length it looked as if the trenches were entirely deserted, except for dead bodies, a litter of torn cloth, broken pieces of shot and shell, and other traces of an army's presence. But it was not quite so. In some of the trenches were two companies of the Yorkshires, the last of Smith-Dorrien's men. Originally there were about four hundred and fifty of these, but many had been killed and many more carried away to the ambulances. A few only remained, and soon the majority of them also were dead or injured.

The Charge of the Nineteen

In command of these companies was Major C. A. L. Yate, a soldier who had seen the Russo-Japanese War. He soon found out what had happened. He was left behind, and he made up his mind what to do. He called for the unwounded men and found there were nineteen of them—nineteen, the remains of four hundred and fifty! It was perfectly hopeless, but instead of ordering them to creep away, or to wait until the darkness came, he lined them up, and led them in a last bayonet charge against the Germans—nineteen against hundreds, perhaps thousands. They could do nothing. Yate himself and the survivors of his band were taken prisoners, and the enemy occupied our trenches, where they found a number of dead and wounded. Major Yate was reported dead, but this was incorrect.

By his gallantry Major Yate had certainly earned the Victoria Cross, and on November 25th it was given to him. At Le Cateau, also, another Yorkshireman won it. This was Lance-Corporal F. W. Holmes, who first carried a wounded man out of the trenches to safety, and then went to the help of the artillery. A driver had been badly wounded, and it seemed as if his gun could not be got away. Whereupon, amid the bursting of the shells and the plunging of the horses, Holmes rushed out, seized the reins, and took the team out of danger.

After fighting at the Battle of the Aisne, the Yorkshire Light Infantry appeared in Flanders in October, where they had some stiff work near Givenchy, first advancing and then being driven back.

The Minden Men

The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, to give it its full name, is made up of the old 51st and 105th Regiments of the Line. The 51st was first raised by two Yorkshiremen, the Marquess of Rockingham and Sir George Savile, Bart., in 1755, and it was one of the six British regiments which fought at Minden. "Every British lad," says Mr. Fortescue, the historian of our Army, "should know the name of the Minden regiments, and should be taught to take off his hat to them if ever he should have the good fortune to meet them." On August 1st, the anniversary of this battle, the Yorkshire L.I. wear roses to commemorate their deeds of glory against the French.

The regiment remained in Germany for a few years, and then served in Minorca, Corsica, India and Ceylon. For two years Sir John Moore was its colonel, and under him it fought at Corunna. Other battles in Spain in which the Yorkshiremen took part were Salamanca, Vittoria, Nivelle and Orthes. They were at the storming of Badajoz, and in the "thin red line" at Waterloo. Burma, Afghanistan, Tirah and South Africa bring their story down to the time of the Great War. The regiment's motto is "*Cede nullis*," or yield to none, and its badge is—as one would expect—a white rose.

Strengthened and refreshed, the 2nd Yorkshire L.I. returned to the front line early in the New Year, and on January 19th, 1915, one of its lance-corporals, F. B. Finney, won the D.C.M. by climbing through the rows of barbed-wire in front of the German trenches and bringing back some valuable information.

A Famous Ridge

On "Hill 60" the Yorkshires lost quite a number of officers and men in defending it against savage German attacks. A few days later they were sent to the help of the Canadians, and they took their stand at a critical point in the British line, near the "unhealthy" spot named Shell-trap Farm. Day after day they were under a tempest of shot and shell; day after day their numbers grew fewer, but they held on to the end just as they had done at Le Cateau, and on April 30th they were removed to their old quarters near "Hill 60."

Frezenberg Ridge is another name for Yorkshire folk to remember, for on May 8th the 1st Battalion of the Yorkshire L.I. had a dreadful time there. The Germans planned a strong attack on the centre of our line, and this began early on Saturday morning; after a long day of desperate fighting the battalion, or what remained of it, was forced to retire about a mile, but from there the men would not budge.

A. W. Holland

Photo by Gale & Polden, Ltd.

OFFICERS WHO WILL LEAD OUR NEW ARMIES TO VICTORY.—NO. XVIII.

6TH (SERVICE) BATTALION KING'S OWN YORKSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY.—Back row: Lieut. W. F. Burrows, Lieut. R. E. Tennant, Lieut. A. T. Shelton, Sec.-Lieut. C. B. Leatham, Lieut. R. L. Kitching (Medical Officer), Lieut. O. H. C. Shelswell, Lieut. T. W. Warlow, Sec.-Lieut. R. S. M. Beatson, Sec.-Lieut. R. G. Royle, Sec.-Lieut. E. A. L. Sturridge, Sec.-Lieut. W. J. Tempest, Sec.-Lieut. H. B. Stokoe. Middle row: Lieut. A. Arrigonie, Lieut. and Qr.-Mr. A. Barker, Capt. W. N. Tempest, Capt. G. B. Wilson, Capt. G. de Hoghton, Major E. H. Rigg, Capt. and Adjt. T. E. F. Penny, Capt. E. B. Wilson, Capt. W. H. Charlesworth, Capt. A. C. E. Elborough, Sec.-Lieut. P. R. Rayner. Front row: Sec.-Lieut. A. L. Badcock, Sec.-Lieut. C. E. R. Heaton-Ellis.

Self-Denial and Self-Sacrifice

By the Editor

Anomalies of R.A.M.C. Work

THE work of the Royal Army Medical Corps has been uniformly so good that it may seem ungracious to criticise in any way this admirable branch of the Army. There is no harm, however, in mentioning one point at which its organisation could be improved, and that is in the handling of specialists who have offered their services for the period of the war. One would think that a specialist would be used as such; that is to say, a nerve specialist would be invited to treat soldiers whose nerves had been shattered by terrific bombardments and overwhelming catastrophes. One hears, however, of a distinguished nerve specialist being appointed to the routine work of a regimental doctor, and of many similar instances of round pegs being placed in square holes. Sir Alfred Keogh, the distinguished Director-General of Army Medical Services, has had to face, and has successfully surmounted, much greater difficulties than the suitable employment of specialists, and there is no doubt that if his attention be drawn to the anomalies to which we have referred, he will take immediate steps to bring about a better condition of affairs.

Concerning Economy

IN all that is talked and written about economy, this much at least seems clear—that economy would appear to be an excellent thing when practised by someone else. The unskilled labourer is doubtless in favour of economy being practised by the skilled artisan earning double what he does; the skilled artisan is certain that the middle classes could, and should, deny themselves many of the comforts which they are accustomed to enjoy; while the middle classes are firmly convinced that the great field for economy lies among the classes who earn £5,000 a year and over. These latter complete the vicious circle by harking back to the lower classes with advice as to what they should do with their increased wages, and lamenting that so much of this increase is spent in foolish and extravagant ways. A dispassionate observer of the whole situation would probably say that example comes best from above. When the rich begin to jack up the Rolls-Royces in their garages, and to content themselves with a cut from the joint and two vegetables for lunch, we shall soon see reflections of this excellent example among other sections of the community.

The Virtue of Self-Sacrifice

THE considerable number of wealthy men who have given their lives for the great cause is not the least noteworthy feature of this remarkable war. To die for one's country is truly heroic, but to die while in possession of all that can make life beautiful, and consequently more than ever desirable, is super-heroic. One of the most interesting and touching wills recently published was that of Captain Richardson, of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. This gallant officer, who was killed in France, bequeathed £6,000 for the education of the children of the men of his company in the 2nd Overseas Battalion who, like himself, had given their lives or limbs in the cause of the Old Country.

"At England's Trade!"

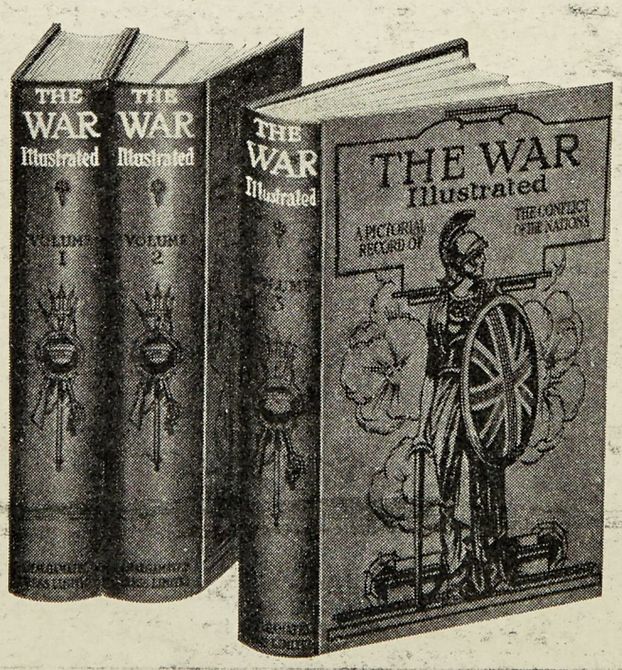
THE "Hamburger Nachrichten" has discovered that until England is overthrown and the trade on which she depends has been destructively attacked, Germany cannot attain that booty of triumph to which she is entitled, and the war will not end. That is profoundly true. The paper proceeds to ask, in the words of the old song, "What are we waiting for?" and points out that honest German hands have created the weapons for our destruction and that courageous German hands are burning to use them. Wherefore it screeches: "At England, and England's trade! That is the battle-cry which rings imperiously from the North Sea to the farthermost frontiers of the Empire."

Jellicoe's "Lock, Ahoy!"

BY the North Sea the Kiel Canal is meant, we presume. It is worth pointing out, too, that the farthermost frontiers of the German Empire are not so remote from Berlin as they were eighteen months ago. Then Germany owned 750,000 square miles of colonies, with a population of nearly 5,000,000 souls, most of which and of whom are now in our possession. Thus, however imperiously the screech-owl may call, it need not trouble us so much about the distance its melodious voice will carry. South-West Africa will remain unmoved, and so will the Cameroon, Togoland, Samoa, Kaiser Wilhelm's Land, and Kiao-Chau, and various other bits of the world now painted red. While the "Hamburger Nachrichten" sings "What are we waiting for?" we picture Sir John Jellicoe standing on the bridge of his flagship, wondering what the answer to that conundrum may be, and moodily whistling "Lock, lock ahoy!"

Thoughts for To-day

GET together a number of consecutive loose parts of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. As you turn over their pages your attention will be repeatedly arrested by pictures and descripions of famous events in this world-wide war which have almost escaped your memory. In a few years you will have forgotten all about them. What record will you have to refer to then? It is useless to suppose that you will be able to keep intact the dozens of loose parts of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. What a fearful task looking for the account of some particular episode with no index to guide you. Have you realised that for just eighteenpence you can secure a binding case for the twenty-six parts which compose a volume? A case which will keep your historical record complete, compact, and clean. A case which will make it an ever-ready reference. A case which is going to save you all the bother of hunting for lost parts. A case which will take up but a few inches on your bookshelf, and which will make a handsome addition thereto. When you realise these, and the many other advantages of a binding case, you will order one, without delay, from the newsagent who supplies you with the parts, or direct from the Publishers, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C., post free for 1s. 10d.



For Enjoyment and Usefulness

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
48 Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free. N

The War Illustrated, April 1st, 1916. *Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

15 Feb

Will the German Fleet Come Out?

By Commander Bellairs, R.N.

The War Illustrated

2D Weekly

Black Faces, White Steel, and Fury Invincible: French Colonial Troops in Action near Verdun

Vol. 4 **No. 85**

The World Against the Devil

GERMANY, we can well believe, will regard the adhesion of Portugal to her enemies with no very great concern, but nevertheless it is one of the most significant of recent historical events. The incidents that actually brought about the rupture between the two countries are relatively unimportant, amounting indeed to little more than a technicality; the active part that the Republic may take in the hostilities, either directly by her Army and Navy, or indirectly by economic pressure, may perhaps have small appreciable effect. But when disdainful Germany has dropped her last sneer at this puny Power that has presumed to defy her Imperial will, the far-seeing men among her statesmen will have cause for new misgiving. Portugal's decision is public declaration by yet another country that Germany's methods are to be put an end to once for all, and that Germany's will must be submitted to that of the rest of the civilised world, and not imposed upon it.

WHEN it first became manifest that the Prussian militarist party was determined to have its war, everybody knew that the war could not be localised, but must involve practically the whole of Europe. And in anticipating the possible division of the Powers into groups, it was always obvious that the Dual Empire of Austria-Hungary must throw in her lot with Germany. The alliance of France and Russia rendered it at least possible that Turkey would intervene on the side of the Teutons, and her intervention seemed most likely to involve the opposition of the Balkan States. Thus of the present belligerents there would have been Germany and Austria, and perhaps Turkey, arrayed against France and Russia, and perhaps Belgium. And indeed that would have been bad enough.

WHAT actually has happened is more colossal. On one side Germany and Austria with duped Turkey and Bulgaria, and on the other no less than nine principalities and Powers: Great Britain, Russia, France, Japan, Italy, Belgium, Serbia, Montenegro, and now Portugal. And whereas in the former group the connecting link between the Teutons and their allies is one of sordid consideration—of value promised, that is to say—in the second group the bond is one of ideals. It is certain, too, that seven of the eight remaining European States not yet involved are entirely sympathetic with ourselves, and are only debarred from striking their blow in support of the same ideals by considerations of prudence which cannot be called unworthy. What it amounts to is that the world is up in arms against a caste, and there must be some great reason underlying a fact of such magnitude.

ONE hears a good deal of superficial talk about the failure of Christianity being proved by the mere fact of so cruel a war being possible, and about civilisation being set back an indefinite number of generations by the havoc wrought by its barbarities. Reduced to its simplest terms the subject is, of course, the eternal one of the mystery of evil, and so long as man survives there will be people who will find that mystery insoluble, partly, it may be, because they generally look at it through eyes blurred by tears of self-pity in distress.

THE truth is that these superficial talkers regard the evil of this war as if it were a wholly new phenomenon, whereas it is really only an exceptionally violent manifestation of the evil that is always with us, concentrated, indeed, and crude in its naked exposure of primitive passions, but no worse, and certainly less pregnant with subsequent misery than the evil normally diffused throughout society, and finding expression in crime and drunkenness, vice and disease.

THEY overlook, too, the simultaneous manifestation of the very highest and purest virtues—devotion to ideals, courage and endurance, sympathy in suffering, absolute self-sacrifice, "love" in the Divine interpretation. Christianity is not only not proved a failure by the fact of war; it is proved a living force in the actual course of it, and it is safe to assert that religion, as distinct from sectarianism, has taken a fresh and firmer grip upon the entire world as a direct result of the operation of all the forces essentially and diametrically opposed to it.

THEY fail also to apprehend the true meaning and worth of civilisation. A passage from Rabindranath Tagore's recent book "Sadhana: The Realisation of Life" comes apt to this point: "Civilisation must be judged and prized, not by the amount of power it has developed, but by how much it has evolved and given expression to, by its laws and institutions, the love of humanity. The first question and the last which it has to answer is: Whether and how far it recognises man more as a spirit than as a machine. Whenever some ancient civilisation fell into decay and died, it was owing to causes which produced callousness of heart and led to the cheapening of man's worth; when either the State or some powerful group of men began to look upon the people as a mere instrument of their power; when by compelling weaker races to slavery and trying to keep them down by every means, man struck at the foundation of his greatness, his own love of freedom and fair play."

JUDGED by that criterion, what sort of appearance does the vaunted German Kultur make? Its whole purpose and tendency is to develop the machine at the expense of the man; under the spell of its wholly evil genius the Germans themselves have lived in a state of slavish subjection, the completeness of which is disclosed now by the dumb passivity with which they submit to be driven in tens of thousands upon death at the mouth of guns, whose gunners are horror-stricken by the carnage they yet are obliged to inflict. Organisation has been perfected at the sacrifice of all human feeling, and the very moment the rigidity of iron discipline is relaxed the individual parts of the machine betray the fact that they have lost all humanity and decency, breaking out into a reckless savagery of murder as insensible and destructive as that wrought by a fly-wheel that has snapped, or the boiler of an engine that has burst.

IT is a good thing that the civilised world has risen in arms against the military caste that tried to foist this spurious, deadly Kultur upon mankind. It is a righteous indignation that stirs the heart and nerves the arm of every man who takes his place in the ranks arrayed against the German hordes to-day. The passage we have quoted from Rabindranath Tagore's essay contains truth. The seeds of decay are in the German civilisation. But the world cannot allow the baneful tree to grow still larger and overshadow more of the earth. It must be cut down now. Portugal's adhesion to the Grand Alliance is only one more intimation to Germany that the world has made up its mind to fell the evil thing.

C. M

1st April, 1916. No. 85. Vol. 4.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON

DUEL TO THE DEATH BETWEEN HEREDITARY FOES: FRENCH AND GERMAN PATROLS AT HANDGRIPS

Germany's Next Blow—Invasion?

By Our War Correspondent, F. A. McKENZIE

THERE have been growing signs during the past few weeks that the German General Staff seriously intends to make an attempt to invade this country. From the British point of view, no enterprise could well appear more hopeless; even the desperate effort to reach Paris through Verdun was a promising venture compared with this. Yet such a venture is theoretically possible, and it is better to look the prospect of it in the face in advance, rather than to be overwhelmed with surprise when, if ever, it comes to pass.

The Germans have for some weeks been pursuing a systematic policy of attempting minelaying from Flushing to Harwich. In addition to their mines, they are endeavouring to drive all neutral shipping away from this zone. In order to accomplish this they are torpedoing neutral ships with the utmost recklessness. They torpedoed two big Dutch liners without warning, and things must have reached a very extreme point when they thus deliberately affront Holland.

Is it the Last Throw?

A systematic sea campaign of such a kind is not carried on without some definite purpose behind it. Were the Germans able, by laying a line of mines along this part of the North Sea, to make a barrier across the Channel, they would obviously prevent us from bringing up our fleets from the south to meet any outward movement. Their plan probably further includes the laying of a second line of minefields from outside Yarmouth to the north-east, in the hope of keeping a comparatively clear space in the North Sea through which their Fleet and transports could advance on our coasts. Such a plan, daring and dangerous as it is, may yet well be the last desperate throw of a nation which sees itself losing, and knows that it must attempt by any means to wrest triumph from defeat.

The plan of advance would almost certainly include the violation of the neutrality of Holland, at any rate in so far as in securing a passage of transports through the neutral Dutch waters from Antwerp. The evident willingness of the Germans to violate Dutch neutrality is forecasted in the reckless torpedoing of the two liners.

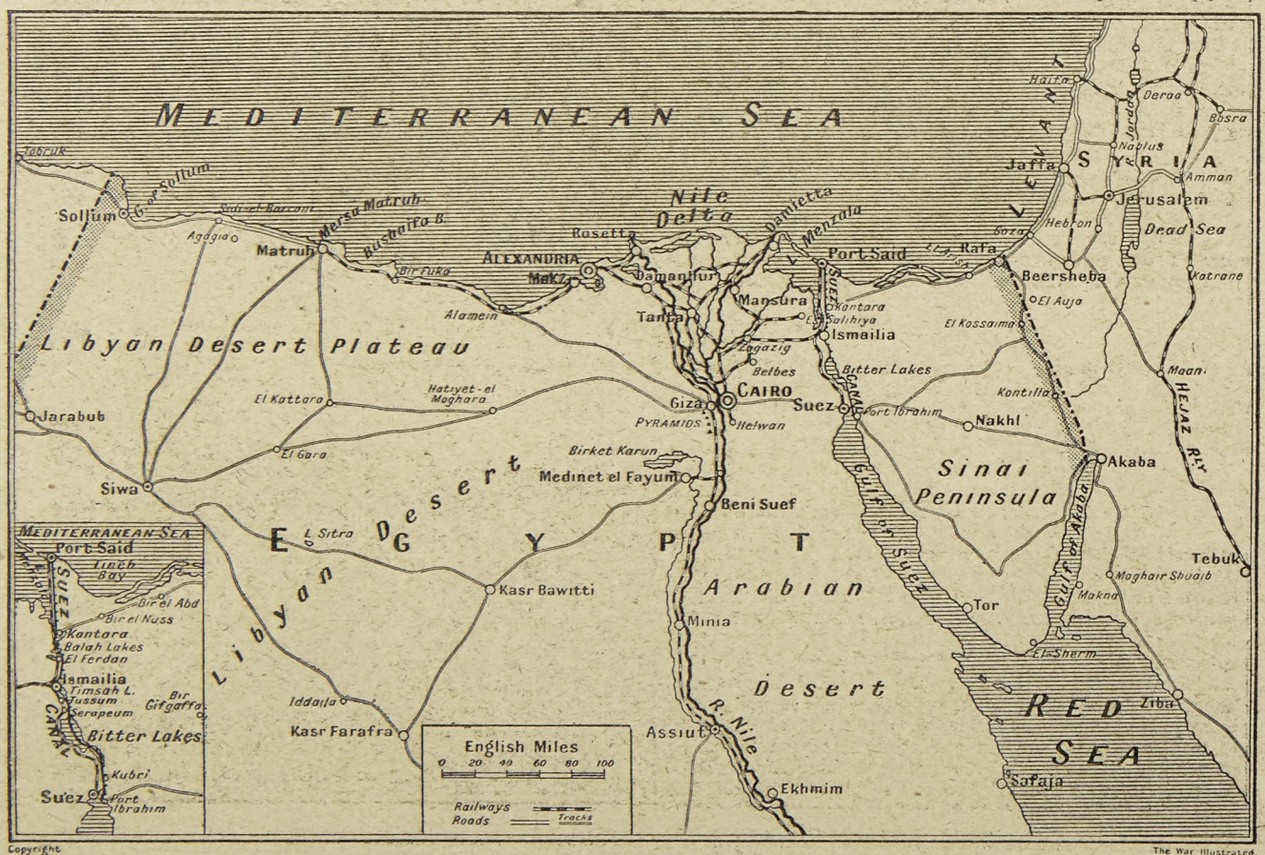
Foredoomed to Failure

I do not say that this is the German plan of campaign, but I do say that every bit of information which has come through from the North Sea during the past month indicates some such purpose.

The plan is foredoomed to failure. The most the Germans can hope to accomplish is to land a few thousand men on the Norfolk or Essex coast. These men could do a certain amount of local damage, but it is exceedingly unlikely that even a few thousand could reach here save by some trick of war, such as by transports slipping through during a fog while the German Fleet engaged our vessels in another direction. But the advancing armada would have to face almost incredible perils. Little is said nowadays about the work of our Navy, because the authorities desire that little shall be said. But it is well to remember that we have without question the finest naval gunners in the world. The guns of our monitors along the Belgian coast can land their shots at a range of twelve miles within, at the outside, twenty yards of their target. When it is remembered that they do not even see their targets, but that their positions are reported by aircraft, the meaning of such gunnery can perhaps better be understood.

In fight after fight during the past few weeks the capacity of even the greatest of the German submarines has been tested and met. Any transports that escaped the guns of the battleships would have to face the torpedo-tubes of the submarines; those that slipped past the submarines would

[*Continued on page* 148.



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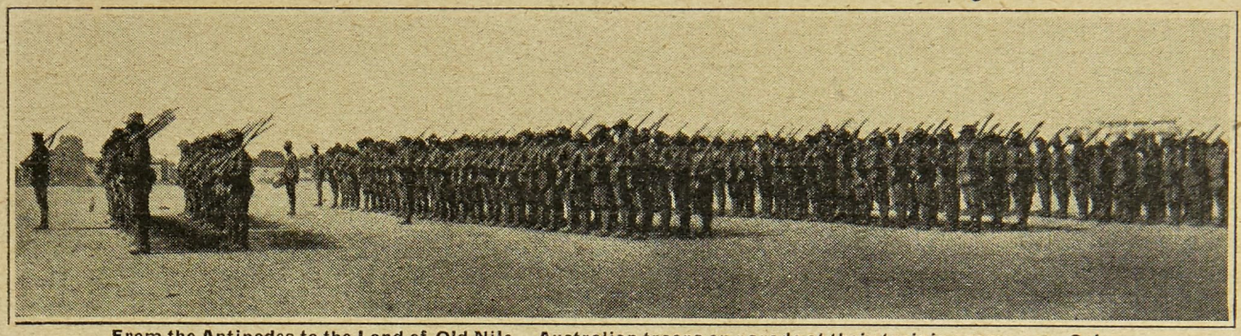
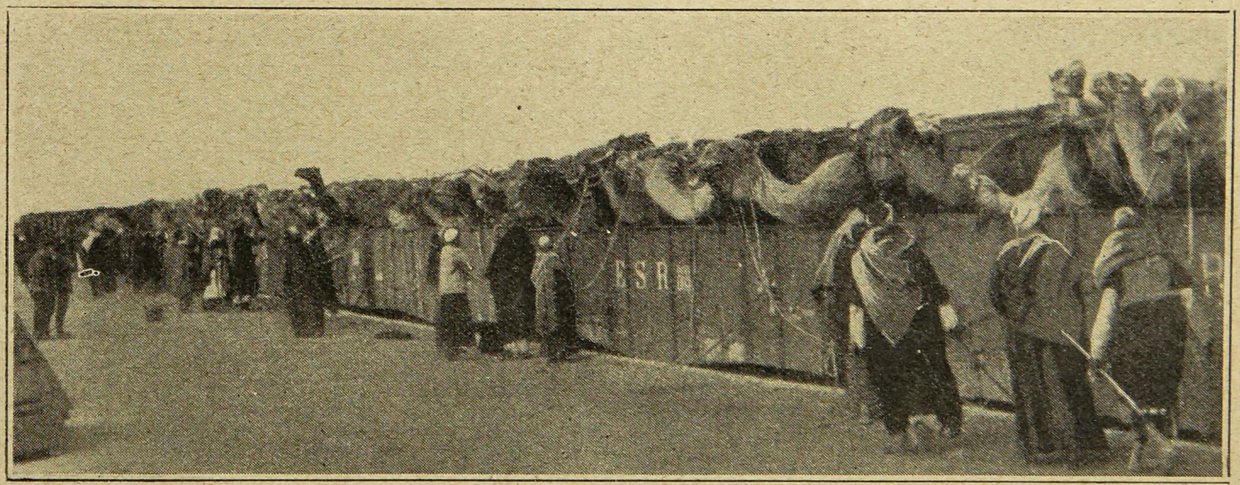
Map indicating Sollum, Western Egypt, the area of recent fighting with the Senussi in the Protectorate, and showing the various centres of defence along the Suez Canal.

Bedouin Hostility Broken Down by British



From the Antipodes to the Land of Old Nile. Australian troops on parade at their training camp near Cairo.

British and Australian officers holding a consultation in the desert of Western Egypt, where the force under Major-General Peyton has now driven the Arab raiders who had crossed the frontier from Tripoli into Egyptian territory from Sollum.



Camels arriving at the western frontier to take part in the operations. The occupation of Sollum by Major-General Peyton's force, on March 14th, 1916, means in effect that Egypt is now cleared of the border raiders. Camel corps, cavalry, and armed motor-cars are pursuing the defeated marauders. Some of Sayed Ahmed's Bedouin chiefs have surrendered, and starving Bedouins, with their families, are flocking into the British lines for food and shelter.

GERMANY'S NEXT BLOW

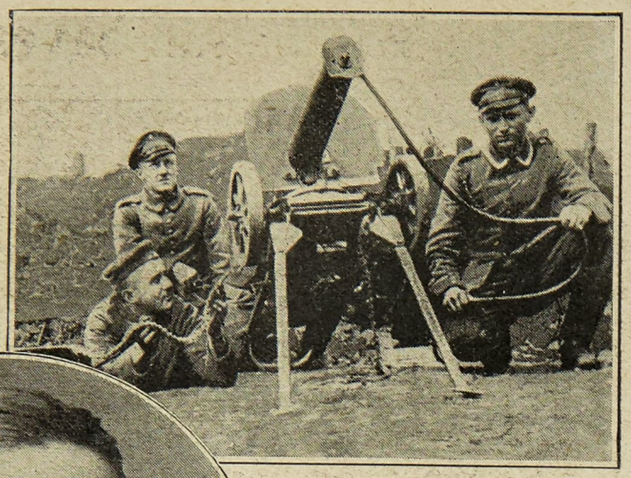
(Continued from page 146.)

have to face the mines off the coast; those that escaped the mines would have to face—what? Does any one imagine that we rely wholly for the defence of our East Coast on the Navy?

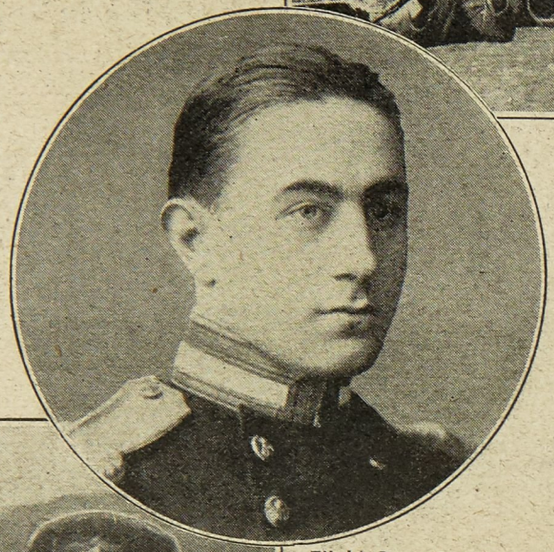
Some years ago Mr. Richard Harding Davis wrote a very vivid story of an imaginary invasion of England. He told how at the first sign of the Germans every road was filled, every railway was crowded with the British forces concentrating from every part on that one point. Fiction may again forecast fact. It would be very surprising if it were not possible for us to-day to concentrate sufficient fully trained men on not only one point, but two points, or three points, to meet any attempted German landing. I very much doubt if the troops of the would-be invading army would ever reach here at all, except as prisoners. I am quite certain that if they did they would not get far.

"Why talk about such a possibility?" someone may ask. Hundreds of thousands of people are talking about it. Surely it is better to discuss the possibility openly rather than to allow needless fears to be fostered by a policy of concealment.

The fact that the Germans have reached a point where a forlorn hope against England is almost necessary for them is best proof of their declining fortune. The developments of the war continue to be highly favourable to us and to our Allies. The German offensive on the west has not, as I write, fully exhausted itself. It seems probable that still more desperate endeavours will be made to break the French line. But time after time the German armies have beaten themselves upon Verdun and the western front in vain. Their surprise concentration of heavy artillery on one point secured them some initial advantages, but these advantages were not sufficient to enable them to accomplish their purpose. Verdun has given fresh edge to the enthusiastic confidence of the allied armies. It has come to the Germans as a shattering of great hopes.



Elevated German machine-gun in action in Flanders against an allied aerial reconnaissance.



Flight-Com. R. J. Bone, who brought down a German aeroplane in the Channel on March 19th.

The Duke of Westminster (left) with the Duke of Marlborough. The former nobleman was the hero of an exciting incident in Western Egypt. When in command of an armoured car squad, he raided and scattered retreating Bedouins near Sollum.

Throughout the winter months the German armies in the west have been steadily fed with reports of coming complete triumph. They were told that German submarines held the seas, and that German generals had great schemes that were to finish the war once and for all with a series of knock-out blows. Nothing impressed me so much during my last visit to the front as the evidence from every German prisoner of their absolute assurance of early victory.

Misgivings in the Fatherland

Even the most systematic propaganda of false news cannot maintain this illusion for long. The Germans are beginning to learn a little of the truth. For the first time since the beginning of the war the idea has been forced on a number of the people that they may not win. Up to now such an idea has seemed to them absurd, something not worth even discussing.

This growing disillusionment is reflected in the frantic effort of the Junkers to raise another loan before the true story of Verdun leaks out in the Fatherland and tends to tighten the purse-strings of those who still have money to lend.

One vital necessity at this stage is that the Allies should take the initiative into their own hands. Up to this time our policy has been far too much to allow the Germans to take the lead. The only satisfactory policy in war is a policy of aggression. Advance costs heavily in men, but to sit down passively month after month, unless for some definite purpose, is in the end far more costly. Until we adopt the German policy of striking first and striking as hard as we can, our triumphs will be delayed. The old French motto, "L'audace, l'audace, et toujours l'audace," is the real, vital principle of war.

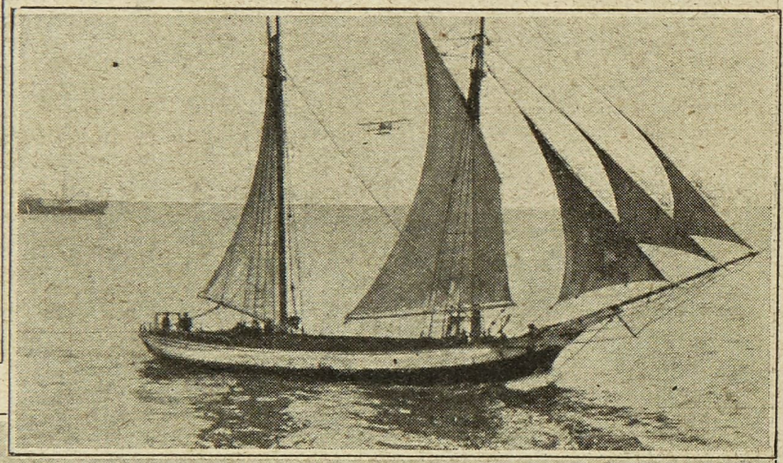
Wounded Hussar Saves Officer in Wheelbarrow

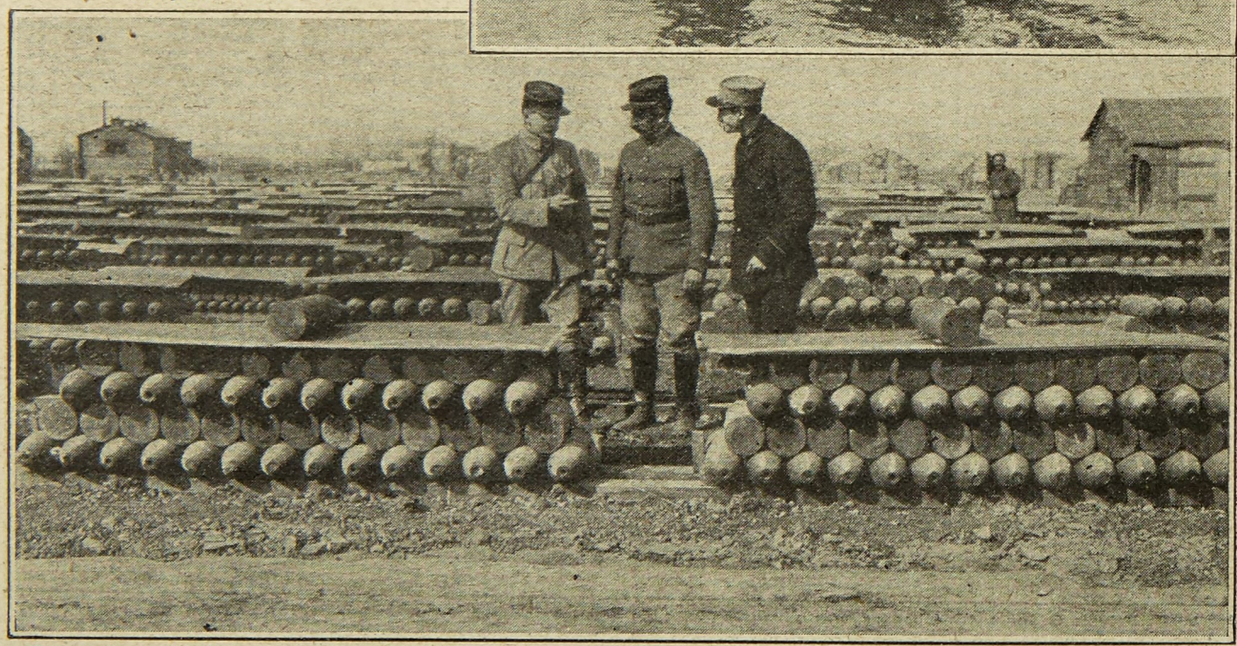
While Private G. Ingle, 4th Hussars, was advancing with his troop during an attack, he was badly wounded in the head from shell fire. Seeing his troop leader, Lieut. Radclyffe, severely wounded and unable to move, he and a non-commissioned officer procured a wheelbarrow from a farm, and in turn they wheeled the officer back to headquarters under very heavy fire the whole time. On reaching there Ingle collapsed from loss of blood. He received the D.C.M. for his bravery.

Round About the Allied Base at Salonika

General Mahon photographed outside his headquarters at Salonika.

Novel method of transporting slightly wounded soldiers to the dressing-station.

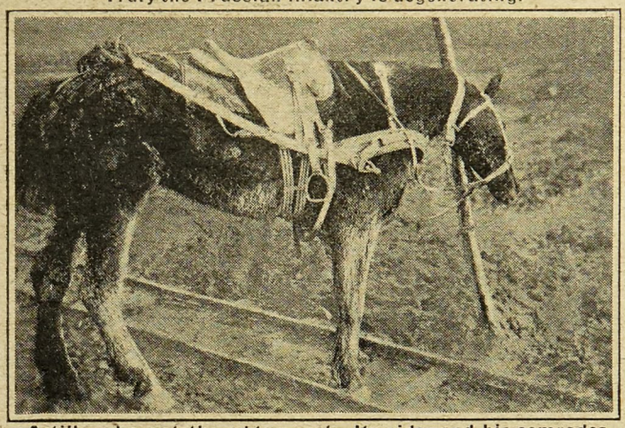




Enormous supply of ammunition at a French depot near Salonika. The third photograph on this page shows a British seaplane about to land in the Bay of Salonika after making an aerial reconnaissance over the enemy's positions.

Personalities and Pawns in the Verdun Contest

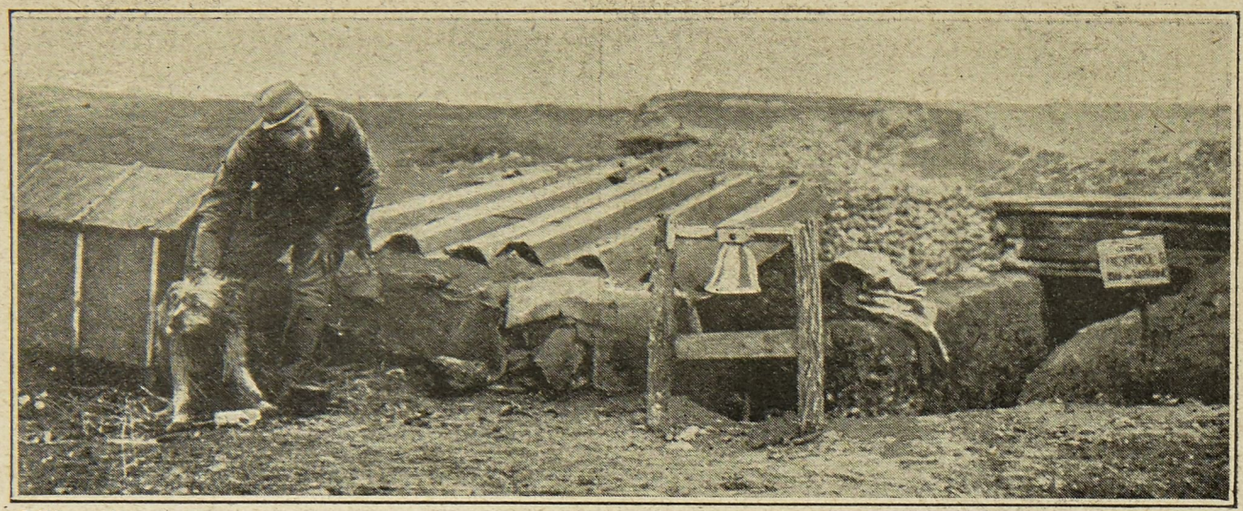
Types of German prisoners captured in the Verdun fighting. Truly the Prussian infantry is degenerating.



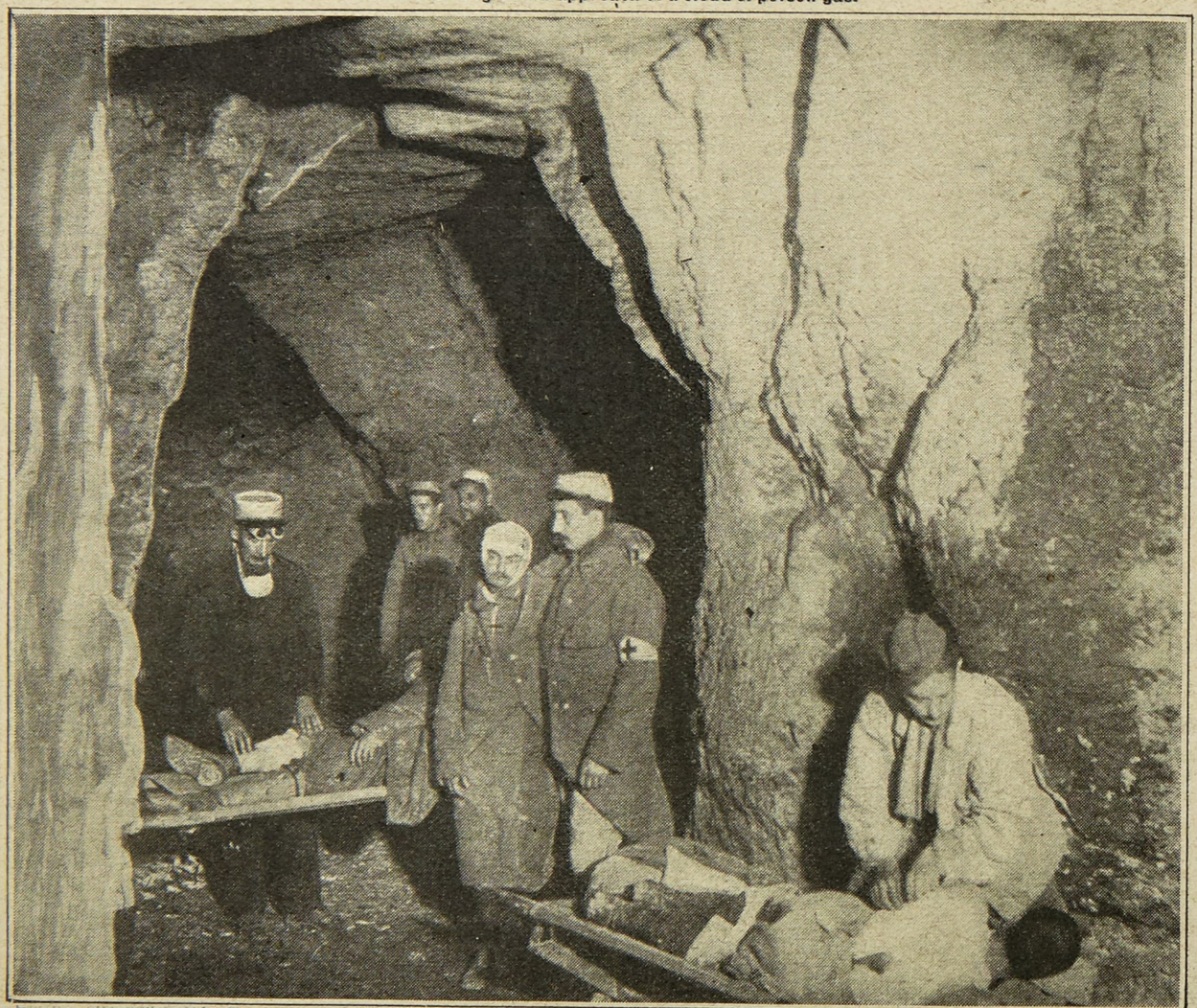
Artillery horse tethered to a post. Its rider and his comrades were killed in the Verdun assault.

On the outskirts of Verdun. General Joffre himself makes sure that the Prussian forces hurled against Verdun are on the decline in point of physique and fighting power. Together with a number of Staff officers, he is surveying them critically. Above is the only photograph of the hero of Verdun, General Petain (in fur coat), taken since the war.

Above and Below Ground Near the French Front



A "house" dog of the trenches. Kennelled near a dug-out in a front-line French trench, this dog acts as an efficient sentry, and, having been trained to distinguish between friend and foe, gives timely warning of the presence of scouting Boches. The bell in the centre is rung on the approach of a cloud of poison gas.



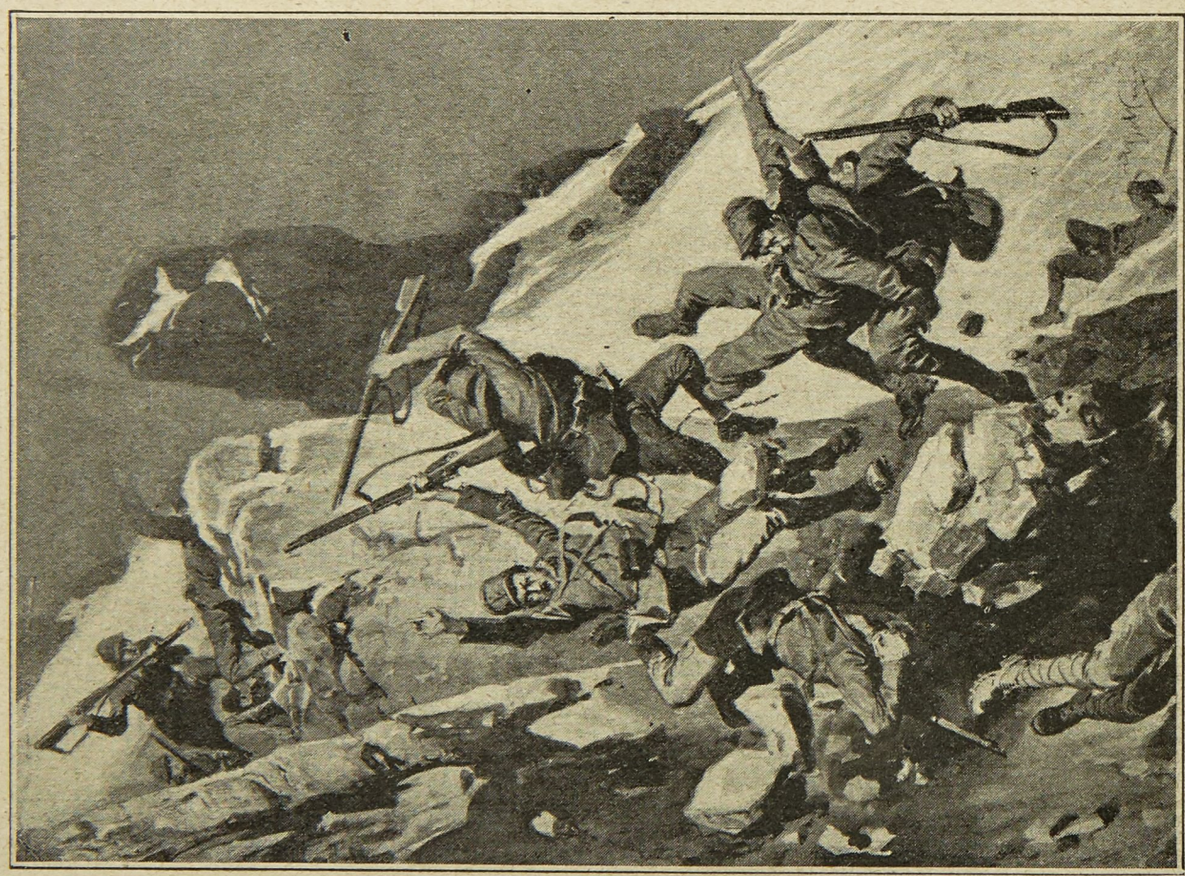
French Army doctors rendering first-aid to wounded in a cave behind some of the French trenches. As Red Cross dressing-stations receive no respect from German gunners, being repeatedly shelled when in the open, these caves afforded welcome shelter to the brave men who work to save life in the midst of death.

Lovely Settings for the Grim Drama of Verdun

Beautiful effect of the snow on the Vosges woods. It is hard to realise that in this dreamland of silver the most tremendous battle in history is being waged—the struggle for Verdun. Only the sombre Chasseurs Alpins in this picture recall the atmosphere of war.

Initial work in the construction of a light railway through a French wood. Many of these beautiful forest districts, which were already livening under the magic influence of spring, especially in the Verdun sector, have now been completely obliterated by bombardment.

Amazing incident on the Alpine front. Alpini succeed in lassoing an Austrian mitrailleuse gunner, bringing him down the mountain side with his weapon, a triumph of skill and strength, and by no means an unusual occurrence in the Alps.



STIRRING SCENES FROM THE ITALIAN FRONT.—Italian infantry repulsing an Austrian detachment which attempted a futile advance on our ally's position. Whatever the Italians have achieved in the Alps, it is certain that the Austrians have been held.

PLEASURE, SCIENCE AND MORALS

Hopeful Predictions for Improved Conditions in the New Age to Come

With this issue our special symposium for the new era comes to an end. This feature, comprising opinions of leading men on subjects of vital interest to the community when the nations sheathe the sword again, has attracted considerable attention. The dominant note of most of the contributions is that the war, terrible as it is, will improve the general condition of classes and individuals, and on the whole make for a happier state in the affairs of mankind, which—if we are to believe the philosophers throughout the ages—is the real reason of racial struggles. Such well-known public men as Mr. Oswald Stoll, Sir William Crookes, Mr. Stephen Paget, Sir Robert Anderson, and Mr. H. B. Irving are the contributors to our concluding instalment, dealing with public amusements, science, and crime.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, by Oswald Stoll

Mr. OSWALD STOLL, whose opinion on the effect of the war on public amusements is given below, is the well-known director of many of our most successful and up-to-date variety theatres. He was born in Australia, and coming to London, soon became famous as a caterer of variety entertainment. One after another, big places of entertainment passed under his control, and to-day he is chairman and managing director of the Coliseum Syndicate, Ltd., and the London Theatre of Varieties, Ltd. Mr. Stoll is also an author, and his book "The Grand Survival: A Theory of Immortality by Natural Law," attracted great attention when it was published a few years ago.

UPON the character of the entertainments, the attendances, the demand and the supply, the effect has been marked. And as action and reaction are equal and opposite, the effect of public amusements upon the war has been by no means negligible. If the patrons of public amusements had not enlisted, it is to be feared that but a very small army could have been created without the aid of conscription. In fact, but few of the men in either blue or khaki are amongst those to whom public amusements make no appeal. And the fact that the general public have observed this has tended to popularise public amusements among a very large section of the people who in normal times thought there was a good deal in this theory or that theory of social reform, mutual improvement, etc., with the support of which attendance at public amusements seemed incompatible. It is rather felt that what the defender of the home appears to like cannot be so bad for the rest of us. However demoralising we have always considered it to be, it has apparently left him with a nobility of soul, a vigour and courage which we secretly envy, and without which we are afraid to think what we could have done in these appalling times. So when he is home on leave we go with him to his amusements, and when he is away we go where he would go if he were here, and we write to tell him of the things we see that we know would interest him.

Hence, although there are millions of men under arms, although millions more are working early and late in the making of munitions, although voluntary work in countless helpful ways is occupying the time of still more millions, nevertheless all the lighter forms of entertainment and the picture theatres are "doing rather well." What was considered an excessive supply of amusements of this type in normal times does not seem so now. It is remarkable how keen a demand for artistes of the lighter type exists. Their number seems all too few. The serious type of entertainment, however, is at a discount. What we used to regard as serious seems now so flimsy, transparent, unreal. There is absolutely no audience for such trivialities. If we are to have the trivial, say the public, let it be amusing; we have no patience with trivialities which are supposed to deal seriously with life. We know better now. The serious drama will have its day. But it will be great, real drama, which will produce its Shakespeare as did the stirring days of Drake and the Spanish Armada, when last the nation held its breath in another great fight for its life—greater, relatively, even than that in which it ultimately worsted Napoleon.

MEDICAL SCIENCE, by Stephen Paget

Mr. STEPHEN PAGET, whose opinion on the effect of the war on medical science appears below, is a surgeon and the son of a surgeon bearing one of the most honoured names in his great profession. Mr. Paget is Consulting Aural Surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital, but is perhaps better known as the Hon. Secretary of the Research Defence Society.

WE know what great things medical science is doing in the present war, but we must not take it for granted that the war, as it were in return, will do equally great things for medical science. It is true that war taught Ambroise Paré to discover the use of the ligature in amputation wounds, and taught Larrey to invent field-ambulances, and taught Miss Nightingale to reform nursing. But discoveries of this kind are like the discovery of America—they cannot be repeated. Harvey, Hunter, Claude Bernard, Virchow, Pasteur, Lister, Hughlings Jackson, Ehrlich—these and other discoverers learned nothing from war. Neither the Franco-Prussian War nor the South African War gave us any new truths of the first magnitude. War is not a sort of happy hunting-ground, where men of science can be sure of finding and seizing large facts not to be found anywhere else, as other men go to Africa for big-game shooting.

Again, we must not imagine that the amount of discoveries increases in proportion to the number of cases treated. Medical science is advanced, not by the urgent necessity of dealing with great multitudes of sick and wounded, but by the steady, quiet working together of the man at the bedside and the man in the laboratory.

In the present war, thanks to the magnificent completeness and organisation of our medical services, this unity of science and practice has been maintained at a level such as we hardly dared to hope for. To read of the work that is being done on wound infections, on "trench fever," on certain forms of amœboid infection, and on the many cases of nephritis—to take only these four instances—is to feel quite sure that some discoveries will be made, and that few discoveries will be missed.

Only, it is not war's business to provide discoveries in medical science. War's business is to test and judge things as they are. It examines all theories and all methods; it exposes faults and fallacies, it suggests improvements, and it sets the seal of its approval on all sound thinking and all good work.

The present war, happily, has proved, past the possibility of doubt, that the present uses of medical science are valid and efficient. The detection of typhoid-carriers, the protective treatment against typhoid fever, the protective treatment against tetanus—these three instances come first to mind.

CHEMISTRY
By Sir William Crookes, O.M.

On the big and important question of science we are in the fortunate position of having an opinion from SIR WILLIAM CROOKES, O.M., the President of the Royal Society. This fact alone would stamp Sir William as one of the foremost scientists of our age, but there are others also. His specialties in the big field of science are chemistry and electricity, and to him we owe the discovery of thallium. For over forty years he has been investigating the properties of radiant matter, and to aid him in his work he discovered the radiometer. He has also given some attention to questions of sewage and sanitation.

THE problem before us is twofold. We have, firstly, to find out how best to organise all our present forces and employ the material at our disposal to win victory. Many suggestions have recently been made as to the best way to mobilise science and invention, so that, for example, schemes that show some likelihood of having military or naval value can be put at once to the test. At the beginning of the war the Royal Society appointed committees for this purpose. Their scope could be extended usefully. They include men of naval and military experience, whose practical skill and knowledge supplement the theories of men of science. The second part of the problem is closely interwoven with the first, and its importance to the nation is hardly inferior. If we neglect to alter our ways, if we continue to disregard the value of scientific work and are content

[*Continued on page 158*

Along the River Way to Kut: Impression of the

THE traditional glamour and romance of war may be said to have passed from highly organised Europe with the introduction of the big gun, the high explosive, railways, and other inventions of the workshop and laboratory. Only by going farther afield, to the changeless East, does a permanent picturesqueness introduce itself into the chapter of brute and mechanical force. Along the sluggis Tigris, round about the alleged site of Eden, save for an occasiona aeroplane, a primitive steam vessel, and a few weapons of moder calibre, the war drags on in a dreamy environment, with characteristi Oriental leisure. With our access from the Persian Gulf to withi

e Old World Tigris in the Twentieth Century War

a few miles of Kut-el-Amara there is a constant procession of soldiers and transport along the Tigris. The most familiar and modern vessels are paddle-steamers, each displacing about five hundred tons, and towing two lighters. These move slowly up and down stream, keeping pace with the troops on either bank, each acting as a parent ship to a brigade. Following in its wake, a number of romantic-looking mahailas with gracefully-curved prows, upon which appears some inscription in Arabic, and rigged with large lateen sails, carry supplies to replenish those of the paddle-steamers Palm trees, blue sky, and yellow sand complete the picture.

WAR AND OUR NATIONAL LIFE

(*Continued from page* 155)

with ignorance of scientific methods on the part of the authorities, we shall assuredly suffer total defeat in the industrial war which must of necessity follow upon the conflict of arms.

This is a matter in which men of science have a great responsibility to the nation. We must not cease to bring to the notice of the public the facts of which we are too fully aware. The attitude of the Government and the public towards science has been mistaken. For this formidable error we suffer and, I fear, must long continue to suffer. The remedy involves many sacrifices and heavy expenditure, probably at first without apparent return. It is to the new generation now being educated that we must look for betterment of our position; and it is for youth we must now make plans. We must make all education more scientific. It is admitted we have much to learn from our adversaries; we must bring scientific methods to the front. As a well-known writer has said of our younger generation, "We must not let their schooling interfere with their education." I am, however, glad to note that already there are signs on the part of some of our larger companies and more intelligent manufacturers of a disposition to remedy shortcomings. The numerous "Polytechnics" that spring up in every manufacturing town (some wonderfully well equipped and organised) are turning out men with at least an insight into the scientific principles that underlie their particular spheres of work, and such men find their services readily accepted. There are also within my knowledge many instances where manufacturers encourage their lads to attend these institutions, giving them the necessary time and opportunity. But so far this is the isolated action of a few individuals, and needs both encouragement and organisation.

WILL CRIME DIMINISH? by Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B.

SIR ROBERT ANDERSON, K.C.B., who here gives his opinion on the effect of the Great War on crime, is another man whose words carry unusual weight. Irish by birth and education, he became adviser to the Home Office on matters relating to political crime as far back as 1868, *forty-eight years ago, and twenty years later he was made head of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard. Sir Robert held this onerous position for thirteen years.*

"THE effect of the war on crime?" The next issue of the criminal statistics will probably supply proof that its immediate effect is entirely satisfactory. But when we come to deal with its after effects, we pass into a region of pure conjecture. The question is a complex and difficult one. "Naughty" children are often made "good" by bringing them under the influence of some new motive or interest, and so is it also with "naughty" adults. And the war seems to have created such an influence. Hatred of Germany, though natural and right, is not a morally elevating sentiment. But among the masses the war has awakened a new love of country, and created a sense of comradeship with other classes of the community. And this healthy influence may perhaps have reached even the law-breakers. But yet it will probably be found that the state of the crime problem in after-war days will depend on causes of a more prosaic kind.

Take, for example, the drink question, for limits of space veto any notice of other important elements. There is high judicial authority for saying that among the causes of crime drink stands first. Most crimes of violence are thus accounted for, and it is a main cause of that sort of poverty which heads to crimes against property—namely, the poverty which springs from vicious indulgence, as distinguished from poverty due to "the act of God" (as our old law would express it). The question arises then: What will be the effect of the sudden repeal of the restrictive legislation which has proved so beneficial of late? Will the working classes have acquired habits of self-restraint? Or will the restraint now temporarily enforced upon them incite to an orgy of excess?

THE DRAMA, by H. B. Irving

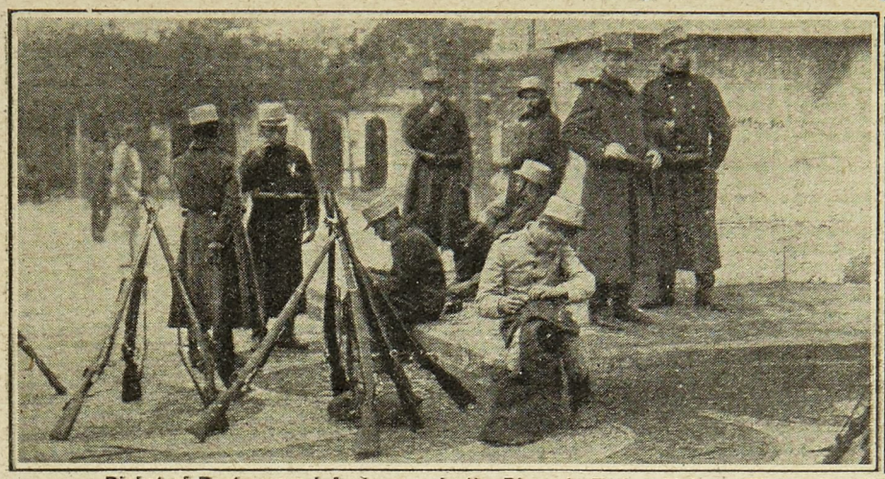
Genius is rarely hereditary, but the case of the Irvings is a conspicuous example to the contrary. Mr. H. B. IRVING, who gives below an opinion on the effect of the Great War on the drama, is a son of the late Sir Henry Irving. After leaving Oxford he took up the profession of which his father was the most distinguished living member, and soon proved that he had inherited no small share of his gifts. For the past twenty-five years—since 1891—*Mr. Irving has been a familiar figure to all theatre-goers, and has also acted in the United States.*

ONE effect of the war on the drama has been to give indubitable proof, if proof were necessary, that actors are as ready to fight for their country as the members of any other calling or profession. I doubt whether any profession can show a higher percentage of members who have gone to the front. Some months ago, out of 8,000 actors, 1,500 had already joined the Army. The war has done away with the twaddle that some envious and ill-disposed persons have been in the habit of saying—that the actor was less of a citizen than anybody else in the community.

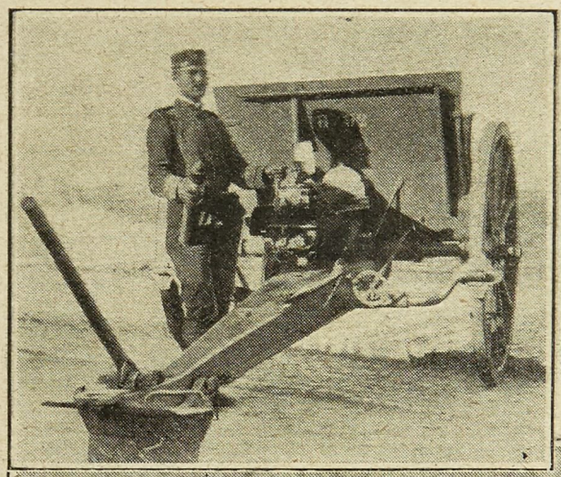
The other effect of the war on the theatre has been to show its absolute necessity in times like these as a relaxation, more especially for soldiers, but also for many others who are suffering from the strain of these times; so that those in the theatres who cannot fight can at least feel that they are a necessary luxury just now. One thing also clear about the drama is that people at present do not want plays about the war. What a good thing that is! We are, of course, to a certain extent the servants of the public, and have to give them what they want, but, thank God, they don't want plays about the war!

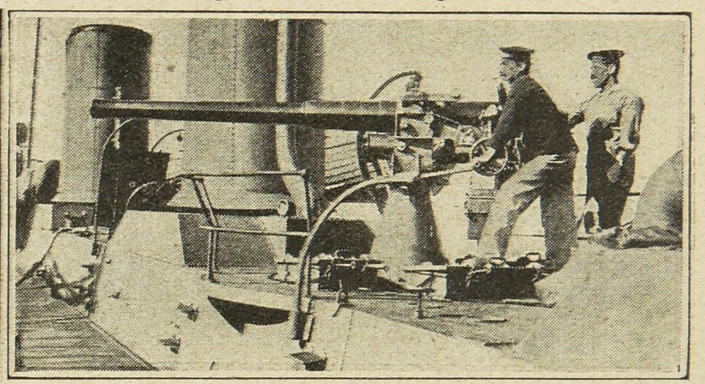
Though the bugler is not a conspicuous figure in modern warfare, the French Army still boasts these musical units, and during the recent hard fighting round Verdun the inspiriting notes of the bugle have done much to steel our ally at critical moments. This photograph shows bugler members of a French regiment practising their calls.

Civilisation's New Ally: Portugal in Arms



Picket of Portuguese infantrymen in the Place de Pedro, Lisbon. Right: A soldier of Portugal in service kit.

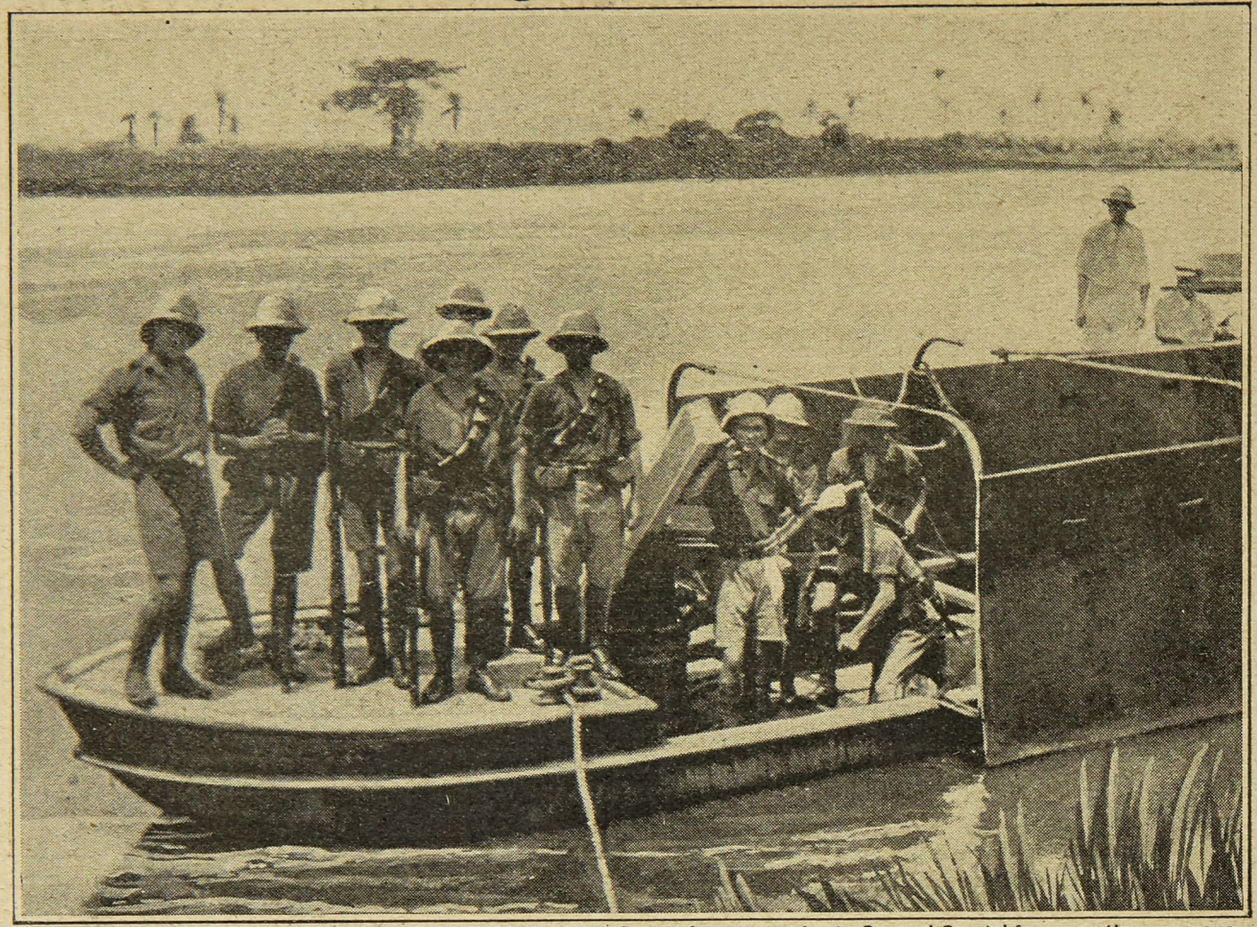




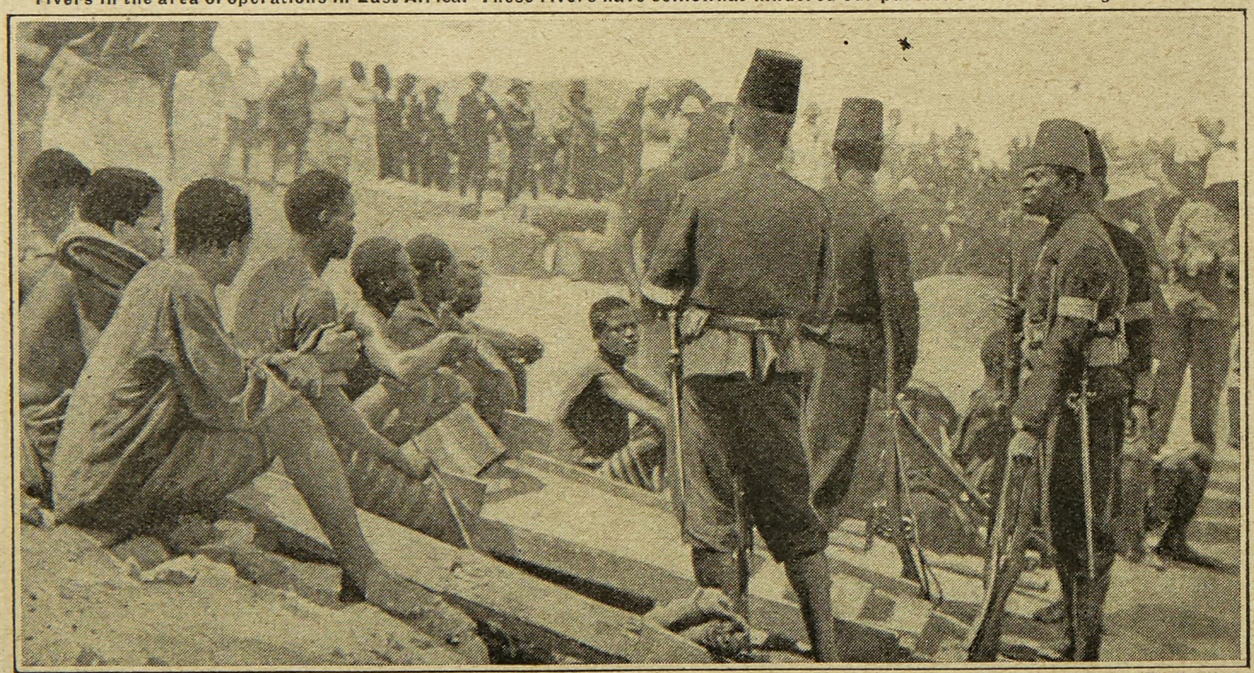
Gun practice aboard a Portuguese gun-boat. Left: Type of Portuguese artilleryman.

Inspection of Portuguese sailors. It was in May, 1663, when the marriage between Charles II. of England and Catherine of Braganza was celebrated, that Great Britain took the place of France as the active ally of Portugal. In February, 1809, a British officer, Major-General William Carr Beresford, was given command of the Portuguese Army.

The Great Push Against German East Africa

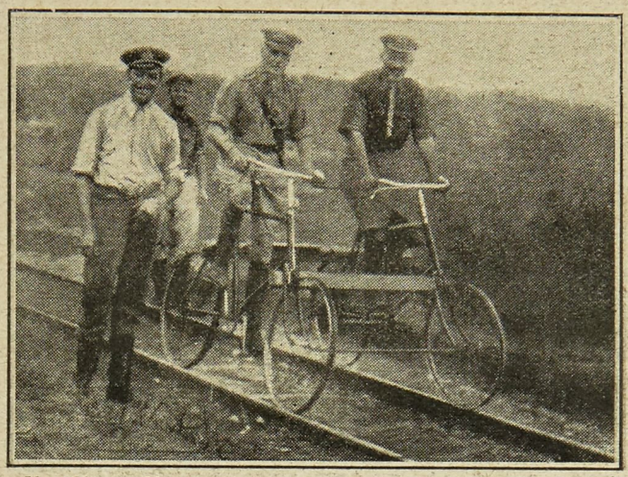


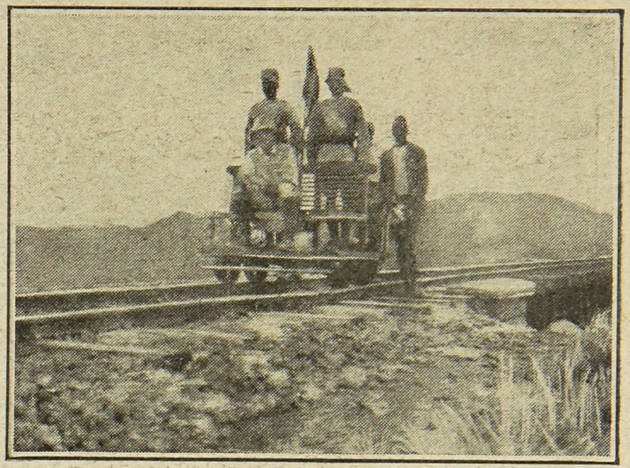
British troops on one of the armoured barges which have been found of great service to General Smuts' forces on the numerous rivers in the area of operations in East Africa. These rivers have somewhat hindered our pursuit of the retreating Germans.



Native stretcher-bearers and riflemen of the King's African Rifles on the shore of Lake Tanganyika. During the ten minutes' fight between British and German gunboats on the lake, on December 26th, 1915, all the German officers were killed, and the enemy's native troops were forced to surrender. Lake Tanganyika divides German East Africa from the Belgian Congo.

In the Wake of General Smuts' Offensive



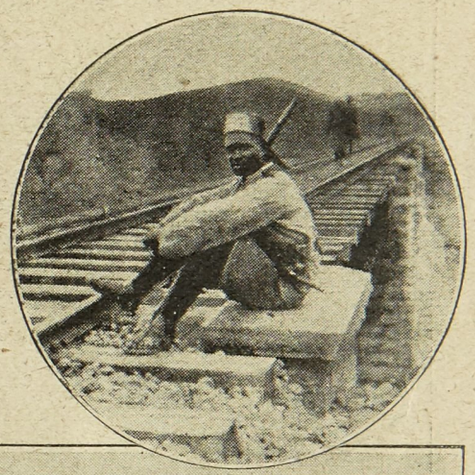


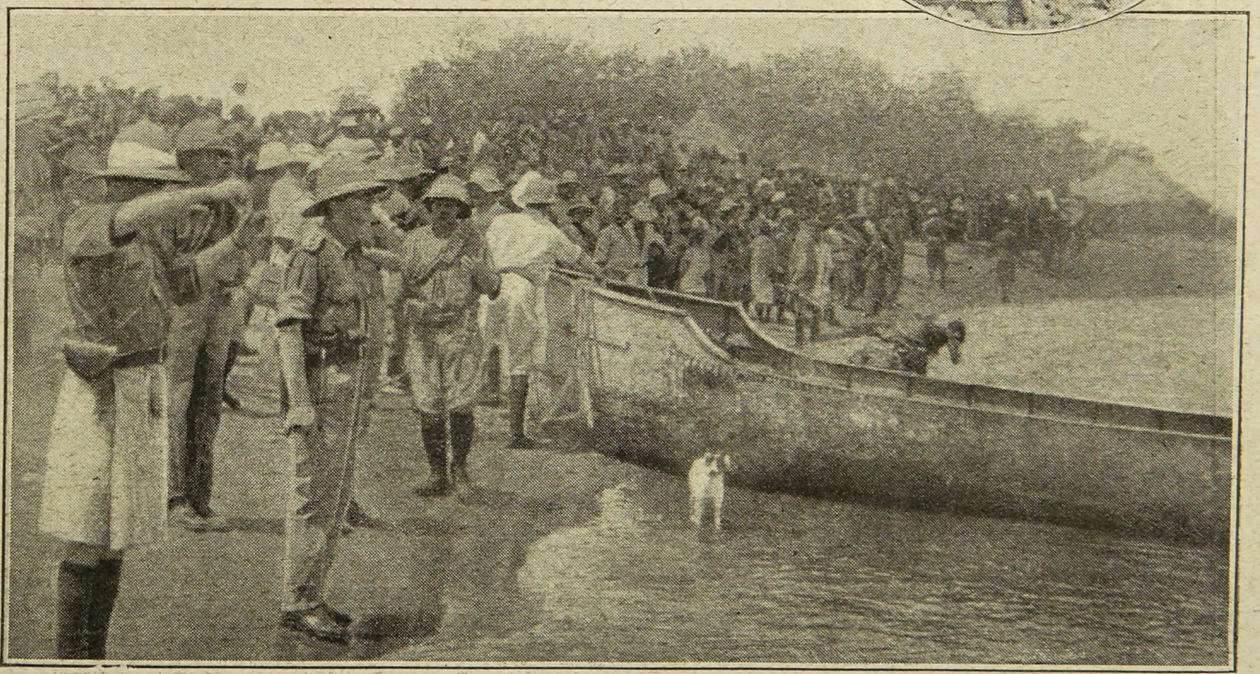
Novel form of locomotion used by British officers on East African railway lines. Two cycles, with tyres removed, are joined by cross pieces. Right: Officer of the King's African Rifles inspecting the line. On March 13th General Smuts occupied Moshi, eighteen miles west of the Kitovo Hills, the scene of the battle of March 11th.

THE fact that Portugal, our oldest ally, is fighting with us against Germany's well-drilled and armed native army in East Africa brings to mind the historical aspect of the friendly relations between Great Britain and Portugal, maintained by the firm adherence to treaty obligations. The first treaty was signed with great solemnity in 1373; the second, solidifying the alliance, in 1386. It was revised during succeeding years about five times until, in 1873, Lord Granville stated the modern terms of the treaty.

It was during the reign of Charles II. that an Article was inserted by which England and Portugal agreed to join forces in their Colonies. Thus the origin of the present joint operation in East Africa.

Another interesting fact is that when General Smuts plants the Flag on Germany's last colony, he will have reclaimed for Britain a possession that she ought never to have lost. After the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71, there was a tacit assumption that Zanzibar and the adjoining coast was unclaimable by other Powers. Yet German explorers overran the country; but when these "peaceful" Teutons penetrated Uganda and inveigled the king into granting them concessions, the British Government took action. In 1890 Britain and Germany conferred, boundaries were agreed upon, and one of the little presents to the sulky Kaiser was—Heligoland!





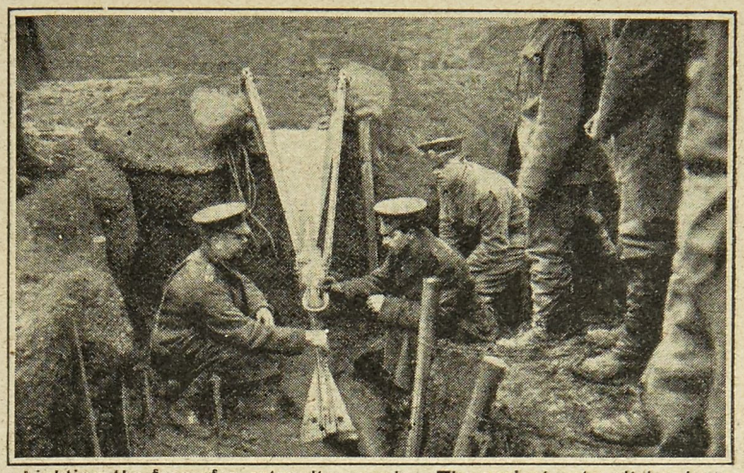
On the beach of Lake Tanganyika. Awaiting prisoners from the German armed steamer Kingani. Inset: Sentry of the King's African Rifles. General Smuts is giving no rest to the enemy, who is retiring rapidly southwards along the Tanga Railway.

Humane Interludes in the Field of Deadly Strife

Column of Army horses slightly wounded lined up for medical treatment outside a veterinary hospital. Inset: Little waif found straying near a British camp in France, and adopted by our men.

British soldiers assisting Red Cross nurses to distribute supplies which have just arrived at a base behind the lines in France.

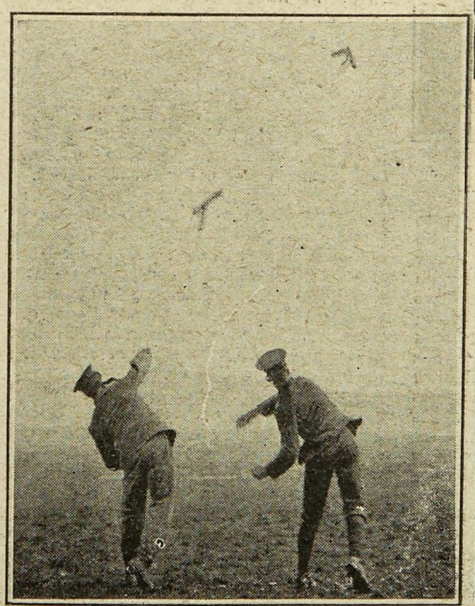
Training in the Art of Bomb-Throwing



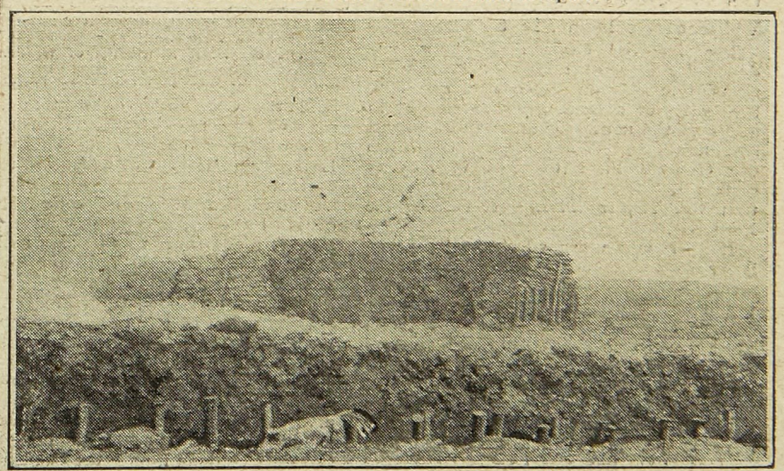
Lighting the fuse of a catapult-grenade. The ancient catapult has been much used for projecting bombs.

Firing a rifle-grenade at a school for bomb-throwers in England.

Preliminary to a charge. British soldiers in training make ready to rush a trench with bayonets and bombs. The illustration above shows a bomb in the air after it had been released from a catapult.



Practice in the art of grenade-throwing. Two recruits projecting their deadly missiles.



British soldiers taking cover after having thrown bombs into the enemy trenches. A valuable lesson in the art of warfare.

Will the German Navy Come Out?

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

AS the business of war consists largely in doing what your enemy does not want you to do, and vice versa, there is no conceivable reason for altering the opinion that the German Fleet will not offer battle in the North Sea.

How Will it Act?

Since, however, every neutral report says it is about to do so, one is bound to return to the problem. Its activity would take one of two forms:

1. It could use only a portion of its fleet—the fastest ships—in a repetition of the old dodge of drawing us over a mine-field, combined with a new one of drawing our patrols away while raiders break through to the Atlantic.

For a part of the way along the North Sea, under favourable conditions, the ships could be screened and helped by Zeppelins, say for four hundred miles. Take the latitude of Scapa, a stretch of two hundred and seventy-eight miles, to Haugesund on the Norwegian coast. On one side of the triangle from Cuxhaven to Scapa is five hundred and five miles, while the other side of the triangle from Cuxhaven to Haugesund is three hundred and sixty-four miles. The distances are well within the competence of Zeppelins, but the meteorological data will be very imperfect, and the gales much more numerous than where Zeppelins have hitherto worked.

2. The enemy might come out with his whole available force with the intention of fighting. It would be possible for the British Fleet to attack the Zeppelins with aircraft, or to delay operations until the Zeppelins had to return for petrol, so leaving the Germans without any spotting craft. The result is not in doubt, and would be decisive. From that day to the end of the war a large part of the British Navy would be available for service on shore, with its reserves of ammunition and guns. The shipping crisis would be relieved by the release of colliers in every direction. We would have such a sea command as we had in the Crimean War when the Russians, instead of daring the issue by attacking the armada bringing our invading force, sunk their ships to block harbour entrances. We were thus freed to denude our ships of one-third of their crews and one half of their ammunition for shore services.

Value of German Fleet

The inactive German Fleet is undoubtedly a great safeguard against an invasion in force on the coast of Flanders, Schleswig, or a landing by agreement in either of the neutral countries of Holland and Denmark. What object, then, has the German Fleet to fight in face of certain defeat? It is quite conceivable that Von Tirpitz did suggest sending the Fleet out.

If so, it was a shrewd stroke for popularity, as well as an excuse for resignation, for he must have known that the answer would be "No." I referred above to the defence afforded by the inferior German Fleet against landings, in order to lead up to this conclusion that it is certain that the Superior General Staff are not going to part with a weapon which enables them to economise on the troops they have to provide in Schleswig, and also against the neutral territory of the Netherlands. This argument is the practical one of making the best use of the weapons at disposal, and has nothing whatever to do with an academic discussion as to whether the money spent on the Navy might not have been far better utilised in the shore preparations of increasing the striking power of the mobile Army.

It is the mobile Army and not the Navy that keeps Belgium, Poland, and Serbia in subjection, Turkey and Bulgaria, and even Austria-Hungary in tutelage, and Denmark and Holland in such a state of terror as to amount to suzerainty. The moment the threat of that mobile Army is removed, the wavering or neutral Power recovers its feet with facility, as witness the case of Greece.

No sensible man can doubt that the preponderence of armies is slowly passing to the Allies, and it therefore becomes

Rear-Admiral Eduard Capelle, who succeeded Von Tirpitz as Secretary for the German Ministry of Marine.

increasingly necessary to our enemies to hold the German Fleet so that it can prevent any relief by the British Army of the pressure exercised by Germany on Holland and Denmark, which are the two countries terrorised into breaking down our blockade. It is possible that Holland could, by great sacrifices—and she has already made some in an Army mobilised all through this war—hold the Germans at bay until we could get reinforcements across in spite of the German Fleet.

In the case of Denmark, however, it is very doubtful if they could hold the forty-mile stretch of the peninsula of Jutland without such a rapid landing of our troops on a large scale as would involve more risk than the Admiralty would care to run. The thing could certainly be done if only the Danish Army were capable of acting as a containing force, and had been kept ready in the way that the Swiss and Dutch Armies have been.

Why They Hide

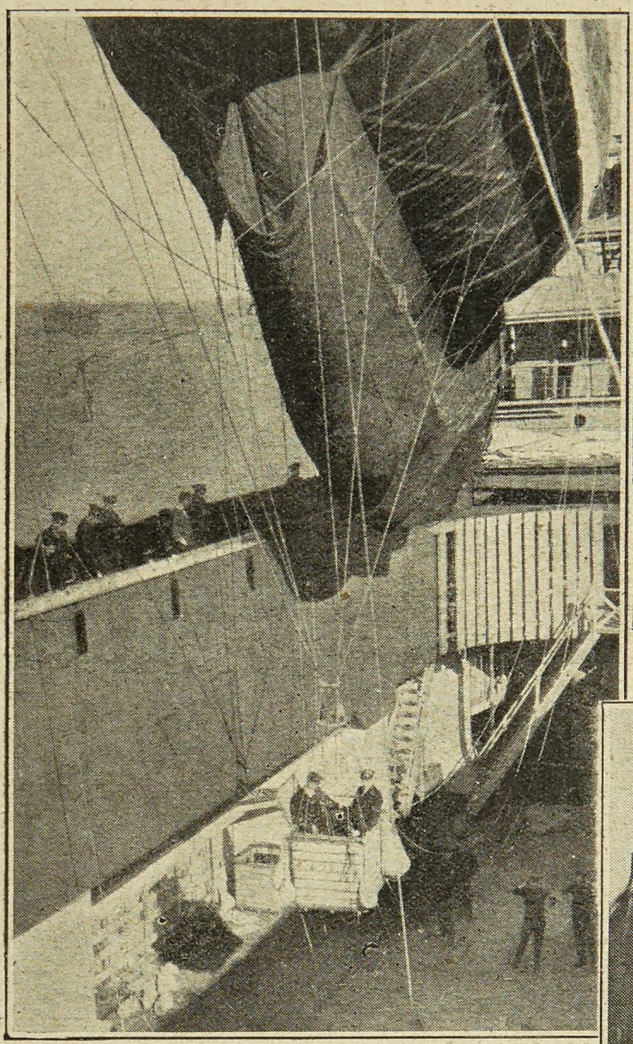
If, however, the German Fleet came out and offered battle, such a fight under modern conditions would mean annihilation. A battle in which both sides seek action would be a very different affair from the one on the Dogger Bank, when the German battle-cruisers fled for safety the moment they sighted Beatty's squadron. It would mean absolute security for any army corps we might choose to send to Holland or Denmark, assuming that those countries are willing to receive them. Dundonald's maxim applies, viz.: "There is no security equal to that which may be obtained by putting it out of the power of an enemy to execute hostile intentions." For the Germans to find our Fleet hampered by the necessity of safeguarding a great armada on the broad stretches of the North Sea, close to their own naval bases and Zeppelin sheds, without any impenetrable barrier such as the Strait of Dover can be made, would be the ideal conditions for them to fight. To commit suicide by offering battle in the north, when our Grand Fleet is in no way encumbered, is merely to get themselves out of the way so that we can use our new armies to threaten their coasts.

The Peril of Panic

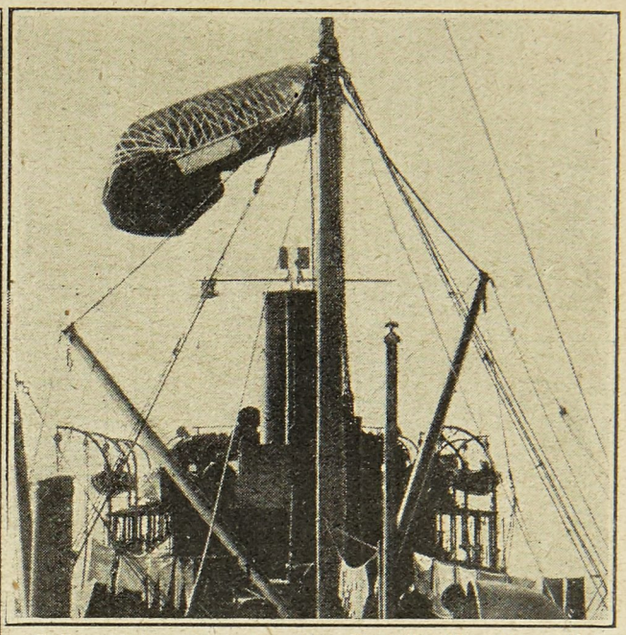
When we turn to the Baltic, the conditions are reversed. We are unable to reinforce the Russians without an alliance with Norway or Denmark, placing at our disposal the harbours of the one or the other as bases for our ships. The advantage would be similar to, but greater than, that we now obtain from the entry of Portugal into the war. Consequently, while conditions remain as they are at present, nothing would suit the German purpose better than to be able to eliminate the inferior Russian Baltic Fleet, and so enable the German Navy to extend the fullest co-operation to the Army in the operations against Russia, even as the Russian Navy is apparently able to co-operate with the Russian Army along the southern littoral of the Black Sea. If the Turkish ships had not been frittered away in a lot of futile "stunts," such as bombardments, they might have been kept "in being," and seriously interfered with the highly successful operations now being carried out. A certain stagey, dramatic instinct, and the powerful appeal it makes in the popular Press, is always impelling unbalanced minds into these ill-considered actions. They are only of value when acting on minds still more unbalanced; they produce panic preparations of a passive localised character, which really mean a serious diversion of force from the offensive mobile armies.

To sum up. The pressure of the Supreme Military Staff of the German Army will, in the opinion of the writer, continue to prevent the German Fleet from offering battle in the North Sea, but will demand with greater insistence than ever the utmost action in the Baltic for grave military reasons, as well as the taking of every precaution, even to the violation of neutrality, for the purpose of preventing Great Britain from sending submarines and other reinforcements into the Baltic.

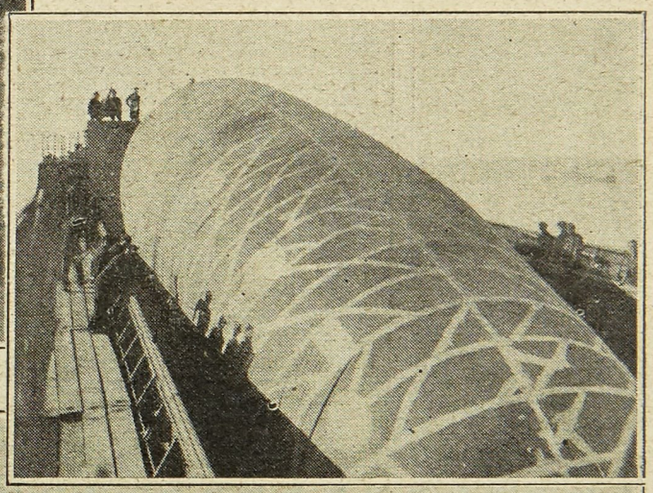
Air Vessel Ascends from a Ship of the Sea

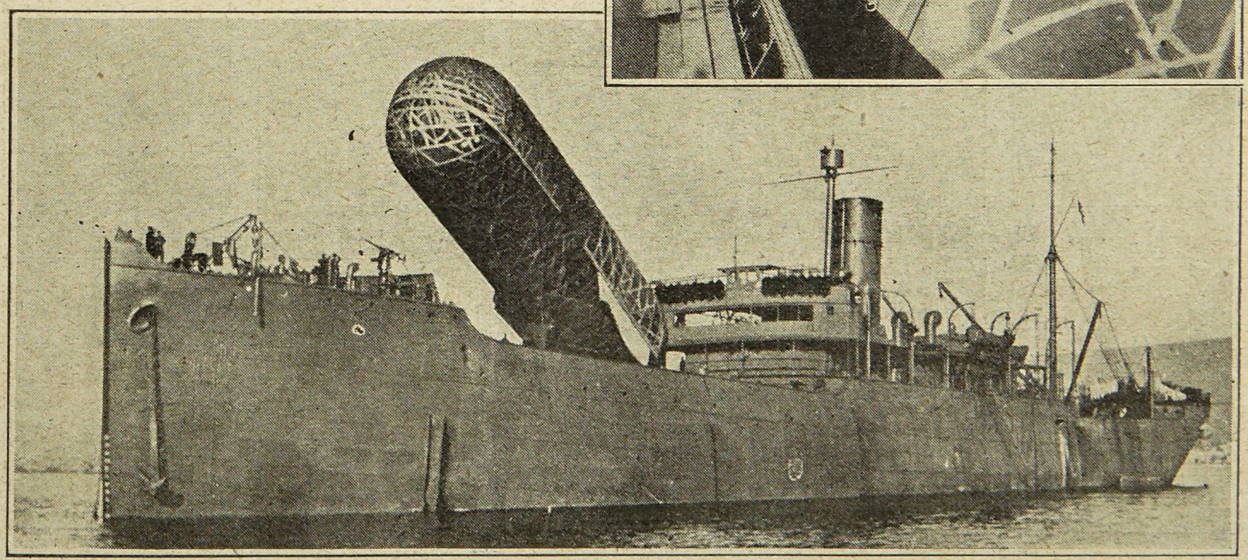


Captive balloon ascending for observation from the deck of H.M.S. Canning.



Balloon flying above the ship. Beneath: How the captive balloon rises through the deck of the ship.





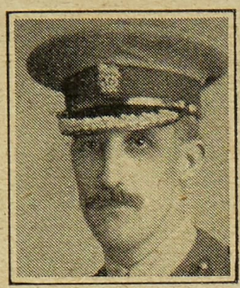
Striking impression of the captive airship rising clear of the deck of the balloon ship. This type of gasbag is used by both the Navy and Army for observation of enemy movements.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

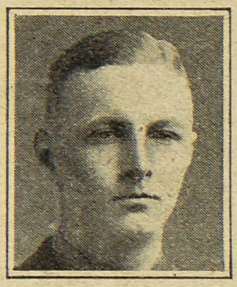
Capt. A. F. HENTY,
11th Middlesex Regt.

Lieut. A. A. FERGUSON,
7th London Regt.

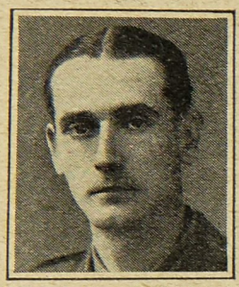
Lieut. and Adjut. G. R. FRERE, 10th Rifle Brigade.



Lieut.-Col. F. E. DANIELL,
D.S.O., Seaforth Highlanders.

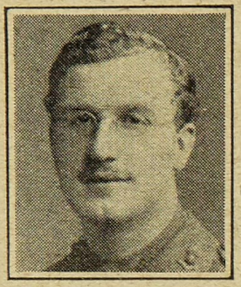


Lieut. R. A. S. DOBBIN,
Royal Garrison Artillery



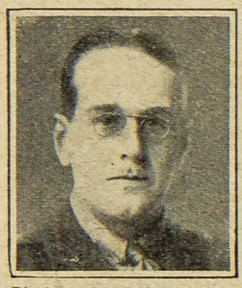
Lieut. A. Y. YOUNG-JAMES,
8th Hants Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. T. BELL,
9th Black Watch.



Lieut. G. E. BRADSTREET,
Royal Engineers.

Lieut. M. H. C. FIRMIN,
1st Loyal N. Lancs Regt.



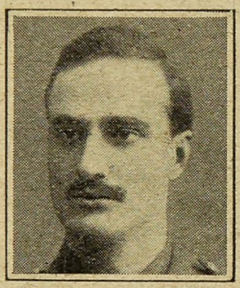
Lieut. A. W. LANE-JOYNT,
Motor Machine Gun Service

Lieut.-Colonel F. E. L. Daniell, D.S.O., entered the Seaforth Highlanders in September, 1895. He had his first promotion in February, 1898, and was captain in March, 1901, and major in 1913, while in July, 1915, he was gazetted temporary lieutenant-colonel, and appointed to the Staff. Colonel Daniell, who was a graduate of the Staff College, had a wide experience of Staff service in South Africa during the Boer War, and afterwards in India, and in August, 1914, he was brigade-major. In the Nile Expedition he fought in the Battle of Atbara, and was mentioned in despatches. From the South African War his honours consisted of promotion and the Queen's Medal with four clasps. For his services in the Mohmand campaign, 1908, he had the medal and clasp, and the Great War brought him further promotion, mention in Viscount French's despatches, and the D.S.O.

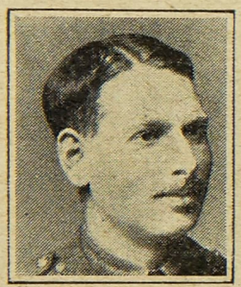
Captain Arthur Frank Henty, 11th Middlesex Regt., was the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Henty, of Oaklands Park, Chichester. He was gazetted from the Reserve of Officers, in which he held the rank of lieutenant, to the 11th Middlesex Regt. in September, 1914, and was promoted captain in February, 1915.

Lieut.-Surgeon P. J. Walsh, R.A.M.C., was a graduate of University College, Cork; he won a high place in the Indian Medical Service, and at the outbreak of war was appointed to the R.A.M.C. with the Indian troops in France.

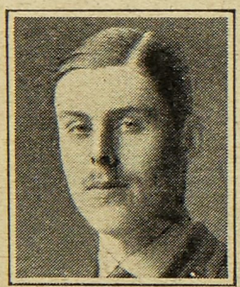
Lieut. the Hon. George Joachim Goschen, 5th The Buffs, who died of wounds received in action in Mesopotamia, was the only son and heir of Viscount Goschen. He was gazetted to the Buffs in September, 1914, and had been recently promoted.



Lieut. G. JACKSON,
11th Argyll & Sutherland H.



Lieut. R. N. SOMERVILLE,
Royal Engineers



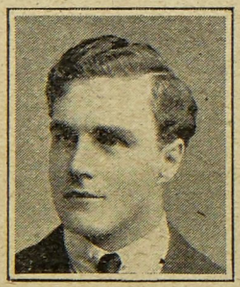
Lieut. A. L. H. JACOB,
18th London Regt.

Lieut. A. J. W. BLAKE,
5th Connaught Rangers.

Lieut.-Surgeon P. J. WALSH,
R.A.M.C.

Sec.-Lieut. M. McGREGOR
2nd Cheshire Regt.

Lieut. G. G. DOWNES,
6th Lincoln Regt.



Sec.-Lieut. W. L. ORR,
2nd Royal Irish Rifles.

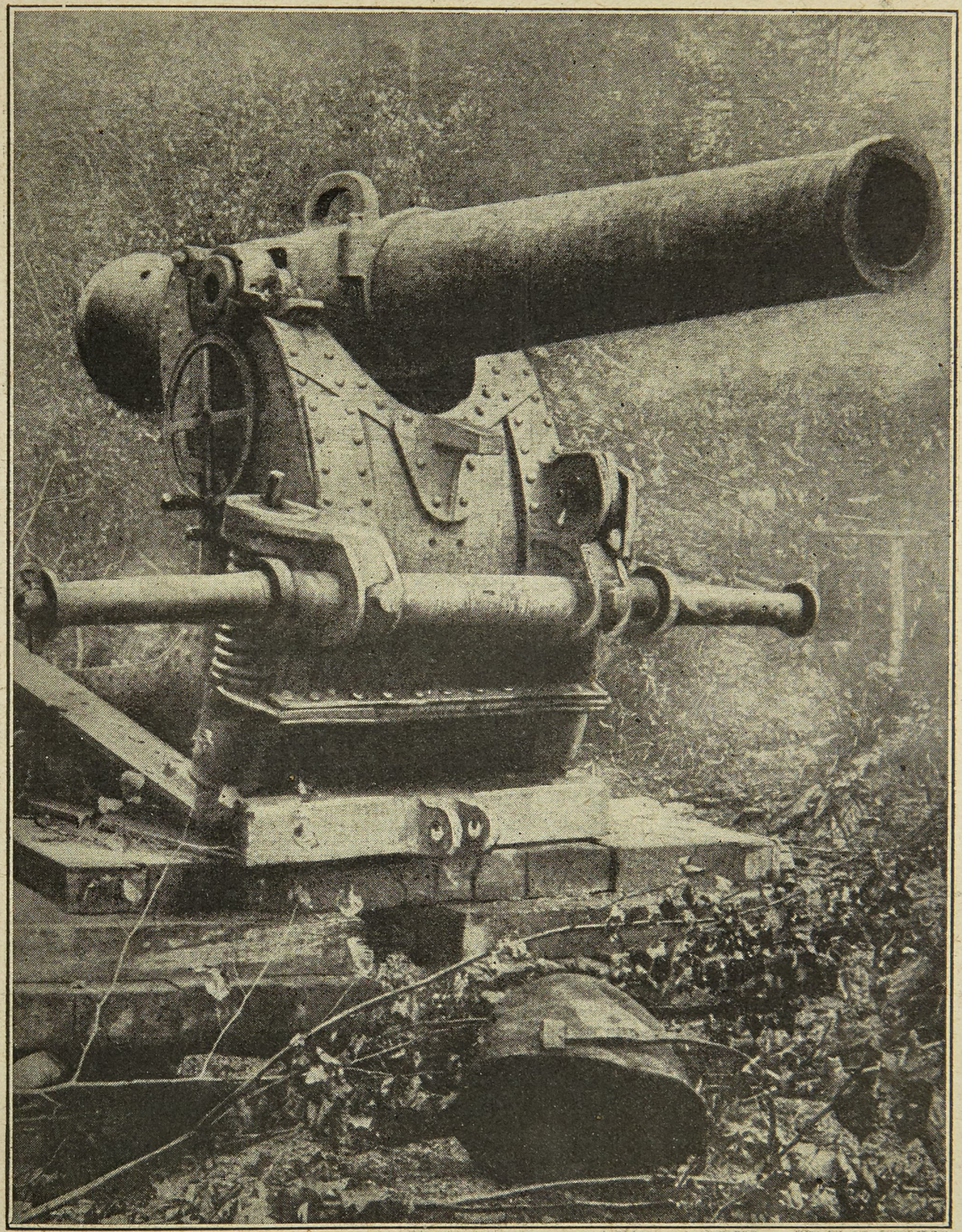
Lieut. V. B. ODHAMS,
15th Durham Light Infantry.

Lieut. the Hon. G. J. GOSCHEN, 5th The Buffs.

Lieut. W. N. MONTEITH,
2nd Rifle Brigade.

(Portraits by Swaine, Lafayette, Elliott & Fry, Russell & Sons, Bassano, Brooke Hughes, Chancellor.)

Aged Thirty-five! Record of a Verdun Cannon



A "155" (6 in.), the favourite weapon in the French heavy artillery. Although this particular gun is of an old pattern, being dated 1881, it has done excellent duty since its installation, and recently, while helping to hold Verdun, fired three thousand shells in forty-eight hours. As the war progresses the tendency is for heavy artillery to take the place of field artillery, the belligerents seeming to rely more and more on guns of large calibre. While still proud of their "75's," the French are adding to their "105's" and "220's"; the Germans now use their "305's" where formerly they used "77's."

British Submarine Sailors in a Turkish Prison

Lieut. Palmer, Lieut. Price, and Lieut. Fitzgerald, captured by the Turks when submarine E15 grounded off Kephez Point, in the Dardanelles, on April 18th, 1915.

"L'entente" in durance vile: British and French prisoners captured while fighting at Arras. Next to the Scotsman is a Turco.

Crew of submarine E15 with their Turkish guard. Inset: Officers of submarine AE2 in Turkish hands—Lieut. Haggard, Lieut.-Commander Stoker, and Lieut. Carey. The AE2 was sunk by gun fire in the Dardanelles on April 30th, 1915.

Photo by Gale & Polden, Ltd.

OFFICERS WHO WILL LEAD OUR NEW ARMIES TO VICTORY.—NO. XIX.

2ND BATTALION THE LONDON REGIMENT.—From left to right, back row: Lieut. E. T. Cooper, Sec.-Lieut. A. Cooper, Sec.-Lieut. S. Gray, Sec.-Lieut. A. J. Widdicombe, Sec.-Lieut. H. G. Hopper, Sec.-Lieut. J. B. Pitman, Sec.-Lieut. J. W. Sanders, Sec.-Lieut. H. Renwick, Sec.-Lieut. H. Arthur, Sec.-Lieut. W. S. Harris, Sec.-Lieut. F. A. Farley, Sec.-Lieut. P. C. Taylor. Front row: Sec.-Lieut. P. H. Langley, Lieut. W. E. Grey, Lieut. C. G. Langley (Adjt.), Capt. R. I. Marians (second in command), Major L. N. G. Filon (commanding), Capt. J. H. Warrener (Qr.-Mr.), Lieut. E. E. H. Bate, Sec.-Lieut. E. Ford, Lieut. A. G. L. Jepson.

New France and an Old Tradition

Notes on War News

"Furiosa Francia"

THE recent struggles around Verdun have given new point to the old theory that the French are the finest soldiers in Europe. This belief rests mainly upon their unparalleled achievements under Napoleon, but there are other and equally solid facts behind it. When mounted men with their heavy armour became mere encumbrances on the battle-field, the most formidable figures thereon were the English bowmen, the Swiss mercenaries, the German Landknecht, the Spanish pikemen, and finally the French infantrymen. The reputation of the last-named was made in the seventeenth century, especially by their defeat of the hitherto invincible Spaniards at Rocroi in 1643, and soon they were known and dreaded as the finest fighting men alive. *Furiosa Francia* became a proverbial expression, and reached its climax at Marengo, Austerlitz, and the other great victories of Napoleon. Fortunately, it has come to life again, with a revival of a kindred spirit on the part of Russian, Italian, and British military-fervour, just in time to save Western Europe and its civilisation from a Hun far more savage than Attila.

"Going to Sofia"

THERE is more than a touch of poetry in the phrase "He has gone west," used of a man who has died for his King and country. There is more than a touch of grimness in the phrase "He has gone to Sofia," used of a man who, in the same cause, has fallen alive into the hands of the Bulgars. Lately the inhabitants of Bitoli were ordered to report to the police in order that a census of them might be taken, and immediately afterwards all Serbians, both in Old and New Serbia, and in particular, all priests and all schoolmasters, were ordered to Sofia. All were massacred on the way. The Bulgarians themselves say that the order for departure to their own capital is sentence of death. Whenever anyone suddenly disappears, they say "He has gone to Sofia." What a comment for a nation to pass upon themselves!

A Voice from the Grave

THIS extract from a letter written some fifteen years ago by Florence Nightingale to the survivors of the famous charge at Balaclava, gathered at their annual commemoration dinner, is so fine, so useful at the present time, that it deserves the very widest dissemination: "Few men, and perhaps no women, have seen so much as I have of the horrors of war. But see those manly fellows in time of war, men not near the beasts, as sometimes we too sadly see in the time of peace; see them not one taking a drop too much; not one gallivanting with the women; every one devoting, aye, even his life for his comrade, fetching his comrade off the field, without notice or praise from anyone, either in words or print; and if killed in the attempt his name only goes down as 'killed in battle'; always devoted even to the death, as our Great Master and Friend, Jesus Christ, was to His fellow-men. Oh, if such be war, we will not say 'Let there be war,' but blessed be war which makes such heroes of fellowship out of war. Sad is the death of our comrades. But we may say, 'Death comes not untimely to him who is fit to die. The briefer life, the earlier immortality.' And who would keep him back? Not even his wife!"

The March of the Cohens

THE Chief Rabbi has ruled that when the safety of the country is at stake no exemption from military service can be justly claimed by any man on the ground that he is a Cohen. As mouthpiece of the conscience of Judaism what the Chief Rabbi says "goes," and the rules and traditions of immemorial ages and the iron laws of an inflexible religion are waived, and now the Cohens will march. Has Christianity yet something to learn from Judaism? Will not the Quakers march, too? And others—the sincerity of whose conscientious objection to military service, none of us dream of questioning?

"Petit Jean"

THERE is a delightful sketch of a French family, by "Junior Sub," in "Blackwood's." Regarding the youngest boy, we read that Petit Jean is an enthusiast upon matters military. He possesses a little wooden rifle, the gift of a friendly "Ecossais," tipped with a flashing bayonet cut from a biscuit tin, and spends most of his time out upon the road, waiting for someone to salute. At one time he used to stand beside the sentry, with an ancient glengarry crammed over his little head, and conform meticulously to his comrades' slightest movement. This procedure was soon banned, however, and Petit Jean was assigned a beat of his own. Once, when a friendly subaltern called his platoon to attention, and gave the order "Eyes right!" upon passing the motionless little figure at the side of the road, Petit Jean was so uplifted that he committed the military crime of deserting his post while on duty, in order to run home and tell his mother about it.

Winning Battles on Playing-Fields

IS this a new justification of the playing-fields of Eton? Sports develop self-reliance and initiative as well as pluck, cagerness, and endurance, and the Leipzig students are somewhat lacking in the first two qualities. Field-Marshal von der Goltz did not think much of the juvenile army corps which we scrapped on the Yser. So he appeals to the German Football League to encourage young Germany to become a hard and tough generation, capable through tenacity and stamina of overcoming the enemy, "even if the latter" confronts us still stronger than at the present time." Marriage à la mode of Frederick the Great is also to be encouraged apparently, for the Field-Marshal expresses the hope that the German Football League will "continue its efforts to breed a race of athletes." Our Tommies seem to have converted the Prussian to a belief in the usefulness of "footer" in military training, but it is not easy to think that the Prussian will ever learn to "play the game."

Indiscreet Gossip

FOR spreading a false report that Zeppelins were near, a man was recently fined £5 or a month; two women were fined a short while ago for making indiscreet statements about the Army. There have been other cases of late, and the fact seems to prove that the "certain steps to watch and trap" the casual chatterers, mentioned by Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd, are now being exercised. A few days ago I heard a chatterer say, in a crowded railway compartment, far too much about a certain gun position in England; while in a restaurant recently there was a fussy little person puffed up with information about a new munitions factory. People who gossip in public places about the war need silencing, for there may still be enemy ears alert in Britain.

Experiences!

IF there is one thing more than any other which annoys men on leave from the front it is the ceaseless pumping from those who remain at home for descriptions and anecdotes of what they have seen and heard "over there." Yet there is a way of getting them to talk for hours of their experiences of the war without putting a single question to them. The next time a soldier relative or friend comes to see you, just hand him a bound volume of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. As he turns over the pages there will be many pictures which will recall to his memory experiences of the war which will never appear in print. "This sketch of our men searching dead Germans reminds me of a dead Hun I found——" etc. Thus, you have him started, and with almost every picture you will be rewarded with fresh anecdotes.

This is not an idea just to make copy. I have tried it myself with most remarkably interesting results, though I must admit that the first time I failed. This was because I handed my friend only one part of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, and, unfortunately, there happened to be no pictures that week of the theatre of war in which he was fighting. However, when next he visited me, I handed him a bound volume, which he did not put down for over two hours—two of the most interesting hours I have ever spent.

Try it with one of your soldier friends next time. Only remember that loose parts will not make the same appeal to him as a bound volume. Be prepared! Procure one of the Publishers' registered binding cases for 1s. 6d., or, if you have any difficulty, direct from the Publishers, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C., post free for 1s. 10d.

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand: by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
48 Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free. N

The War Illustrated, April 8th, 1916 Rent. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

The Allies' Great Spring Push? by F. A. McKenzie

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly

Vol. 4 Russia Strikes on the Eastern Front : Cossack Patrol Reconnoitring the German Positions **No. 86**

THE OBSERVATION POST

Fresh Fuel for the Furnace of Wrath

CAN it be possible that the Germans are unaware of the fiery furnace of wrath that they are banking up in the heart of the world for their own ultimate destruction? Every new outrage they commit, every former atrocity brought to light, is so much more fuel piled upon the glowing mass. Already its heat is so intense that one is almost compelled to believe that the Germans really do not know what they are doing, for had they the faintest glimmer of perception of the truth they would surely be panic-stricken and desist from their crimes in sheer horror of the doom impending over themselves.

IT is a tradition with Englishmen to conceal their emotions, and their successful cultivation of an impassive demeanour has caused them to be greatly misunderstood by other peoples who are less reluctant to pin their heart upon their sleeve. These have interpreted our impassivity as haughtiness and coldness of blood. We know ourselves better than that. Self-control is the explanation of the impassivity, which, far from being native and sincere, is assumed in order that our profound depth of feeling may be covered from detection. The word has even lost its etymological meaning, and to say that a man's expression is impassive implies that at that very moment he is feeling most intensely, judging men or matters most intently, and making special effort not to allow his emotion to sway his conduct. That is the moment when he is most to be feared, for what he decides upon then will become his irrevocable purpose from which no power short of death will distract him.

WHEN the Germans, violating their own pledged word, swept over Belgium and drove us and our allies back on to Paris, we quite expected to hear of outrages and excesses perpetrated by exuberant soldiers flushed with victory and drunk with wine. With our strong sense of justice we would have held our peace if the outrages, bad as they might be, were still within limits imaginable in the light of history. But circumstantial stories got about of horrors unspeakable, of filthy bestiality as well as savage cruelty, and of a leering lust for blood that could only be explained in terms of sexual perversion. Even yet we suspended judgment; and when the opportunity came we appointed a commission composed of men with legal training, to investigate the stories and present the evidence that might make any of them undeniable.

WE got Lord Bryce's Report. Breaches of recognised custom, such as firing upon the Red Cross flag and abusing the white flag, made us indignant; brutality to captives and murder of wounded made us hot with anger; outrages upon women and children made our blood boil; filthy pollution of decent houses made us sick with disgust. As yet, however, nothing more could be done, so we held our tongue, filed the report, and proceeded to get on with our job of winning the war.

THEN came the Armenian massacres, and again the same course of events was observed. An American Committee of Inquiry presented a report containing a series of personal depositions, which is the more damning precisely because it emanates from a neutral Power. And that report is fully substantiated by other unimpeachable testimony from Consuls on the spot, including the representatives of the German Empire. True, that in this case Turkey is the actual murderer. But Germany was the instigator and the abettor.

SO long ago as July, 1915, the United States Government invited the co-operation of the German Government in an effort to end the outrages, but no reply was ever received. Germany tacitly acquiesced; and, more, German Consuls were instructed from "headquarters" to hold their hand and not to interfere on behalf of the unhappy victims. And, more still, two men in particular are named as having actively participated in the horror: Herr Ressler, Consul at Aleppo, who went to Aintab to direct the massacres in person, and Baron Oppenheim, who initiated the idea of deporting to Ourfa the women and children belonging by nationality to the Allies.

STILL we could do nothing, except proceed with our job of winning the war. With characteristic "impassivity," we set our teeth and did that. Now the case is carried a stage further by the publication of "German Atrocities: An Official Investigation," by Professor J. H. Morgan, which may be regarded almost as an official publication and a supplement to the former Report by Lord Bryce's Committee. We earnestly hope that everyone will buy the book, read the evidence, and arrive at a definite decision in his own mind, and then wait with the same "impassivity" until the moment comes to bring the murderer before the bar of human justice preparatory to sending him on to the bar of the God of infinite justice.

THE stories are too horrible and disgusting to be reproduced here, but every responsible man in this country ought to make himself acquainted with them in order that presently, when Germany is beaten in the war, he shall be duly informed of her character and her deeds, and be in a condition to give his deliberate, judicial, and irrevocable vote upon the penalty to be meted out to her.

JOHANN WENGER, a Bavarian infantryman, himself boasted in a letter he wrote to a Hamburg girl that in five minutes he had bayoneted seven women and four young girls. If Johann Wenger is not yet dead, he must be sentenced to death, and all the people must say "Amen," and make it their personal business that the sentence is carried into execution. Professor Morgan presents more than fifty depositions, all new evidence, concerning outrages by Germans in the early stages of the war on British soldiers or on women, every one of which ought to be made a personal matter by every living Briton.

AND that is not quite the end of the matter. Professor Morgan proves that there was a deliberate policy of atrocity by responsible German officers. He has his theory of explanation, and in that we shall find some direction as to the course we ought to pursue when the war is won. He declares that the entire German people is infected by some kind of moral distemper, and he proves complicity between the individuals of whom Johann Wenger is an example and the Government that published the White Book in which an attempt was made to rebut some of the evidence relating to the atrocities in Belgium.

THESE things are fuel for the fire of wrath in our heart, and when the Germans realise that a seven times heated furnace is ready now against the fast approaching moment when they shall have to admit defeat, such a wail will rise up from them as the world has never heard since Sodom and Gomorrah were consumed. But the whole world will stop its ears against their wailing, and not all their tears will avail to quench the avenging fire.

C. M.

8th April, 1916. No. 30. Vol. 4.

THE WAR *Illustrated*

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON

GREAT LEADERS OF GREAT ARMIES AT THE FRENCH HEADQUARTERS.—Historic group showing, from left to right, General Sir Douglas Haig, General Wielemans, the Belgian representative, General Gilinski, of the Russian Army, General Joffre, General Porro, and Colonel Pechitch, the French, Italian, and Serbian representatives respectively. These officers form the Allies' permanent War Council for the conduct of operations as a whole, and this impression was secured at the last great meeting, held in the French General Staff Headquarters from March 13th–14th.

REBUILDING RUINED LIVES

The Future of Britain's Blinded Heroes, and How it is Being Assured

By LADY JELLICOE

Speaight
Lady Jellicoe

BLINDED in the war! Yesterday free, capable, fearless; to-day shackled, a prisoner doomed to live his remaining years in darkness, apparently with hopes, ambitions, crushed; a seemingly ruined life groping in a world of wreckage.

Many soldiers and sailors who have lost their sight in the war must have asked themselves, in the first awful shock of their pitiless captivity, in the obvious hopelessness of their lot in the black prison of the world, if the final rending pang of death would not have been preferable. But soon they have found release; their bonds unloosed, they have been helped to erect on a new foundation their shattered aspirations. From the prison of dismal gloom they are led to the "House of Hope."

The "House of Hope"

This is the admirable name that has been given to St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, London, the hostel of the Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Care Committee. Immediately on the outbreak of the war the Council of the National Institute for the Blind decided to do everything within their power for those who should lose their sight while on active service. The president of the Institute, Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, whose tireless activities on behalf of his fellow-sufferers from blindness are so widely known, established headquarters where these brave fellows would be received and trained to their new condition of life; where they would, in fact, be taught to be blind.

St. Dunstan's is a magnificent mansion, standing in fourteen acres of ground, generously lent for the purpose by Mr. Otto Kahn, the American financier. Here each blinded soldier devotes two and a half hours a day to Braille reading and writing, and to learning to manipulate the ordinary typewriter; another two hours and a half are spent in learning the various occupations which, on their discharge, will enable the men to earn the wherewithal to augment their pensions.

Those engaged in the blinded warriors' training feel very strongly, however, that their responsibilities should not end at this stage, for the blind home-worker has but a small chance of becoming a useful, self-supporting member of the community if left to himself. Therefore, the Council of the National Institute for the Blind have established a branch for the after-care of Britain's sightless heroes.

To those who know little of the capabilities of blind people, or of their training, the trades and occupations whose ranks are open to them seem perfectly amazing in their variety. For instance, who would conceive that a blind man can, unaided, manage a small holding, or a poultry farm, and earn a good profit? Who has ever imagined a blind diver?

In the specially-built workshops at St. Dunstan's, under the charge of Mr. C. E. Rose, the honorary director, blinded warriors are learning to make mats, carpets, baskets, boots; they are being instructed in carpentry, cabinet-making, and other useful and profitable occupations, while many are learning massage at the special massage school of the National Institute for the Blind.

Mr. Pearson attributes much of the rapid progress of the blind learners to the fact that their instructors are themselves blind. The feeling of helplessness and incompetence, the invariable outcome of sudden blindness, is almost entirely removed by the tuition given by sightless instructors. The pupil realises that the teacher is utilising methods which he himself has found best under precisely the same circumstances of disability; he therefore has obvious reasons for feeling that what this man has done, he himself can also do.

Massage is one of the very few occupations in which blind people can compete on even terms with those who can see. Indeed, it is said that the skilled blind masseur is apt to take the lead. Several blinded soldiers and sailors are already massaging wounded soldiers at Middlesex Hospital. Though they have not yet passed their qualifying examination, this they will do shortly and will then be full-fledged and competent masseurs.

Diving is considered by Mr. Pearson to be an extremely suitable occupation for blinded soldiers and sailors who have had some mechanical training. The diver engaged on building breakwaters or piers works in the dark; he has an attendant to look after him while he is under the water, and he is one of the best paid of workmen.

To the visitor at St. Dunstan's undoubtedly the most surprising feature of this "House of Hope" is the Country Life Section, where sightless men receive instruction in all branches of poultry-farming and market-gardening. There are many simple, yet strikingly ingenious, devices and plans which enable the blind men to pursue these avocations with accuracy and ease. This Country Life Section is supervised by Captain Webber, one of the best-known blind experts in the kingdom, who lost his sight in India fifteen years ago. Before he became blind Captain Webber could not have distinguished one sort of fowl from another; now, although sightless, he can pick chickens out of a group and tell their breed by touch, if they are in good condition, or if anything is the matter with them. Captain Webber is the official lecturer on poultry-farming for three counties.

Sightless Heroes as Farmers

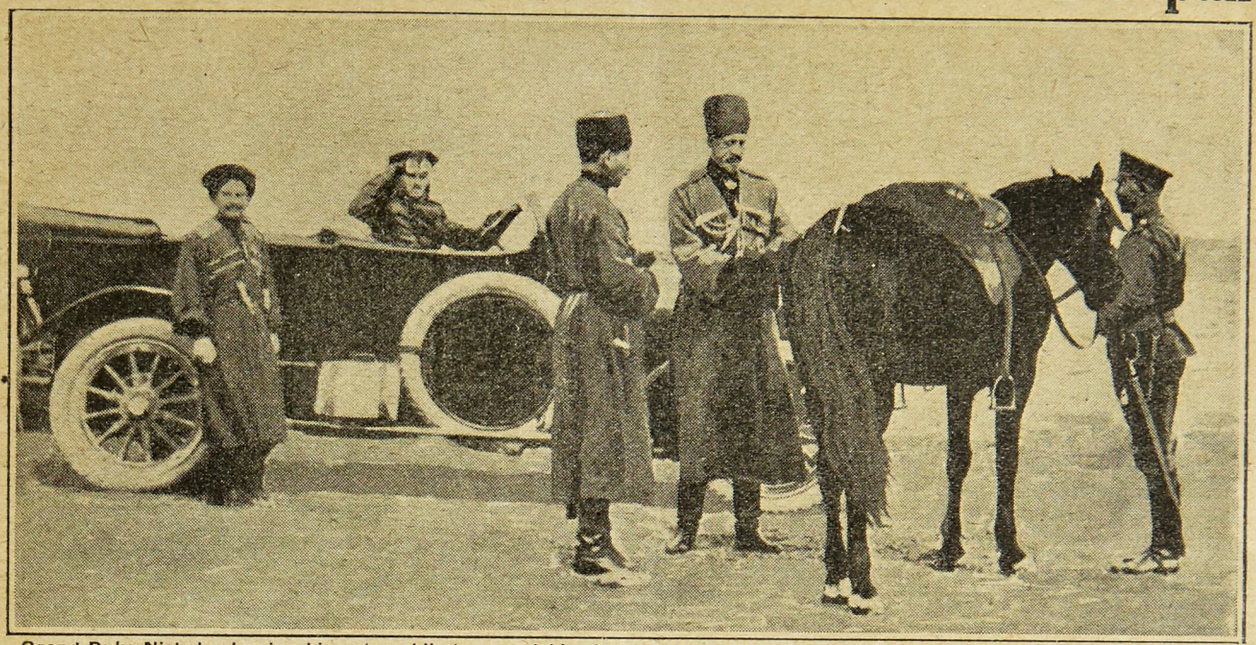
In the grounds of St. Dunstan's there is a model farm, so cleverly devised that a blind man can find his way about and do all the work of the farm unaided. Briefly, this is the method: The fowl-houses are in the centre of a square plot of land—the working area of the model farm. From each corner of this plot is a wire partition, thus dividing the land into four semi-triangular plots. The chickens are placed in the first plot, then, after a certain time, they are driven through the door in the wire partition to Plot 2, while Plot 1 is dug up and planted by the blind farmer, and so on, through a specified system of utilising every inch of the ground at different seasons of the year.

This wonderful system of market-gardening and poultry-farming for blind men is very difficult to explain; one really needs to see the model farm at St. Dunstan's thoroughly to appreciate the cleverness yet simplicity of the scheme.

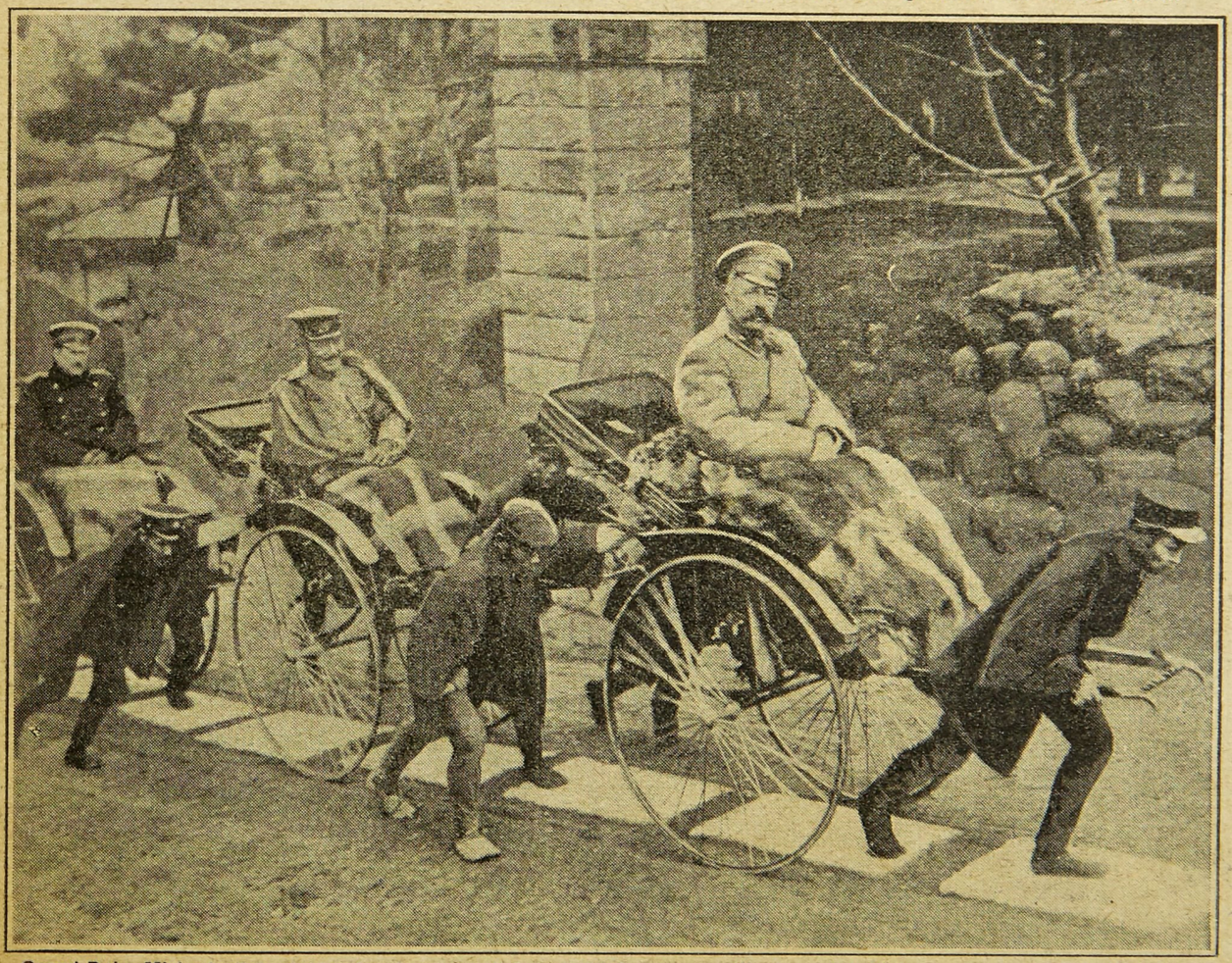
Sports and entertainments play a large part in the curriculum at St. Dunstan's, nor are the intellectual and spiritual sides of life neglected. As to sports, there are facilities for boxing, rowing, swimming, and there is a fine gymnasium. Several men have learnt to swim since losing their sight. Recently a crew of blinded oarsmen won a race against a "crack" Thames crew. They are also learning to dance, these heroes of the war.

Thousands of pounds have been spent in caring for sightless soldiers and sailors, and their sadly-increasing numbers lead to an ever-increasing rate of expenditure. But those indefatigable workers, who are giving freely their services, and doing so much on behalf of the men who have made so great a sacrifice for the Empire, will surely never be allowed to have their efforts hampered through need of funds. The "House of Hope" must flourish, for it is providing renewed hope, fresh ambitions, new ideals; it is rebuilding ruined lives, caring for those who have received Fate's cruellest blow and have been banished for ever from our world of light and beauty.

Russian Grand Dukes at Teheran and in Japan

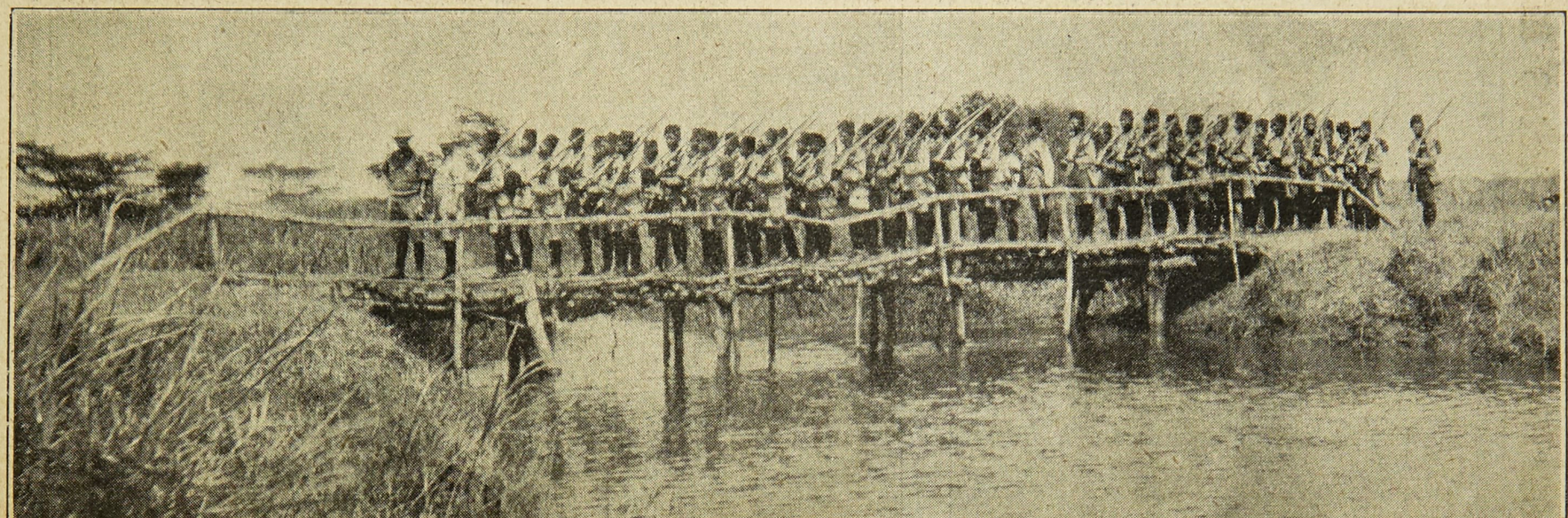


Grand Duke Nicholas leaving his automobile to mount his charger prior to holding a review of the Russian troops in Teheran. Our ally's successes in the Caucasus have gone far to bring about depression and discouragement in the Turkish ranks.



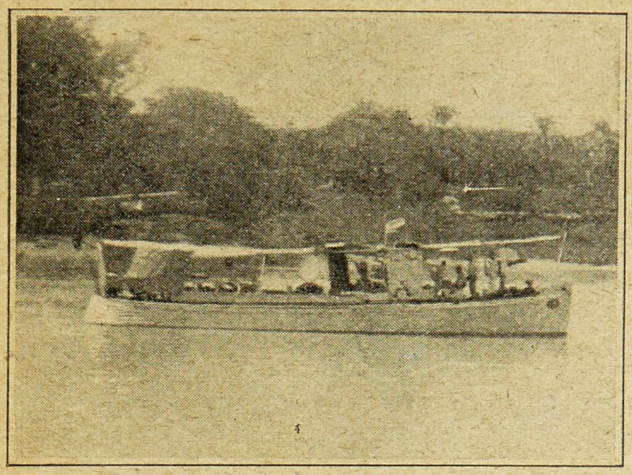
Grand Duke Michaelovitch sightseeing from a rickshaw at Nikko, Japan. His Imperial Highness was sent to the Mikado as the Tsar's envoy to discuss the military situation with Russia's former adversary, but now her trusted friend.

WHITE OFFICERS AND NATIVE MEN IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA.—Detachment of the East African Mounted Rifles during an inspection at a temporary camp in East Africa. This corps was raised in Nairobi at the beginning of the war, and consists for the most part of young settlers and coffee planters. They held up the German invasion in the early stages of the campaign, and added to their reputation in the Kilimanjaro operations. They are now doing good work under General Smuts' command.

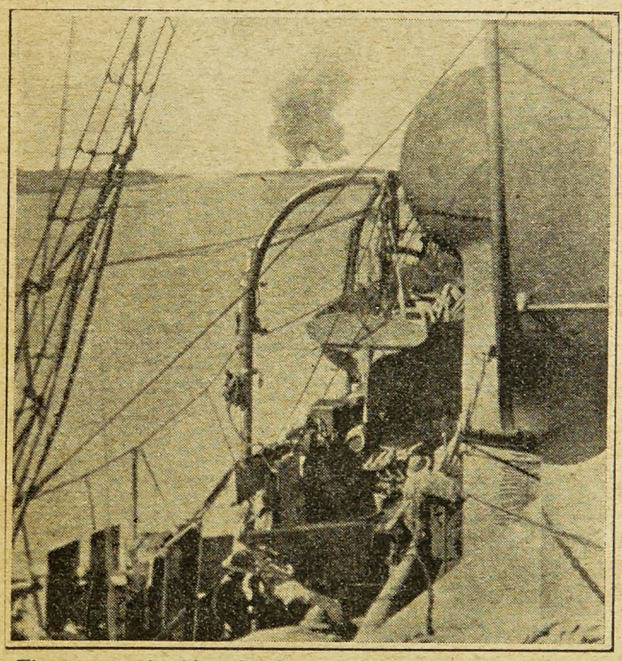


BRITAIN'S RENOWNED NATIVE REGIMENT.—Column of the King's African Rifles crossing a primitive wooden bridge in British East Africa. "The men are wonderful," writes an Englishman. "They marched twenty miles, climbed a precipice, fought a battle that included a bayonet charge, and marched back, some of them wounded; and this on a water-bottle—no food. They are always cheerful, do not know what fear is, and fight like demons."

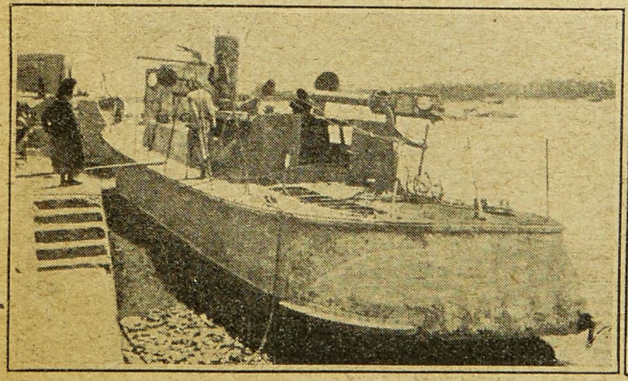
Sister Services Wage War on African and Turk



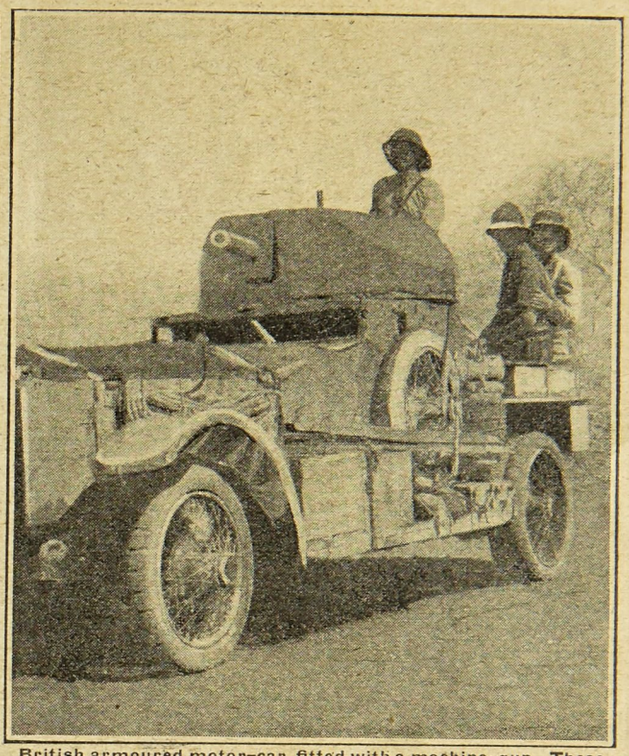
Three phases in the career of a Turkish gunboat are illustrated on this page. Above it is seen at anchor in the River Tigris, prior to setting out to try conclusions with the British Navy!



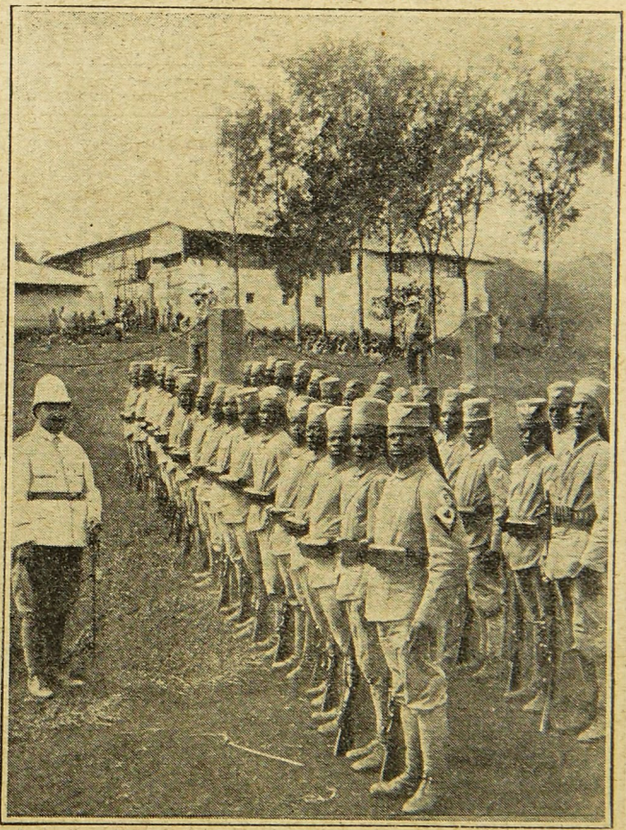
The same gunboat burning fiercely after being fired by a shell from a British warship. It is two and a half miles away—and was given no chance to get nearer!



The gunboat, after it had been captured and salved, being repaired for possible use against the Turks.



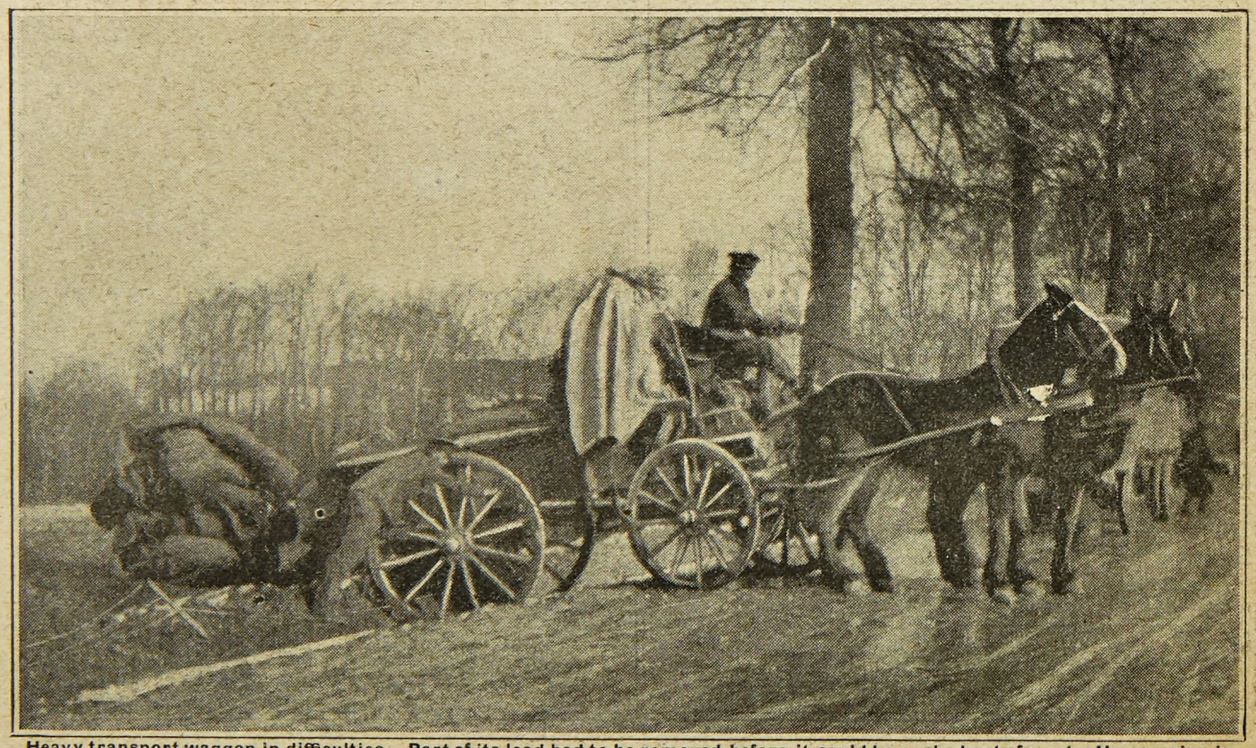
British armoured motor-car, fitted with a machine-gun. These cars have been of great service in East Africa, working in conjunction with cavalry, and harassing enemy outposts.



German native troops in East Africa who were put to flight by General Smuts' forces at Kilimanjaro.

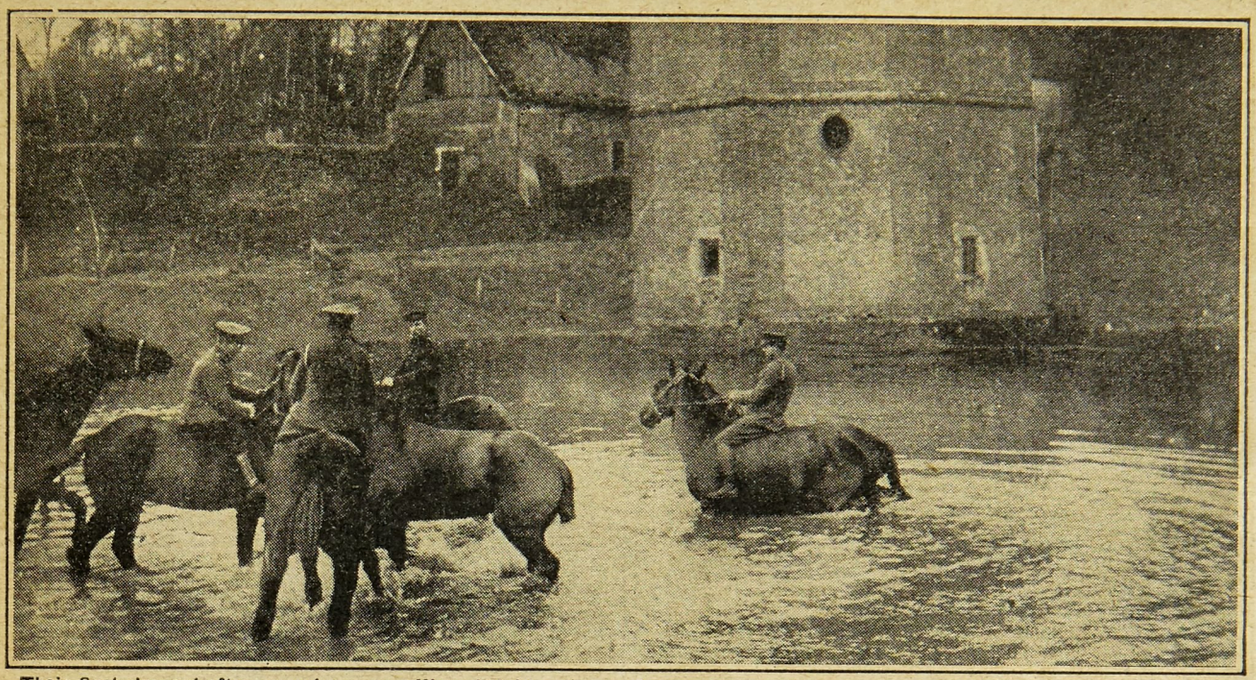
British Cyclists & Transport on French Highways

Men of the Cyclist Corps halting along the snow-covered roadway in France. The prolonged winter has added to the hardships of the trenches, which can only be slightly imagined from the inconvenience suffered in England during last week's blizzard.

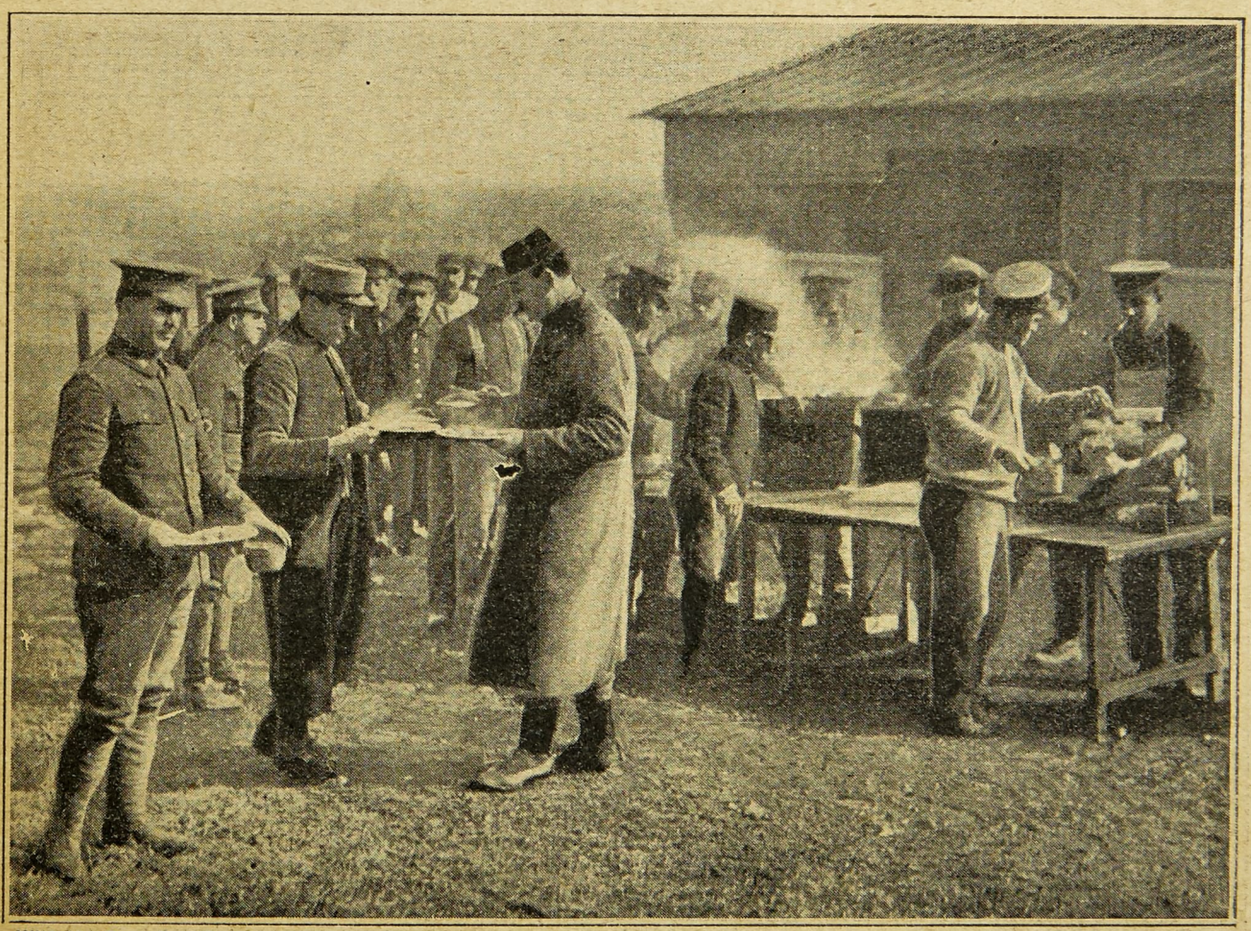


Heavy transport waggon in difficulties. Part of its load had to be removed before it could be pushed out of a rut. Heavy rains in France have once again rendered the roads to and from the front little better than quagmires.

Blue Cross & Red Cross Behind the British Lines



Their first day out after convalescence. Wounded horses enjoying a dip in a stream somewhere adjoining the headquarters of the Veterinary Hospital behind the lines in France.



With the Canadian Red Cross Contingent in Flanders. Allied members lining up outside the camp kitchen for dinner. On the right edge of the table a welcome supply of French bread is being heaped up.

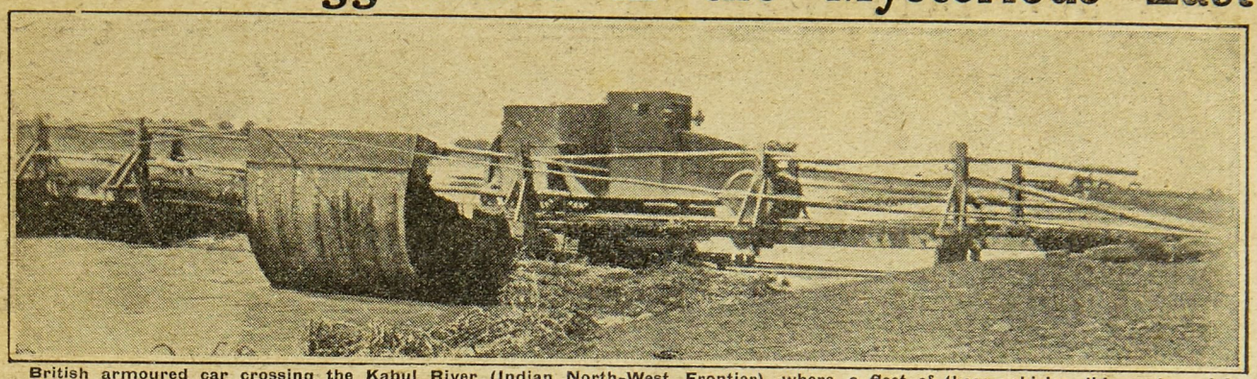
Bedouins Surrender to British Forces in Egypt

Giaffar Pasha, Turkish Commander-in-Chief of the Senussi, who surrendered to the British in the recent fighting in West Egypt, being assisted into a picket-boat of a warship, which conveyed him to Alexandria.

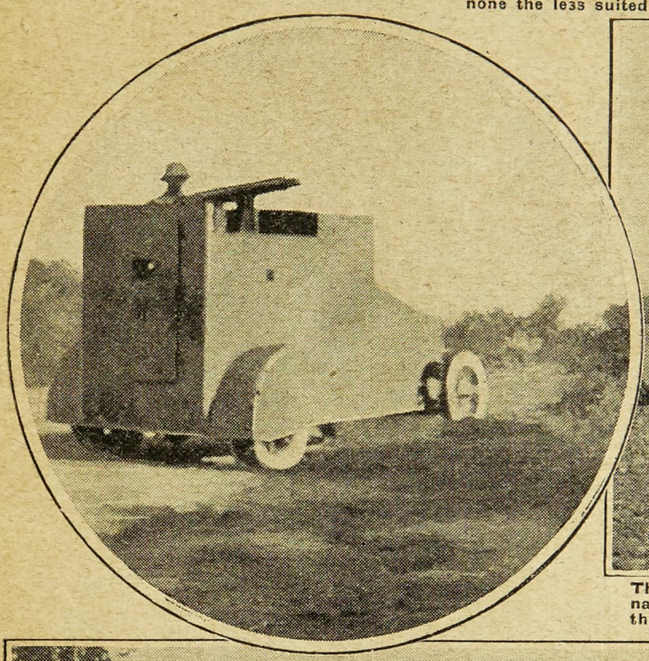
Near impression of Giaffar Pasha, who was severely wounded. A sword penetrated his arm, and his uniform was smothered in blood.

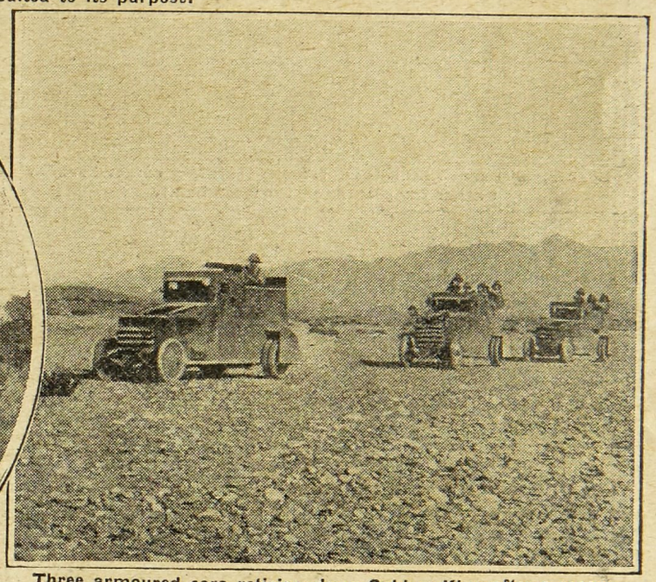
When their chief, Giaffar Pasha, surrendered to the British forces, the Bedouins lost heart and swarmed into the British camp, throwing down their arms and begging for mercy. This photograph gives a general view of the camp on the seashore, with a Bedouin leading a string of camels to another part of the settlement.

Western Juggernauts in the Mysterious East

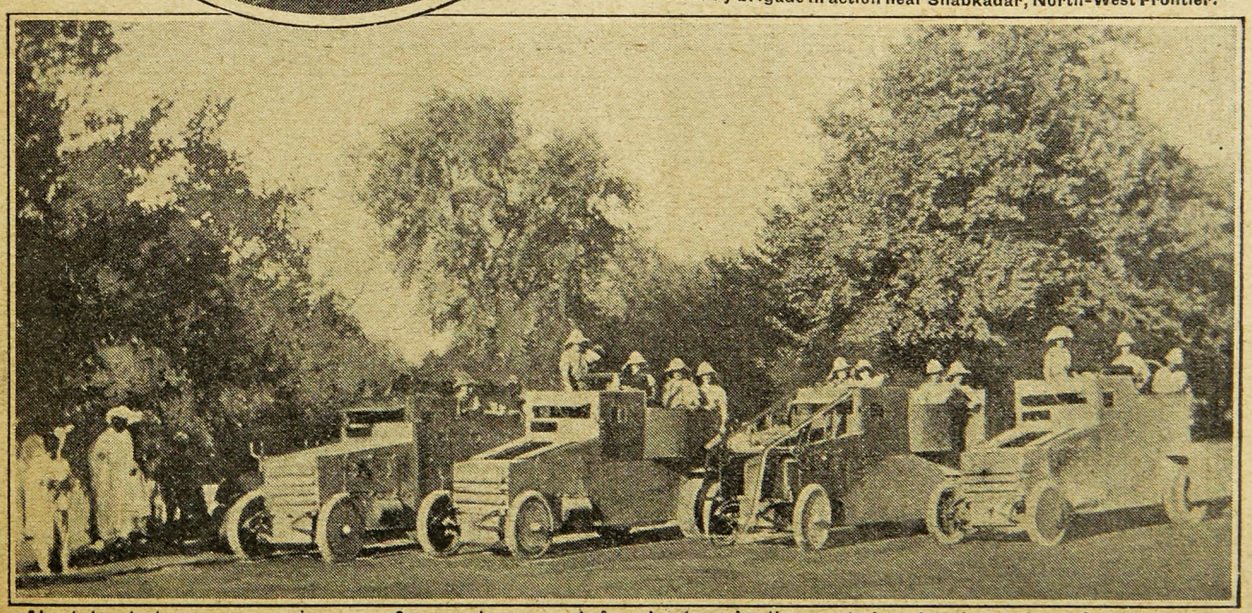


British armoured car crossing the Kabul River (Indian North-West Frontier), where a fleet of these vehicles did much useful work against the restive Mohmands during October, 1915. The car is traversing the river by a bridge hastily improvised, but none the less suited to its purpose.



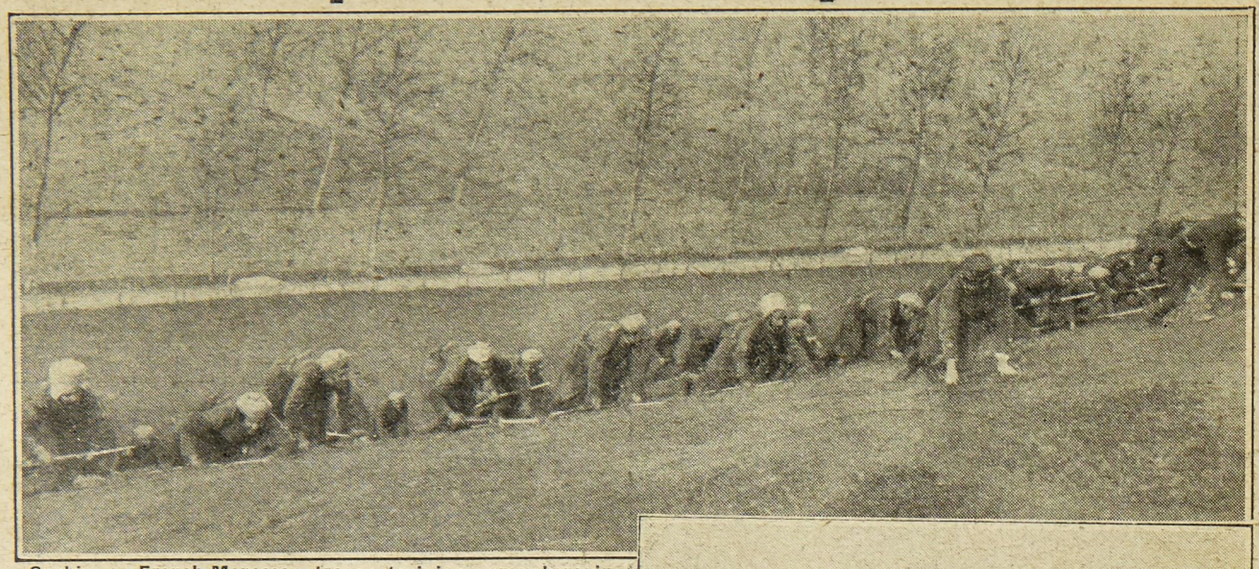


Three armoured cars retiring down Subhan Khar after a reconnaissance. Inset circle : Armoured car covering the right flank of the cavalry brigade in action near Shabkadar, North-West Frontier.

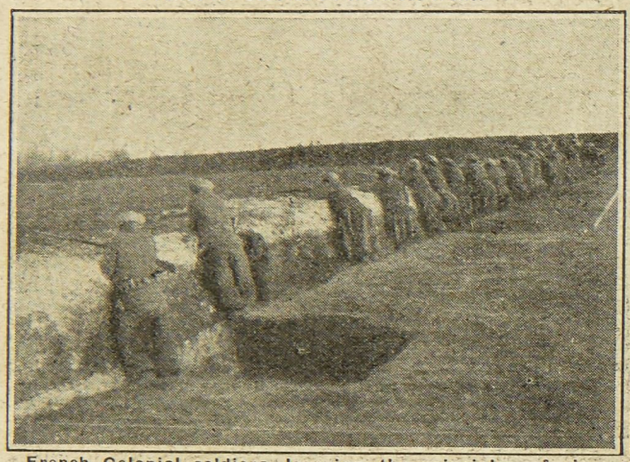


About to start on a reconnaissance. Armoured cars ready for adventure in the mysterious frontier regions of Central Asia. These speedy weapons of war must have caused consternation among the somewhat primitive tribes who have been incited by the Germans to cause trouble on the Indian North-West Frontier.

Moroccan Spahis to Aid Europe's Deliverance



Spahis, or French Moroccan troops, training somewhere in France for service on the west front.



French Colonial soldiers learning the principles of siege warfare.

Types of dusky Moroccan warriors, one of whom has gained two medals for gallantry in action.

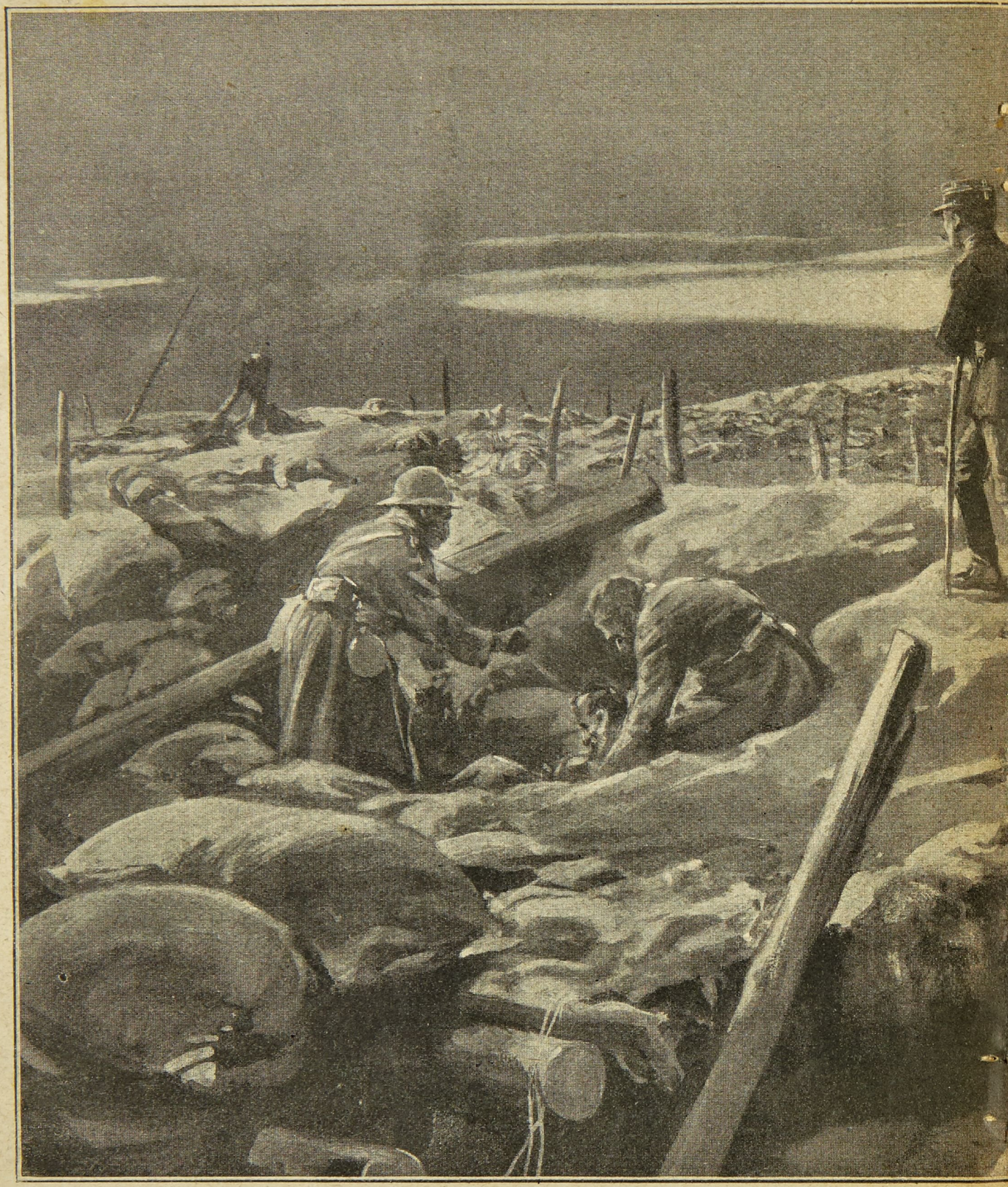
Spahis moving across a wide French plain in a body with rifles and bayonets at the ready. These Moroccan warriors are among the most dashing and picturesque soldiers in the world, and are never happier than when engaged in mortal combat. They have done good work for France.

With our Dauntless Ally on the Meuse Heights

The deadly 95 mm. French artillery coming into action in the Verdun sector. Inset: Working the optic heliograph on the French front.

Fully-equipped reinforcements going up to the first-line trenches to relieve some of their comrades holding the enemy at bay. Nothing like the French resistance has been known, a resistance which has so entirely disorganised the German plans and upset all their calculations.

After a Futile German Onslaught : Nightfall S



THE Germans have been hurled against Verdun with such reckless prodigality that any attempt at an accurate calculation of their casualties is futile. In massed formation, regiment after regiment paraded across the open ground, only to be decimated by the wonderful concentrated fire of the French mitrailleuse gunners. But few of the men succeeded in getting as far as the French barbed-wire. At nightfall, during the mighty days of the first Verdun offensive. the scene was

Somewhere on the French Line Before Verdun

terrifying. The light of the setting sun revealed dark heaps of German dead strewn all over the snow-covered plain. Such an effect as that appearing in the above illustration was witnessed all along the line. During a lull in the fighting two French officers are surveying the stricken fields, while some steel-capped soldiers are attending to the wounded in shell-battered trenches and dug-outs. A Poilu, with an improvised bandage about his head, contemplates a broken bayonet with grim philosophy.

The Allies' Great Spring 'Push'?

By Our War Correspondent, F. A. McKENZIE

THE important Conference of the Allies opened at Paris last week is bound to have momentous military as well as political results. It will lay down the lines of action by which our overwhelming strength can be used to strike Germany on all sides simultaneously and with our full strength.

One great weakness of the Allies in the past has been the failure to co-ordinate their plans. The Central Powers have worked as one under the dominating influence of one supreme authority—the German Great General Staff. Among the Allies there has been no one supreme Power. Britain leads in finance and in naval strength, but no one would think of claiming that Britain leads in land warfare. The allied troops work together with the greatest harmony, but we have not yet had the centralisation of supreme executive power which Germany and her partners have possessed since the end of 1914.

Need for United Action

For some months past the allied commanders, recognising this, have been seeking to evolve a scheme of united action. Sir William Robertson, the supreme director of the strategy of the British campaign, is almost as often in Paris as in London. General Cadorna has come from Italy to London to ensure that the Italian spring campaign may fit in with our own. Russia, more distant and with enormous frontiers to defend, seeks, with the greatest loyalty and self-sacrifice, to strike her blows at such time and in such a way as they will most effectively relieve the pressure on the western front. The spirit of co-operation is already present; all that the Paris Conference has to do is to give final touches and formal approval to the machinery which has been created during the winter for giving it full effect.

The Conference will, it is hoped, greatly quicken allied activity. There has been a very dangerous tendency, particularly in this country, to favour a comparatively passive policy of war. We have been told that time was on our side; we could afford to wait, while the Germans would be made bankrupt by waiting. If we only maintained a passive siege of their lines, and beat back their attacks, their effort would collapse from its own weight. Their ruin and starvation would drive them to make terms with us.

This is an exceedingly perilous delusion. You do not win war by waiting, but by striking. Every week gives our enemies more time to evolve better weapons and better plans for more effective blows. We are not the only people who learn by experience. The advances made by the Germans in weapons, in methods, and in the machinery of war since August, 1914, have been amazing. Every week that we wait makes the future cost greater in men and in material for us.

Why the Outlook is Hopeful

It is inconceivable that the Paris Conference can decide otherwise than in favour of a tremendous, simultaneous, sustained, aggressive spring campaign along all the fronts.

The outlook for such a campaign is exceedingly hopeful. During the past few weeks the situation in the Balkans has been transformed. The people of Bulgaria and of Turkey are in a condition of semi-starvation. The Bulgar Army has been for some time on half rations, and numbers of its men are deserting and surrendering to the allied armies in Salonika. In Turkey the great mass of the people, who have never entertained anything but friendly feelings for us, are gathering in strength against the New Turks and the Germanophiles. Bulgaria and Turkey are beginning to wonder if it is too late to turn. Rumania, greatly influenced by the results of the fighting at Verdun and by the successful Russian campaign in the south-west, seems almost certain to declare for us. Greece will probably follow Rumania's lead. The Serbian Army, rested and re-armed, is waiting eagerly for an opportunity to avenge its great wrongs. The strong allied forces around Salonika occupy an almost impregnable position, and are ready to be launched on the enemy at the first suitable moment. All promises well in the Balkans.

Good Signs on All Fronts

The news from Russia is more encouraging than at one time seemed possible. The Russian armies are attacking all along their European front. They are faced by great difficulties. The Germans have carefully entrenched their whole line, and have sought to reproduce in the east the situation which now exists in the west. Attacks such as the Russians are now making entail enormous sacrifices of men. But Russia is fighting under vastly better conditions than last year. She has ample munitions. Her Allies are not going to permit a repetition of the situation when the entire German strength could be concentrated on the Russian Army while the western front was held by a skeleton force. The news from the Russian front is more than good.

Italy is now, for the first time, taking a full share in the policy and campaign of her Allies. Various reasons, political and otherwise, prevented the splendid Italian troops from being employed to the best advantage last year. There is every reason to hope that all these reasons have been swept away, and that Italy will occupy as large a place this year in the coming campaign as her position and her Army justify.

On the western front the Allies possess certain undoubted and important advantages. They are stronger in men than the enemy. They are at least as strong in artillery. The spirit of the French Army has been proved afresh at Verdun; of the spirit and temper of our own men there is no need to speak. The issue before us is not an easy one. The task of forcing a way through line after line of thoroughly-prepared entrenchments and gun positions is as formidable as any known in war. I personally am hopeful that it may be possible by the largely-increased use of mining to blast our way through the German barriers. Once these lines are turned at a vital point, as they ought to be turned before May has ended, the whole aspect of the western war may change. The policy of advance on the west is, I again repeat, encompassed by many difficulties. Our forward plans may receive more than one check. But we must break through and advance if we are to use our strength as it should be used.

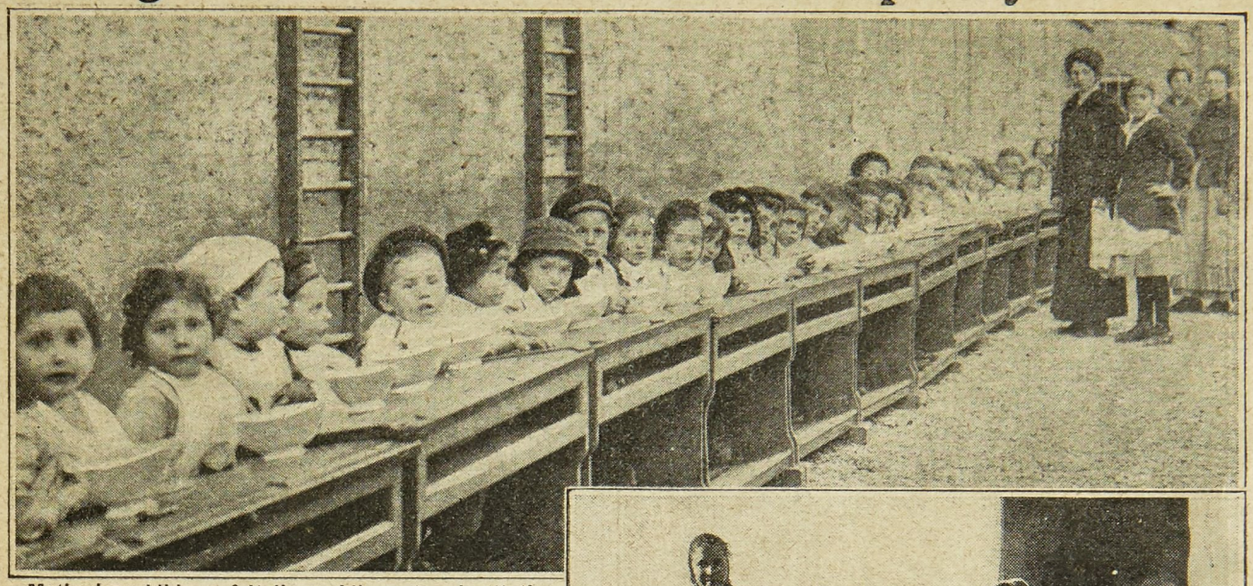
Germany's Ruthless Plans

The situation that the Paris Conference has had to confront is at once exceedingly hopeful and dangerous. Some reasons for the hopefulness I have given above. The dangerous sides are mainly the German advantages over ourselves in Zeppelins and the possibilities of the new German submarine campaign. Air and sea fighting are so closely allied with land war to-day that we cannot in any review of the situation omit these from our consideration.

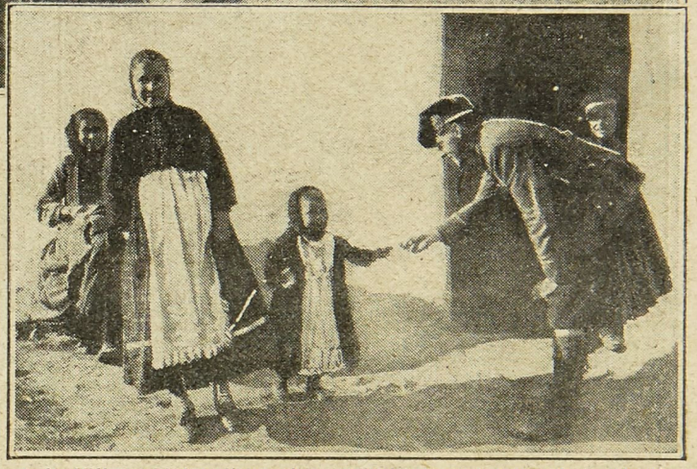
Germany with her back to the wall will fight with any weapon to hand. Some of the weapons that have been at least suggested on the German side are of so desperate and execrable a nature that at this stage I would not even name them in print. A despairing and defeated people will go to extremes from which it would revolt under normal conditions. We must be prepared for plans far more ruthless and amazing than any yet known. All the more reason for ending the German power for harm by an early simultaneous campaign along all fronts.

In deciding on this and in settling plans for the carrying of it out the Paris Conference may prove to be the most momentous gathering the world has known since the famous meeting of European rulers which settled the fate of Napoleon.

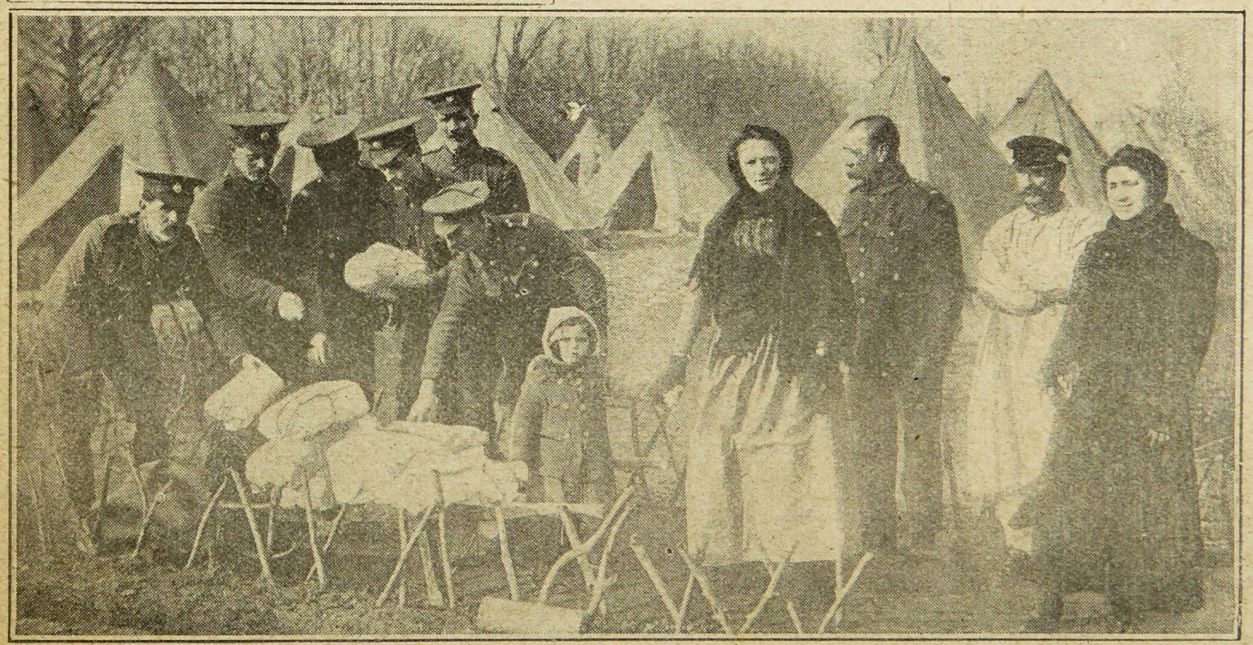
Young Ears That Heard the Cacophony of War



Motherless children of Italian soldiers at an institution where they are well cared for.

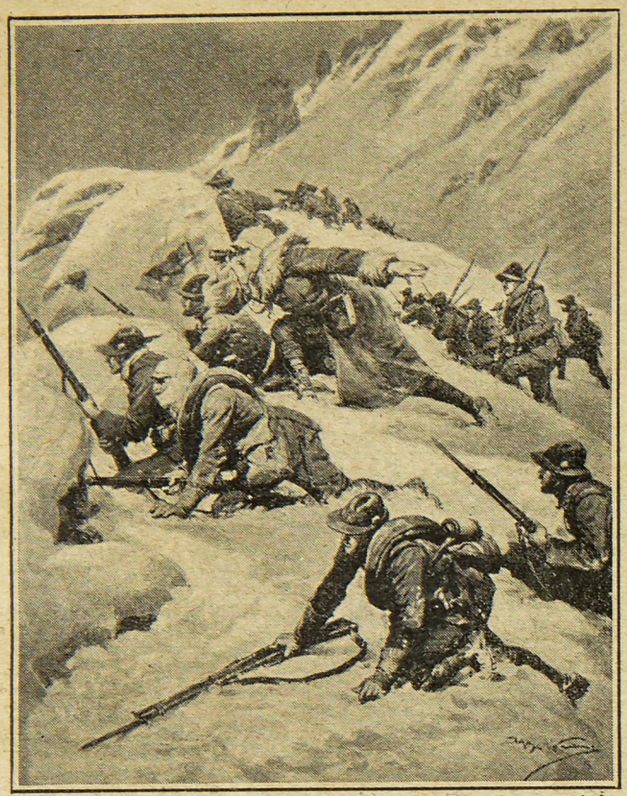


Left: Village children "camping out" with French troops in the North of France. Above: Mark of friendship between combatant and neutral. Scottish officer offering chocolate to a tiny Greek maiden at Salonika.

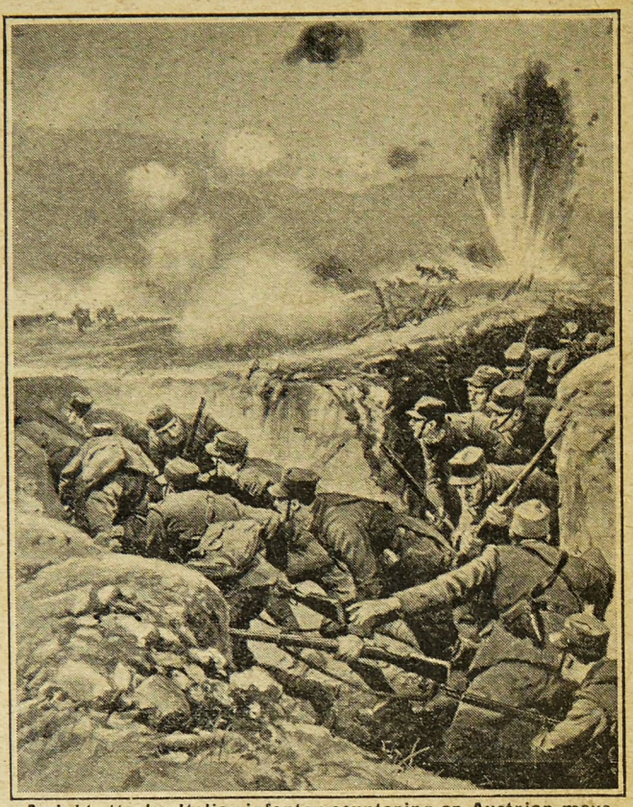


French pedlars, during a visit to a British camp at the front, selling their wares to interested "Tommies" who, in spite of their scanty French, still manage an exchange of pleasantries. In some French villages within sound of the guns there remain many peasant women and children, who refuse to leave their homesteads behind the firing-lines.

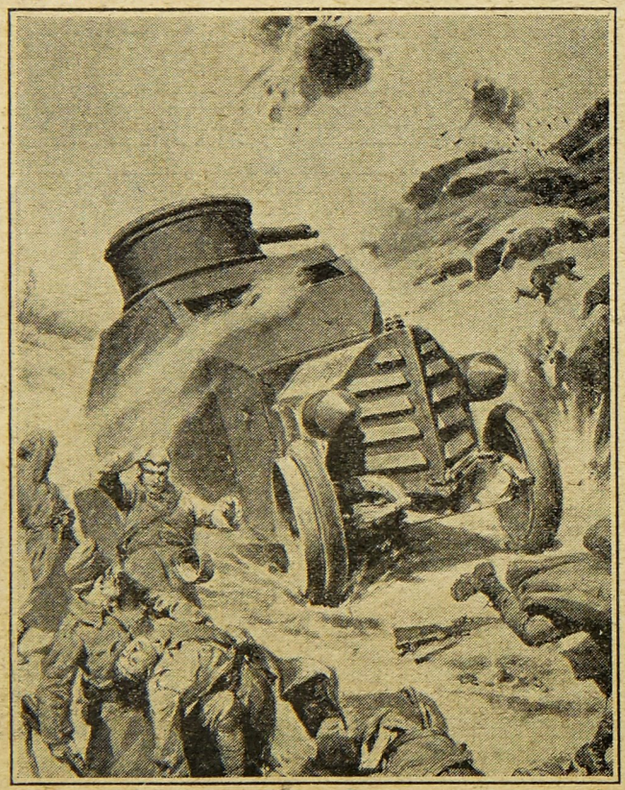
Four Phases of the Italo-Austrian Conflict



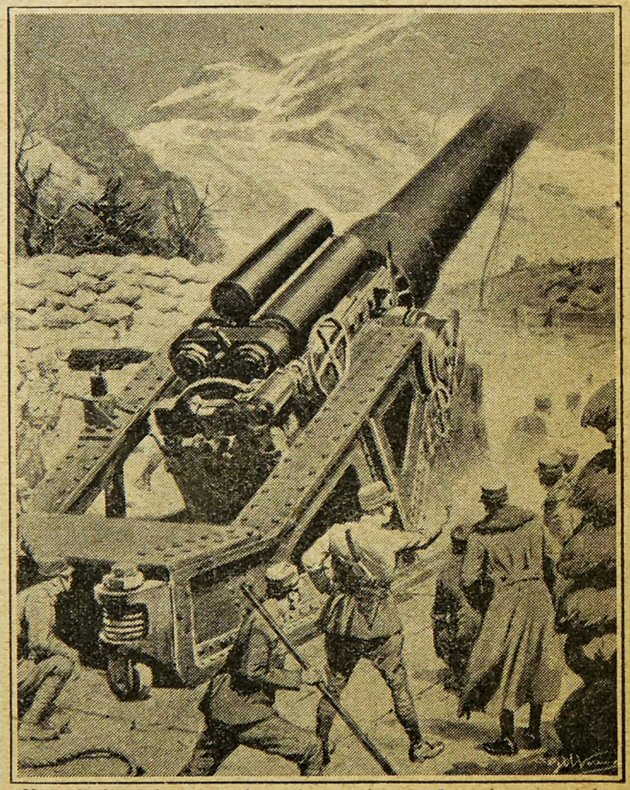
Italian Alpine soldiers in their winter kits leaving the mountain trenches in a surprise attack on the Austrians. Despite the intense cold, our Mediterranean ally is still acting on the offensive.



A night attack. Italian infantry countering an Austrian move across an Alpine plateau. At the signal to charge, the Italians are leaving the trenches to meet the Austrians half way.

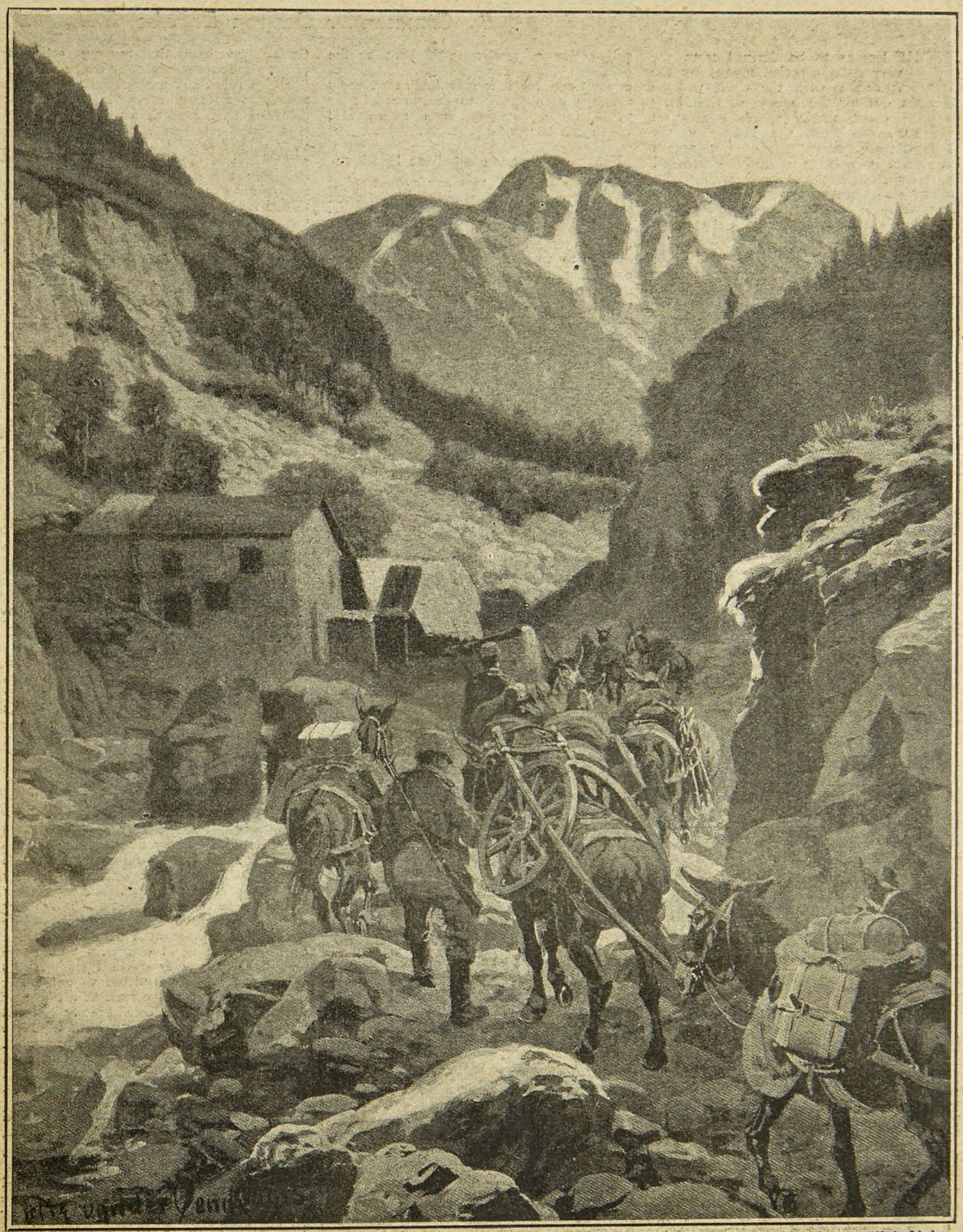


Italian armoured car surprises an Austrian patrol in a mountain pass. Notwithstanding the gradients, these powerful machines are used effectively on the Carso front.



Huge Italian siege-gun in action against an Austrian mountain fort. Italian artillery has proved to be among the most powerful and accurate ever devised.

Martial Clatter Echoes with Mountain Cascade



The awe-inspiring snow-capped Dolomites, lined with sombre fir-trees, long the resort of tourists, have now been overrun with the sinister traffic of war. The roll of the guns and clatter of martial hoofs echo simultaneously with the music of the cascade. The last year has witnessed the passing of troops, and the movement of munitions towards positions in this beautiful Alpine setting where our Italian ally holds his hereditary foe. This picturesque scene illustrates the march of an Austrian munition column along a mountain path. Mules are principally used for this work because of their sure footing on the moss-grown boulders.

Checking the Commerce Raiders

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

THE lessons to be derived from the very gallant action fought by the Alcantara with the Greif will be brought out for the benefit of the Navy by the court-martial which ensues on the survivors from the former vessel. This destruction of one of our armed merchant vessels is cheaply purchased if it results in the loss to Germany of a raider of the Moewe type before it can do any damage to our commerce. That, however, should not exclude a discussion as to the need of taking certain precautions owing to the fact discovered in the case of the Moewe that she carried torpedo-tubes.

The bigger the mercantile auxiliary the greater the need for taking these precautions, because a larger vessel is more difficult to manœuvre. She also offers a bigger target, which is entirely vulnerable because it is unarmoured. A German vessel, masquerading under the Norwegian flag, with the Norwegian flag painted on her side, would, of course, adopt the name and disguise of a somewhat similar Norwegian ship due in the vicinity about that time, and steer the course for a port for which the Norwegian ship was known to be bound.

If her conduct was suspicious in spite of all these indications, she should herself be signalled to send a boat, and be placed under the maximum of disadvantage for fighting purposes. Wireless should indicate what is taking place to the rest of the British patrol so that they can close, if no subsequent cancelling wireless comes through any attempts at jambing the message.

Forcing the Germans' Hands

These precautions would leave a real neutral cold, but would force the hand of a raider without danger to the patrol, other than the lowering of the false sides of the vessel and the opening of gun fire. It is, of course, conceivable that the Greif was accompanied by a submarine, for one account mentions that a destroyer, which helped to rescue the crews, had the satisfaction of sending a U boat to the bottom. This increases the need of precautions, for it is very likely that every attempt of a raider to escape would be made in conjunction with submarines which can be towed part of the way.

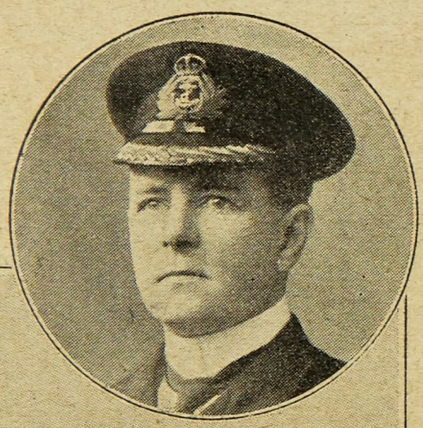
Kites as Guards against Raiders

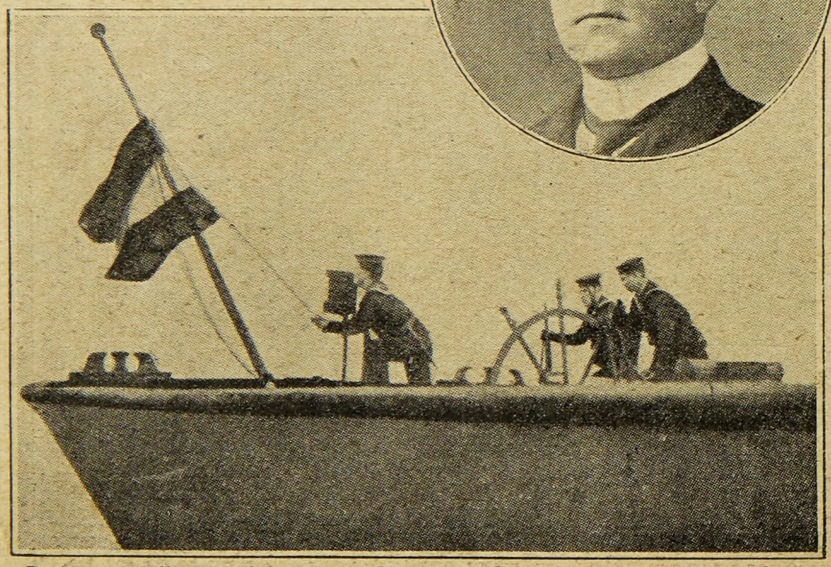
A ship stopped to lower a boat offers an ideal target. When fighting, she is not only absorbed in her task, but if she discovers the submarine's periscope it involves training her guns off her chief enemy to protect herself from the submarine. In this case it is clear that the submarine was not discovered until afterwards, that is to say if the newspaper account is correct as to the presence of a submarine subsequently sunk by a destroyer. The situation will arise again, so it is well to be prepared for it in the future. There has also to be considered whether every neutral vessel should not, under the declaration of a blockade, be ordered to report herself off Kirkwall where, without necessarily entering the port, the search can be conducted by tug-boats.

The only information we now lack is as to the armament of these Moewes. It is certain that they have been standardised so as to make their completion quicker. I assumed that the speed given in some accounts of twenty-five knots was rubbish, since it would involve a far larger crew than three hundred men, and the fact that the Alcantara was able to chase the Greif down shows that my own estimate of fifteen knots is probably correct.

I also ruled out the accounts given by merchant seamen of 7 in. guns, and assumed that 5·9 in., or guns of nearly 6 in. calibre, were the largest pieces. In view of the revival of the story of 7 in. guns, it will be interesting if we can ascertain the facts from prisoners. My reason for choosing the gun I have mentioned is that it is the standardised one of the German Navy, of which there are immense reserves. The next sized piece is the 4·2 in., and it is quite conceivable that the armament which would be chosen for these ships would be one 5·9 in. and four 4·2 in. Germany has lost a great many cruisers whose armaments consisted of 4·2 in. guns, and the very large reserves of these guns and ammunition belonging to those cruisers have to be used up.

I have one further suggestion to make. My impression has always been that the Navy treated Colonel Cody's man-carrying kites too cavalierly. I do not believe that the nature of a ship could be concealed from an eye at a height, and I think that the kites ought to be developed, though putting the matter forward with diffidence belonging to incomplete knowledge of what has been or is being done. From a height one can see through a mist because one looks down and not laterally, and mists go to no great height. One can better detect vessels in the distance and submarines below the surface.





Portuguese sailors hauling down the German flag from the ship Energie, one of the recently appropriated enemy steamers moored in the port of Lisbon. Inset: Capt. T. E. Wardle, R.N., in command of H.M. armed merchant cruiser Alcantara, which sank an armed German raider, Greif, disguised as a Norwegian merchant vessel, on February 29th, 1916, and was herself sunk, apparently by a torpedo.

The Danger from "Hyphenates"

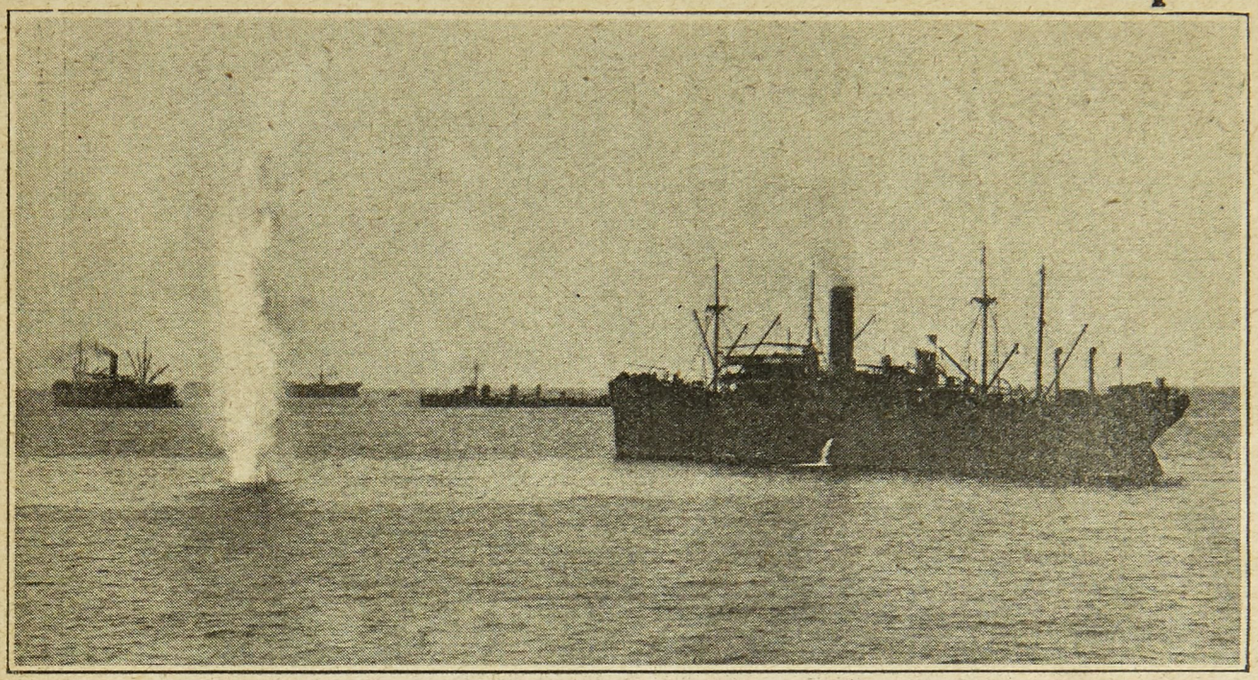
A further cheering circumstance in connection with the Greif is that the German Government remained in ignorance of her fate, though the matter was one fairly extensively talked about, to my knowledge, over a month ago. This shows that our authorities have got the upper hand in regard to information through German spies in this country. This explains the evident vexation of the German message of March 24th, the surviving crew of the Greif being "cut off from all communication with the outer world by the English," and fixes the period of secrecy now at about three weeks. There can be no doubt that this period could be much extended if only the Government would adopt a suggestion that I made many months ago in a letter to the Prime Minister, and take power to exclude the hyphenated men and women of so-called neutral countries who come over here ostensibly on business. Aliens ought not to be permitted to enter this country without the permit of a Consular official, who should be expressly ordered never to give a reason for a refusal. Here in Great Britain are our Navy, our arsenals, our munition centres, our reserves, threatened in one way and another, and from time to time attacked by Zeppelins.

Precautionary Permits Needed

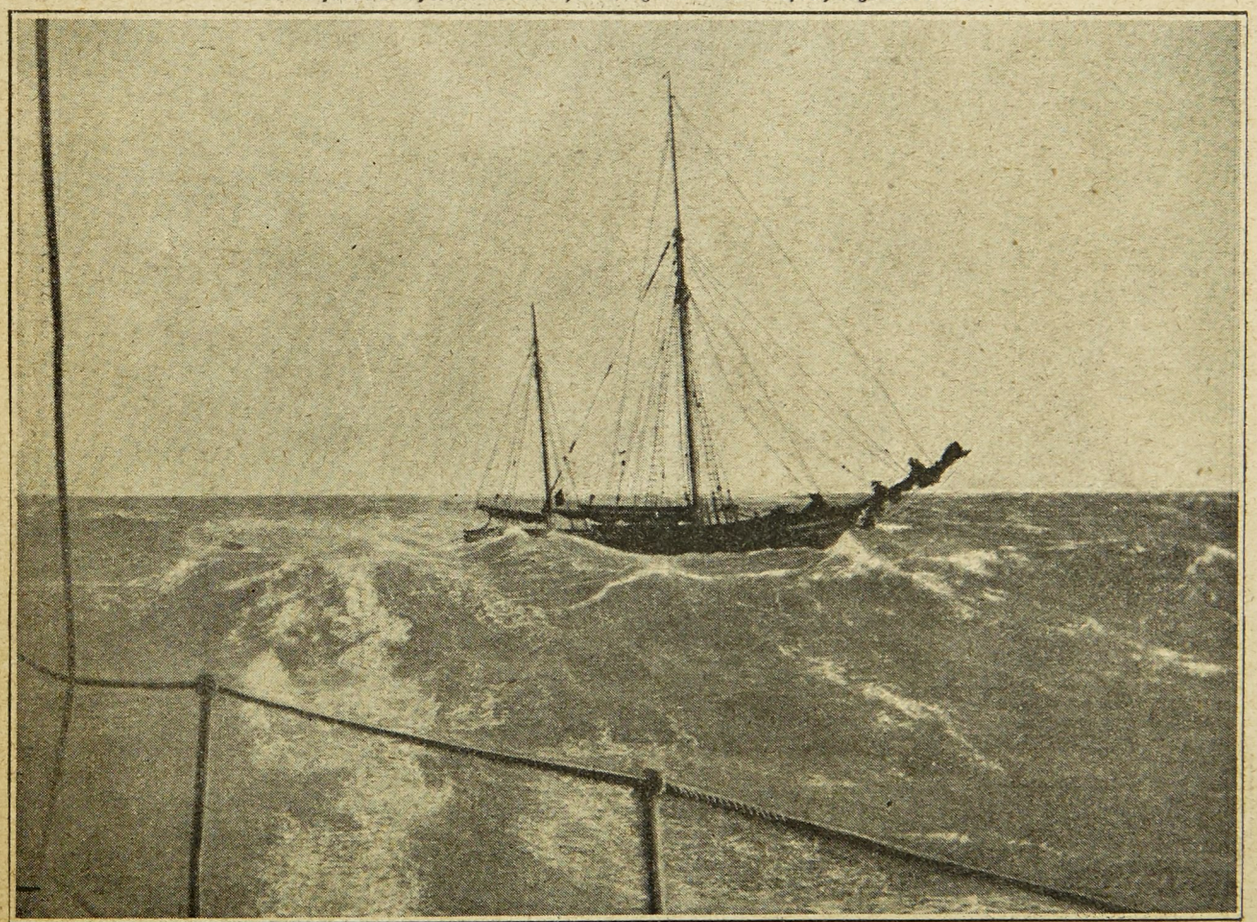
Are not these fighting times? Are aliens permitted near the fighting-lines in France?

Of course not, and every right-minded neutral would see the necessity under the changed conditions of modern war for new precautions. Such precautions would not in practice be nearly so irritating as the surveillance and questions which are given to neutrals landing here now, and which the well-drilled hyphenated can evade.

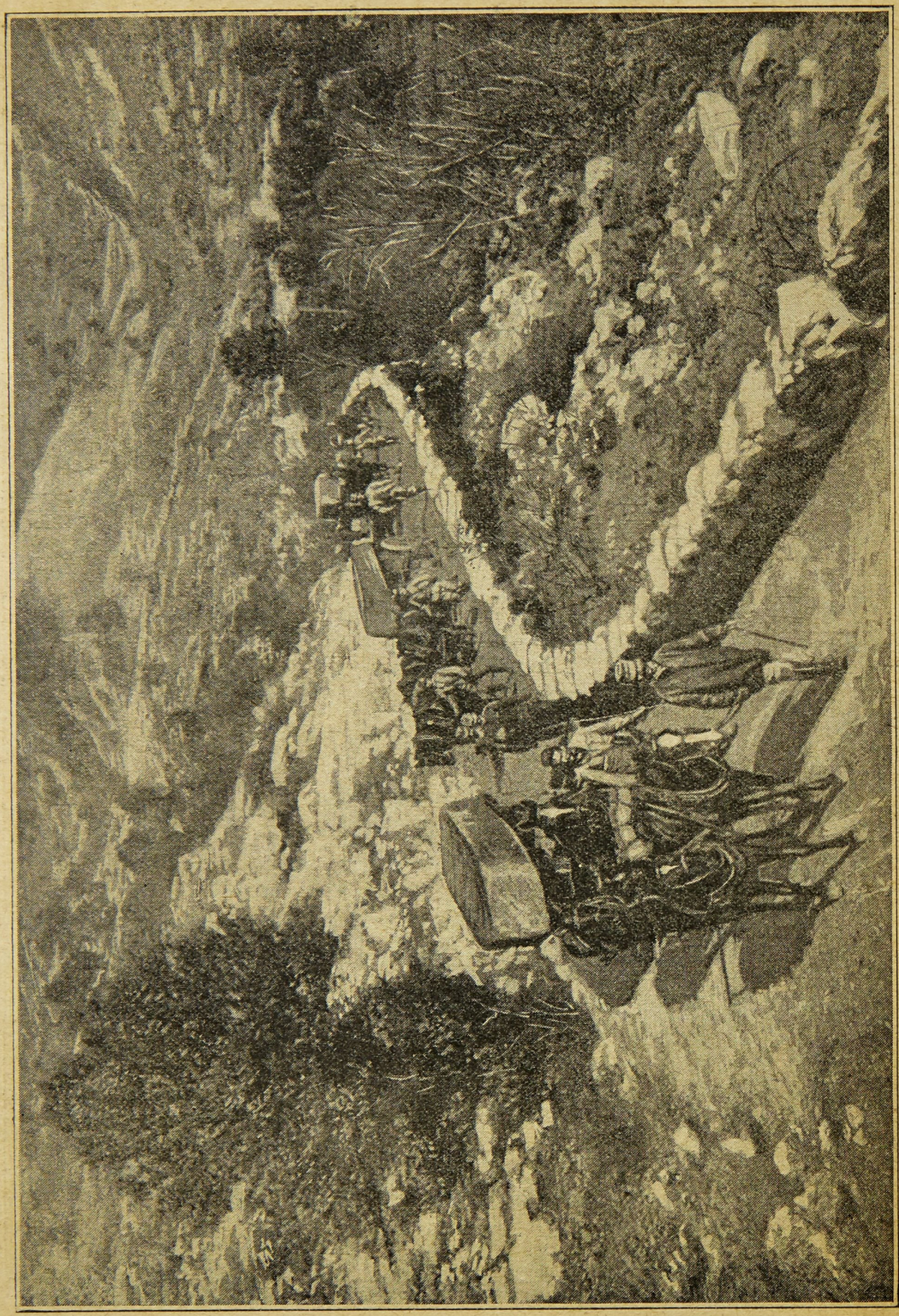
Peril on the Waves from Shell and Tempest



British merchant ship under heavy enemy fire somewhere in the Mediterranean zone of operations. A shell has struck the water some yards away from its mark, sending a fountain of spray high into the air.



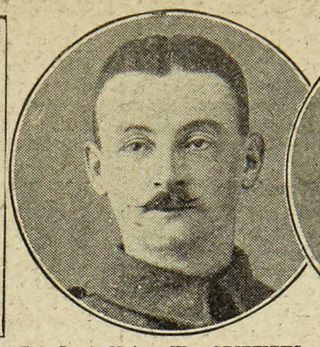
Schooner in distress, having signalled to the T.B.D. Coquette, the latter, whose taffrail is seen at the bottom of the photograph, is approaching the wreck to collect survivors. The Coquette subsequently fouled a mine off the East Coast and foundered, with a loss of one officer and twenty-one men.



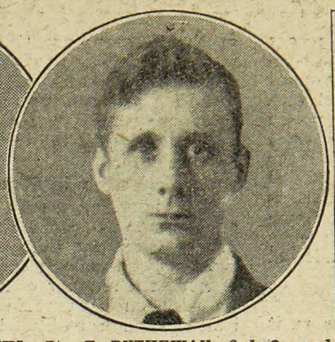
AUSTRIANS ADVANCING TO LAKE SCUTARI.—Convoy of pontoons trailing down a mountain path in Montenegro, to be launched on Lake Scutari, whither the remnant of Montenegrin forces retreated. This photograph, reproduced from an enemy paper, gives an excellent idea of the topography of the little realm of King Nicholas.

Decorated for Valour: More of Britain's Brave Sons

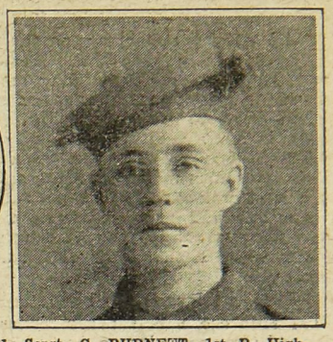
Flight-Lieut. E. H. DUNNING, R.N.A.S., awarded the D.S.C. for exceptionally good work in observing and photographing in a seaplane.



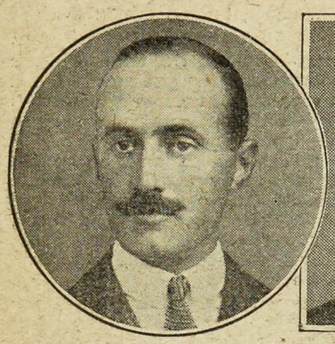
Coy.-Sergt.-Major W. GRIFFITHS, 1st Shropshire L.I., awarded D.C.M. and French Military Medal for saving lives under shell fire.



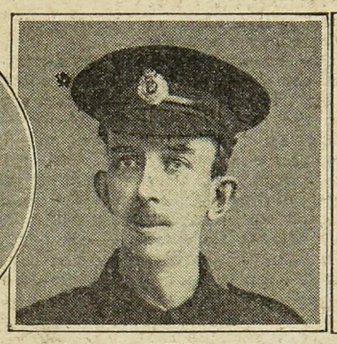
Pte. T. BYTHEWAY, 2nd Ox. and Bucks. L.I., awarded D.C.M. for rescuing three gassed men and devotion to duty.



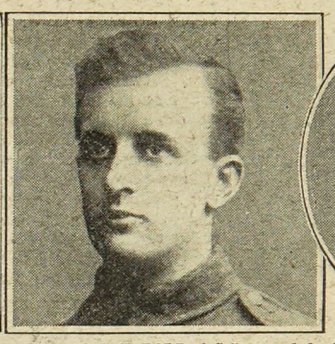
Sergt. G. BURNETT, 1st R. Highlanders, awarded clasp to his D.C.M. and Cross of St. George, for conspicuous gallantry in action.



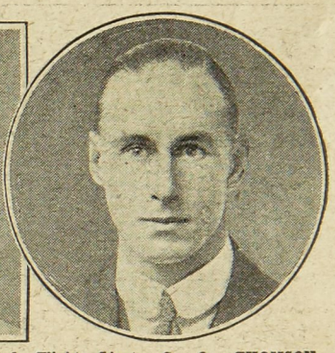
Flight-Com. C. H. BUTLER, R.N.A.S., awarded D.S.C. for his splendid observation work while flying low over the enemy's lines.



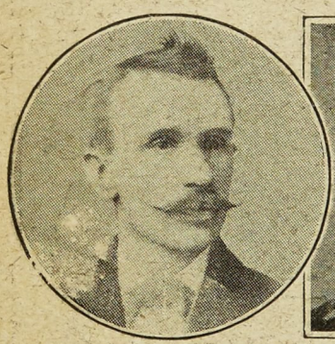
Corpl. F. G. COUSINS, 187th Coy. R.E., awarded D.C.M. for capturing a German colonel, a captain, and five privates, though quite unarmed.



L.-Corpl. C. T. BOLD, A.S.C., awarded D.C.M. for bravery in bringing up supplies. A wheel breaking, he fitted on another under fire.

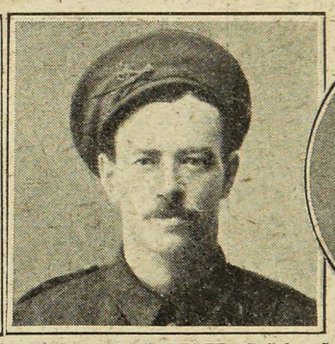


Flight-Lieut. G. L. THOMSON, R.N.A.S., awarded the D.S.C. for gallant observation service while flying low over enemy positions.

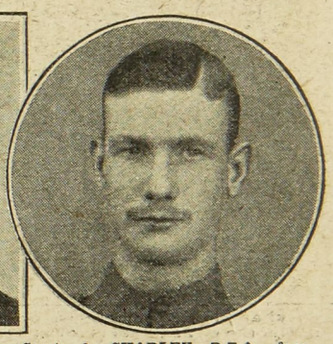


Pipe-Major I. S. HOWARTH, 6th Gordon Highlanders, awarded a clasp to his D.C.M. for great bravery in action at Loos.

Pte. J. RILEY, 1st Worcester Regt., awarded the D.C.M. for saving wounded men under heavy fire at Neuve Chapelle.

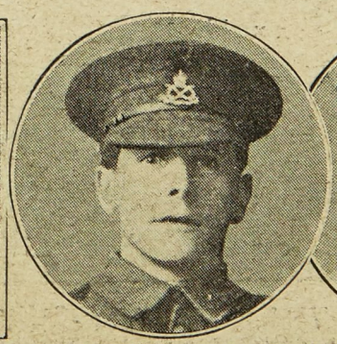


Bomb. G DOUGHERTY, R.G.A., awarded D.C.M. for twice repairing communication lines under fierce fire at Neuve Chapelle.



Sergt. A. CHARLEY, R.F.A., four times mentioned in despatches, and awarded clasp to his D.C.M. for gallantry in action at Loos.

Sec.-Lieut. P. R. FOISTER, 2nd Leicester Regt., gained the D.C.M. near Festubert in 1914, and was given a commission for distinguished service.



Sergt. J. E. FREETH, 1st S. Staff. Regt., awarded D.C.M. for conspicuous service along the enemy's front under fire.

Sergt.-Major J. DUGGAN, 6th S. Staffs. Regt., awarded D.C.M. and Russian Cross of the Order of St. George for bravery in action.

Pte. J. JACKSON, A.S.C., awarded D.C.M. for saving an ambulance with wounded under heavy fire: congratulated by Lord French.

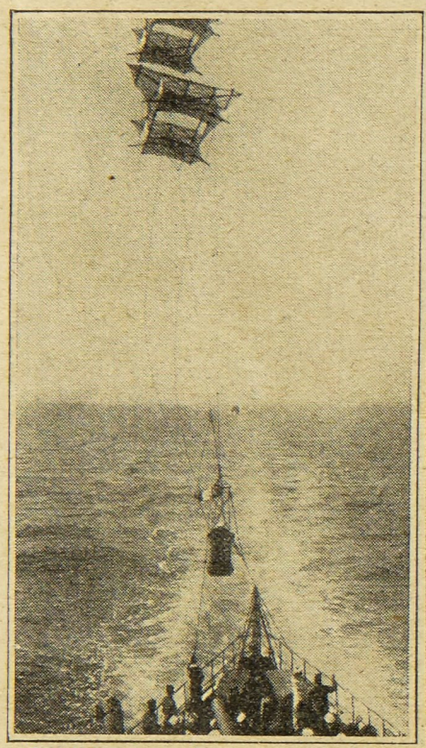
The Air Raid on Schleswig-Holstein

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

THE official statements on the recent seaplane raid on the Schleswig-Holstein coast left many in doubt whether the operation was intended as a serious effort to destroy the big Zeppelin sheds in that district, or merely as a reconnaissance to find out whether the sheds were there at all. If it was intended as a destructive raid, it looks rather as if someone had failed to learn a lesson from the day fifteen months before when a somewhat similar raid was made on Cuxhaven.

A Warning Precedent

On that occasion six aeroplanes went out and three were lost, only under rather different circumstances. One of them was badly hit, and sank as it alighted



Peculiar type of observation kite ascending on an aerial reconnaissance from a French battleship at sea.

alongside the submarine which picked up the crew. One of the others was undamaged, but had to be abandoned at sea, as there was no method by which the submarine could get it away; and the third was sunk by its pilot when he was picked up by a Dutch fishing-boat; so, though the raid was rather expensive, the Germans made no profit out of it.

This time, it seems, only five aeroplanes (or rather seaplanes) went out, and three of them were lost. The German official statement, which in this case was trustworthy, stated that four officers and an N.C.O. were taken prisoners. The statement also referred to a battle-aeroplane. From this one judged that the machines used were two big seaplanes, with pilot and passenger on each, one of the passengers being a warrant or petty officer, and that the third machine was one of the fast little seaplanes carrying a pilot only, and armed with a machine-gun.

Such a machine would be used just as the Germans use their Fokker monoplanes and their newest "frightfulness"—the tiny Aviatik biplane—simply for "strafing" other aeroplanes which try to interfere with the reconnaissance machines and bomb-droppers which they are sent out to guard.

Value in Numbers

The big raids carried out by the French on German towns and by the Royal Flying Corps on German military positions in Belgium have shown how essential it is that a number of aeroplanes should be used on such raids. The reason is simple enough really. If one aeroplane goes over a town, every gun in the place is turned on to it; and when one knows the extraordinary accuracy of the newer German anti-aircraft guns and gunners, one may lay pretty heavy odds on it being brought down, unless it is at some extraordinary height where it can scarcely be seen. If two arrive at once they divide the attention of the gunners, and are less likely to be hit. If four arrive at once they distract the gunners still more, and so on with increasing numbers.

Consequently, the greater the number of aeroplanes sent on a raid, not only the greater the damage do they do, but the better their chance of escaping unhurt. The proof of this is the fact that in the Zeebrugge raid, a week earlier, sixty-five machines went over the most heavily armed part of the German lines, and over Ostend and Zeebrugge, which are simply bristling with German anti-aircraft guns, whereas here we have a raid by five machines, and three of them are brought down.

The only consolation is that the crews were not killed, though the fact that they escaped death probably means that the machines fell into the hands of the enemy, which is unfortunate if they happened to be of any modern type which was worth copying.

However, one hopes that the two machines which returned brought back sufficient detailed information as to the precise location of the Zeppelin sheds at Tondern to permit of our making a really big raid in the near future, which will result in our wiping out the said sheds with all that may be therein.

Honour to the Airmen

As a sporting effort, this affair deserves every commendation, and the officers and men concerned merit congratulations on their gallantry in going out in such small numbers over a district which is so well provided with armament with which to meet any attack by aircraft on the sheds that contain the precious Zeppelins, which have been, perhaps, Germany's greatest success among the various novel weapons she has introduced into modern warfare.

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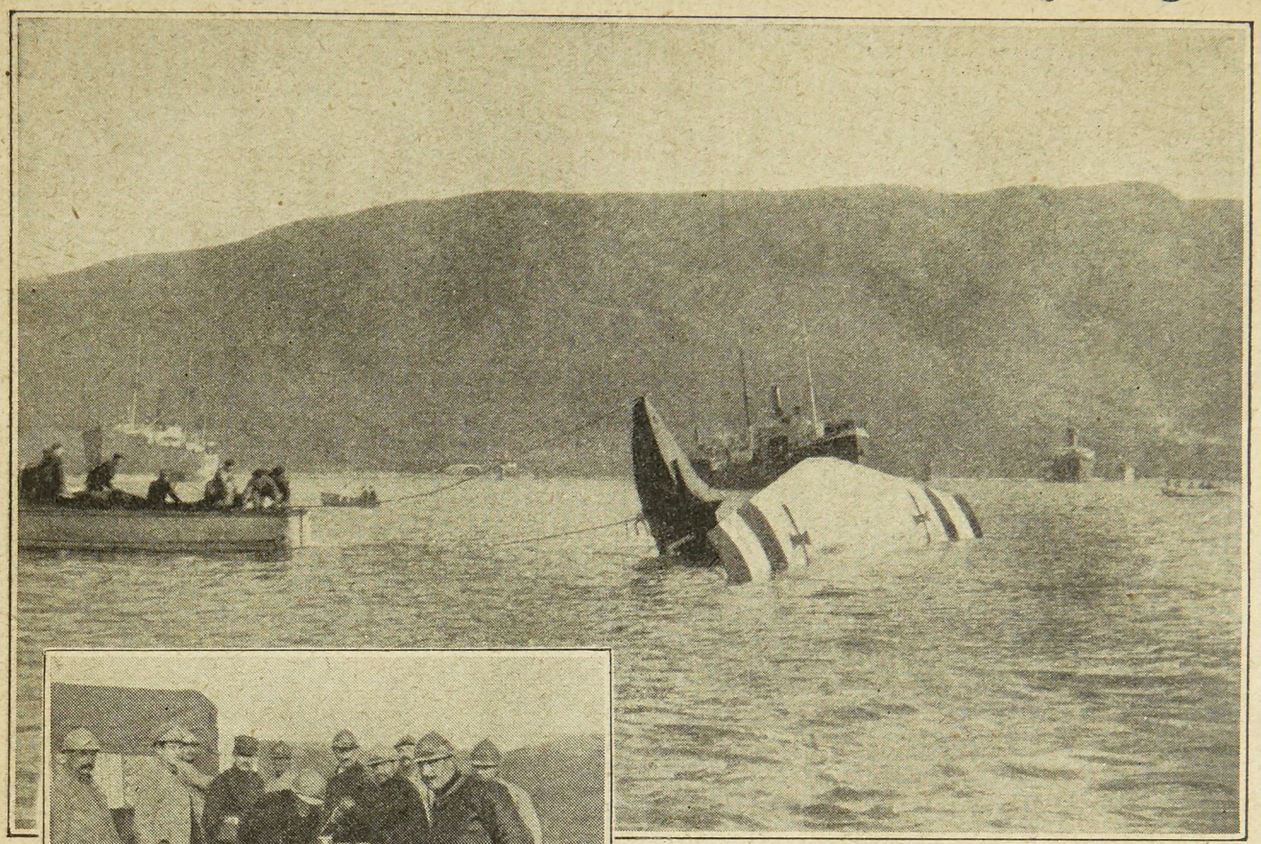
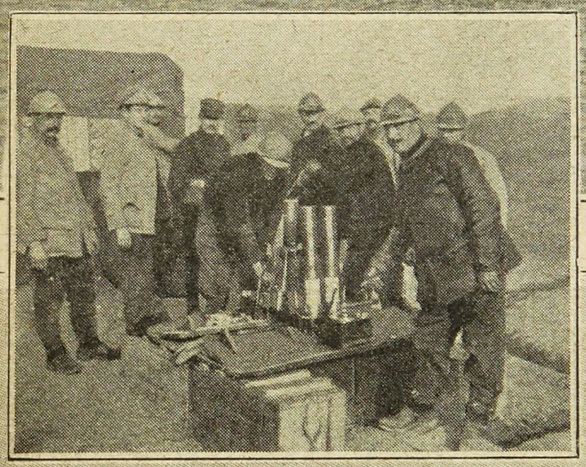
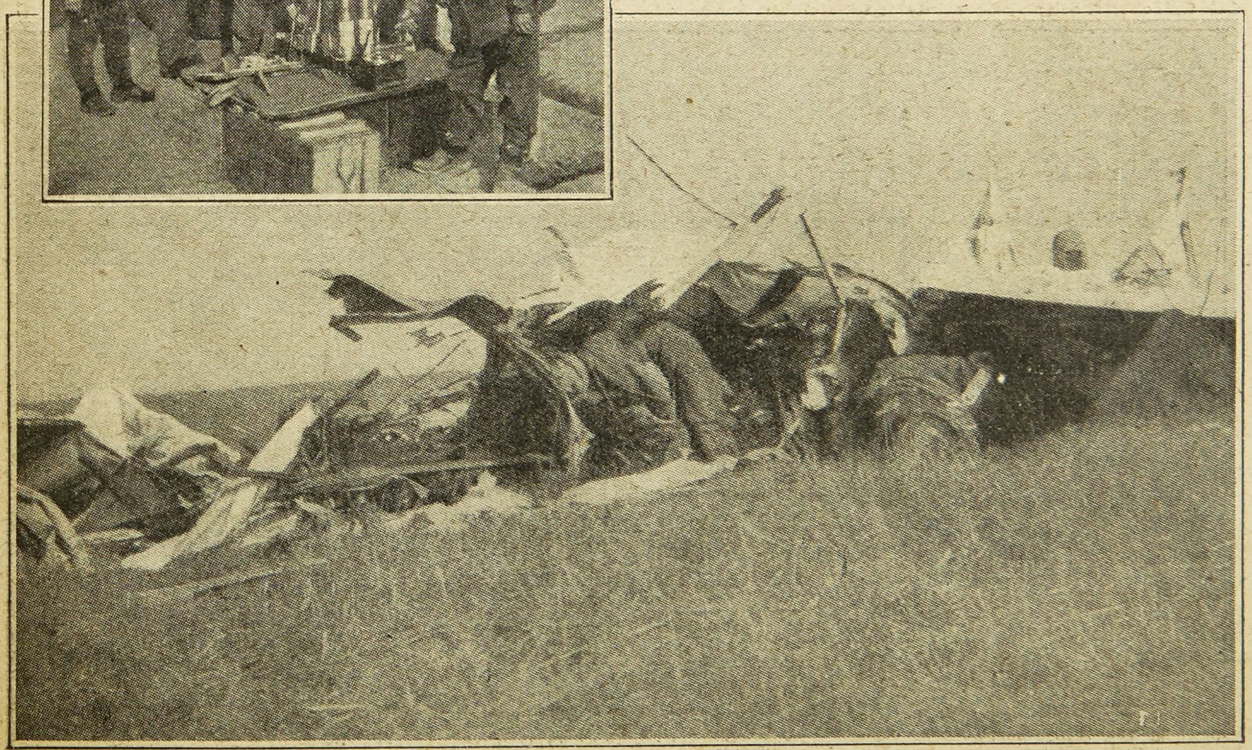
Map showing the area of the seaplane raid. On March 26th an aerial attack was made by a fleet of British seaplanes on German airship sheds in Schleswig-Holstein. Two armed German patrols were sunk by bombs. The seaplanes were convoyed within a reasonable distance of their objective by a force of light cruisers and destroyers under command of Commodore Tyrwitt. The five British airmen who were compelled to descend and taken prisoners, were Flight-Lieut. George H. Reid, R.N., Flight-Sub.-Lieut. John F. Hay, R.N., Flight-Sub-Lieut. Cyril G. Knight, R.N., Midshipman Stanley E. Hoblyn, R.N.R., and Richard Mullins, C.P.O.

Broken Wings! The Last of Two Enemy Eagles



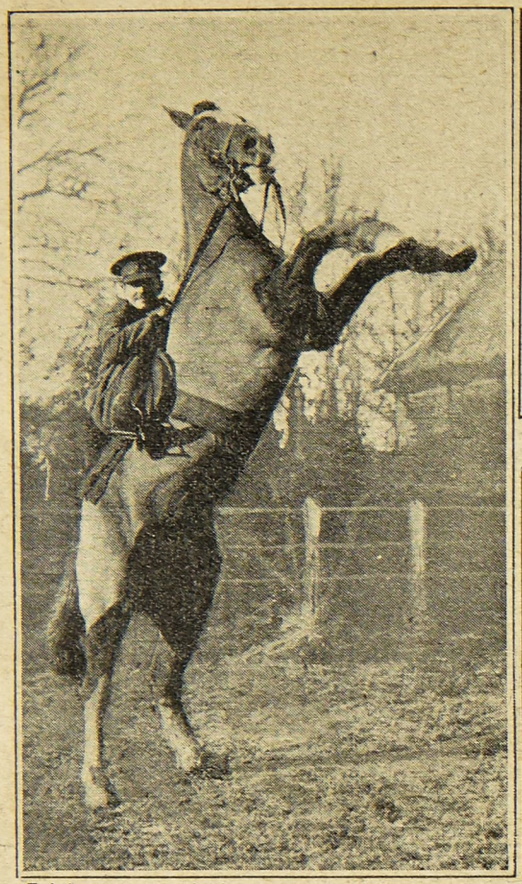
Austrian hydroplane, brought down by Italian fire after an attempt to drop bombs on the auxiliary cruiser La Savoie, being towed into Valona Harbour.



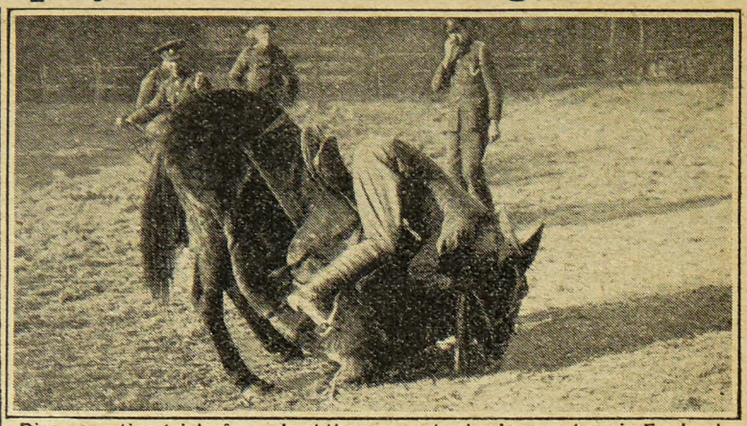


German aeroplane brought down by French flier in Lorraine from a height of nearly ten thousand feet. The dead pilot is seen imprisoned in his car. Inset: French artillerymen setting fuses at the approach of an enemy aeroplane near Salonika.

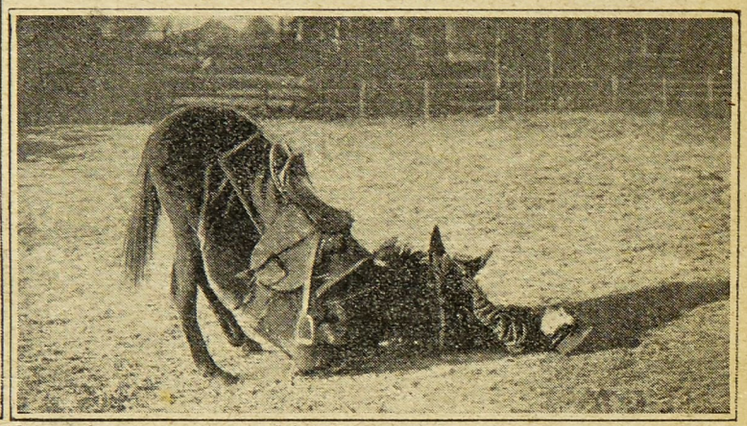
Thrills for the Neophyte at a Riding School



Frisky horse which prances perilously, much to the consternation of one unused to the saddle.



Disconcerting trick of a mule at the remount school somewhere in England. This mule is doing its best to get rid of its rider.



The mule unseats the recruit. An everyday occurrence at the riding-school.

Bringing pressure to bear on an obstinate mount. Five members of the riding school roping in a mule which has given more than the ordinary amount of trouble during a lesson.

Photo by Bassano.

OFFICERS OF FAMOUS BRITISH REGIMENTS.

4TH BATTALION BEDFORDSHIRE REGIMENT.—Back row (left to right): Lieut. P. C. Cavan, Sec.-Lieut. G. W. Stopford, Sec.-Lieut. R. E. G. Cecil (killed), Sec.-Lieut. R. Fawcett, Sec.-Lieut. J. Darbishire (killed). Centre row: Capt. H. W. Tollemache, Capt. the Hon. E. M. Sfonor, Capt. C. Wolff, Major R. P. Croft, Capt. W. Halsey, Capt. and Adjt. W. Wild, Lieut. R. Barry. Front row: Sec.-Lieut. A. Sprunt (killed), and Sec.-Lieut. L. Dickenson.

The Grand Old Highland Name

Notes on War News

Regimental Names and Traditions

RESTING "somewhere in France" there were, a week or two ago, seventy-five men, the remnant of a battalion of one of the most famous of our Highland regiments. This battalion had been recruited just after the outbreak of the war from among the hardy mountaineers of the North, and had been almost annihilated during the fighting in April and May of last year. Re-formed, it met with a similar experience later in the year, and recently a single officer led out of action the seventy-five survivors. A few days ago this officer was in London, and spoke most optimistically of the British prospects. But his most interesting remark was about his men.

Their chief fear, it seems, was that they might be attached to some other regiment, and the prospect of this was indeed bitter to them. They had enlisted, fought, and bled under the grand old Highland name, and when they went again to battle they would march under it, and no other. Our rulers have done many things they ought not to have done, and have left undone many things which they ought to have done, but for one thing we must thank them. They have not tampered with our regimental names and traditions, and a little incident, such as the one related above, shows how valuable these are.

French Bays and the Maple Leaf

A TOUCHING ceremony took place recently in the square of an old-world Flemish town when some men of the Canadian Contingent were decorated by the French military authorities for gallantry in the field. Just as there has been an everlasting sympathy between France and Scotland, so has our ally been bound in friendship to Canada, especially to those parts of Quebec which are still to a great extent French. This gracious act on the part of the French Staff could not have been more welcome, and those splendid Canadians who were decorated with the Legion of Honour and the Military Medal, and saluted with the kiss of France, will never forget.

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The War and the Latin Quarter

WHO has stood at the entrance to the Luxembourg Gardens of an April afternoon in the shadow of Carpeaux's superb fountain, listening to the merry French children, admiring their pretty nursemaids, and watching the stream of students flutter by, without feeling a supreme joy in life and an indescribable emotion of happiness with one's lot? To-day there are not many students in the quarter of which Balzac once wrote, "He who has not lived there knows little of human life." Most have gone "à la guerre," and the left bank of the Seine, like the right, is in war fettle.

Heroism and Temperament

THE war has wrought many interesting changes in the students' quarter of Paris. Art schools are still open, however, for the nation that buried the statue of the Venus de Milo in Père Lachaise, rather than let it fall into Prussian hands during '70, will not neglect the arts even in the throes of a life-and-death struggle. But a seriousness has come over the Boulevard Montparnasse, and everybody is doing something to further the cause of France. What remain of the fascinating polyglot population of the Latin Quarter are busy at Red Cross hospitals, workrooms, canteens, etc.

The Comedy is Finished

THOSE bizarre growths in art, Cubism and Futurism, are but memories of the hectic days immediately preceding the war. Cafés and restaurants no longer shine with gaiety, wit, and talent, song, dance, and fine colour. Truly a wonderful change has come over this unique quarter of the Occident. Something indeed terribly important must have happened to transform the irresponsible spirit of the "Boul Mich" into one of great and tireless earnest. And here the spirit of French determination is proved up to the very hilt. A new study has found its way into the "Quarter," viz., toymaking, which is engaging the attention of students and professors of the finer arts. Societies to encourage this industry have been formed, and it is hoped that it will flourish, and thereby eventually oust the parasite German toy from the French nursery.

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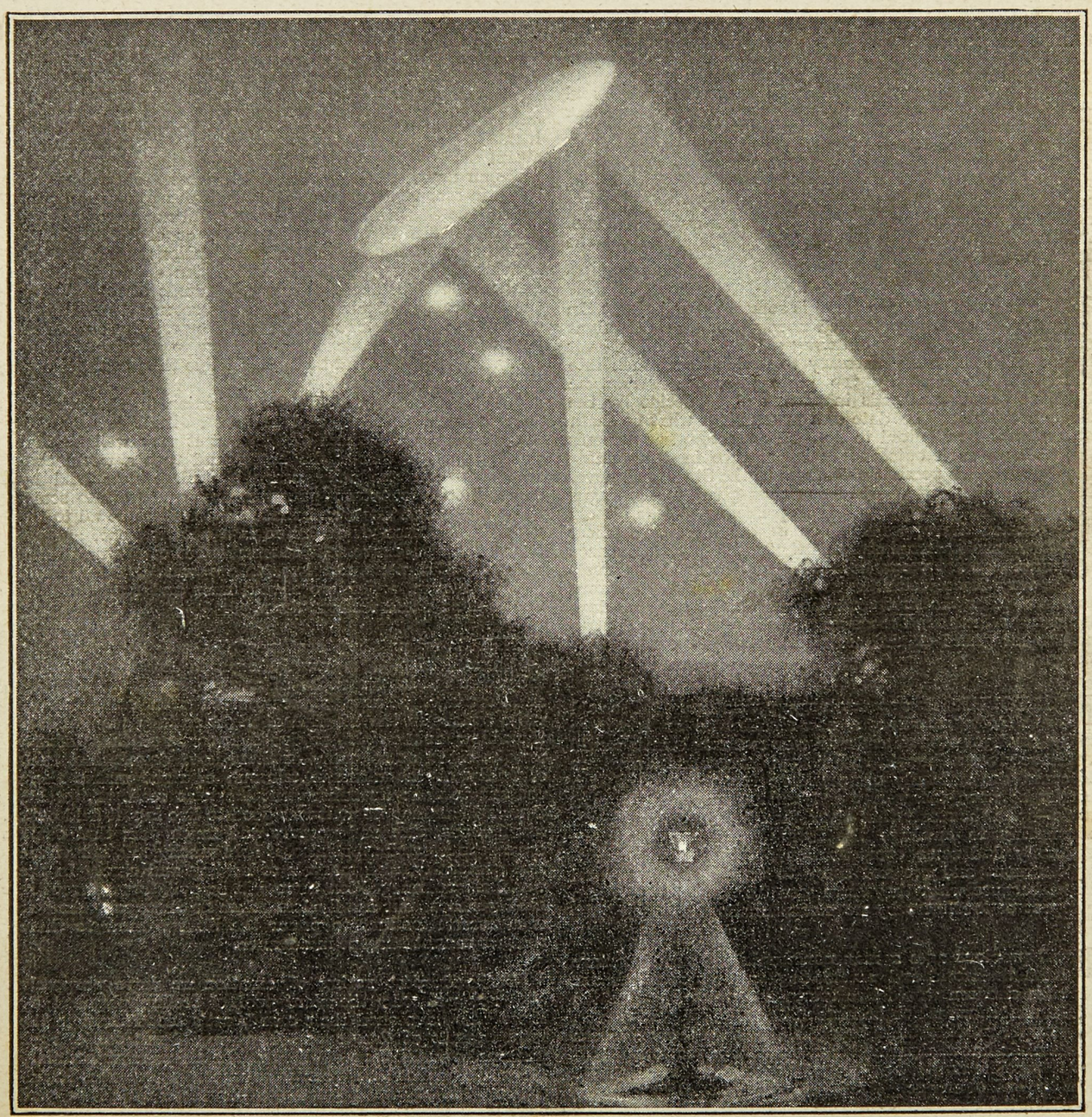
The War Illustrated, April 15th, 1916. *Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

French Heroism Holds the Foe Before Verdun

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly



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Vol. 4 **In the Leash of the Lights: Actual Photograph of Zeppelin Escaping from Anti-Aircraft Fire** **No. 87**

THE OBSERVATION POST

After Armageddon

THERE are some of us—and those not the very oldest—who would confess, if pressed, that they are by no means sorry to be on the downward slope of life. In terms of biology, life is adaptation to environment, and contemplating the present convulsion of civilisation from the comparative security that still surrounds their arm-chairs, these people whom we have in mind know that only youth at its quickest can have the adaptability to meet such rapidly changing conditions, and that, therefore, they themselves must inevitably be misfits for whatever period of time remains to them.

IN one sense, of course, there is nothing exceptional, and therefore especially tragic, about the matter. Rather the reverse, indeed, for this realisation of failing adaptability is the normal experience of those growing old, and the tenderness of Mother Nature is manifested in few things more clearly than in the kindness with which she thus reconciles age to the idea of departure from the familiar scenes in which their part has been played out to the end. Age is seldom reluctant to quit the boards and leave the limelight to the juvenile hero.

BUT in another sense there is something sad about the matter as it is presented now. For the attendant circumstances are all extravagantly abnormal. Never before has it been so necessary to divide living men into classes distinguished by the years in which they were born, to count the heads in each, and to decide by the single accident of the date of a man's birth what he shall, or shall not, be required to do. Never before has a man's age been of such outstanding importance in determining the degree of his possible usefulness to the State, and never before has so precise a definition been given to the vague periods called a man's youth, or prime, or middle, or old age. Unless the appraising eye of the recruiting officer detects a constitutional strength that outweighs the menace of a man's actual years, he will reject him in the interests of the very State which the man himself is keenly desirous to serve. For the first time the number of a man's days is taken as the actual measure of his worth to his country, and so his grand climacteric appears to him a very sorry thing.

MOREOVER, it appears very premature. "Too old at forty" acquires a new significance as a phrase in the dry light of fact, and men who in normal times would not have given a thought to their age for a good many years to come, are suddenly compelled to face it and find it a barrier between themselves and what they would be glad to do—with the result that their thought flies forward, and attempting to envisage the future that shall be, they gradually find some compensation for their previous disappointment and are not sorry to be on the downward slope, because what they have seen from their Pisgah is a prospect of loveliness by no means unalloyed.

IN all previous ages a man contemplating his departure from the world and attempting to forecast the future that his children would live to see, imagined perpetuation of the conditions which he himself knew, subject, of course, to gradual modifications brought about by the extension of scientific knowledge and the progress of invention. That is not possible now. This war is Armageddon, we are told. It is the end of an age. And it is to be followed by a period in which the conditions will be wholly new. There is to be a new heaven and a new earth. And even optimism, which knows that the triumph of right is born of strife, is uneasy and mute when standing before a veil which it cannot pierce and which conceals novel and wholly unimagined things.

WE may picture a man of a hundred years ago, tired by the long unrest of the Napoleonic Wars, and in a position like that of those people of whom we are thinking now. Waterloo has been won, the bells have rung backwards, the bonfires have blazed, and every window in every town and hamlet has made its contribution to the splendid illumination that celebrates the end of a terrible time and the advent of a new and good one. He sings his *Nunc dimittis* not reluctantly, and pictures his children enjoying the harvest of peace that he has sown in blood; enjoying it, however, in ways and by means known to himself. He could not have imagined the harnessing of steam and pictured huge trains thundering along at sixty miles an hour, or electricity-bridled messages girdling the earth in seconds. Even so short a time ago as the happy end of the South African War we could not have pictured the monstrous Zeppelins of to-day, or contemplated as actual possibility enormous aggregations of machines heavier than air speeding at more than a hundred miles an hour over distances of many hundreds of miles. And the momentum of progress increases so rapidly that it is even more impossible for us to-day to forecast the conditions that will be commonplace in a very few years' time. Somehow we fancy they will be more terrible than beautiful.

GREATER still will be the alteration in the relation of man to man, and in the attitude of man to abstractions. In respect of this last it may well be that the change will be for the better and that a world consciousness will gradually usurp the place now held by national consciousness; patriotism may merge into something larger and finer, and that will doubtless be all to the good. The lesson of evolution is a cheering one, and we realise that the movement of mankind is ever onward and upward. But none the less, things will disappear, and disappear soon, which we should miss and regret did we live to see a world without them.

THERE is nothing sentimentally self-pitying in all this. Nor is it merely a phase due to a kind of fatigue after long months of anxiety, distress, suffering, and carnage. These superannuated men of whom we write believe in the triumph of right as they would strike their blow for the right, or give their sons and their fortune for the right, as so many of them have done. But their certainty of the ultimate triumph of right makes them content to take its subsequent story as read. After all, the world as they knew it was good to live in; it held evils of all kinds, vice and poverty and much pain that could have been averted; but also, it held much good, fair virtue and generosity, and marvels of healing and care. In the world after Armageddon there will be evil, too, different in kind perhaps, but hardly less tolerable therefor. And it is a natural instinct to prefer the ills we know to those that we cannot imagine in advance.

TO the deepest spring of emotion we have purposely not pointed; the silent pool of feeling plumbed by those who have shed their own heart's blood through the fatal wounds of their sons. They would not call it back perhaps, even if they could, but for them most certainly the world will not be "worth living in," even after Armageddon. It is very reasonable that these should be glad that life's ascent lies behind them.

C. M.

15th April, 1916. No. 87. Vol. 4.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON

HONOUR TO THE BRAVE.—A Canadian lance-corporal being decorated with the Distinguished Conduct Medal on the British western front. (Official photograph issued by the Press Bureau.)

The man who turned the tide. General Balfourier, who was in command of the French Twentieth Army Corps, the men who swept the Germans off the Plain of Douaumont when the enemy had all but succeeded in carrying the coveted position.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

XXXVI.—The German Gamble for Verdun: Second Phase

AT the end of February the German General Staff began to realise the full power of the French resistance and determination before Verdun. The formidable Mackensen wedge tactics which had proved triumphant against the munitionless Russian hosts on the Dunajec were comparatively impotent when applied to a section of the French front in full preparation, naturally strong, and supported by an illimitable supply of guns and shells.

Having proceeded so far on an enterprise which they had suggested to the world was a foregone success for the German arms, the Imperial Command was in the unhappy predicament of not being able to withdraw, although it must have appeared a forlorn hope after the failure of the hammer-stroke on the Douaumont anvil; for one great lesson of this war is that victory is synonymous only with indisputable success from the onset of operations.

Haeseler Meets His Match

Furthermore, the Germans were ever hypnotised by a theory bequeathed by the older Moltke to the venerable Haeseler that the route to Paris was via the tortuous Valley of the Meuse. Field-Marshal von Haesler, appointed to the Argonne command as Prussia's most able strategist, was entrusted with the responsibility of winning battles for which the Crown Prince was to take credit, and thereby gain the confidence of the German populace as heir to the Imperial throne.

Haeseler, all along, showed himself no match for the younger French leaders, and the failure of his greatest effort, Verdun, proves again the theory that extreme age is unequal to the strain made by modern campaigning on constitution and temperament. It was not surprising, therefore, that the veteran retired from his command before the conclusion of the operation.

Our Allies' Marvellous Fire

The finest German material was squandered during the first phase of the battle, and in order to bring their battalions up to strength with fresh drafts from the Belgian front, replenish stores and munitions, and reorganise the new line, infantry attacks were suspended for a period of sixty hours.

When March opened the attack against Douaumont was resumed, and after the customary terrific bombardment, German infantry was thrown forward in masses from the Valley of Les Chambrettes and the Vauche Wood toward the centre of the plateau, while another strong converging effort was directed from under the cover of Hardaumont Wood. Having had several hours in which to make ready for the second onslaught, the French gunners were in a better defensive position than ever and the enemy simply melted away before our ally's marvellous fire from batteries concentrated on the plateau itself and on the commanding heights of Fleury, Souville, and Belleville.

So horrible and monotonous was the slaughter that the French artillerymen, in spite of their natural detestation of the Teuton, were moved to compassion for men thrown so recklessly upon their guns.

Under cover of night the Germans again brought up fresh divisions in order to make another desperate assault on the morrow. All that day the enemy efforts were furious but futile, until the Crown Prince himself ordered a final attack to be made against the ghastly plateau. New Prussian brigades thereupon stormed the plain and, by dint of numbers and undoubted courage, actually succeeded in penetrating to the village of Douaumont, where hand-to-hand encounters ensued between the adversaries on either side of the main street.

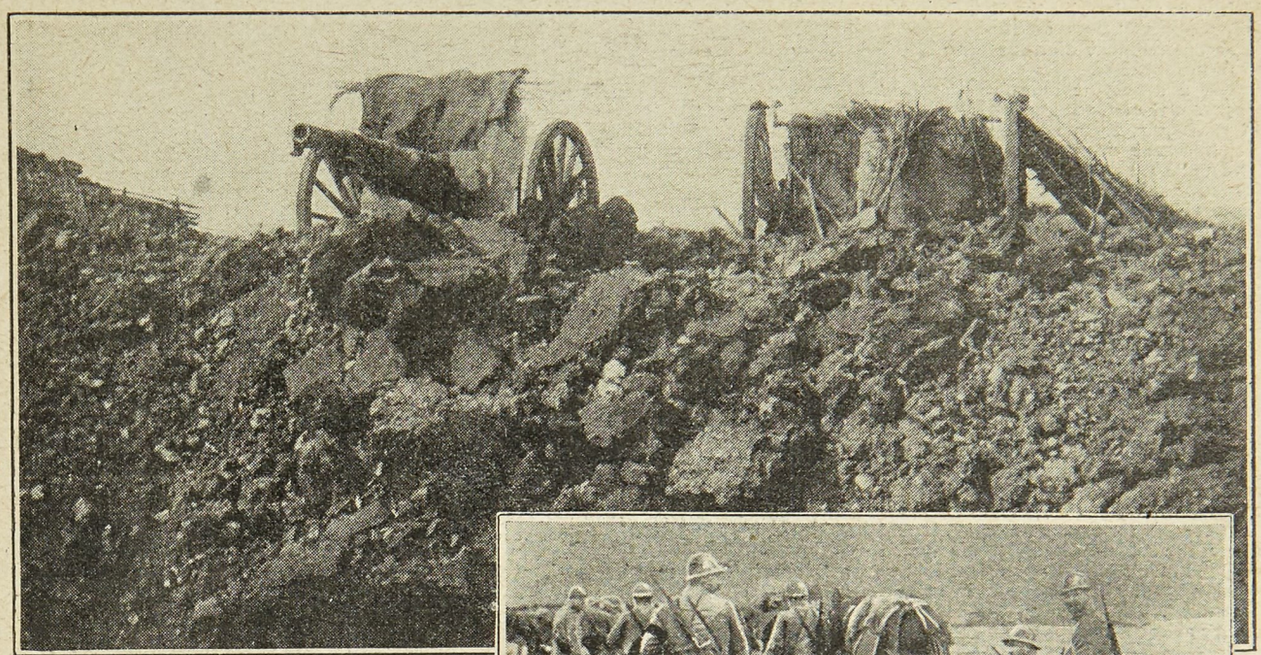
Across the Meuse

On March 6th, for the first time during the Verdun operation, the enemy heavily attacked on the west bank of the Meuse, carrying the village of Forges, but were repulsed on Goose Hill and Dead Man's Hill, which constitute French artillery positions of incalculable value.

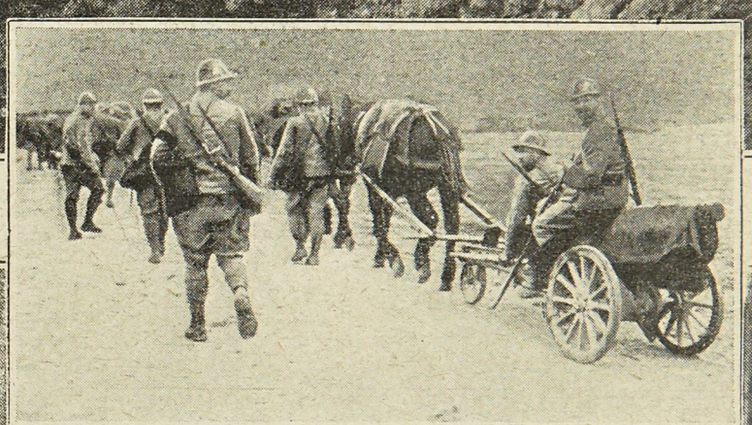
Concurrently large-calibre guns opened fire from the German positions in the Woevre Plain near Fresnes, preliminary to strong infantry attacks from this region,

[*Continued on page* 196

Near Verdun Where the War is Fierce & Furious



French "75" gun the target of a German 280 mm. weapon. The latter, however, failed to hit the mark, though the state of the ground proves that its shells fell near enough.



Striking proof of the undaunted heroism and ready resource of the French Army. During a fierce bombardment in the Verdun sector the troops of our ally retired to a wood, and rapidly organised a new position by felling trees and digging trenches. Inset: French Alpine Artillery on their way to the firing-line in the Vosges region.

THE GERMAN GAMBLE

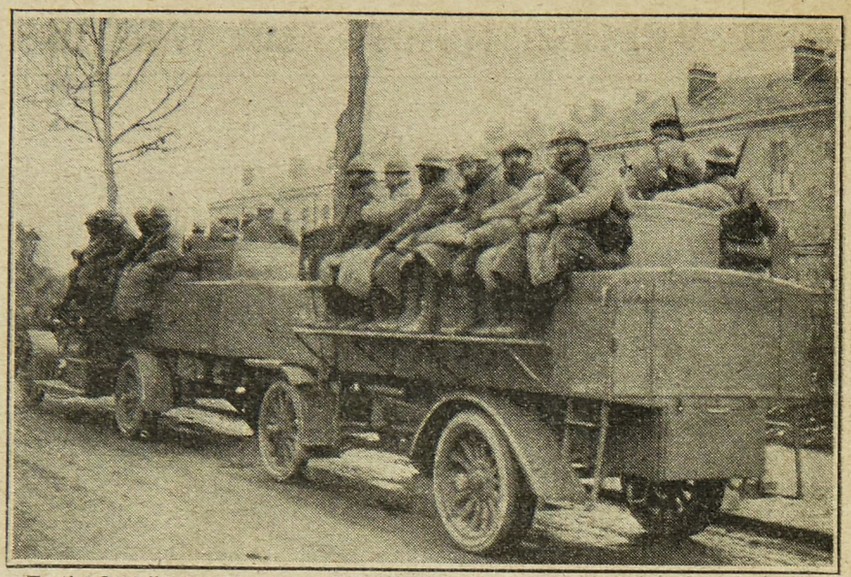
(Continued from page 194.)

which were repulsed by the French in the narrow thoroughfares of the village to the accompaniment of sanguinary hand-to-hand encounters.

Thus, a consistent offensive was kept going from the extreme west of the Meuse to the Woevre, though the main German effort appears temporarily to have swung round to the west bank. The Hun, like a caged beast roaming frantically from side to side as if seeking for a loose bar in its prison, was searching for a weak spot in the long French line.

The capture of Forges and Hill 265, and the footing gained by the Germans in Crow's Wood, would have proved a serious affair for the French had the enemy been able to push forward and take the fullest advantage of the inevitable disorganisation consequent upon our ally's tactical withdrawal. Owing to fatigue, and probably bad leadership, the Germans stopped the attack for twelve hours, giving the French ample time not only to consolidate the new line, but to assume the offensive and drive the Germans out of the wood.

The combat for these appropriately and sinister named positions—Crow's Wood and Dead Man's Hill—approached in fury anything that had happened around Douaumont. Whenever the German infantry attempted to advance the French artillery held them piecemeal, strewing the vernal grass with shattered men. A French private who was wounded in this sector relates that the German infantry was so densely concentrated on a small space that, though killed by the French shells, the corpses remained in a standing position. To add to the horror of the scene flocks of enemy battle-planes hovered above the wood like hawks over their prey, dropping bombs indiscriminately from the sky into the inferno.



To the first line on board motor-lorries. How the modern French man-at-arms goes into battle near Verdun.

Supplies of large-calibre shells on their way to the front by lorry. The French organisation of transport to and from Verdun is largely responsible for the success of our ally's great resistance.

On the evening of March 9th the Germans began a series of strong attacks on Vaux, situated slightly to the east of Douaumont, but were unable to make any progress. This, however, did not prevent the enemy from circulating the audacious lie that the village and fort of Vaux had fallen. Striving to make the premature announcement coincide with fact, the German General Headquarters ordered further attacks on Vaux on March 11th and 16th, no fewer than five taking place on the latter date, but all were effectively repulsed with appalling losses to the enemy.

Fuel for the Crematoria

Returning to the west bank of the Meuse, desperate efforts were continued to batter a way through to Crow's Wood, Bethincourt, and Dead Man's Hill, but these, too, turned out to be hopeless, only piling up the dead to be despatched by rail to the crematoria in Belgium.

The battle now had lasted nearly a month, and it is safe to say that the Germans made very little appreciable progress towards their goal, in spite of every conceivable effort, two thousand massed pieces of heavy artillery, and the finest fighting men available in the Central Empires. There is every reason to believe that the Verdun attempt was the most deliberately planned of all the schemes of the German General Staff.

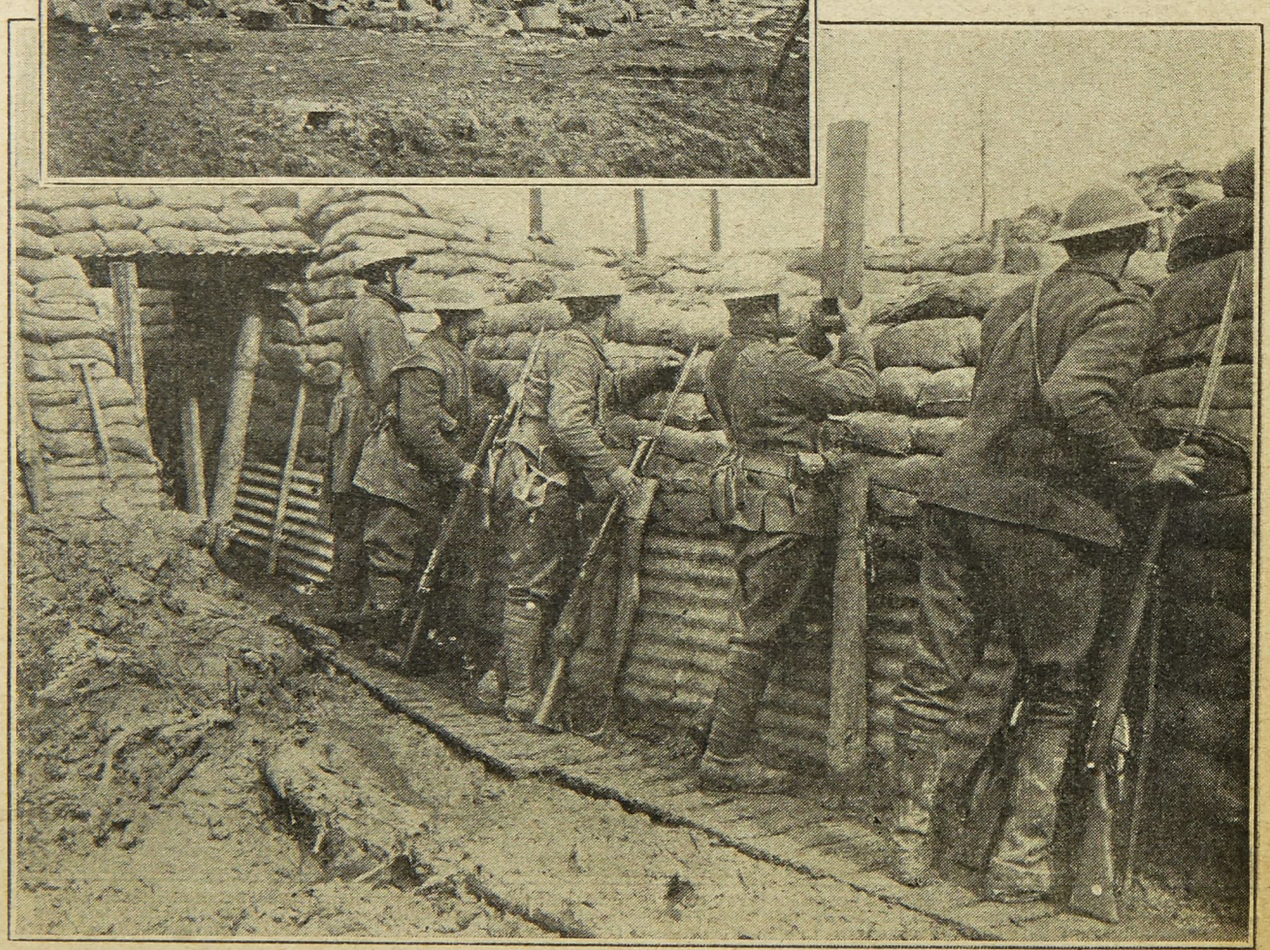
So certain were the Junkers of the power of their artillery that officers assured their men, who showed some disinclination at first to advance against what they believed to be a stone wall, that they would only have to march into the dead city as if parading before the Kaiser on the Tempelhofer Field in Berlin. Some of the hapless units were by no means convinced of this. For the first time on record German officers made a practice of leading their men to the assault, a custom contrary to the enemy's military system. Thus it was that a large percentage of officers were killed during the first weeks of the battle. A. B.

Where the Germans Were Shattered at Douaumont

Until the end of February Douaumont was but an obscure village on the Meuse salient, but since then it has borne the brunt of the Verdun offensive, and this curious word with four consecutive vowel sounds will be remembered as the scene of the most appalling slaughter ever imagined. Thousands of Germans met their fate on the Douaumont Ridge, being shattered piecemeal by the French artillery. The town itself was taken and retaken four times. This remarkable impression is of one extremity of the village. In the background is seen the ridge leading up to the fort rushed by the Brandenburgers.

Canadians Adopt the Shrapnel-Proof Casque

German shell bursting in the Canadian trenches on the British western front. (Official photograph issued by the Press Bureau.)

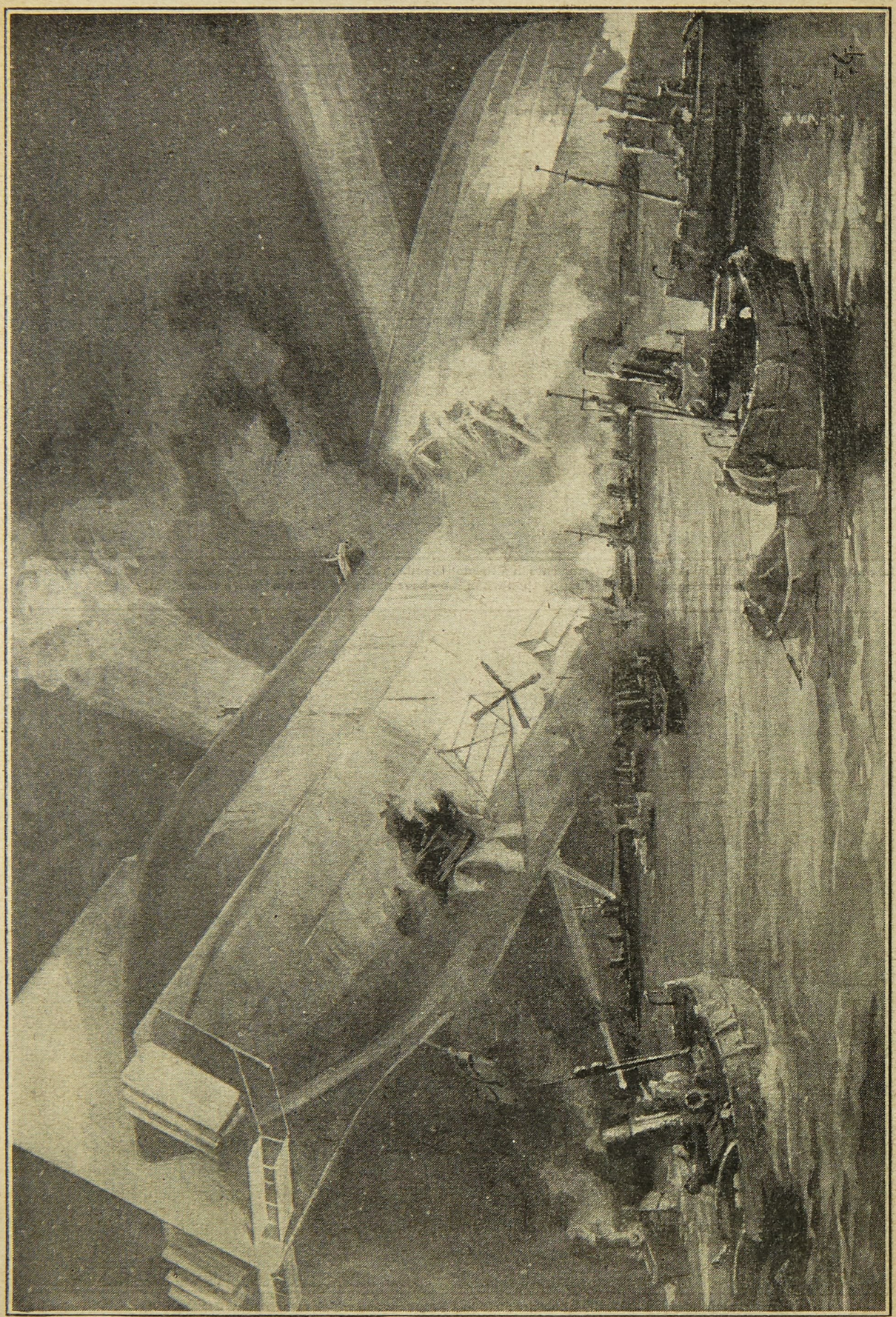


Canadian infantry in the trenches ready to repel an attack. Inset: A French chateau close to the Canadian lines which had been wrecked by German shell fire. (Official photographs issued by the Press Bureau.)

Hunting for Rats on the Western Front

Official photograph of Canadian soldiers hunting for rats in a French wood. These pests have been so numerous at the front that the fighting men are never more happy than when they have put some of them "hors de combat."

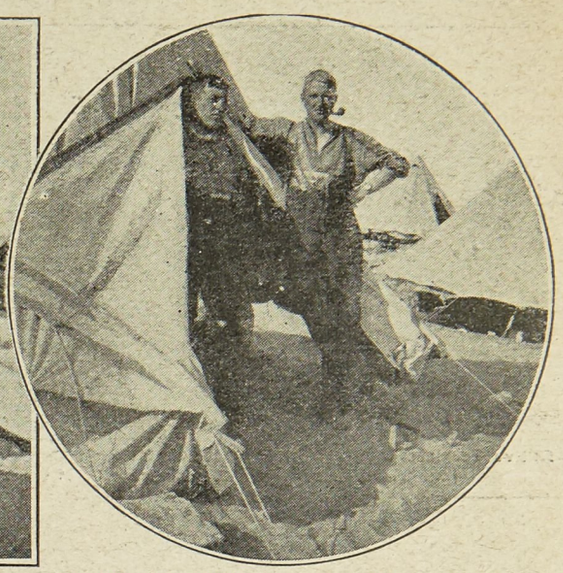
Canadian infantry officially photographed in a French wood which swarmed with rats.



THE DYING GASBAG, L15.—Vivid impression of Zeppelin L15 in her death-throes off the Thames estuary. Five of these cruisers of the skies raided Britain on the night of March 31st, two on April 1st, and six on April 2nd. The L15, one of the night-raiders of March 31st, was crippled either by gun fire or by bombs dropped by one of our airmen at nine thousand feet. The colossal airship broke in the middle and fell from a great height into the sea. Patrol boats rescued seventeen of the crew, who quickly surrendered.

Stormy Days in the Threatened Protectorate

After a stormy night in the desert. Egypt is by no means immune from cold wind and weather, as the appearance of these Britons testifies.



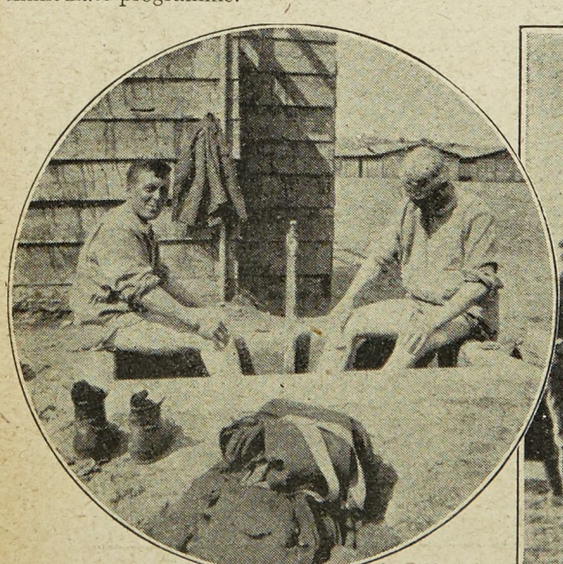
A quiet pipe outside a re-erected tent which was blown down during the storm.

THE enemy have always hoped to strike at Egypt, and every attempt has been made to convince the Allies that such is their purpose.

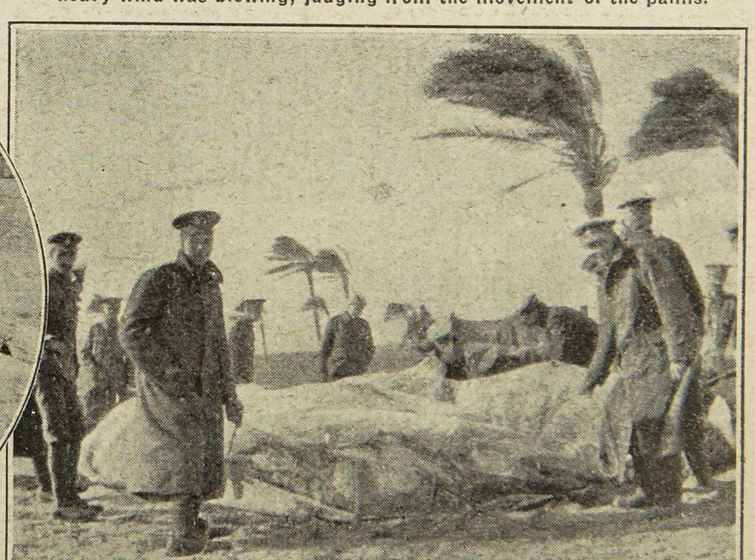
It is possible that the Germans were unable to get the support of the Turks in such an enterprise after the fall of Erzerum. Turkey is not too pleased with the turn of events, and has frequently expressed a desire for peace, but a few powerful Ottomans in the hands of the Junkers hold undisputed sway over the Sultan's Empire. But for the Senussi tribes, doubtless incited to mischief by the promise of German gold, things are as usual along the Nile though all precautions naturally have been taken to guard against any attack in force.

These exclusive photographs, which reach us from a correspondent in Egypt, are singularly novel in showing that the Land of the Nile is by no means immune from stormy times, in spite of the fact that there is no Turkish invasion in the immediate programme.

R.A.M.C. station on the brink of an oasis in the Egyptian desert. A heavy wind was blowing, judging from the movement of the palms.

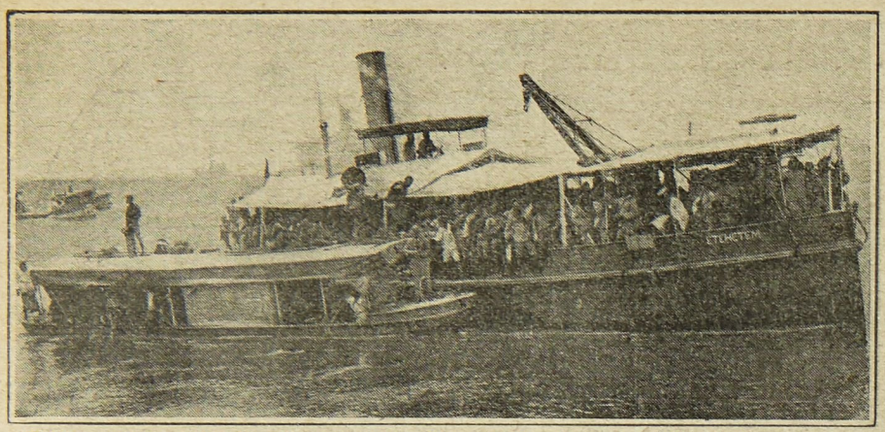


Two irrepressible Britons going through their toilet. The water having failed, they are making the best of a bad job with yesterday's supply in the well.

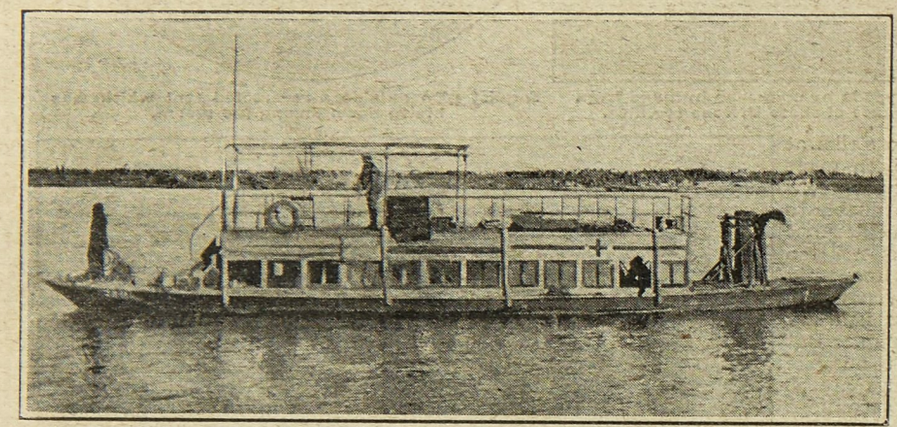


The storm at the R.A.M.C. headquarters was so violent that several of the tents were blown down, and the men's greatcoats came in very handy in the circumstances.

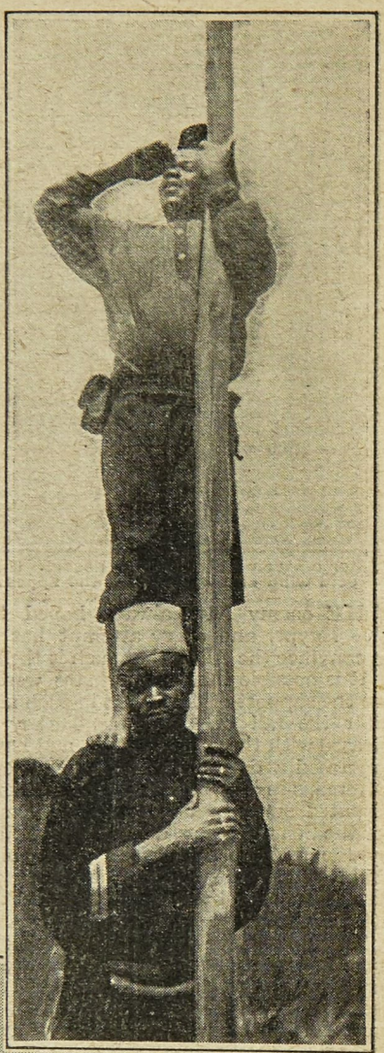
With the Empire Forces in Tropic Centres



Native soldiers who fought against the German Cameroon boarding a tug from a pinnace to be conveyed to another part of the West African Coast.



Hospital barge proceeding along the River Tigris. It is driven by an air propeller. Inset: Native sentry of the Belgian Congo at a look-out post.



Turkish prisoners captured by the army marching to relieve General Townshend at Kut-el-Amara. The swarthy appearance of these warriors of the Sultan is remarkable. The operations against the Turks in Mesopotamia are prolonged principally on account of transport difficulty, but this is being remedied.

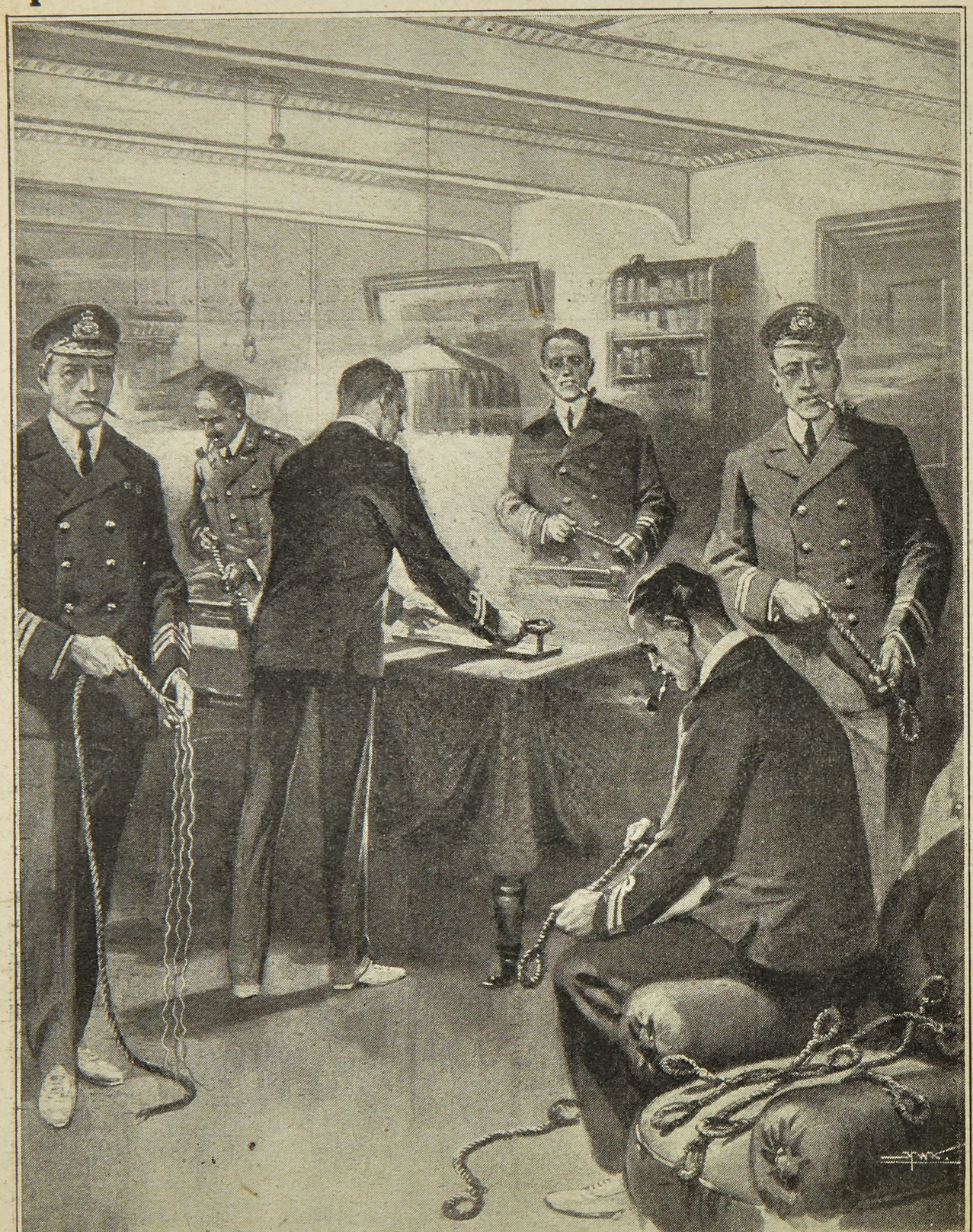
Following the Relief Column Towards Kut

British battery in the desert while on the way to relieve General Townshend and his force, besieged in Kut-el-Amara since the retreat from Ctesiphon, eighteen miles below Bagdad. General Townshend's division captured Ctesiphon on November 19th, 1915.

Turks captured during the fighting for Kut among the burning sandhills on the right bank of the Tigris. So intense is the heat in Mesopotamia that, even when advancing unhindered by the enemy, our troops can seldom march more than eight miles in a day.

Bridge of boats built by Indian sappers in Mesopotamia. One great advantage enjoyed by the Indo-British Force, among their many difficulties and hardships, is that, with our access to the sea, we can increase and replenish our Tigris transport indefinitely.

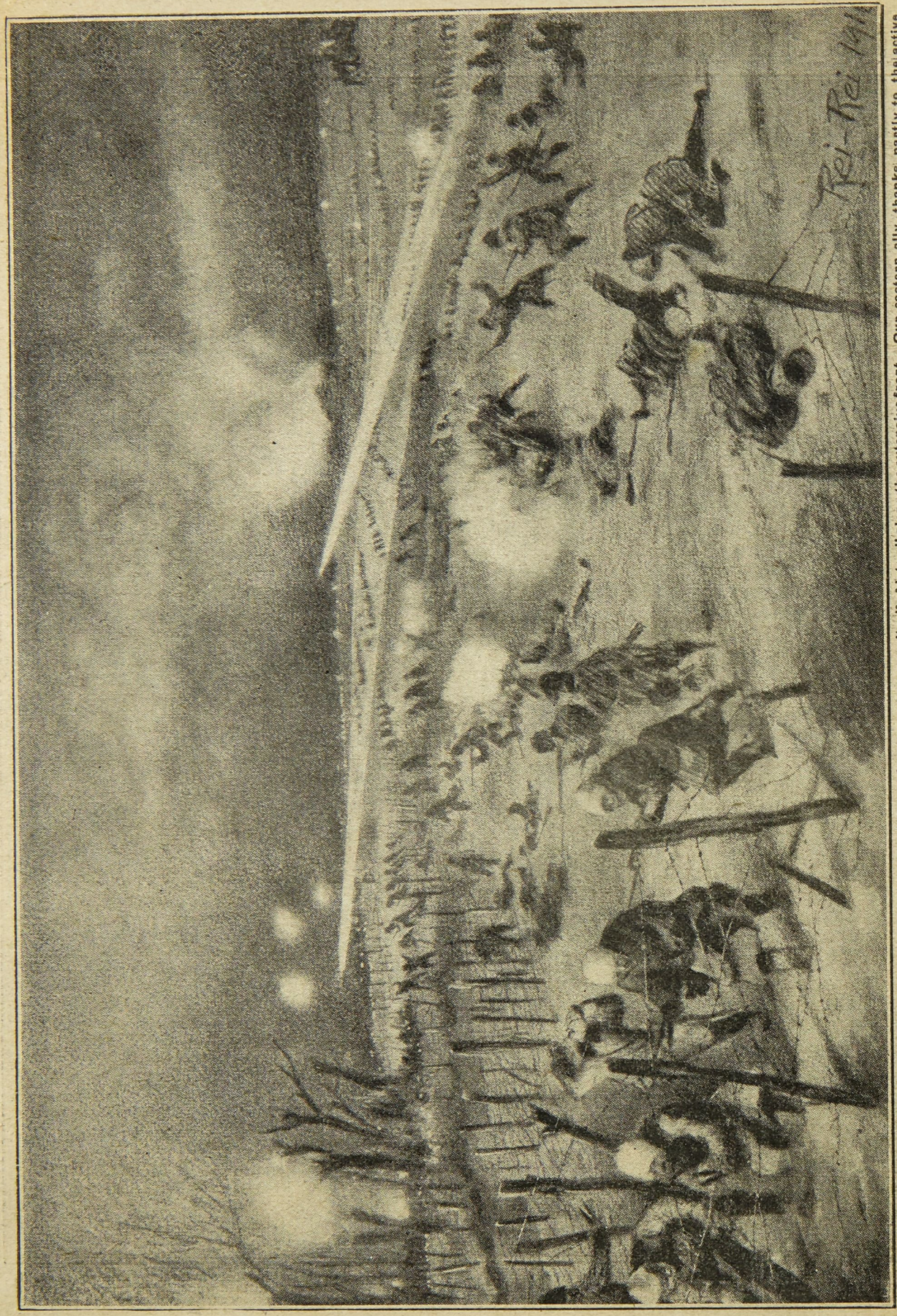
Spare Time War Work on a Battleship at Sea



During intervals of the North Sea vigil officers and men of the Grand Fleet employ their leisure moments in war work. In the dog-watch munitions are turned out with great enthusiasm. This illustration shows the interior of a ward-room where officers are busy making rope grummets to protect driving bands of shells. The Commander is seen on the left unwinding a piece of rope, while behind him at the table another officer is testing the length of the grummet by a wooden gauge.

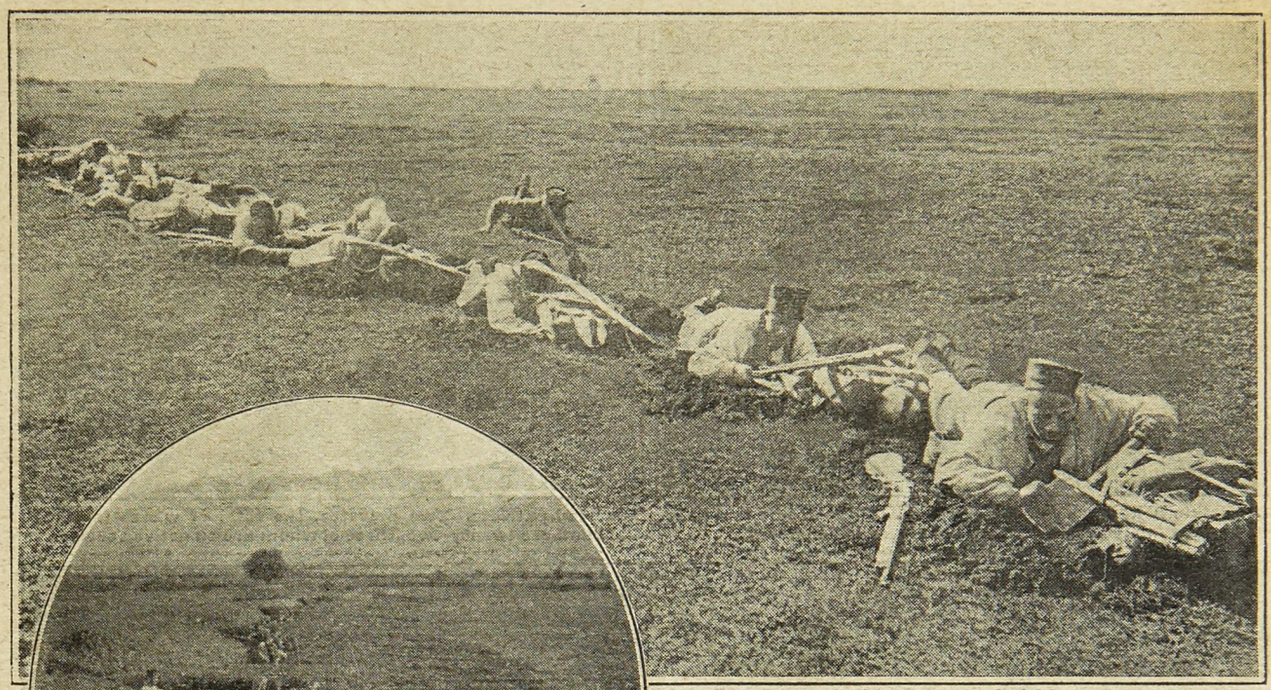
Cossacks Search for Wounded with Electric Torch

Cossacks tracking their way across the snow at night with electric torches. Many a wounded Russian, lying helpless and overlooked during a rapidly-moving engagement, owes his life to the hand "searchlights" which form part of the equipment of the Cossack when he is on outpost or patrol duty. Primarily they are carried to assist the riders in finding their way at night, discovering obstacles, examining suspected traps, exploring pathways in dark forest recesses, and for signalling. In this picture a troop of Cossacks is seen galloping over a road near the scene of recent fighting searching for wounded.



SLAV AND TEUTON IN CLOSE CONFLICT.—Illustration, reproduced from an enemy newspaper, representing an attack by the Russians against the Austro-Hungarian positions on the Bessarabian front. Renewed activity on the part of the Russians has manifested itself of late all along the extensive front. Our eastern ally, thanks partly to the active co-operation of Japan and a thorough reorganisation of her own munition factories, has, to a great extent, remedied the shell shortage responsible for the fall of Warsaw.

French Colonials Getting into Fighting Fettle

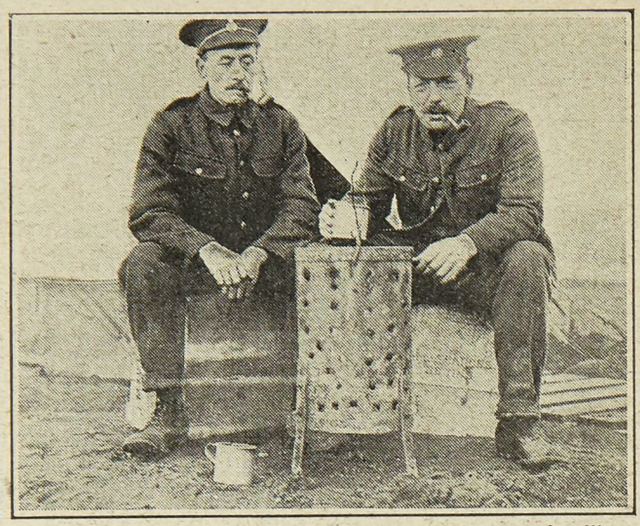


Algerian Tirailleurs in training. Numbers of these native soldiers have already proved their worth as fighters for the Tricolour.

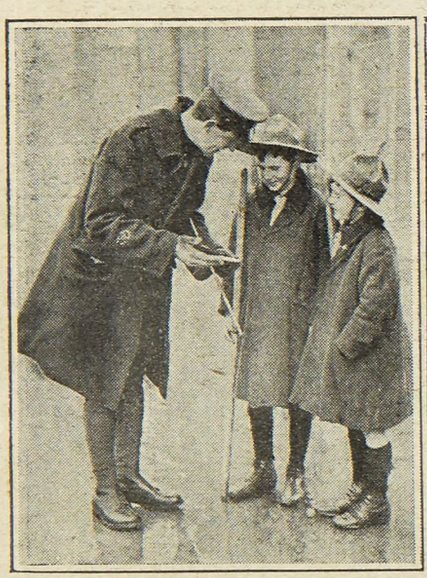
France's sturdy coloured warriors from Algeria learning to dig trenches and to wage war by European methods. Inset: Algerians, or "Turcos," at firing practice in one of the cleverly-masked trenches near their training camp.

War Time Pets : More Units of the Mascot Battalion

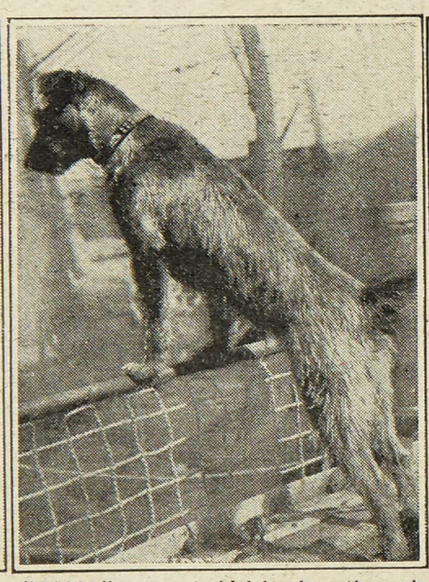
A certain handyman who is so expert with the needle that he is kept fairly busy repairing his comrades' uniforms.



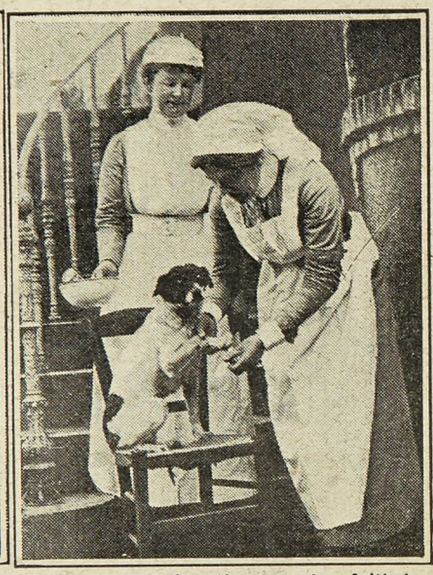
Married patriots. Two privates, the total of whose families numbers twenty-two, three of whom are on active service.



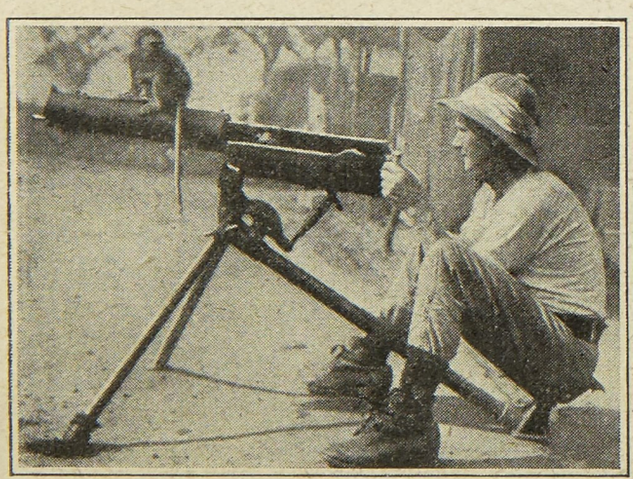
Sergt.-Major Badcock showing his Military Cross to two admiring Scouts.



"Biddy," a mascot which has been through Heligoland and Dogger Bank fights.



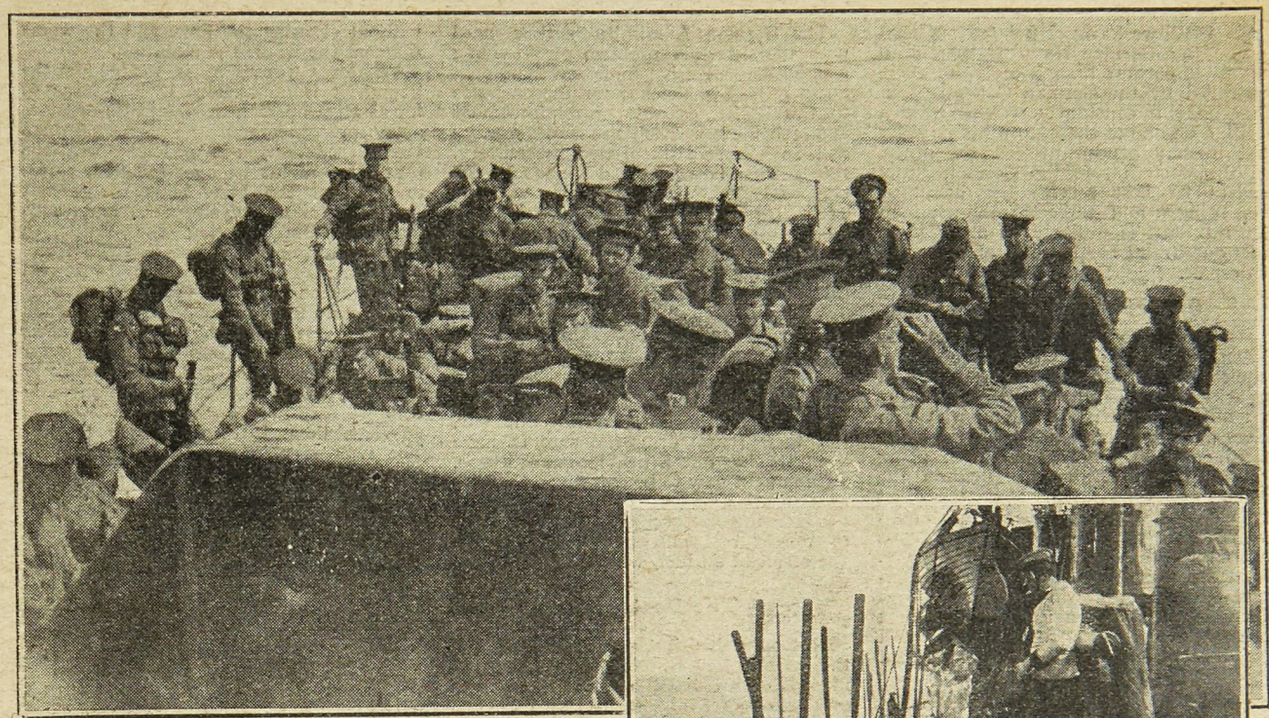
Nurses attending the wounds of their mascot, a present from an officer-patient.

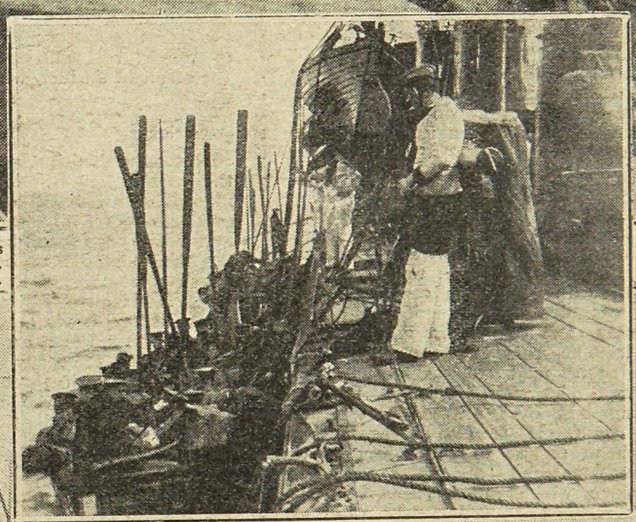


Jacko on the barrel. Novel perch of a mascot monkey with the forces in East Africa.

His "naturalisation papers." Tying the Union Jack round the neck of a mascot captured from the Germans in East Africa.

All Aboard for the War Zone · T.B.D. as Transport





Troops scattered over the world and playing a part in the various war zones, sometimes experience novel forms of transport. They always enjoy thoroughly a trip with the Sister Service.

Pleasant journey with stern work ahead. Soldiers aboard a destroyer, being transported to a new field of operations. Inset: Embarking for a trip that might have been a holiday cruise from the keenness of the Tommies, and their interest in all they saw.

The Impending Naval Campaign

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

A FEW weeks ago I pointed out that the German Navy is merely an important branch of the machine controlled by the German General Staff. That body is constantly striving after a decision on one of the two fronts in order that it may concentrate on the other. On the western side the German Navy renders its best service by remaining "in being," and therefore the German General Staff is unlikely to allow it to meet our Grand Fleet except on a counsel of despair.

German Naval Usages

Its existence sensibly relieves the German Army in regard to the troops required for the defence of the coast and in Schleswig. In the Baltic, along the 402 miles from Kiel to Libau, where an advanced naval base has been fully prepared, and in any future work along 172 miles from Libau to Riga on the Dwina, active operations along the coast (which is in German hands up to about twenty-five miles from the Dwina's mouth) is of the utmost value to the Army. For these reasons I believe that the German General Staff will make very considerable demands on the German Fleet as soon as the Baltic is free from ice and the dry season ashore allow of combined operations.

It is certain that the Germans will make a speculation concerning the two entrances to the Gulf of Riga, and count on the ordinary break up of the ice to deprive the Russians of mine-fields at the entrance of the gulf if they are sufficiently alert to prevent new ones being laid. The price of such vigilance is the toll paid to submarines. They cannot, however, prevent mine-fields being laid over selected waters inside the gulf. It is also recognised that both in regard to the safety of these operations and of the supplies from Sweden, which are so important, it is imperative to prevent British submarines from entering the Baltic through the Sound, while the mine-fields are regarded as effectually closing the other two channels by the Great and Little Belts.

Consequently, there is a dispersion of force to the region off Trelleborg, near the Sound, in Sweden, or over 280 miles from Libau. This spot is about 350 miles from the Russian mine area at the entrance of the Gulf of Riga, where the German Navy incurred losses last year.

The German Admiralty is thus faced with the threefold problem of providing a potential defensive force for the North Sea; an active defence for the entrance to the Baltic, capable of reinforcement and relief from Kiel, 139 miles away; and an offensive force, tied by military, rather than naval, considerations to the Gulf of Riga. We know pretty well the Trelleborg force, but what decision will be made in regard to the other matters remains to be seen. We can by certain operations in the North Sea force the disclosure of some details.

As frigates were the eyes of the battleships in regard to surrounding dangers in the old days, so now the destroyers are the protective eyes of the fleet in regard to submarines. The Germans have lost nearly thirty during the war, but their Baltic firms are sure to have been turning out a heavier-gunned type, which ought now to be entering on service as a surprise for us. I doubt if they can produce the best types, as the economy of weight and efficiency of running is the result of oil fuel, which they dare not use.

The Destroyers

Not only this, but wear and tear, and the use of fuel inferior to Welsh coal, must have reduced the probable numbers of destroyers available to less than one hundred of good speed but poor endurance for the distances to be covered. It is worth remembering that even with our much larger oil-fuel destroyers this factor of endurance is vital. For instance, the distance from the nearest British port of Peterhead to the Skaw is 403 miles; and then for a dash through the Cattegat and Sound, into the Baltic, 193 miles has to be traversed at full speed. Such a dash, accompanied by cruisers, etc., is a necessity if a way is to be cleared for the submarines into the Baltic, since the latter have no escaping depths in the shallow channel of the Sound.

The distances, however, would exhaust so much fuel as to necessitate a fresh supply to get back to the base, and illustrates the difference that would be made by the use of a base in Norway or Denmark.

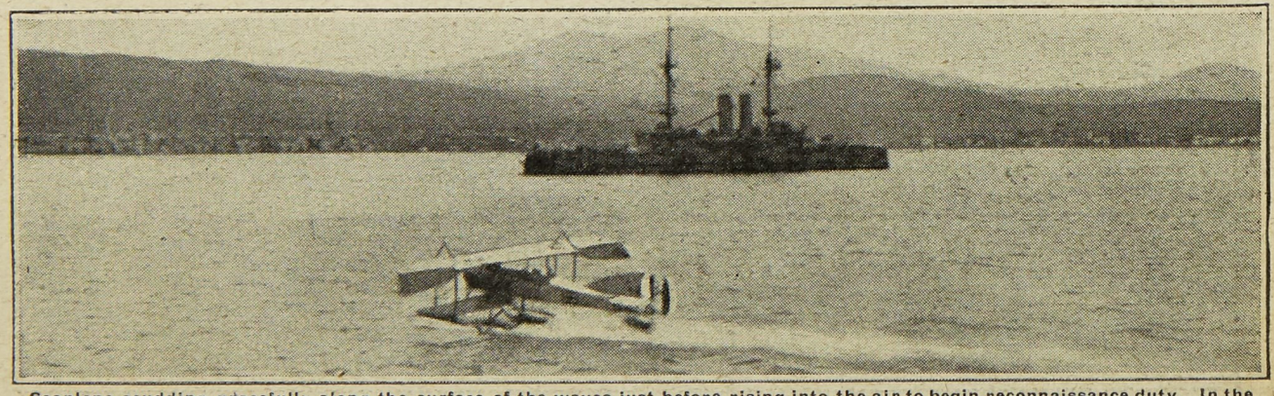
In the case of the German destroyers this handicap is increased by the use of inferior coal instead of oil. It is not possible to run a destroyer at full speed with coal for so long as four hours without cleaning the fires, and the worse the coal the worse the situation.

Whatever provision is made for the Sound, it is an absolutely lost force so far as Riga operations, 350 miles or more away, are concerned. So soon as Prince Henry is committed to the Riga operations that force might be overwhelmed, since, in spite of the mine-fields to prevent British cruisers, destroyers, and submarines from entering the Baltic, a channel has to be left for neutral commerce. The Germans cannot mine territorial waters, though what they might conceivably do in the four hours or so which would elapse from the receipt of news that a British squadron was making for the Sound I cannot say. It is unlikely that they would have mines at immediate call.

What, then, is Prince Henry to do? The nearest point to Riga for him to create a destroyer base is the captured Russian port of Windau, about 115 miles from Riga, and this will undoubtedly be done. If he succeeds in bringing all except twenty destroyers to the Baltic from the North Sea, he cannot have less than forty-eight at Kiel (Kiel to Trelleborg is 139 miles) to work in three reliefs so as to have approximately sixteen destroyers patrolling off the Sound. These will be no match for a dozen of the better armed and larger British destroyers, so he will have to stiffen them with fast cruisers, and the wear and tear of keeping full speed at command in case of submarine attack will be considerable. This leaves him thirty-two destroyers, on a liberal estimate, for the Riga operations, to work in two reliefs at first and subsequently, as the distance lengthens, in three reliefs.

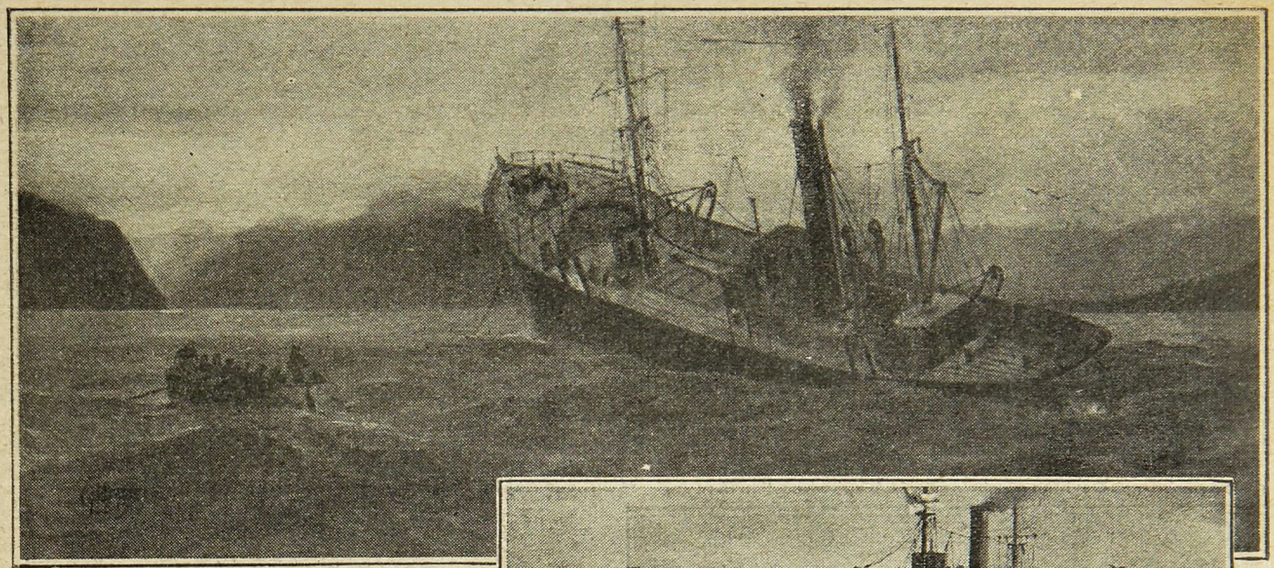
Possible Russian Raid

As regards the capital ships—if he does not take Dreadnoughts—Kiel is 546 miles from Riga, while the fast Russian Dreadnoughts in the Gulf of Finland may be less than half that distance away. Who would care to undertake operations against the shore and up a gulf in such circumstances? On the other hand, the Baltic is wide, and Admiral Kanin, who commands a Russian fleet, might raid down to Trelleborg itself and open the way for the British submarines. These are some of the problems confronting Prince Henry which I have no space to discuss, but they afford some pretty exercises in naval strategy.

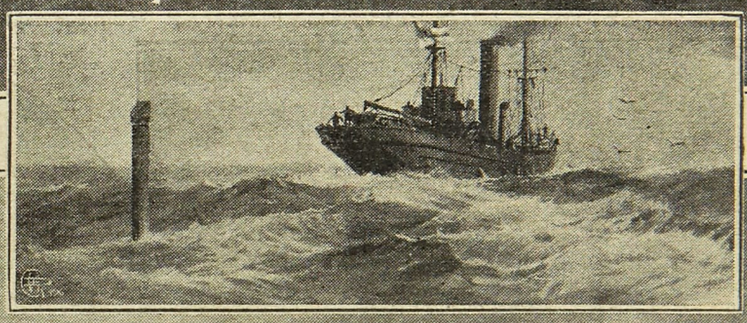


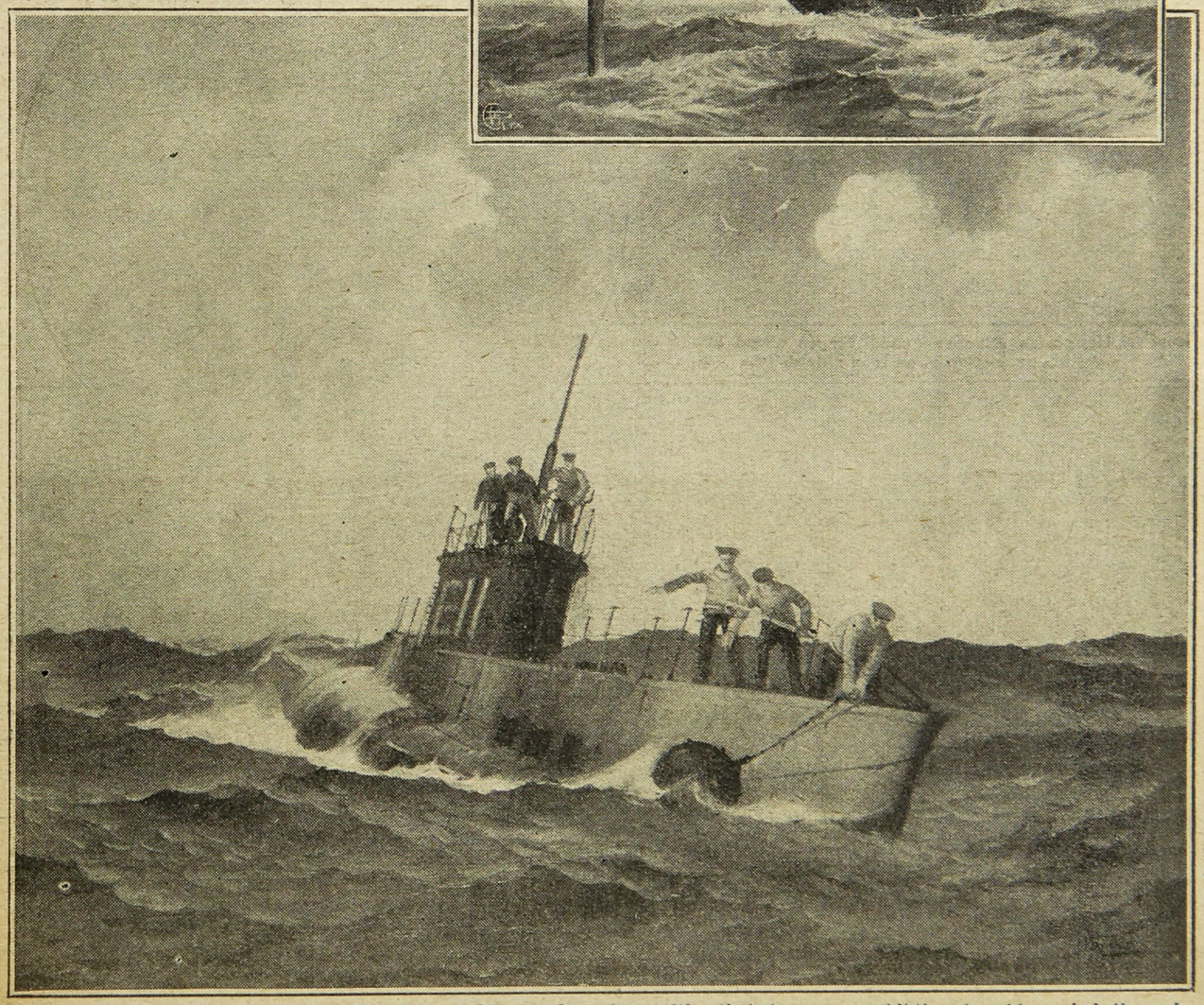
Seaplane scudding gracefully along the surface of the waves just before rising into the air to begin reconnaissance duty. In the background is a battleship, sombre and dignified, and forming a strange contrast to the swift flutterings of the white "sea-bird."

Mine Perils of the Patrol and Submarine



Mine-sweeper temporarily abandoned in case a captured mine should explode. It had become entangled in the mine-sweeping wire.

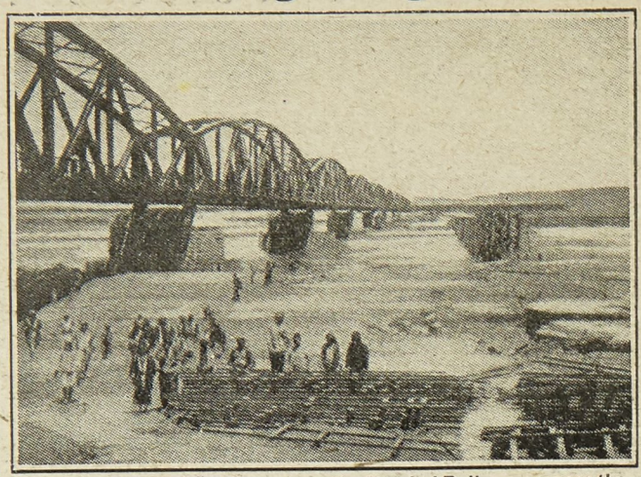




Submarine's dangerous neighbour. The sinister globe was in such a position that at any moment it threatened to explode through being washed against the side of the submarine. Eventually it was cut adrift. Inset: Dummy periscope attached to a German mine. The mine-sweeper narrowly missed destruction by ramming the supposed submarine. This is a favourite enemy trick.

With the Baffled Foe on Four Fighting Fronts

The state of Serbian roads may be gathered from this photograph showing a German officer's carriage up to its axles in mud.



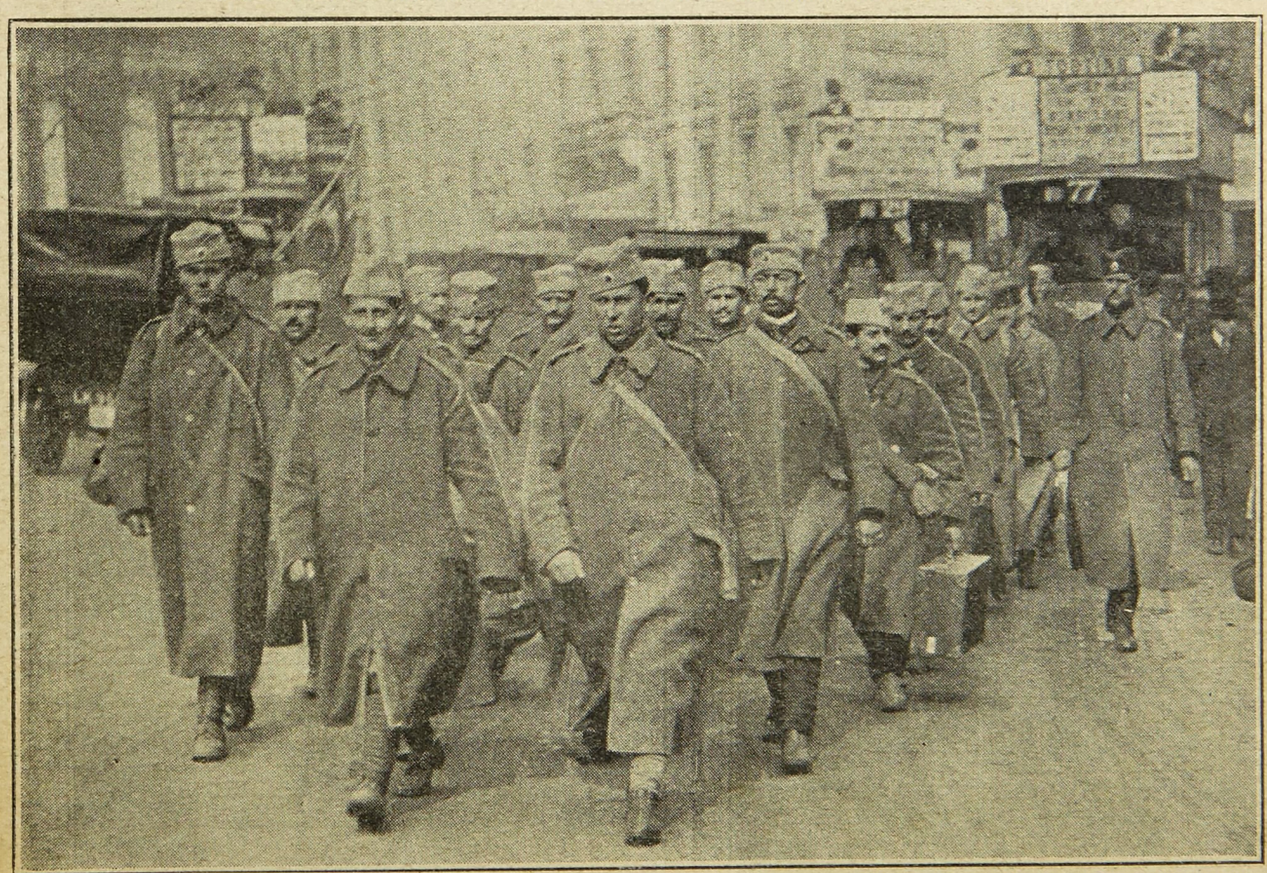
Large bridge at Jerablus, where the Bagdad Railway crosses the River Euphrates, a hundred miles east of Alexandretta.

How a Hungarian advance guard forges ahead under the protection of an iron shield.

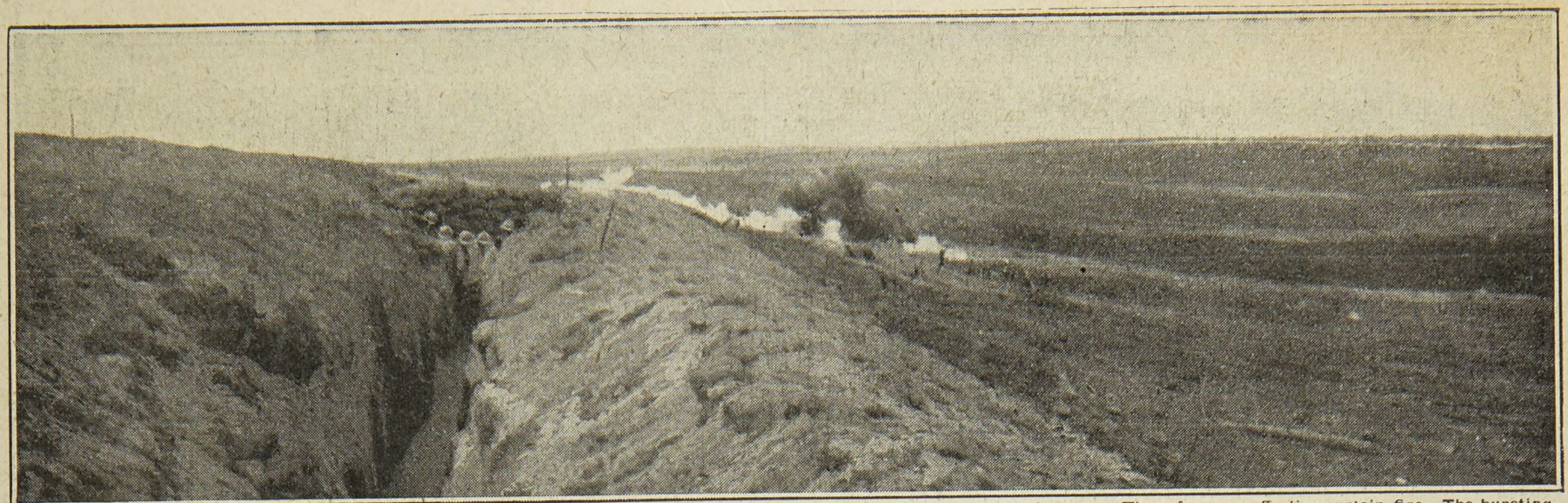
Bavarian troops resting in a ruined village near Verdun, preparatory to returning to the suicidal assault on the French positions. Inset: Curious effect of shell fire on a villa in liberated Alsace.

Veterans of Kossovo Line Up in the Strand

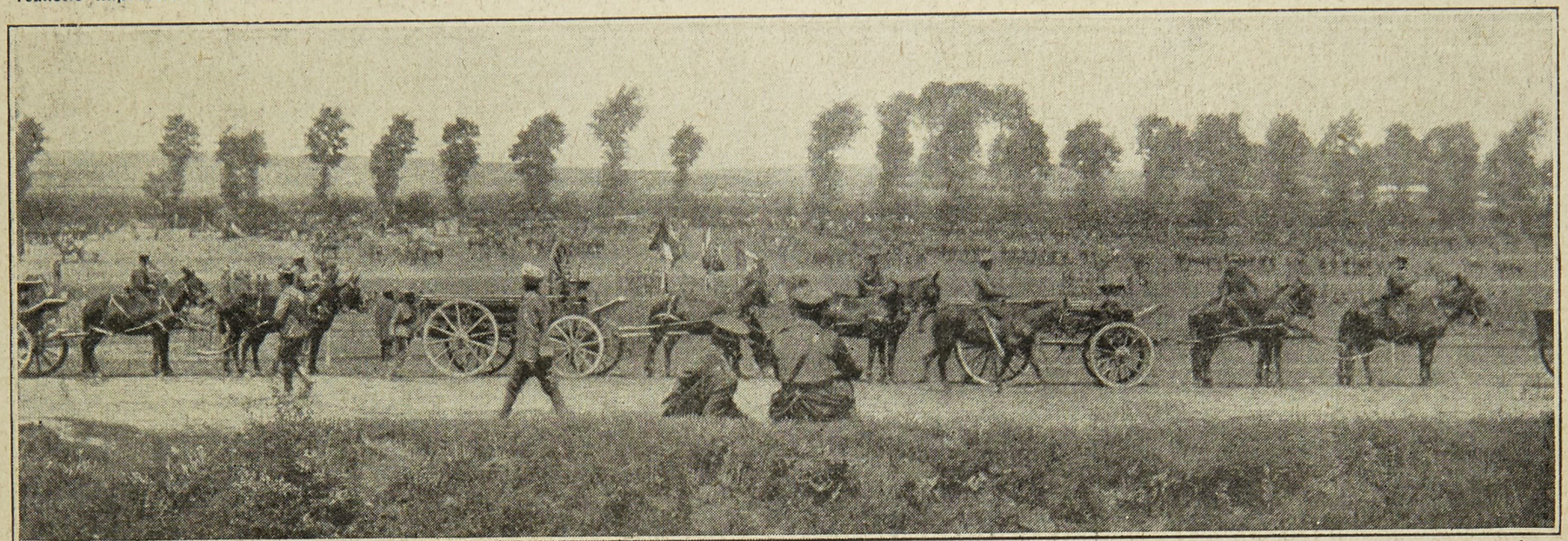
Novel sight for Londoners. Newly-arrived Serbian troops lined up at Charing Cross Station. The men looked very pleased with their fresh environment, and were keenly interested in London during their march through the streets.



Detachment of Serbian troops marching through the Strand. Before they had proceeded far from Charing Cross they were followed by a large crowd. Their splendid physique and smart appearance evoked the admiration of all who saw them.

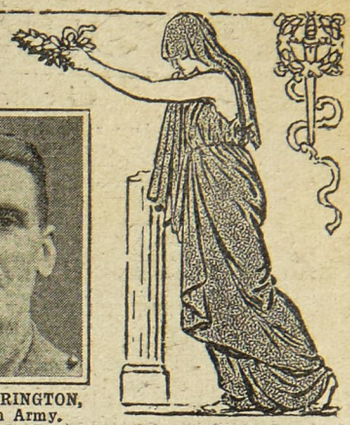


WHAT A BOMBARDMENT LOOKS LIKE.—This remarkable photograph gives a realistic impression of an actual bombardment of the German trenches. A number of shrapnel explosions can be seen. These form an effective curtain fire. The bursting of a shell of large calibre can also be seen. In the background are the German trenches.



EAST MEETS WEST AT THE FRONT.—This is not the peaceful manœuvre ground on an English plain, but a stirring scene within sound of the guns at the front. A detachment of British artillery on the way up to the front is passing the camp of an Indian Cavalry Division, the latter composed of some of the finest horsemen in the world.

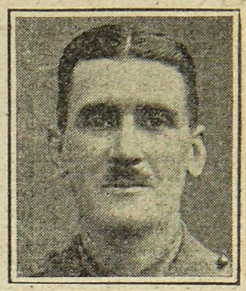
Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead



Major A. L. BICKFORD, C.I.E., Rifles, Indian Army.

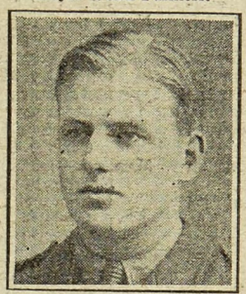
Capt. M. S. RICHARDSON, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

Capt. J. D. WADDELL, Royal Fusiliers.



Capt. C. T. D. BERRINGTON, Lancers, Indian Army.

Lieut. H. R. ANDREWS, West Yorks Regt.



Lieut. R. L. KNOTT, Northumberland Fusiliers.

Lieut. G. A. J. GRAVES, Mounted Rifles.

Lieut. H. F. GARRETT, East Yorkshire Regt.

Lieut. L. H. F. ROBINSON, East Surrey Regt.

Lieut. C. L. SMITH, Gordon Highlanders.

Major Arthur Louis Bickford, C.I.E., Rifles, Indian Army, entered the Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment) in August, 1892, and transferred to the Indian Army. In August, 1914, he was appointed to the Staff of the D.A.A.-G. Before the present war he saw service in the Tirah Campaign (1897-98), and received the medal with two clasps; in 1908 he was employed in the operations in the Zakka Khel country. For these services he was mentioned in despatches, received the brevet rank of major, and was decorated with the medal and clasp. Major Bickford, who was the son of Admiral Andrew Kennedy Bickford, C.M.G., was made a Companion of the Order of the Indian Empire in 1911.

Captain Mervyn Stronge Richardson, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, was twenty-one years of age, and the youngest son of Captain Arthur Percy Richardson and Mrs. Richardson of Purton House, Wiltshire. He received his commission in August, 1914, and reached the rank of captain in December, 1915. He had been fourteen months on active service, and had been recommended for an honour by both his commanding officer and the general commanding.

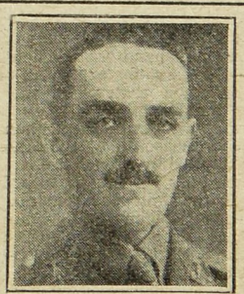
Captain Caradoc Trevor Davies Berrington, Lancers, Indian Army, attached Royal Field Artillery, obtained his first commission in the Royal Artillery in July, 1906, and joined the Indian Army, with the same rank, in September, 1908.

Lieut. Charles H. F. A. Newton, King's Royal Rifle Corps, was the only surviving son of Mr. Francis J. Newton, C.V.O., C.M.G., Treasurer of the British South Africa Company, Rhodesia.

Sec.-Lieut. R. E. MAY, Highland Light Infantry.

Lieut. N. A. MORICE, East Yorkshire Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. E. B. PEDDER, Hussars.

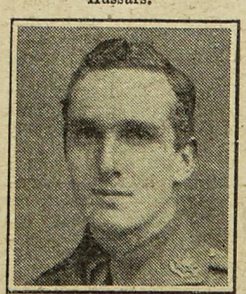


Lieut. E. M. THOMPSON, Yorkshire Regiment.

Sec.-Lieut. C. C. POCOCK, East Surrey Regt.

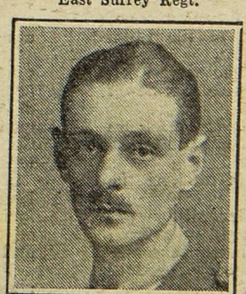
Lieut. A. A. WARREN, Border Regiment.

Lieut. A. H. BELL, Canadian Mounted Rifles.



Sec.-Lieut. H. W. T. ARMSTRONG, East Surrey Regt.

Lieut. C. H. A. F. NEWTON, King's Royal Rifle Corps.



Lt. M. J. VINCENT-JACKSON, Sherwood Foresters.

Sec.-Lieut. J. G. GREGORY, London Regiment.

Portraits by Swaine, Bassano, Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Watson.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, March 1st to 31st, 1916

MAR. 1.—German seaplane raids the South-East Coast. A child of nine months killed.

In the region of Verdun there is no infantry attack. West of the Meuse the German bombardment continues in the zone between Malancourt and Forges.

H.M.S. Primula, a mine-sweeper carrying out patrol duties, torpedoed and sunk in the East Mediterranean. All officers and crew saved but three.

MAR. 2.—**Verdun Battle, 12th Day.**—To the north and in the Woevre district the enemy's artillery fire increases on the whole front, and principally against Dead Man's Hill, the Pepper Ridge, and the Douaumont Ridge. At Fresnes, a dozen miles south-east of Verdun, the enemy reach some of the French positions, but are thrown back by counter-attack.

British explode five mines near the Hohenzollern Redoubt and occupy the craters, and on the Ypres-Comines Canal consolidate positions taken, which include 200 yards of enemy's original trench.

Russians take Bitlis.

MAR. 3.—Hot fighting near village of Douaumont, French holding the upper part of the knoll on the northern slope. A sharp counter-attack enables French to regain ground in immediate vicinity of the village.

MAR. 4.—Violent cannonade on left bank of the Meuse at Hill 304 and at Goose Hill. Germans succeed in gaining a footing in village of Douaumont, from which they were driven on March 3.

Russian troops occupy Atina on the Black Sea coast.

MAR. 5.—Verdun Battle. In the wood to the east of Vacherauville (on the Meuse north-east of Verdun) an attack by the Germans against French advanced positions completely repulsed.

Zeppelin raid over eight Eastern Counties, 13 killed and 33 injured.

MAR. 6.—Germans enter the village of Forges, but are repulsed at Goose Hill. In Champagne they launch an attack accompanied by jets of liquid fire upon French positions between Mont Tetu and Maisons de Champagne.

MAR. 7.—Germans capture Hill 265 at the price of heavy loss.

Russians capture Rizeh, forty miles east of Trebizond.

MAR. 8.—French repulse a great German infantry attack west of the Meuse in the region of Bethincourt.

French air squadrons, consisting of 18 machines, drop 124 bombs on the Metz-Sablons station.

MAR. 9.—Verdun Battle. French smash a German mass attack in the region of the village of Vaux, north-east of Verdun. West of the Meuse they make further progress in the Crow's Wood.

Mesopotamia Campaign.—War Office announces that on Mar. 6 General Aylmer reached Es-Sinn, seven miles east of Kut-el-Amara. He attacked enemy on Mar. 8, but was unable to dislodge him.

War Office announces that General Smuts' troops have advanced against German forces in the Kilimanjaro area, and seized the crossings of the Lumi River with insignificant loss.

Russian torpedo-boat, Lieutenant Pustchin, torpedoed by enemy submarine off Varna.

British air raid by thirty-one machines against the Germans' railhead and billets at Carvin.

MAR. 10.—Germans succeed in retaking the Crow's Wood.

War Office announces General Aylmer, after operating seven to eight miles from the Tigris on the right bank, in consequence of lack of water, was obliged to fall back on the river.

Portugal joins the Allies.

MAR. 11.—Italian artillery vigorously bombard enemy positions at the bridgehead of Gorizia.

MAR. 12.—Russia reports her troops have occupied Kirind, in Persia, on the way to Bagdad.

Admiralty announces that mercantile fleet auxiliary Fauvette strikes a mine off the East Coast and sinks. Casualties, two officers and twelve men.

MAR. 13.—Report from General Smuts on battle which commenced on Mar. 11 against the German-prepared positions on the Kitova Hills, west of Taveta (on the north-eastern border of German East Africa), refers to bravery of South African troops.

Russians report that they drove back the Turks in the region of the River Kalapotamos (thirty miles east of Trebizond), and captured eight guns in the operations near Kermanshah.

MAR. 14.—**New Verdun Attack.**—North-west of the fortress German heavy gun fire redoubled in intensity. Repulsed on the whole front, the enemy gain a footing only at two points of French trenches, between Bethincourt and Dead Man's Hill.

Italians capture enemy positions in the San Martino zone.

War Office reports that the Senussi raid from Tripoli has crumpled up. The British reoccupy Sollum, the frontier post in Western Egypt; fifty Arabs killed and three guns taken.

MAR. 15.—Verdun attack slackens. French recover a portion of the small area which Germans took from them on Mar. 13.

German East Africa.—General Smuts reports another success by capturing Moshi, the most important town in the north-east of German East Africa.

MAR. 16.—Despatch from General Lake published, reporting that the Turks were attacked in an advanced position on the Tigris on Mar. 11, and "a considerable number bayoneted," but the British column then withdrew.

Resignation of Grand-Admiral Tirpitz officially announced from Berlin.

Dutch 14,000-ton liner Tubantia torpedoed off the North Hinder Light.

British spring mines on the Double Crassier, south-west of Loos.

General Gallieni, French Minister of War, resigns through ill-health, and is succeeded by General Roques.

MAR. 17.—To the north of the Aisne an enemy attack directed against a French post to the south-east of the Bois des Buffes repulsed after hand-grenade fighting.

MAR. 18.—Germans, by exploding mines, recapture three craters at the Hohenzollern Redoubt.

German attacks between Vaux and the woods to the south of the Hardaumont Farm stopped by French fire.

Dutch liner Palembang torpedoed and sunk off the Galloper Lightship.

MAR. 19.—**Air Raid on Kent.**—Four German seaplanes drop bombs on Ramsgate, Margate, Deal, and Dover—thirteen killed and thirty-one wounded. Flight-Commander Bone, R.N.A.S., in a single-seater aeroplane, pursued one of the German seaplanes thirty miles out to sea, where, after an action lasting a quarter of an hour, he forced it to descend.

Russians repulse a German attack south of Dvinsk.

MAR. 20.—Announced that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has arrived in Egypt on appointment as Staff Captain on the Staff of the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.

Great Allied Air Raid.—Sixty-five British, French, and Belgian machines carrying four and a half tons of bombs drop them on the German air stations at Zeebrugge and Houthane.

Verdun, 30th Day of Battle.—The Germans, having failed at every other point, extend their attacks on Verdun farther to the west. With a new division and the use of flame projectors, they make a violent attack between Malancourt and Avocourt, but their assaults broken up by French with severe loss to the enemy.

Russians capture two villages south of Dvinsk and bridgehead on the Dniester.

MAR. 21.—Germans, after violent fighting and using jets of flaming liquid, make their way to the southern edge of Avocourt Wood. The French inflict heavy loss on enemy, and prevent advance.

Renewed Russian offensive in the north and south of their line.

Naval Skirmish in North Sea.—Four British destroyers attack and chase three German destroyers off the Belgian coast. The enemy fled, making for Zeebrugge, but two German boats were hit. Our casualties were four wounded.

MAR. 22.—On the small knoll of Haucourt the Germans succeed in gaining a footing.

Activity along whole Russian front, especially at Jacobstadt, in the Tchermetz Lotra region, and on the south-western shore of Lake Narotch.

Russians occupy Ispahan.

General Cadorna arrives in London.

MAR. 23.—Announced that Major-General Sir George F. Gorringe, K.C.B., appointed temporary Lieutenant-General in Mesopotamia.

British Front Extended.—In official report from Headquarters announced that there has been artillery activity about Fricourt, Gommécourt, Hohenzollern Redoubt, and Souchez.

MAR. 24.—Cross-Channel steamship Sussex torpedoed off the French coast on her passage from Folkestone to Dieppe. Feared loss of a hundred persons.

Liner Minneapolis torpedoed in the Mediterranean, with loss of eleven lives.

MAR. 25.—**German Raider Sunk.**—Admiralty announces that an engagement took place on Feb. 29 in North Sea between the armed German raider Greif, disguised as a Norwegian merchant vessel, and H.M. armed merchant cruiser Alcantara (Captain T. E. Wardle, R.N.). The engagement resulted in the loss of both vessels, the German raider being sunk by gun fire, and the Alcantara apparently being torpedoed.

Raid on Zeppelin Sheds.—British seaplanes attack German airship sheds in Schleswig-Holstein, east of the island of Sylt, escorted to their rendezvous, close to the German coast, by a force of light cruisers and destroyers under Commander Tyrwhitt; three of the seaplanes missing. H.M. torpedo-boat destroyer Medusa collides with H.M. torpedo-boat destroyer Laverock, and former sunk. Two German armed patrol vessels sunk.

MAR. 26.—Russian offensive continues; trenches captured at Postavy.

MAR. 27.—**British Push near Ypres.**—After exploding mines infantry of the Northumberland Fusiliers and Royal Fusiliers assault the German salient at St. Eloi (south of Ypres), successfully taking the front and second-line trenches on a front of some 600 yards. Heavy casualties caused to the enemy. Our captures were two German officers and 168 men.

Great Allied Conference opens in Paris.

MAR. 28.—Russia's fight for Trebizond. Our ally's troops dislodge Turks from their positions in the region of the Baltatchi Darassi River (thirty miles east of the port of Trebizond), and after an engagement occupy the town of Of.

MAR. 29.—French storm Avocourt Redoubt, and advance 300 yards.

MAR. 30.—General Polivanoff, Russian War Minister, resigns.

Heavy fighting round Verdun. Germans attack French positions on skirts of Fort Douaumont with aid of liquid fire, but repulsed.

MAR. 31.—Crown Prince of Serbia arrives in London.

Zeppelin raid on Eastern Counties; 43 killed, 66 injured. Zeppelin L15 disabled and crew captured.

Photo by Bassano

OFFICERS OF FAMOUS BRITISH REGIMENTS

3/23RD BATTALION LONDON REGIMENT.—Back row: Lieut. A. H. Alldridge (Quartermaster), Sec.-Lieut. A. J. Harman, Sec.-Lieut. A. P. Halcrow, Sec.-Lieut. J. V. Learoyd, Sec.-Lieut. G. H. Camp, Sec.-Lieut. D. G. Johnson, Sec.-Lieut. W. G. Spencer, Lieut. J. D. V. Hemmingway. Centre row: Captain R. S. M. Grindel (Adjutant), Major Valentine Dicks, Major T. C. Hargreaves (officer commanding), Captain T. M. Morton, R.A.M.C. Front row: Sec.-Lieut. A. E. Rowland, Sec.-Lieut. W. Lewis, Sec.-Lieut. H. C. Latham.

Honour Where Honour is Due

Notes on War News

"Erin Go Bragh!"

SIR IAN HAMILTON'S despatch of March 10th does some of the long-overdue justice to the work of the Irish regiments on Gallipoli. Recognition from individual generals it had already received, but this official mention in despatches was required, and we are glad that it has been made; we hope, too, that "Gallipoli" will be added to the battle honours of the regiments concerned. The landing at Beach V was one of the most amazing achievements ever performed by British soldiers. "Well done, Blue Caps!" Major-General Hunter-Weston said to the Dublin Fusiliers, when addressing them on their relief from the firing-line after fifteen days' continuous fighting. "You have achieved the 'impossible.' Well done, the Dubs! Your deeds will live in history for time immemorial!" "*Spectamur Agendo*" is the Dublins' regimental motto ("We are known by our deeds"), and they made it good once more in Gallipoli. And the Royal Irish Fusiliers cleared the way to some purpose, playing up to their regimental motto, "*Faugh-a-Ballagh.*"

Twenty-one Irish V.C.'s

NOW Sir Ian Hamilton specially mentions the 6th Royal Irish Rifles for carrying out "an audacious bayonet charge up a slope" during the fighting at Chunuk Bair on August 9th, 1915; the 5th Royal Irish Fusiliers and the 7th Royal Dublin Fusiliers, for "the energy and boldness of their attack" on Chocolate Hill; the 6th Royal Irish Fusiliers and the 6th Royal Dublin Fusiliers for "distinguished service" in the attack on Hill 70. It is officially brief and curt, but the "mention" means much, and we do not forget Captain Thornhill's outburst: "God, the men were splendid!" Down to the end of 1915, twenty-one Irishmen had won the Victoria Cross in this war; but many thousands in the Irish army deserved it, and that army numbers between a hundred and fifty and two hundred thousand men.

Mentioned in Despatches

HATS off, please, to "Cadet," mentioned in despatches more than once. "Cadet" is a French Army dog, and famous in that fine auxiliary force. His speciality is taking prisoner enemy dogs. It is said that not a day passes when he does not bring in two or three, often bigger than himself. He runs them down, seizes them firmly by one ear, and then runs them in, frog-marching them, so to speak, in a way that is described as inimitable. "Cadet's" service is most valuable, and we can well believe that it appeals, too, to the sense of humour which he is sure to possess in common with almost all dogs.

Truth by Mistake

A BAD accident has happened in Germany. A newspaper, the "Christliche Welt," has spoken the truth, and the German Censor did not find it out until too late. For months everybody from the Kaiser downwards has been spreading stories of the horrible atrocities perpetrated in East Prussia early in the war by the invading Russians. The "Christliche Welt" ("Christian World") published an article relating the facts as it discovered them when the Russians had retired again before the heavy German push. It found that the German population had run away so fast that the Russians had not been compelled to do any damage for military reasons, and what harm was done had been done by the refugees themselves.

Stolen Thunder

THE Russians were particularly careful to leave the churches untouched, and when the clergy got back to their parishes, expecting to find the sacred buildings heaps of ruins, their eyes were gladdened by the sight of the familiar towers, and everything within was found peaceful and intact. The "Christliche Welt" spread the glad news, and the Censor wept, or swore. For the story was reprinted broadcast in Europe, and all the thunder which the German Government was preparing, horrid tales of Russian destruction worse than that wrought on Rheims, was stolen.

Back Lodgings

A POMPOUS ass is the silliest kind of ass. Count Reventlow is getting pompous. He has been writing to some commercial firms in South-West Africa on the subject of Germany's colonial possessions, and explaining in sesquipedalian words when a German colonial possession is a German colonial possession. The answer is when Germany can protect one effectively against England, or convince England so firmly of the efficiency of its defences that England will be too frightened to fight. "Never" would have been a shorter way of saying the same thing. Meanwhile, the count adds that until Germany has finally defeated England and become the paramount Power in the world, Germany's colonial possessions will only be a sham—a mere lodging in the back premises of the British Empire—with the permanent prospect of immediate expropriation whenever it suits the British owner. On which we would only remark that it has suited us already.

Inertia!

PROCRASTINATION is really an apt synonym for inertia. So many of the little things of life we put off doing till to-morrow, simply because we do not trouble to raise the energy to-day. But the next day finds us just as slack, and so we go on letting the days slip into weeks, and the weeks slip into months. And, then, one day we discover that it is too late to do something which we ought to have done months before. Now, has it ever entered your head, if only once, that you ought to have your third volume of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED bound? Yes, it has. Then why let the days go slipping by without ordering your binding case? By having your first two volumes of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED bound, you have forged together a long chain of the most astounding events the world has ever known. Don't make this chain useless by failing to add the remaining links. Order that binding case to-day from the newsagent who supplies you with the parts. It costs but eighteenpence—practically a gift—or post free, 1s. 10d. from the Publishers, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Defeat the Enemy!

TO-DAY it is the clear duty of every patriot to assist his country to defeat the enemy. Newsagents are patriotically carrying out the order as to economy in paper, and you can help them to reduce the waste in unsold periodicals by placing your order for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *in advance*. A newsagent to-day only stocks the number of papers he *thinks* he will require. Hence it may happen that you will be unable to procure a copy of this journal any week, and in order to avoid such a disappointment you should give a *standing order* for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. In this way you will be aiding the publishers to meet the difficulty of the paper shortage, for the newsagent will know for certain the exact number of copies he requires. This is how you can help to shorten the war by encouraging paper economy. Cut out the Order Form below, fill it in, and hand to your newsagent. Be sure to do it *to-day*.

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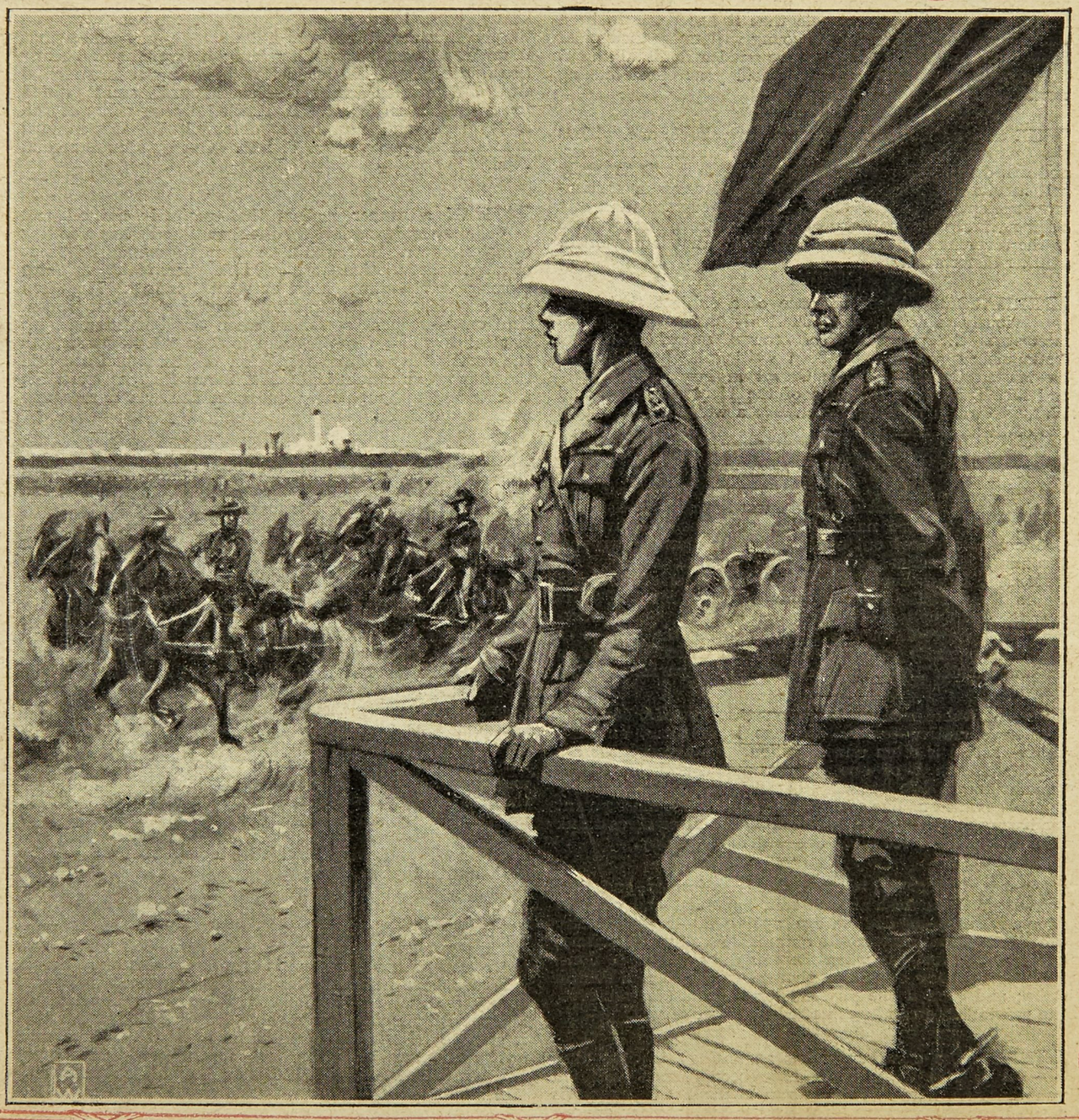
Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

The War Illustrated, April 22nd, 1916 Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

Romance of Rail-Power in the War by Edwin A. Pratt

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly



Vol. 4 The Prince of Wales Reviews the Empire Troops in the Egyptian Desert No. 88

A Word With the Faint of Heart

MANY people have remarked on the rather curious way in which an idea strikes root in several minds simultaneously and results in the appearance of a number of books on the same topic at the same time. It is one of the minor troubles of authors and publishers who, naturally, are vexed if they are anticipated in the production of their masterpieces on previously unexploited subjects. So familiar, indeed, is the trouble that it has come to be a stock piece of advice given to young writers by their older brothers in the craft: "If you have an idea, don't talk about it," at any rate, until you have sold your epoch-making work about it.

THE explanation is, of course, a very simple one. Ideas get into the air as actually and truly as any other germs, and will develop in particularly susceptible minds as surely and inevitably as influenza germs will develop in particularly susceptible bodies. It is no more curious than any other natural process, every one of which seems marvellous to the reverent and observant eye. But that is matter for another dissertation.

PERHAPS the latest instance of a subject that, previously ignored, has suddenly attracted general interest is the psychology of crowds, on which several distinguished people have been writing lately. There is Sir Martin Conway's "The Crowd in Peace and War," and Mr. Trotter's "Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War," to which reference was made a week or two ago in one of these articles.

BUT without reading primers or manuals on the abstract question, most people have been aware of the fact which these books treat of, for the war has made it obvious. Moods have become national instead of being individual. One cannot set foot out of doors in the morning without becoming conscious of a general mental atmosphere. Depression hangs over the city like a pall, or cheerfulness makes it glad like April sunshine. Apprehension drifts over the heart with the seeming purposelessness of wandering winds, or confidence is about, lighting the surface of things as patently as the crocuses and daffodils brighten the lawns under the still leafless trees in the parks.

STILL, it behoves us to watch these moods, for they have motive power. Impulse is in them, and impulsive action is often unwise action. As a people we are a little ashamed of one night's mood, still known as "mafficking." We lost some dignity thereby, and dignity is a thing which no one can afford to lose. But more potent for harm is unreasonable depression, and some of us think that depression is too often about the city to-day.

IT is due, doctors will tell you, chiefly to fatigue, and they will prescribe fresh air and rest, light diet and cheerful company, and—as doctors are apt to do—a good many other things that may not be obtainable easily. Sometimes one may not rest—as when there is duty still to be done. But while it may be due to physical causes, it is a mental state; and even if the physical cause cannot be removed, the mental state can be remedied by effort of will.

HERE, as so often, sport has an analogy to show that is helpful. Men who have been runners will tell you that the hardest race to run is the half-mile. It is a sprint all the way, and the way is too long for anyone not in trained condition to last the pace. But if the half-mile is the hardest race to run, the three miles is a greater test of endurance; there is a point—and it is reached pretty early in the proceedings—when to anyone but a professional, or an amateur who is an incurable pot-hunter, it seems simply not good enough. The temptation to drop out is almost irresistible. One's feet are heavy, one's heart is pumping much too violently, and the finish is more than two miles away; one thinks that it might as well be two hundred; it would not be any less attainable. That inclination to drop out is a mental state of depression due to the physical strain, and if yielded to its result is defeat. If resisted by an effort of will it is cured, and not, be it observed, by the medical practitioner's prescription of rest. One gets one's second wind.

WHEN a runner realises that perfectly natural and very ordinary fact for the first time he has a feeling of astonishment that would be adequate acknowledgment of a special revelation from on High. Thereafter anything seems possible—three miles or three hundred. Marathon was a stride, and Phidippides a grossly overrated person. And on subsequent occasions, when the depression begins to steal over him, tempting him to drop out, he remembers the inevitability of the repetition of the experience and the depression is rebutted. He knows that he can stick it out, and although only one man can win a race any number can finish.

THE little moral that we would like to point is sufficiently obvious. Everybody, man and woman, is actively in this war in some degree and fashion. The length of time it may last is not really of any importance in comparison with an issue happy for the world, but it is natural that all of us should feel almost desperately tired of it and begin to wonder whether any end would not be better than no end. That frame of mind is a depressed one, and as one moves among one's fellow-civilians one begins to think that it is a too common mood to-day. It must be put an end to, for otherwise it is not inconceivable that a kind of rot might set in and the "peace-at-any-price" traitors might pluck up heart of disgrace and make their braying heard above the guns that our sons and brothers are firing for us in France. So should great shame envelop us. The people who are very tired of the war have our fullest sympathy born of understanding and common suffering. But, we repeat, the cure for their depression is not rest obtained by throwing up the struggle and dropping out of the race. If they stick it out only a very little while longer they, too, will get their second wind, and then every Richard will be his own man again.

IT is true of nations no less than of individuals. France has got her second wind all right. Verdun proves that. Russia has hers, and is coming up steadily. Serbia will soon have hers, and then Austria will need to beware once more. And as for ourselves—does it really look as if Great Britain could conceivably drop out? The question is seen to be absurd the moment it is put. Those men out there are watching us, remember—those great Britons. All we have to do is to keep a stout heart and fare well.

C. M.

22nd April, 1916. No. 88. Vol. 4.

THE WAR *Illustrated*

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON

YOUNG SUBALTERN'S SIGNAL COURAGE AT ST. ELOI.—The capture of the St. Eloi salient by the British was a spirited affair. The regiments concerned were the Royal Fusiliers and Northumberland Fusiliers. At the outset of the assault many soldiers' lives were saved by the cool courage of an officer and two or three men. From the ruined house at the apex of the salient a German machine-gun, with its crew of six, who had recovered from the tremendous shock of bombardment, opened fire. The subaltern dashed straight for it and threw a bomb at close range, which knocked out the gun with its officer and several men.

ROMANCE OF RAIL-POWER IN THE WAR

How the Issues of Great Events have Hinged upon Control of the Iron Roads

By Edwin A. Pratt

Author of "The Rise of Rail-Power in War and Conquest"

IF, in the early days of the nineteenth century, when Napoleon's troops were marching across Europe, anyone had suggested that the time would come when armies would be transported, and campaigns more or less fought, by steam, the reply would probably have been, "Sir, you are romancing."

To-day the world has become so accustomed to the use of railways for an almost endless variety of purposes in the carrying on of warfare, that the real nature of the innovation is not always adequately appreciated. One fails, as it were, to see the wood because of the trees. Yet if we seek to gain a view of the situation as a whole, we shall find that while the application of steam to warfare is, in itself, no longer a matter of "romancing," there is, nevertheless, a distinct element of romance in the role that railways are called upon to play in the greatest crisis by which nations may be visited.

Rail-Power and Mobilisation

If there is danger of invasion by a neighbouring country, then, on the declaration of war, there must be rushed to the frontier a sufficient body of troops—"troupes de couverture," as they are called in France—to prevent any possible attempt on the part of the enemy to send across that frontier an advance guard which would seek to keep a way open for the greater force to follow.

At the same moment the order for mobilisation is issued, summoning reservists to their headquarters from all parts of the country; and this is followed by the concentration of the troops at or near to the seat of war.

All these things must needs to-day be done by rail, and urgency in their accomplishment may be a matter of absolutely vital importance. "In military operations," says Captain H. W. Tyler, R.E., in his paper on "Railways Strategically Considered," "victory is a question of days, or hours, or sometimes even of minutes in the movement of troops when the forces are on anything like an equality." By what means, however, is the guarantee secured that, whenever an emergency arises, whether suddenly or otherwise, the railways will be prepared to respond instantly to the demands of the military authorities, and provide the trains which are to play the part of the magic carpet in the fairy-tale, by conveying the troops wherever they may be wanted, and this without any loss of those days, hours, or even minutes which may be of such momentous importance?

War Time-Tables in Peace Time

These results are attained, not by force of a magician's powers, but as the result of plans and preparations made years in advance, it may be, by organised bodies of railwaymen and military authorities who, even while the nations are at perfect—or apparently perfect—peace, are drawing up their war time-tables and making every possible provision in advance for the transport of troops, supplies, guns, munitions, and all the other needs of an army whenever their country may be engaged in war. So perfect should this machinery be that the pulling of a lever will set it in motion when the word "mobilisation" is sent through the land.

It may be suggested that, although these peace-time

[*Continued on page 220*

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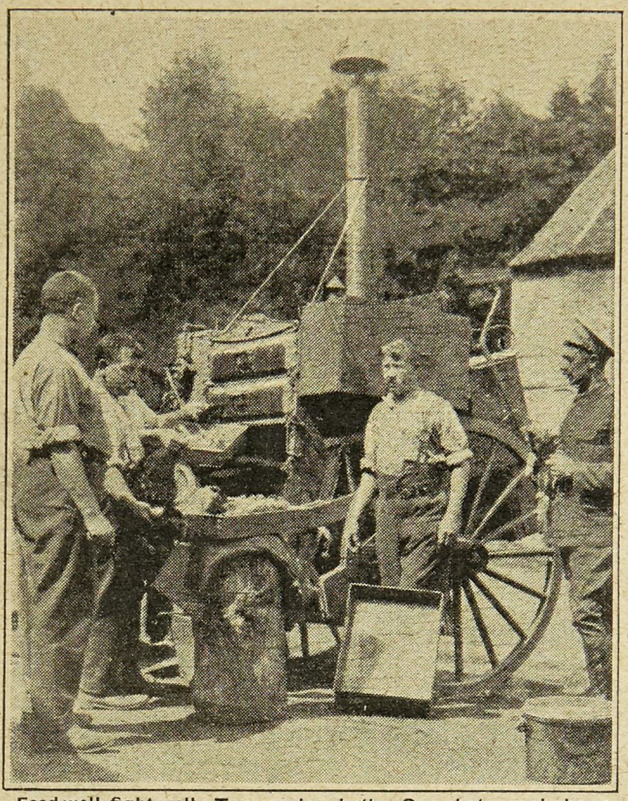
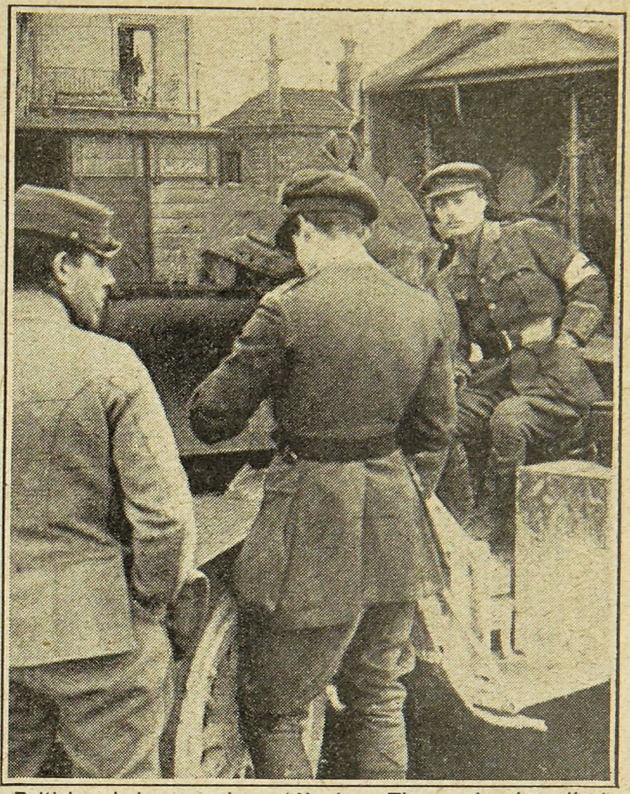
Network of communications on the outbreak of war, indicating the principal railways of Europe and Asia Minor, the most interesting of which is the Berlin–Constantinople–Bagdad line. It will easily be seen that the Central Empires' rail-power preponderated considerably over that of Russia's.

Round About the Great British Camp in France



Feed well, fight well—Tommy does both. Our photograph shows roast beef being taken from a field-kitchen, a welcome change from "bully."



British ambulance workers at Verdun. They rendered excellent service in tending General Petain's heroes, and received special mention by the French Command.

Mud and mounts. A striking photograph depicting the mass of mud encountered at a British horse depot behind the lines in France. Throughout the campaign our Army horses have been well looked after despite their inactivity due to trench warfare.

THE ROMANCE OF RAIL-POWER

(Continued from page 218.)

preparations are made in each of the leading countries, a railway is an uncertain means of transport in time of war because traffic along it can be so readily dislocated by the blowing up of a bridge or the tearing up of some rails; but here, also, preparations are made to provide for all emergencies. In the American Civil War a foreman in charge of a Federal construction party claimed to be able to rebuild a railway bridge (timber) "about as fast as a dog could trot," and onlookers were heard to declare that "the Yankees can build bridges quicker than the 'Rebs' can burn them down." Since those days all the chief countries of Europe, at least, have organised their permanent corps of engineer troops, who are trained in everything connected with the building, repair, destruction, or working of railways in war-time, provision also being made for their being supplemented, as necessary, by bodies of railwaymen.

Is there not, also, an element of romance in the distances

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Main arteries of war. This map shows the railway systems of the Allies and Germany. The two distinct lines on each side of the Rhine helped greatly in the rapid mobilisation of the German armies.

from the base of supplies at which, thanks to railways, campaigns can now be fought? The greatest undertaking in this direction was the war that Russia waged against Japan in 1904–5. From Moscow, for instance, to Port Arthur was a journey of 5,300 miles, a line of single-track railway being Russia's only means of conveyance for the transport of troops and all their necessaries to the Far East. In the Boer War of 1899–1902 the British troops arriving at Cape Town were still 1,040 miles from their ultimate objective, Pretoria, and were dependent for getting there mainly on single-track railways, while the lines of communication were repeatedly broken by the enemy.

In the present Great War we find a further element of romance in the way in which Germany has repeatedly rushed her troops across the interior of that country from west to east, or from east to west, in order to carry on simultaneous campaigns at two separate fronts hundreds of miles apart. But for the railways such movements as these would be impracticable. Even as it is, they are suggestive of Jules Verne fiction rather than of sober reality.

Nor, when they go to war, do nations depend exclusively on railways already constructed. Even while desperate conflicts are in progress, the railway construction corps immediately in the rear of the troops engaged therein may be laying fresh lines of light railways to facilitate the arrival of reinforcements, heavy artillery, munitions, and so on. When Germany went to war in 1914 she had on hand great accumulations of material for these military railways, lengths of rails being already fastened to sleepers so that the complete sections, conveyed on trucks and laid along ordinary roads, required only to be connected one with another in order to offer all the advantages of a light railway, or a tramway, the motive power being provided either by horses or by diminutive locomotives also brought on trucks by the ordinary railways. Similar lines are often laid for the conveyance of guns, munitions, or stores along the trenches or to some fortified place subject to attack by the enemy.

In addition to the transport of men and material, railways may also be used for effecting tactical movements at the seat of war itself. In the early part of the western campaign some remarkable achievements in this direction were accomplished on the French railways when it became a question of checking the threatened advance of the Germans on Paris.

Railways may also form an actual part of the fighting machine by being employed for the running of armoured trains. These, under favourable conditions, may render valuable service in the way either of defence or of attack. When the Turks made their attempt on the Suez Canal in the winter of 1914–15, armoured trucks run on the line of railway constructed along the whole length of the canal on the Egyptian side were further provided with powerful searchlights, which revealed the position of the enemy, and allowed of the guns being directed upon him with good effect by night as well as by day.

Ensuring Rapid Food Transport

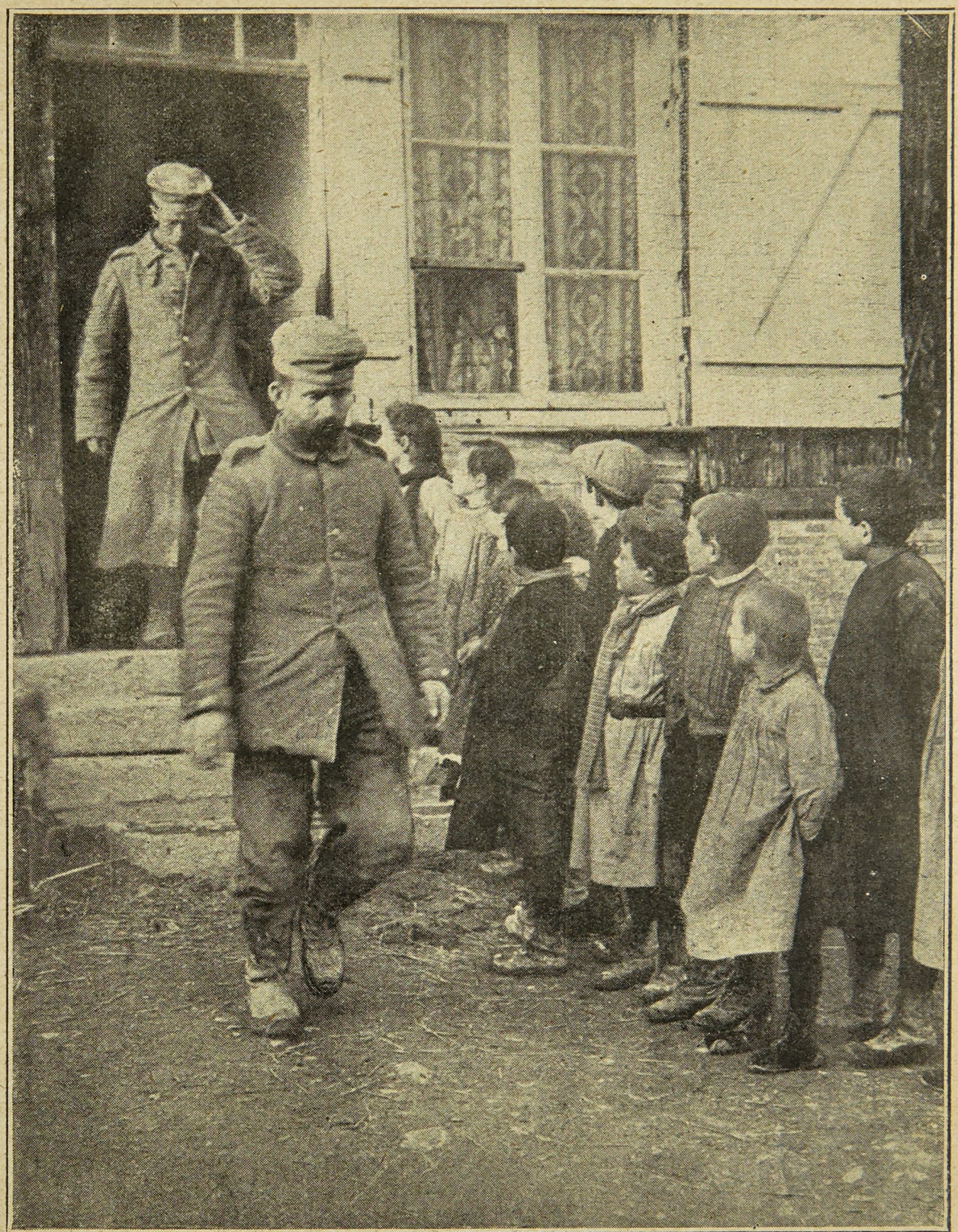
Thanks to the combination of railways and road motor-waggons, the troops of the Allies in the western theatre of war were the best-fed army on record; and this good feeding was of vast importance in helping to keep them generally fit and well under their especially trying conditions of trench warfare. With the excellent means of transport available by land and sea, their base for food and other supplies extended to the whole of France, the United Kingdom, Australasia, and other parts of the British Empire, as well as certain neutral countries.

It was the railways that allowed of enormous masses of postal matter, and especially of parcels containing woollen comforts, extra food supplies, and other luxuries, reaching the men in the fighting-lines. It was rail, no less than sea, transport that enabled our gallant warriors, when they could get away on leave, to pay hurried visits to relatives and friends at home.

It was the railways, also, that provided ambulance trains offering all the comforts and advantages of well-equipped field hospitals on wheels, and permitting (in conjunction with road motor-ambulances and steamships) of such speedy transport that in some instances the wounded men found themselves in bed in a hospital in England within twenty-four hours of their having been disabled on the battlefields of Flanders or Northern France.

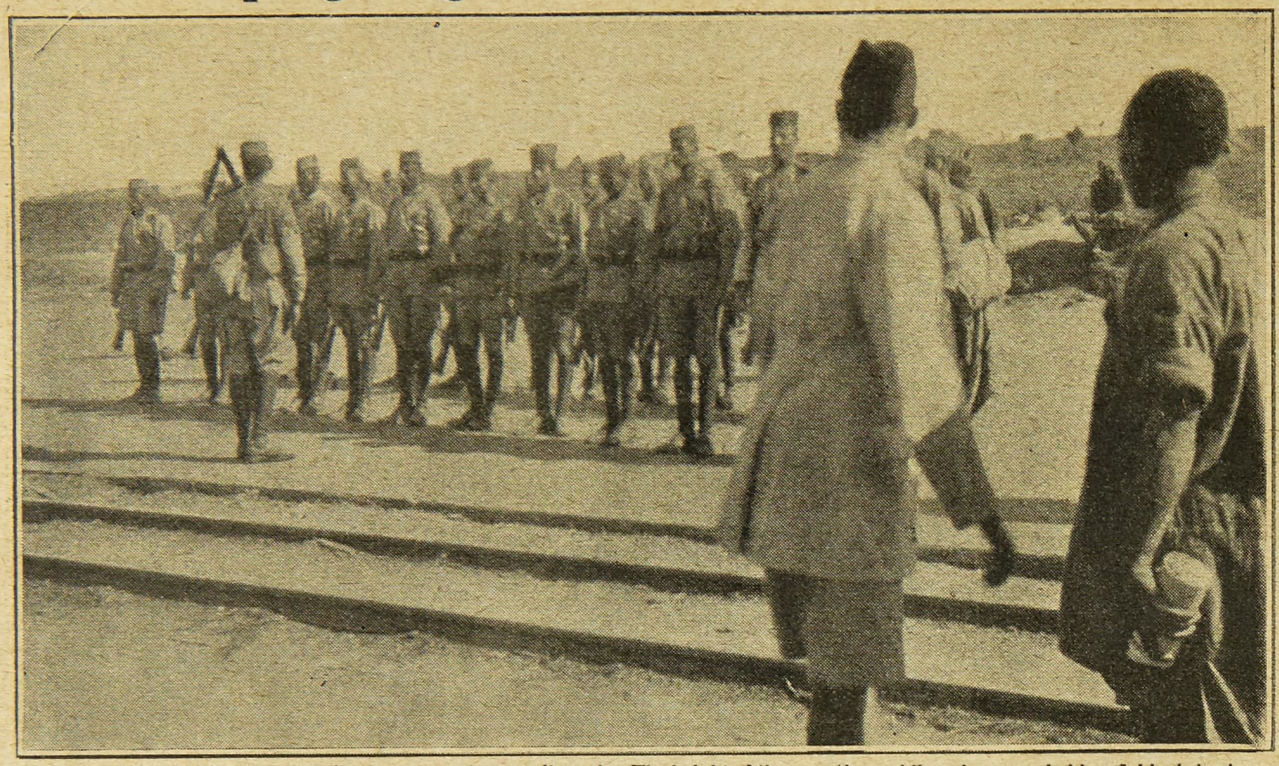
The war, with all its horrors, is so close upon us, and offers such a succession of fresh details from day to day, that the sense of perspective is more or less lost, and the full extent and nature of the work railways are doing is not, perhaps, always adequately realised. But may not one say that in the story of the role played by railways in the greatest war on record the element of romance is no less conspicuous than it is in every other branch of mechanical evolution and achievement.

Young France Contemplates the Captive Boches



German prisoners captured in the Verdun fighting leaving a temporary farmhouse billet near the fortress, to be conveyed farther behind the lines. A group of French children have the experience of their lives in contemplating the unhappy enemies of their land. Their expressions are curiously reserved, though no doubt a strong feeling of infantile contempt surges in their hearts. The prisoner just coming down the steps is of the weedy, spectacled, student type which do not make effective infantry.

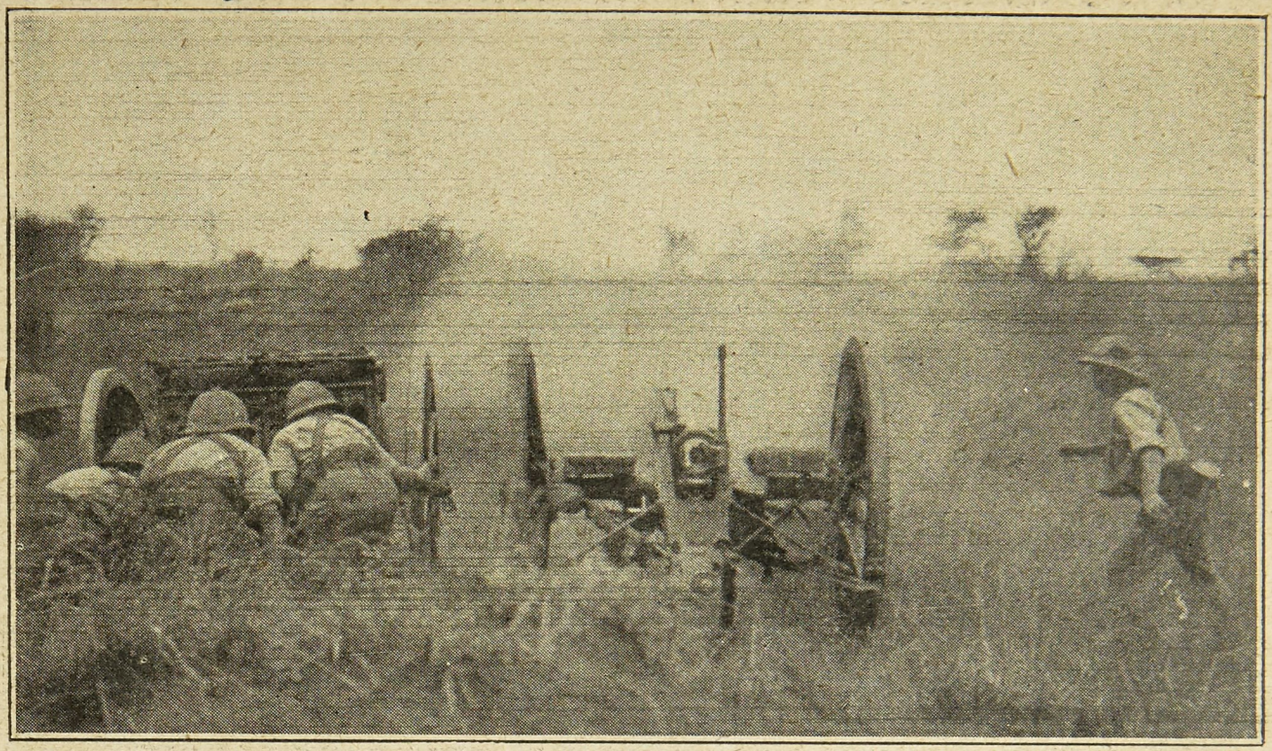
The Campaign Against the Kaiser's Last Colony:



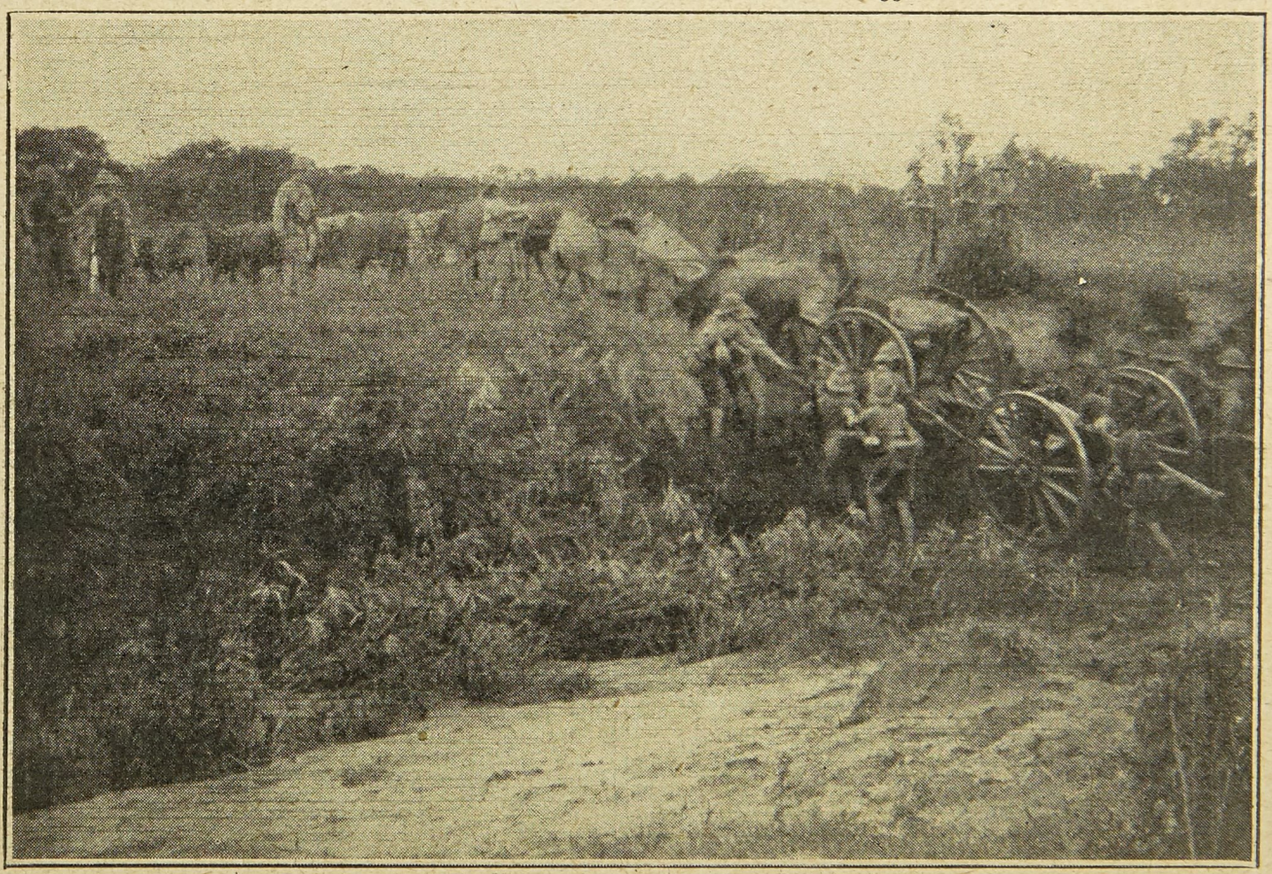
Troop of King's African Rifles lined up alongside a rail track. The height of these native soldiers is remarkable. A black leader in the foreground is about to give some instructions to an orderly. In the far distance stone barricades mark the British position.

Bullock-drawn munition column trekking across an open space in British East Africa. Some of the Indian troops who have been engaged in the East African campaign are seen in the foreground.

Artillery in Action on the East African Front

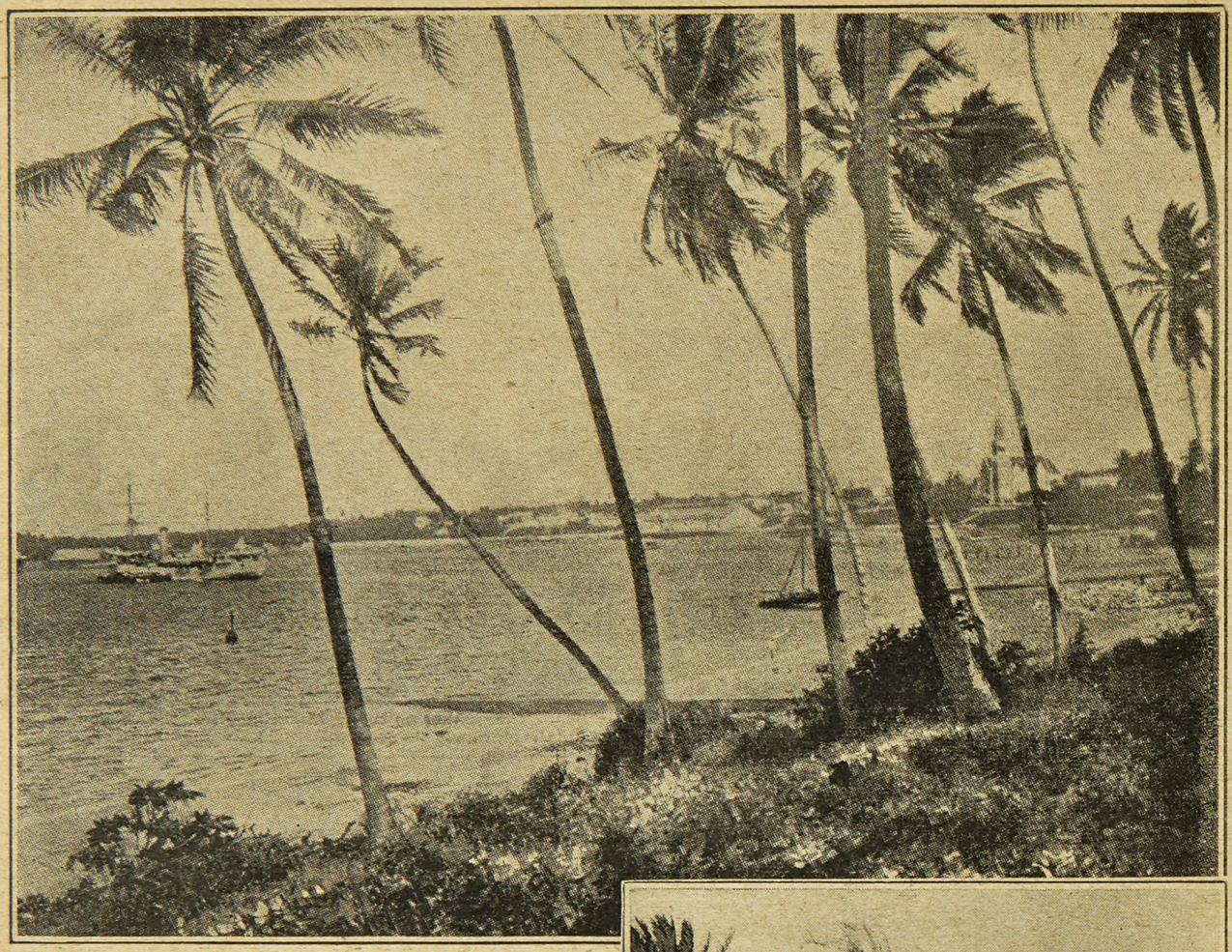


British artillery pounding away at the German positions in East Africa. The gunner on the right has just fired the weapon, while those on the left are crouching behind the ammunition-waggon.

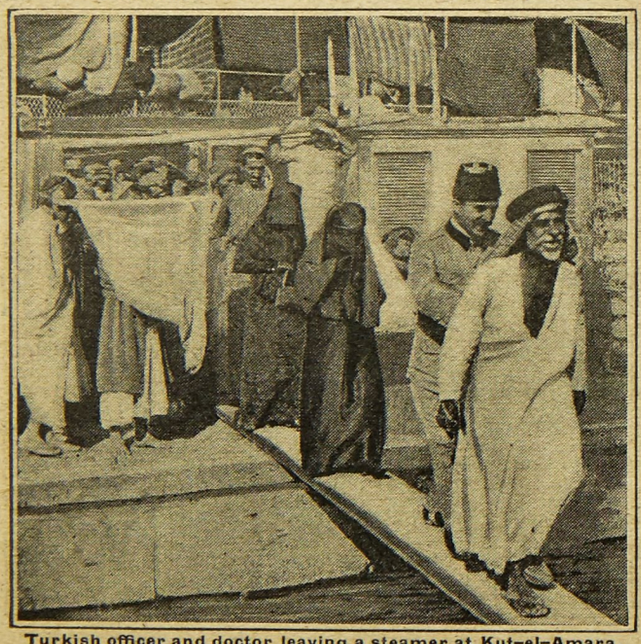


Striking impression of British artillery being hauled across an East African drift by a team of bullocks. The manœuvre is in charge of Britons, but one or two natives are assisting with the traces. An excellent idea of the country over which the struggle for Germany's last colony is being waged may be gathered from this photograph.

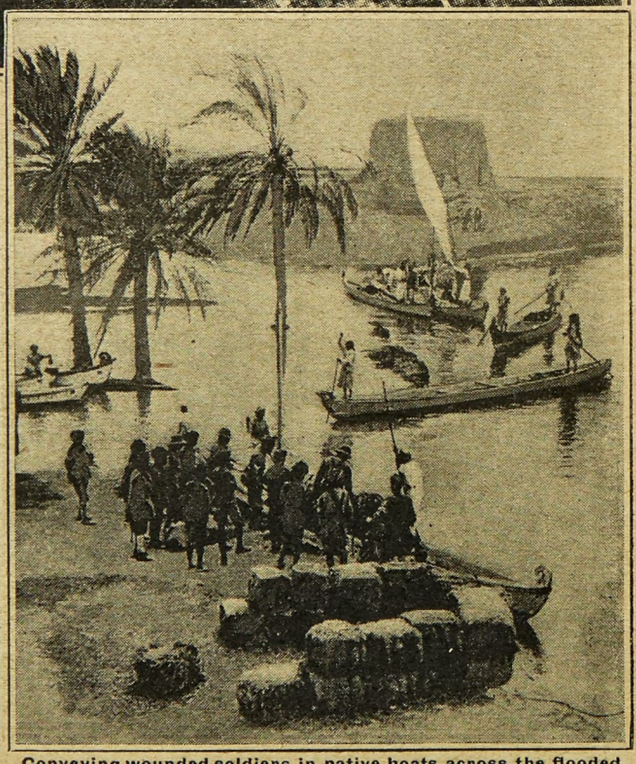
War Scenes and Incidents East of Suez



Picturesque impression of Dar-es-Salaam, chief port of German East Africa, showing the harbour and church by the beach.

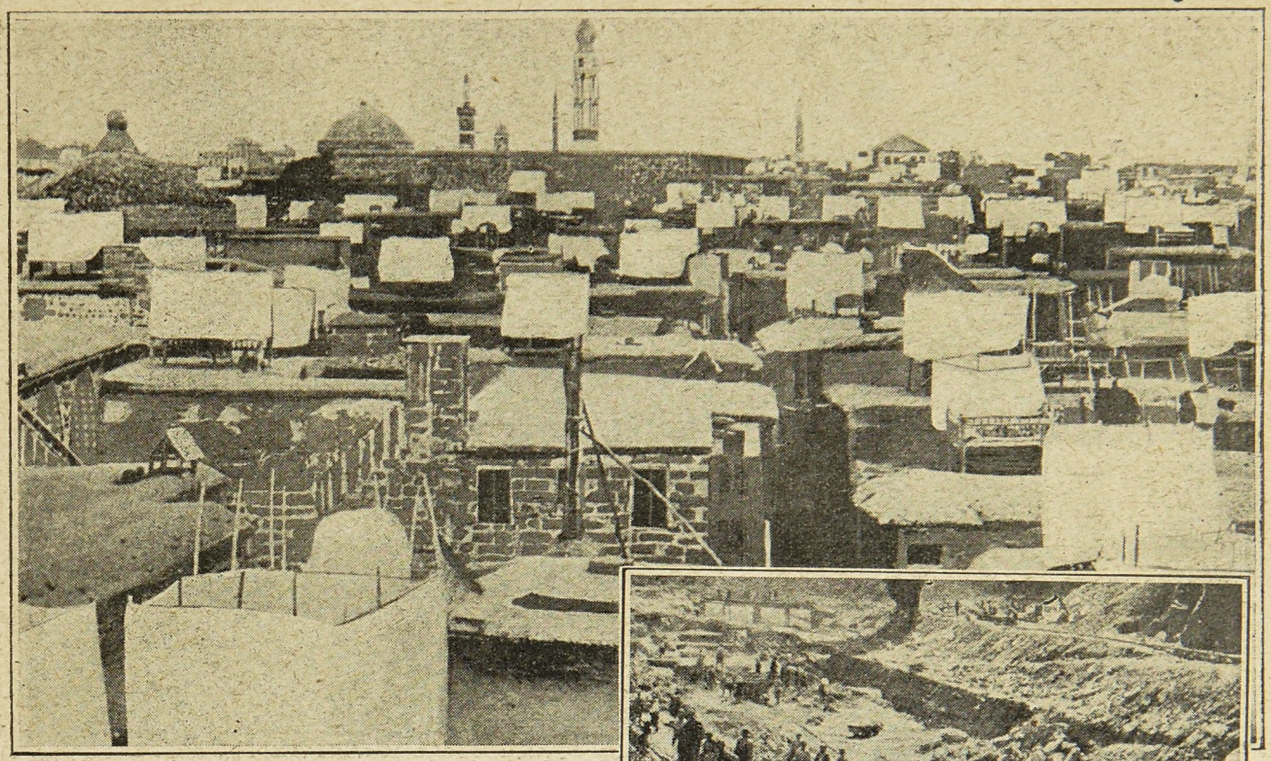


Turkish officer and doctor leaving a steamer at Kut-el-Amara, followed by their wives, veiled with yashmaks after the custom of Mohammedan women.

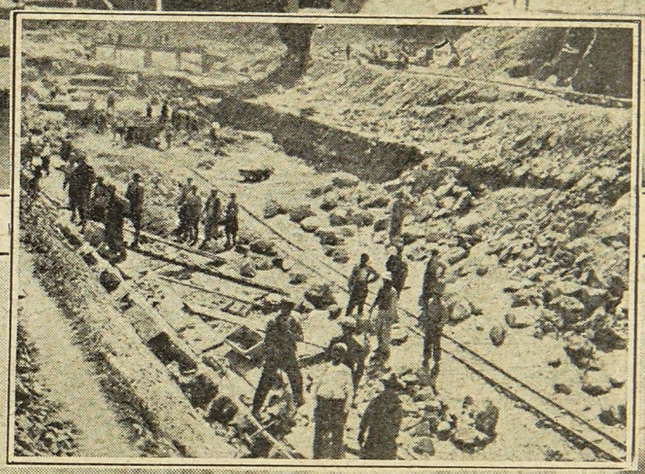


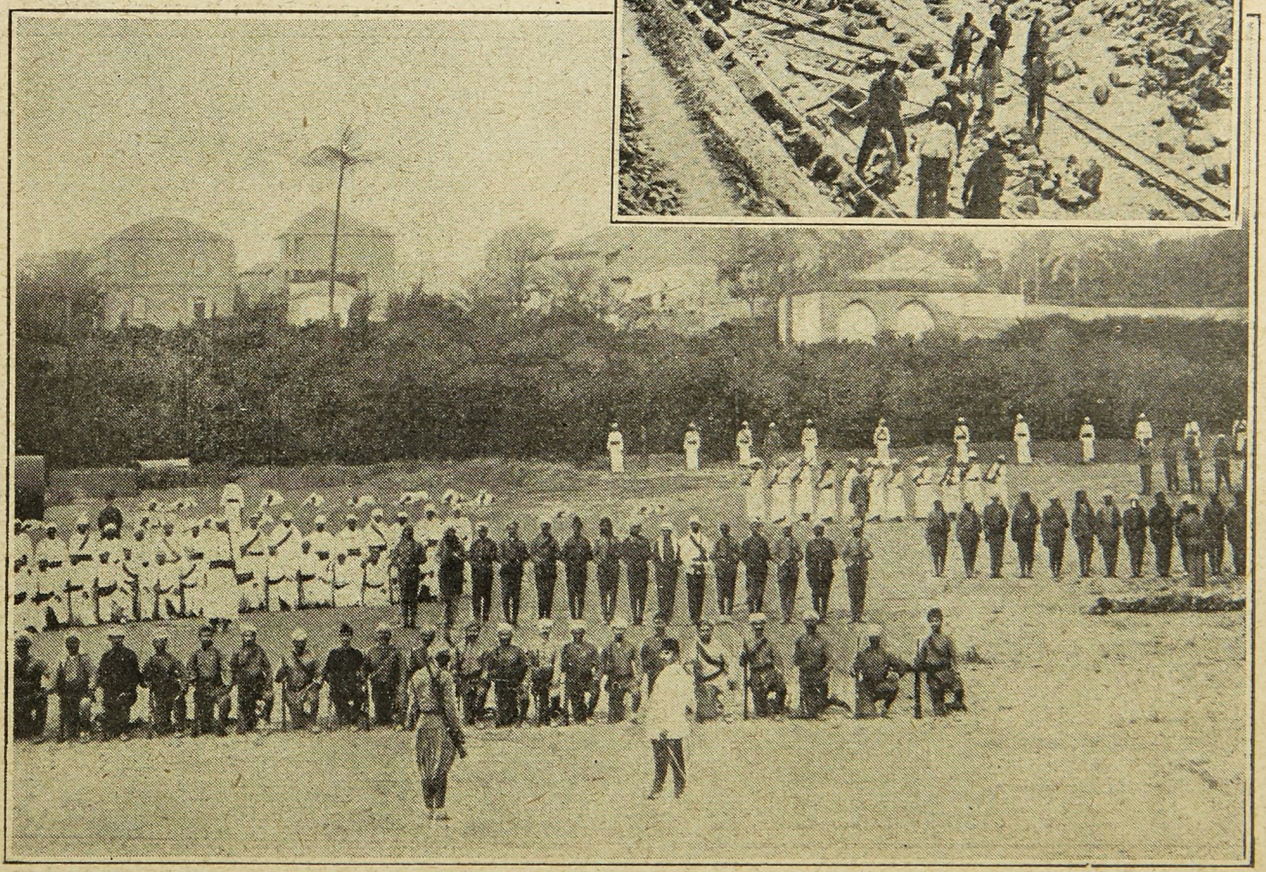
Conveying wounded soldiers in native boats across the flooded desert between Shaiba and Basra. A difficulty of the Mesopotamian campaign has been the lack of transport.

Following the Drum in Ancient Persia and Syria



Panorama of Ispahan, the most important town in Persia next to the capital, occupied by the Russians on March 22nd. 1916.

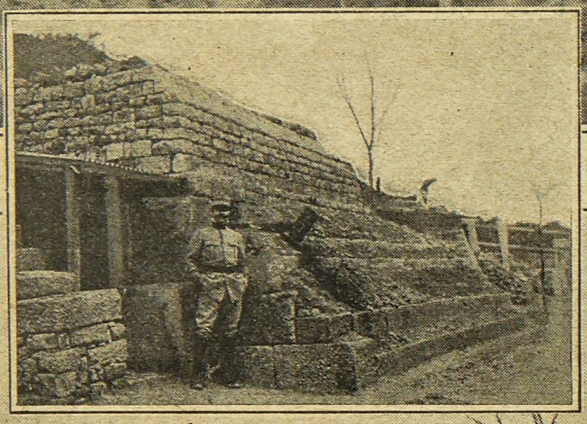


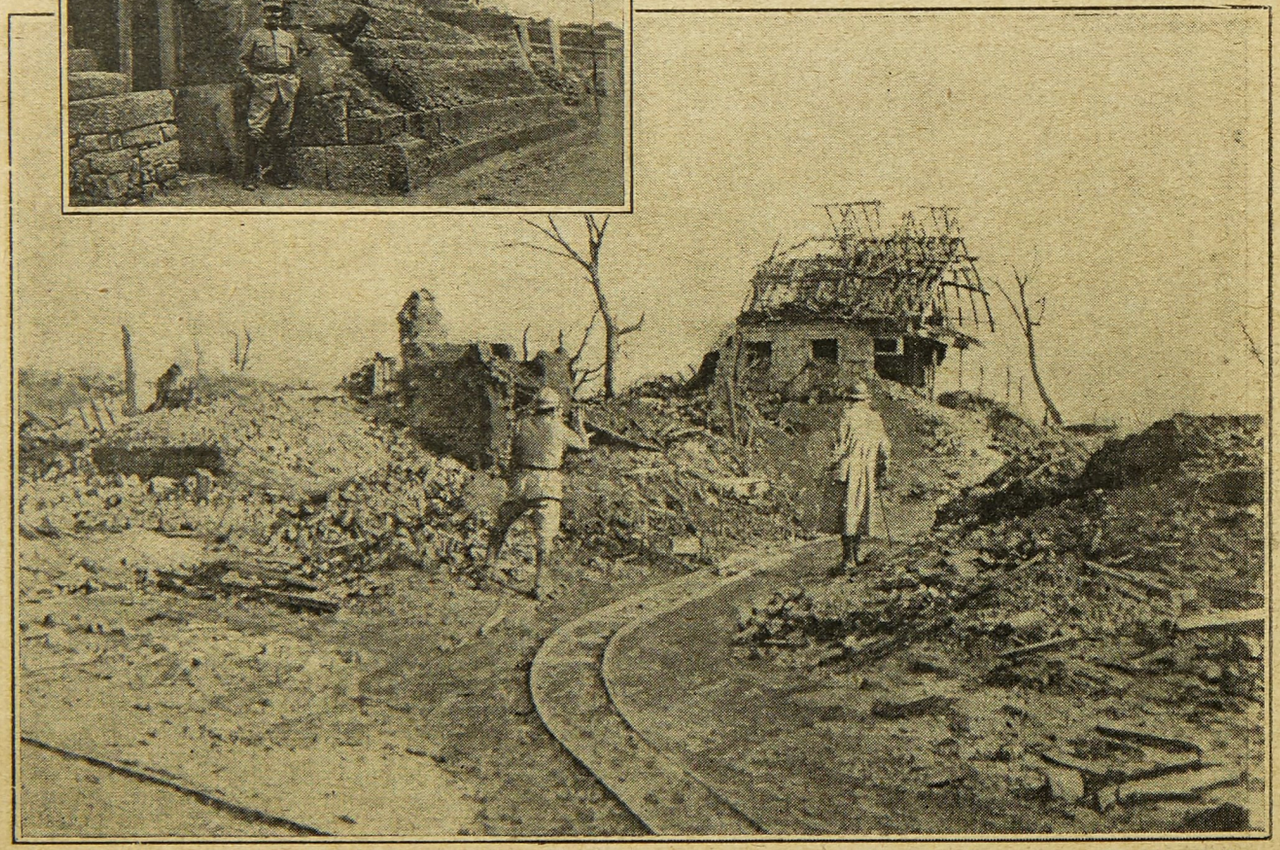


Turkish reserves destined for the Tigris training in Syria. The inset photograph shows the enemy at work on the Berlin–Bagdad Railway in an obstinate endeavour to realise this dream of rail-power before the day of Nemesis dawns on the German Empire.

Shambles! A Warm Corner of the Verdun Sector

A scene of ruin and desolation near Verdun, providing a striking illustration of the wreckage and wastage caused where the batterings of the tide of war are fiercest.

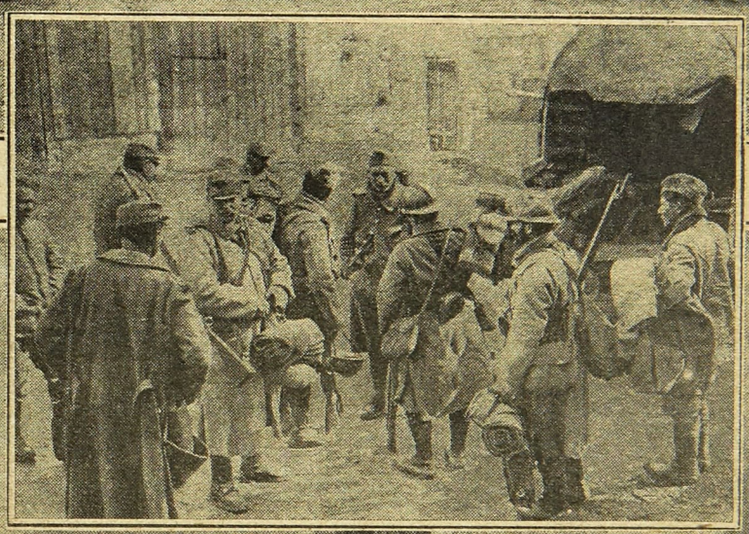


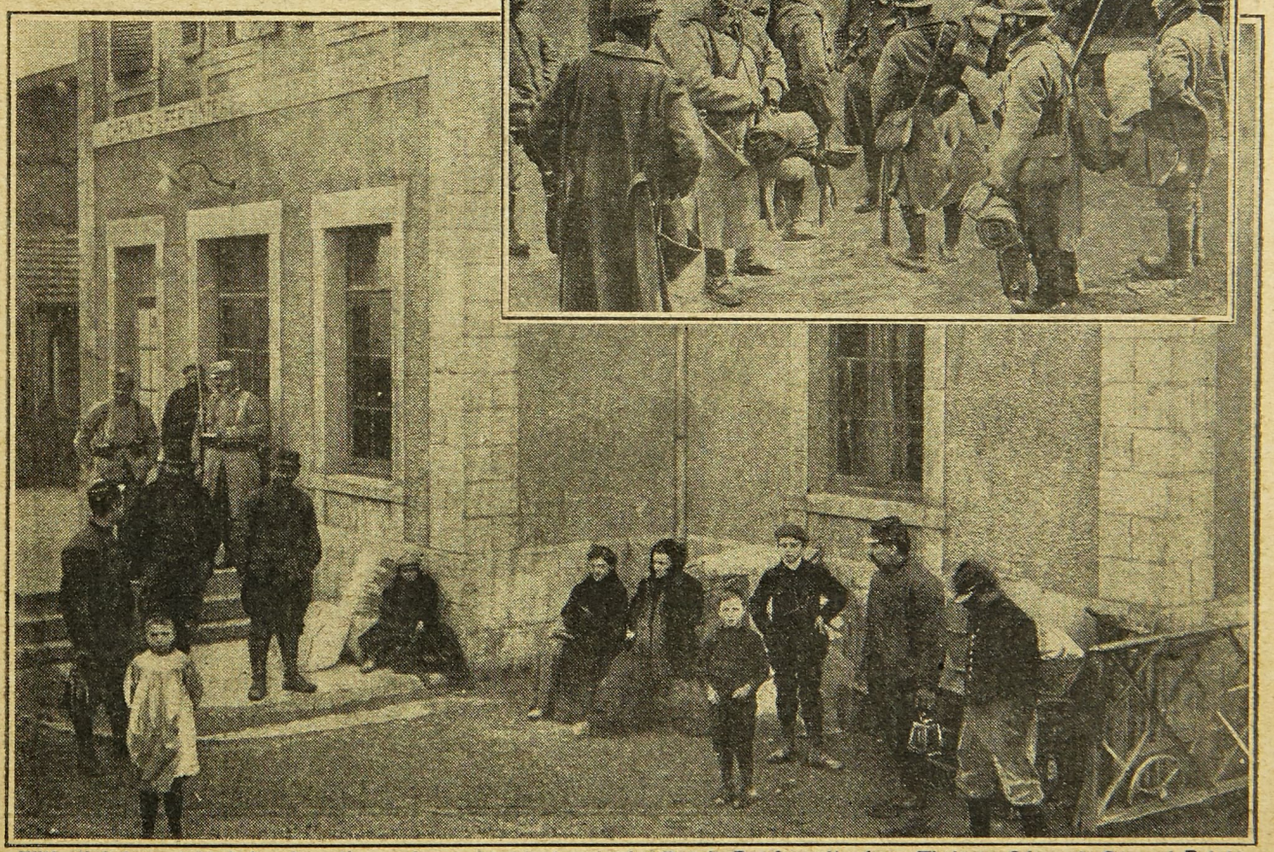


Not a building stands intact in the environs of Verdun, so terrific have been the artillery bombardments. The devastation apparent in this photograph is typical of the utter ruin in the region of this epoch-making conflict. Inset: Bomb-proof billets built of masonry by the French near Verdun.

Refugees from Verdun & Fighting Men from Vaux

Group of refugees, from the Verdun sector, at Bar-le-Duc, safely out of the danger-zone.



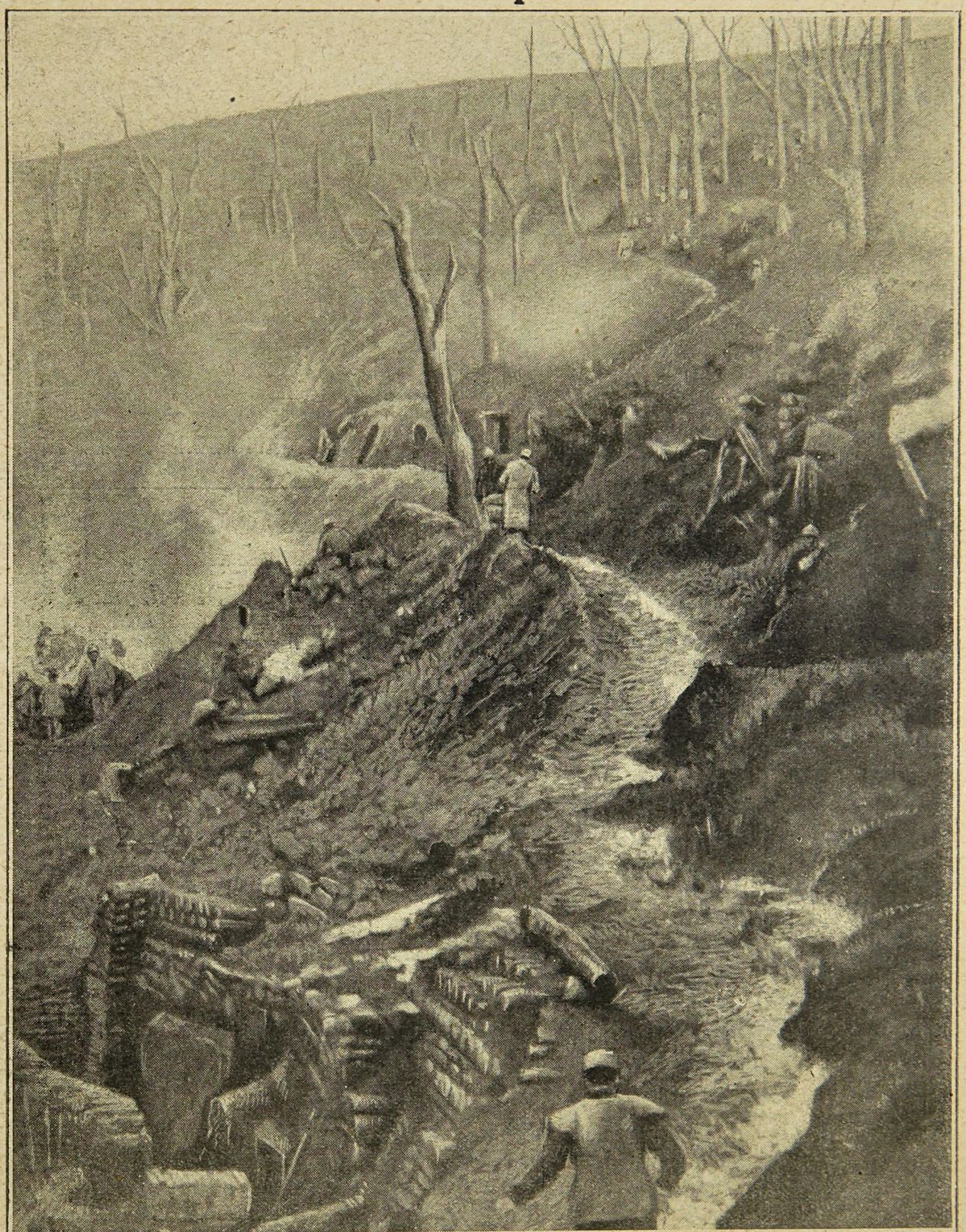


With all their portable belongings these refugees have just arrived at Bar-le-Duc from Verdun. Their confidence in General Petain may be gauged by the fact that they remained so long within the zone of operations and only left on being pressed to do so solely by the authorities. Inset: Group of typical Verdun defenders, on leave from Vaux, a centre of the furious German onslaught.

The Rumble of War Through Macedonian Valleys

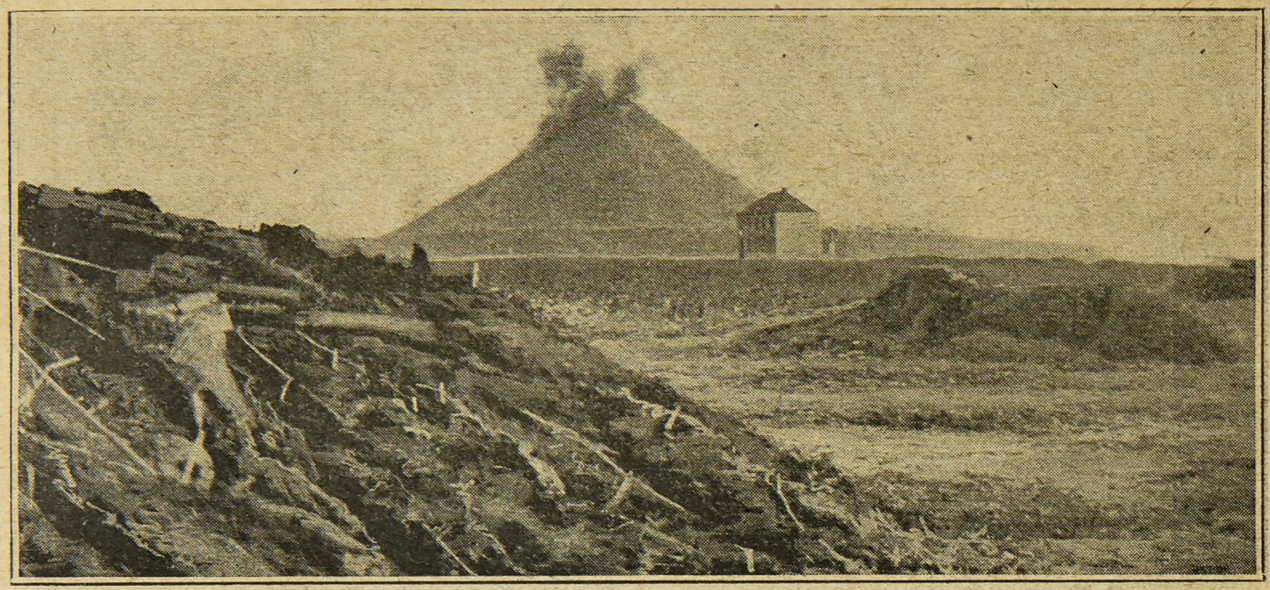
Enemy impression of a Macedonian outpost at the entrance to the Adler Pass, near Drenova, with a Bulgarian transport column on the march in the background. It was through country similar to this that the terrible Serbian retreat during November, 1915, was conducted. Principally owing to a lack of money, the Bulgarians have been brought to a standstill, and it is hardly likely that the Germans will be able to finance their fratricidal friends into becoming a potent menace in the Balkans.

Forest of Fire on the Slope of Dead Man's Hill



On the slope of Dead Man's Hill—a fiery furnace set aflame by German incendiary shells. On March 6th, when the enemy first attacked on the west bank of the Meuse, they were repulsed on this sinister-named height, a French artillery position of incalculable value. The combat was so furious that the position became a veritable inferno. In addition to a terrific bombardment, enemy aeroplanes circled overhead and rained bombs on the French. When the German infantry advanced, doubtless expecting to find the hill peopled only with the dead, they were heavily counter-attacked by our irresistible ally.

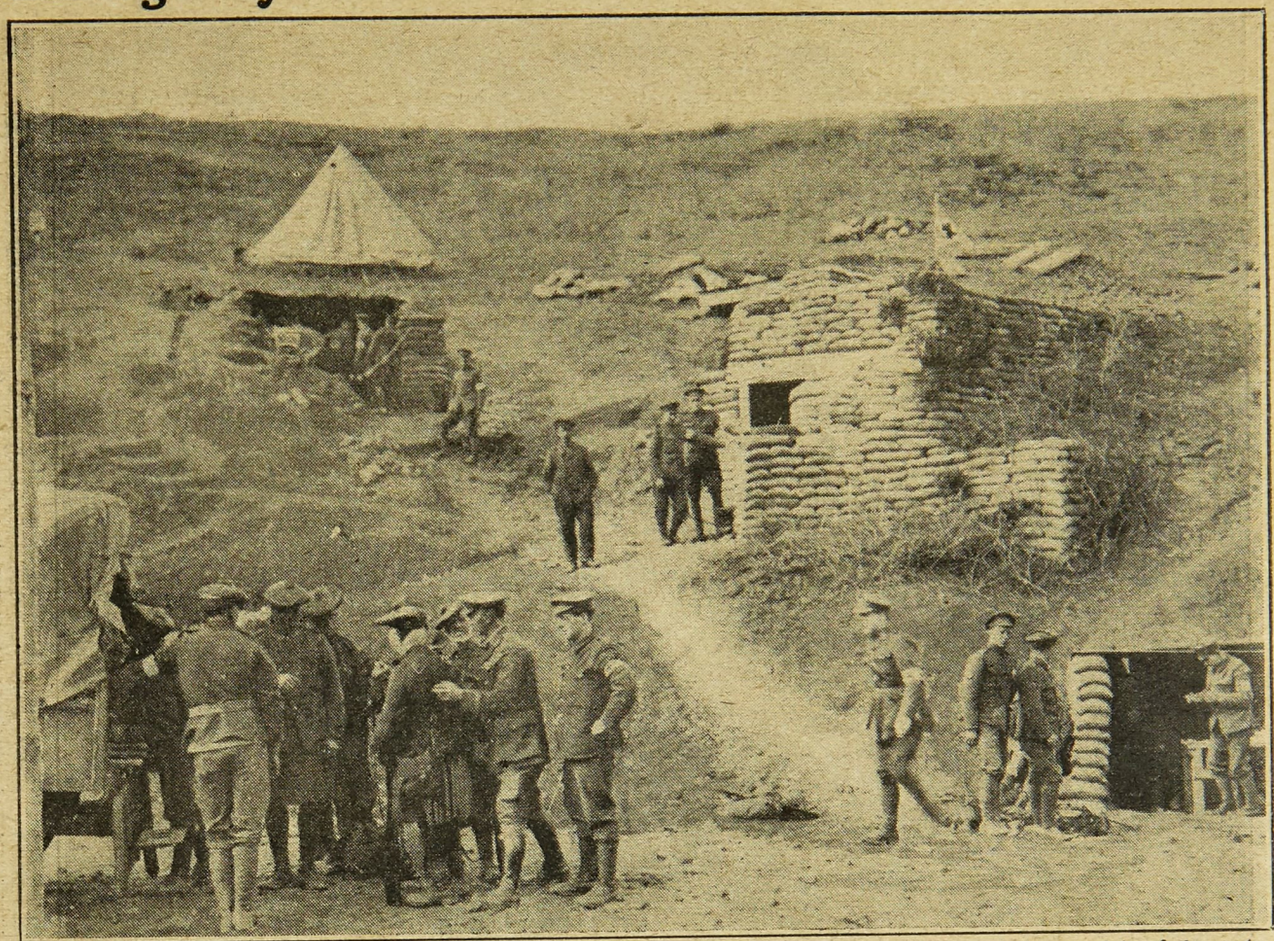
On the Mark · Modern Ironsides as Cavaliers



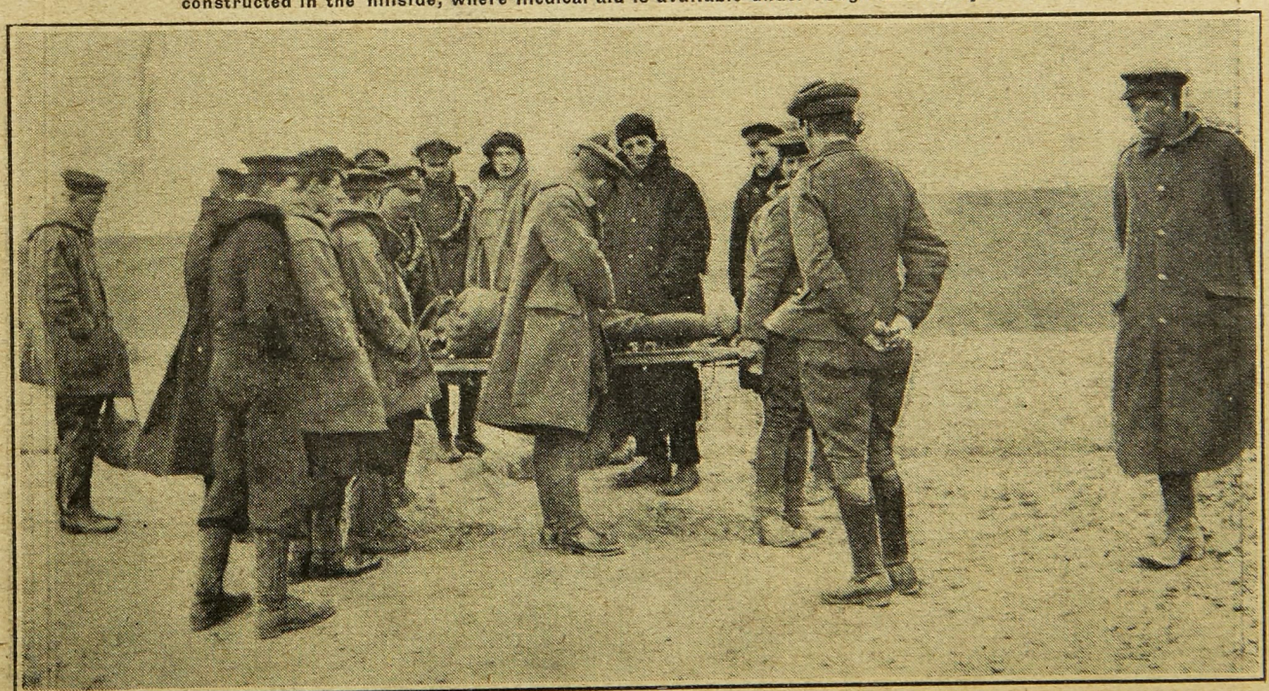
Not a miniature volcano, but a well-placed shell falling near a British artillery observation-post on the west front, which had just previously been visited by the Prince of Wales.

Curious effect of French horse soldiers, carbines slung over their shoulders, going up to the front line near the zone of operations. As the war goes on the value of the French steel casques as head protectors is proved over and over again.

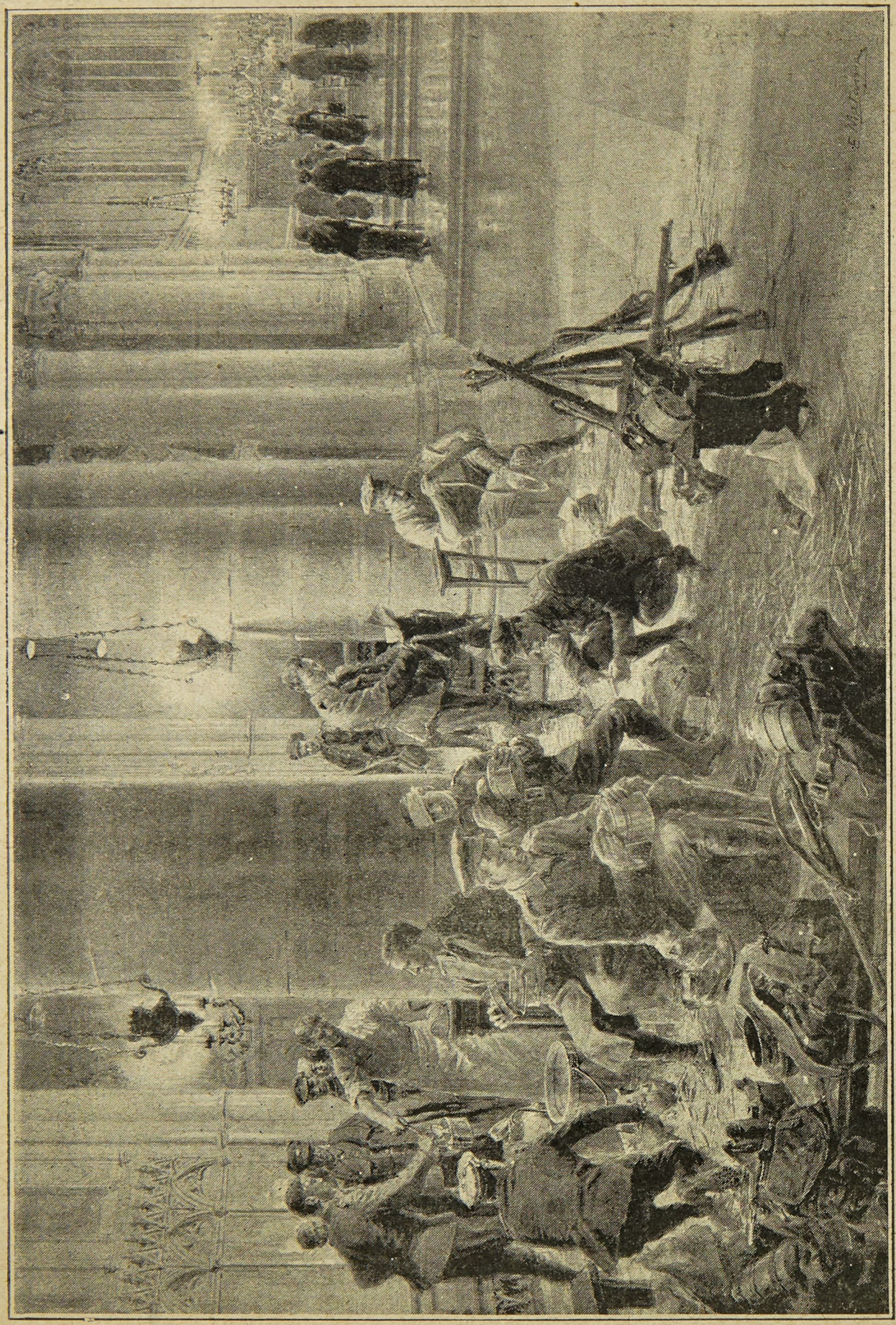
Emergency Treatment of Wounded at Salonika



With the British in Macedonia. A "casualty" arriving at an advanced dressing-station. The latter consists of dug-outs constructed in the hillside, where medical aid is available under rough-and-ready conditions.



A British soldier, wounded by a bomb from an enemy aeroplane, being carried off to the advanced dressing-station on a stretcher. Naval men are seen in this photograph mingling with members of the sister service.



THE BILLET IN THE HOUSE OF GOD.—Returning from a spell in the trenches recently a number of soldiers were unable to find billets in the village, and were promptly ordered to take up their quarters in a neighbouring church. They soon settled down to their novel environment. Rations were served out by the cook, wet puttees and boots were removed, and rifles were piled. Simultaneously a service was proceeding attended by a number of French women, all too absorbed in their devotions to notice the entrance of the fighting men.

Preparing for the Supreme Event

By Our War Correspondent F. A. McKENZIE

IT is an open secret that the Paris Conference set its seal upon the plans of the allied commanders for a simultaneous offensive on all fronts. Britain, France, Belgium, Italy, Serbia, and Russia—perhaps Rumania and Greece also—will, as soon as weather conditions make it possible, strike all at the same time at every frontier of the Central Powers.

The time when this simultaneous blow is made must depend on two things—the weather conditions in Northern Europe and the counter movements of Germany. It is reasonable to suppose that Germany will, by a series of vigorous offensives, attempt to force the hands of the Allies, and to hasten the fighting on certain fronts before it is possible to attack on all sides. In other words, we may reasonably expect Germany to push a vigorous offensive on various parts of the western front, particularly to the north, on the Ypres salient, and on either side of Verdun. Equally we may expect that Germany will show considerable activity at sea just now, in order to strike what blows she can on the water before the warmer weather sets the Russian Fleet free.

Optimism and Due Reserve

If, however, Germany does not show such activity in offensive, the great allied advance would not begin until at the earliest the latter part of April. The thaw set in in Russia during the third week in March. Four to five weeks must be allowed at least after the beginning of the thaw before any military movements of importance can be carried out. This time may be lengthened.

In ordinary circumstances no military writer discusses in any detail movements of the armies on his own side which have yet to take place. There are obvious reasons for this. Surprise is the essence of most attacks. But in this instance the movement will be so vast, and necessitate such preparations in so many countries, that complete secrecy is impossible. It has already been openly discussed everywhere. Holland, fearful lest in the great clash her neutrality should be brought into question, has re-formed her armies and revised her scheme of defence. Greece is suddenly stricken with nervous apprehension lest when the great moment comes she should find that she had delayed until too late to join us. Every soldier from the front comes back full of optimism and enthusiasm. The big push of 1915 was much talked about and never came. It never came because we and our Allies were utterly unprepared to make it. To-day we are prepared.

There is good cause for optimism in the situation now before us, but it is possible to over-do optimism. People are talking to-day of getting the Germans on the run, and of keeping them on the run until the Rhine is reached on our side and Berlin on the eastern side. Sober men are discussing the possibility of peace in June. Expectations such as these can, I am convinced, only lead to very great disappointment.

Obstacles to be Cleared

We have had recently one magnificent example of getting the enemy on the run in the Russian advance in the Caucasus. But this advance was made against Turks, not against Germans. It would be idle to suppose that the Germans have not line after line of carefully prepared positions fronting us on the west. Lille, Brussels, Ghent, may well each of them represent a great fight in itself. Metz, which stands in the way of the French when they launch their advance, is one of the strongest fortresses in the world. Positions such as these cannot be rushed in a few days, and it is foolish to talk as though they could. Doubtless when the advance comes we will gain large stretches of country, not by fighting over every inch, but by turning the enemy's positions so that his troops are forced to retreat or to run the risk of being hemmed in and captured.

But the thing for the civil population to remember to-day is that an advance such as is evidently contemplated must involve a most terrific struggle. Too much must not be expected at the beginning. There are bound to be very heavy losses, and the more successful we are the heavier the losses are likely to be. We will have to pay a heavy price for victory, but we would have to pay a heavier price if we stayed still and did nothing.

New Weapons and New Hopes

We start out with certain initial advantages. If a simultaneous advance is made on all fronts, the French, British, and Belgians on the west will be able to bring at least two to one against the Germans. These armies will be splendidly equipped. What is almost of equal importance, there will be ample equipment for the reserves to back them up. This spring we should receive the first really considerable consignment of American rifles and guns. Up till recently the Americans were mainly engaged in the necessary preliminary work in this new field of manufacture. To-day they are beginning to turn out weapons in enormous quantities, although they have even yet nothing like touched their maximum production.

France will have ample men to throw into her second and third lines that move forward. Russia during the past winter has established vast training depots for recruits, providing a great stream of men ready to fill up casualties in the ranks. Our own ability to keep our armies up to full strength depends on the policy now adopted by this country. It is my endeavour in this page to avoid partisan controversy, and I have no wish to dwell on the fight over recruiting. All that concerns the soldier is this: We must have many more men, and the need for these men overshadows everything else. The new recruits must be healthy and sturdy. Any policy of enlisting physical weaklings, cripples, and consumptives is wicked folly and waste, particularly because it helps to make a false show of strength, without the actuality behind it. If we are to hold what we take we must have more men and still more men. Any politician, be his position what it may, who hinders us from getting these men because of ancient prejudice, fear of the mob, or petty jealousy, is doing the deadliest harm to Great Britain.

Trial Before the Great Triumph

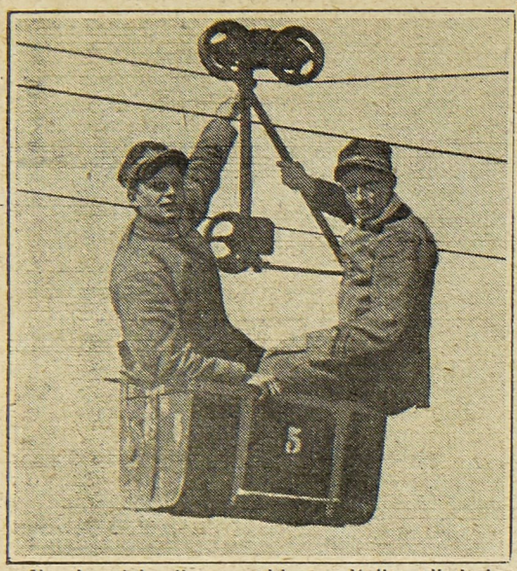
The next thing for us to bear in mind is that it is unwise to underestimate your enemy. The German Army of 1916 is not the German Army of 1914. The German equipment and munition supplies are beginning to show signs of strain and shortage. The new German uniforms are surprisingly poor; the boot problem is a serious one for the German Army; and various expedients are being used to atone for the lack of certain essentials in the munition supply. It is significant, for example, that the Germans have, in some cases at least, recently been using concrete shrapnel.

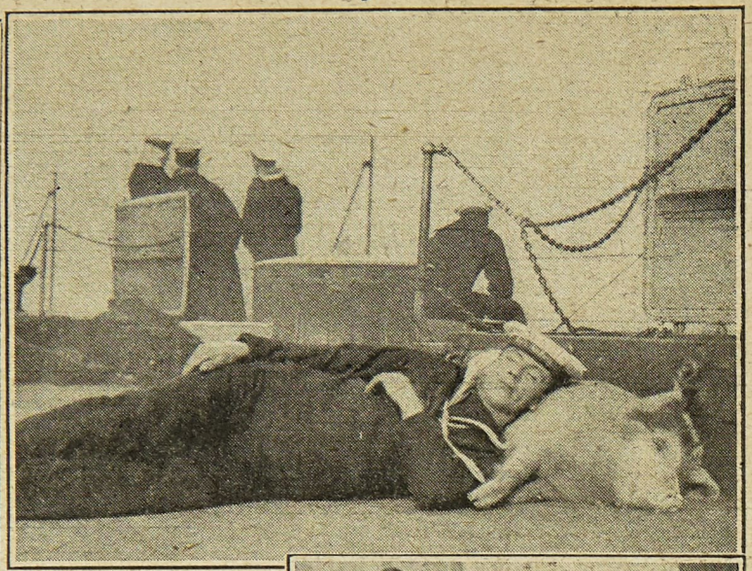
But we have heard too often in the past of the coming collapse of Germany to take too much notice of such a cry. The only safe assumption on which our advance can be conducted is that the enemy will be determined, well placed, well armed, and ready to fight to the last.

One truth has been demonstrated in many a war. When the turn of the tide comes, things have a way of developing very rapidly. It may be that once the first sets of enemy lines are broken this will be so here. The possibility of a Belgium restored to her own people has not been so bright for eighteen months and more as it is to-day. If we can succeed in our front in re-forming the line of battle so that the River Meuse and Luxemburg separate us from our foes in the autumn, we shall have done something that should have satisfied any optimist. Once that is done, the end is only a matter of time.

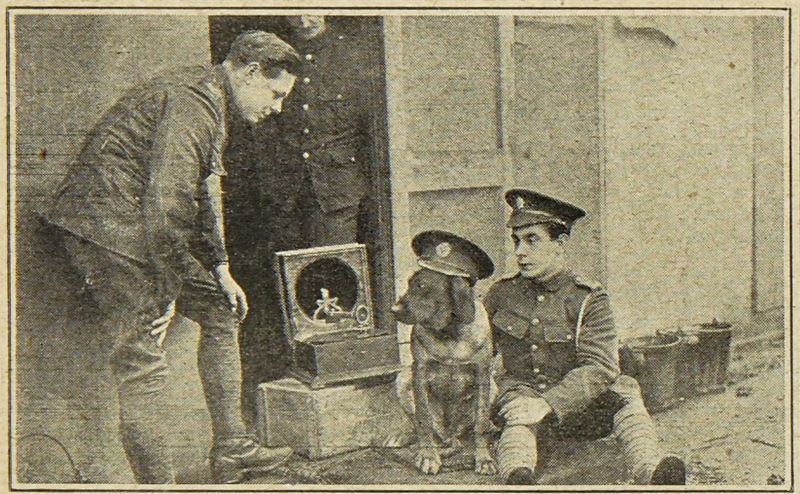
To the nation at large the days now before us may well be a time of prayer and preparation. Much will be required of us, even more than has been during the dark months behind. The hour of triumph will come, but it is not here yet. This is the hour to set our teeth, to test our weapons, and to redouble our endeavours.

Minor Incidents Pictured in Many War Centres

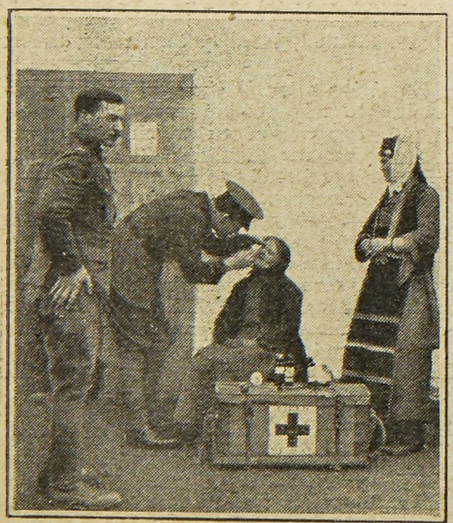




Novel aerial railway used by our Italian ally in her Alpine campaign to convey troops from height to height. Right: The pig was saved by the men of H.M.S. Glasgow from the German cruiser Dresden and made a pet of by the crew.



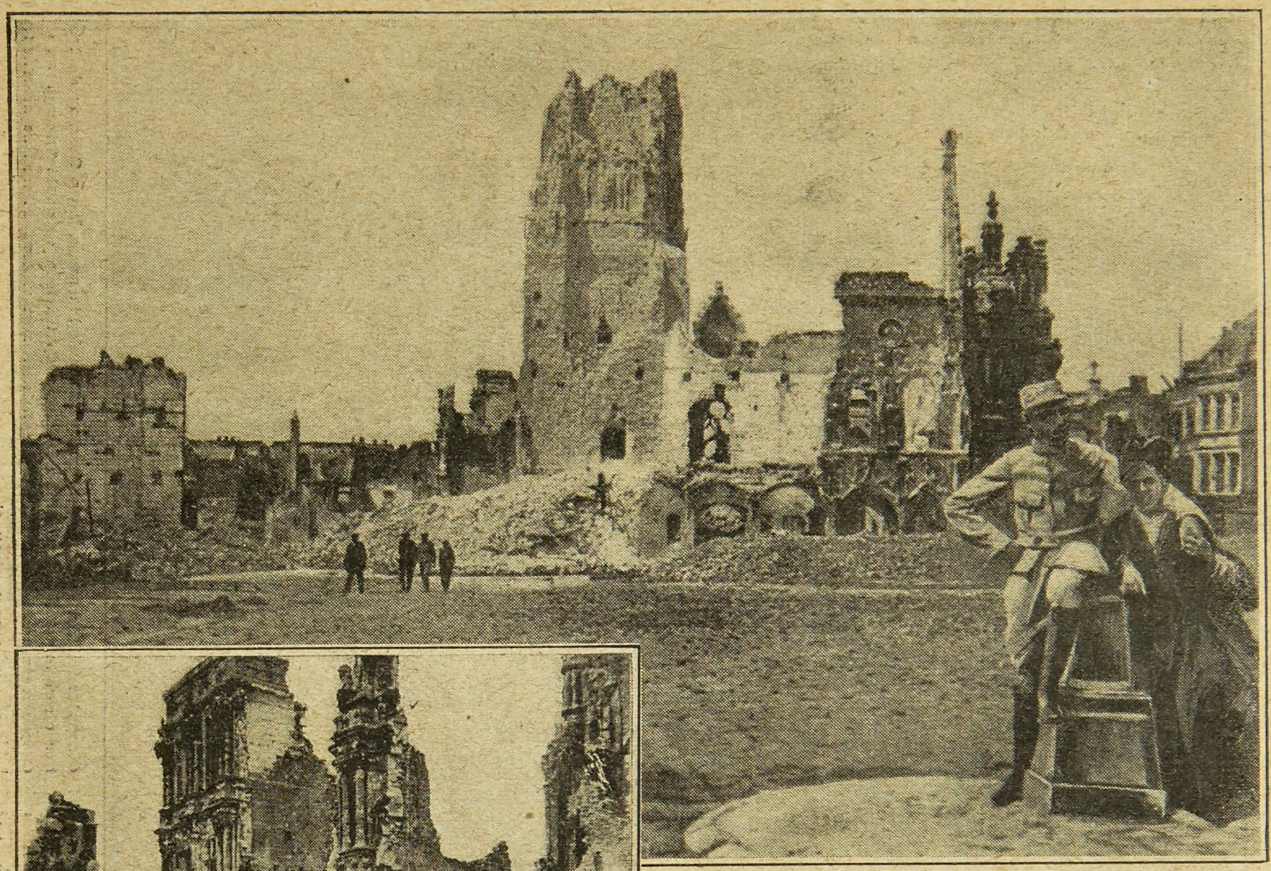
The mascot dog of a regiment at the front listening attentively to a recruiting appeal on the gramophone Inset: A sixteen-year-old Russian trumpeter who escaped from captivity in the German lines and joined the French.



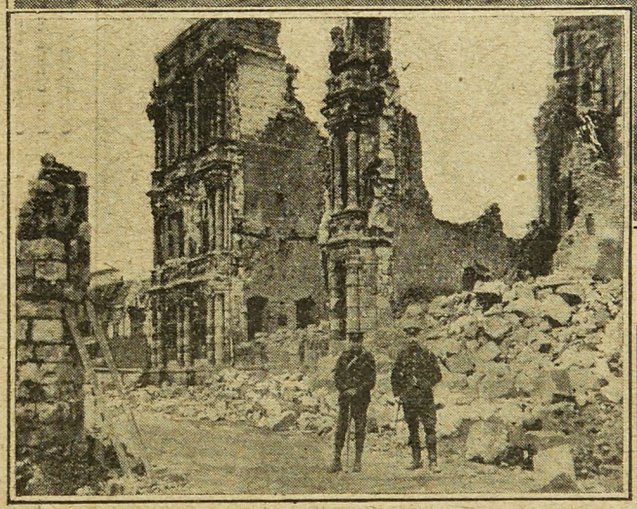
British R.A.M.C. officer gives free treatment to a peasant woman in Macedonia.

Hairdresser operating on an Austrian officer in a Macedonian village. While the juvenile crowd looks quite interested, the barber is by no means happy in his task.

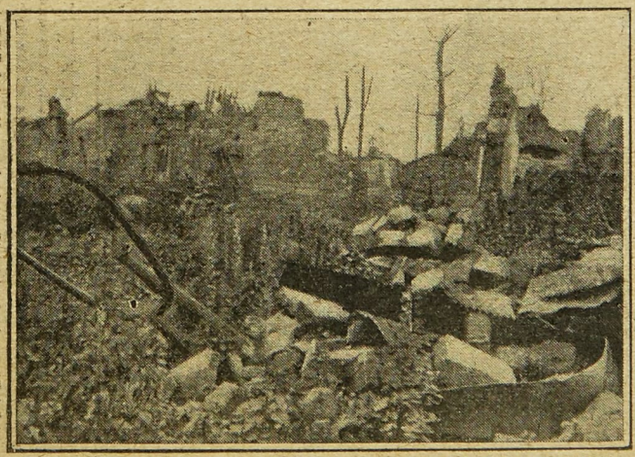
Ashes of Arras: Studies in Desolation



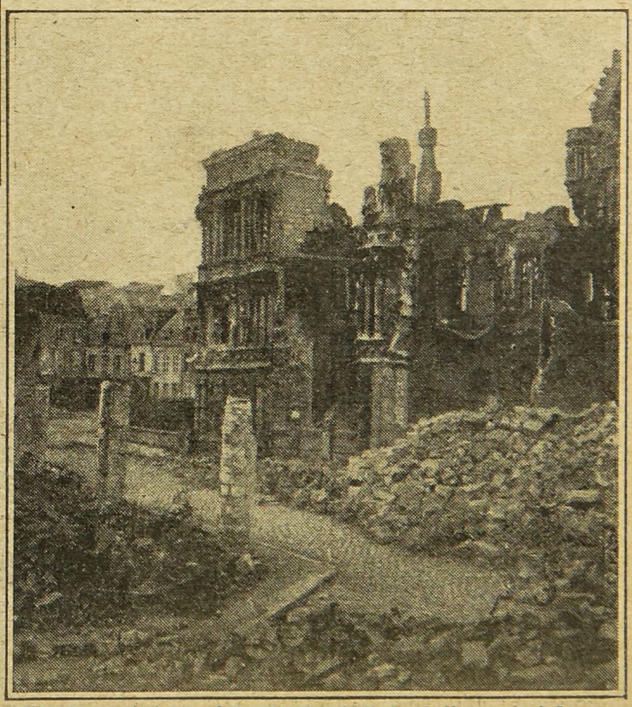
Love among the ruins. French officer on leave from the trenches rejoins his wife at Arras, which has been all but razed to the ground by German shells. They are seated beneath the shadow of the once-beautiful belfry.



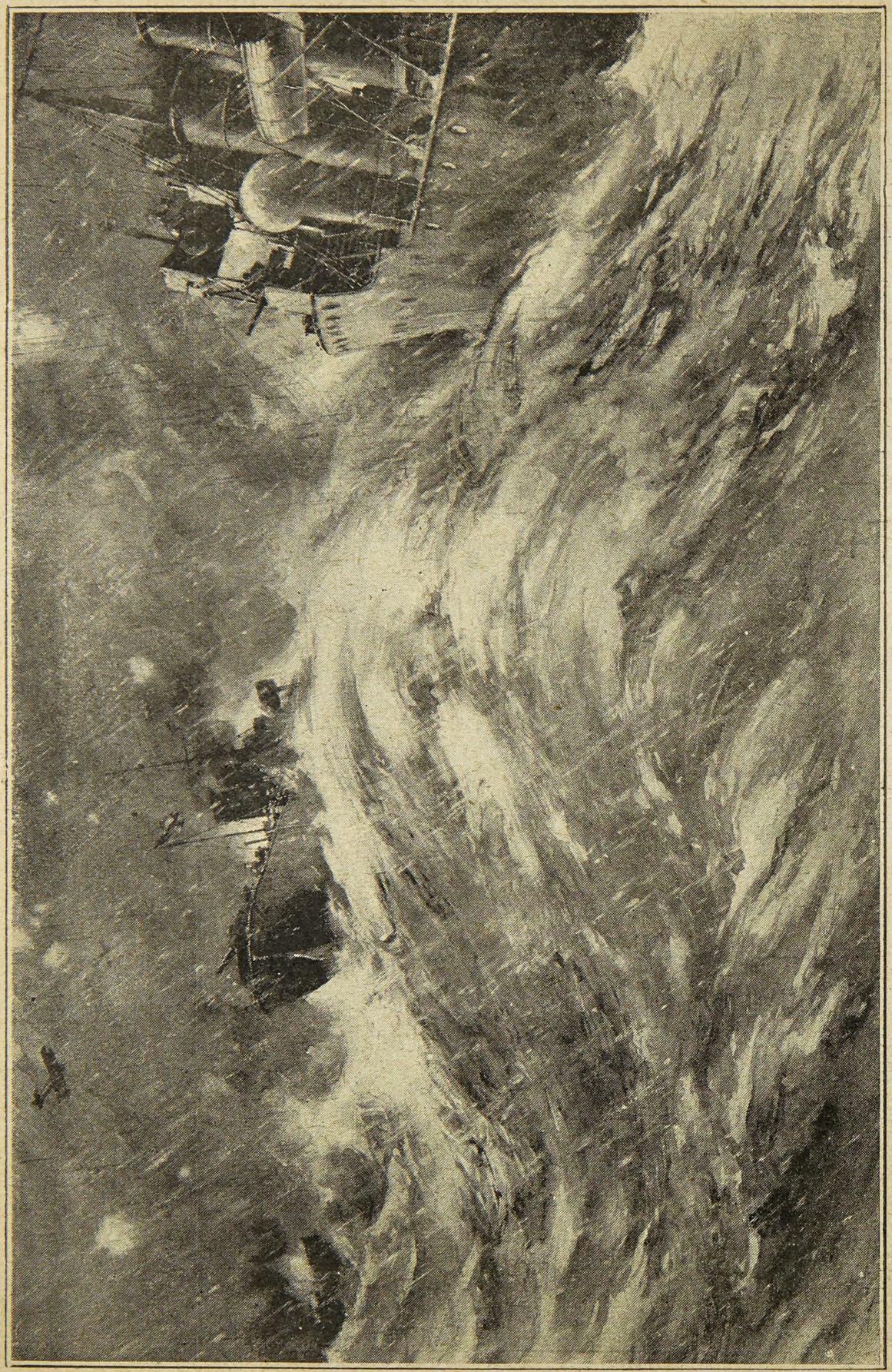
Two soldiers looking round the ruins of their new quarters in battered Arras, in the sector recently taken over by the British.



In the wake of the Huns. A striking picture of desolation in a French village near Verdun.



The gaunt skeleton of the Hotel de Ville in shell-wrecked Arras, now part of the British line.



IMPRESSION OF THE ACTION OFF THE GERMAN COAST.—This fight, which occurred during the night of March 25th, was one of the most daring naval engagements since the affair off Cuxhaven. In spite of the tempestuous seas, which tossed all the ships about like corks, Commodore Tyrwhitt and his valiant men attempted the raid. The Cleopatra led the way, and eventually succeeded in ramming a German destroyer, cutting her clean in two. Though the British ship Medusa was lost through an accident, the Germans were worsted in this fight in their own waters, as well as attacked by the sea-planes flying over Schleswig.

Factors That Fashion Neutral Policy

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

THE excitement in Holland would be amusing if there were no possibility of a tragic sequel in the background. We now understand German diplomacy to be entirely military, and so have emancipated ourselves from a misconception held tenaciously right up to the eve of war, as when on July 27th, 1914, Sir Edward Grey thought he was aiding the cause of peace by informing the Austrian Ambassador that our Fleet was at Portland, and not at its war base, and we had no intention of calling out our reserves.

It is, of course, equally true that the Germanic Powers showed as entire a misconception of British diplomacy when they ruled Great Britain out of the war.

Now what has this to do with Holland? Only this—that the military method is one of continually feeling the position in front by feints, attacks, and so on. German diplomats act on the same plan, and are never content to let sleeping dogs lie. A favourite device is to attribute to the enemy the very designs on the weak neutral which they themselves cherish.

German Anxiety about Holland

This device is enormously facilitated if a policy of peaceful penetration has gone on for years during peace, as was the case in Antwerp and Rotterdam. In the present scare I do not think that the German intentions went so far. There had been unpleasant indications of Dutch public opinion in connection with submarine outrages, and it was necessary to find out whether a weak neutral Government was as much governed by fear of Germany as before the failure of Verdun.

If the Netherlands could be induced to go through the farce of preparing for an invasion from the sea, this would give the most positive proof of paramount German influence. It was done in 1911 over the fortification of Flushing, without Great Britain raising the question of equal Belgian rights in the navigation of the Scheldt. Germany scored because Holland, unable to plead British pressure, had to proceed with the fortifications.

Practically, we abandoned the right to succour Belgium, if attacked, by going direct to Antwerp, which lies forty-eight miles from Flushing and one hundred and thirty-five miles from Dover.

The Hun Undercurrent

The recent Netherlands scare is a setback for German diplomacy, for the Dutch *prepared on the land frontier*, so far as they added to their preparations.

We may be sure that we have not heard the last of German diplomacy at The Hague, for it is least restful when smarting under defeat.

The position we should take up is not the feeble one of going to the other extreme, as in 1911, but of resolutely insisting on our just rights.

Let us, for instance, take Denmark as another neutral with whom Germany is ever trying the ground. We have certainly the right in these times of blockade to be represented by Consuls on the same scale as Germany. We have increased our Consular staff in Norway, and our interests are well looked after. We have not done so in Denmark, with adjoining ports to Germany, and a double-track railway from the great port of Aarhuus into Germany. Prior to the outbreak of war we had the same number of three Consuls de carrière in Denmark and Norway. With war we have increased the number to nineteen in Norway, while Denmark remains at three, which is about to be increased to four as the result of pressure.

In the meantime, let us realise that the joint failure of the Admiralty and the War Office to grapple with the German campaign of frightfulness through Zeppelins, mine-layers, and submarines, is having the worst possible effect on neutrals. The old habit of doing the right thing in the wrong way is manifesting itself.

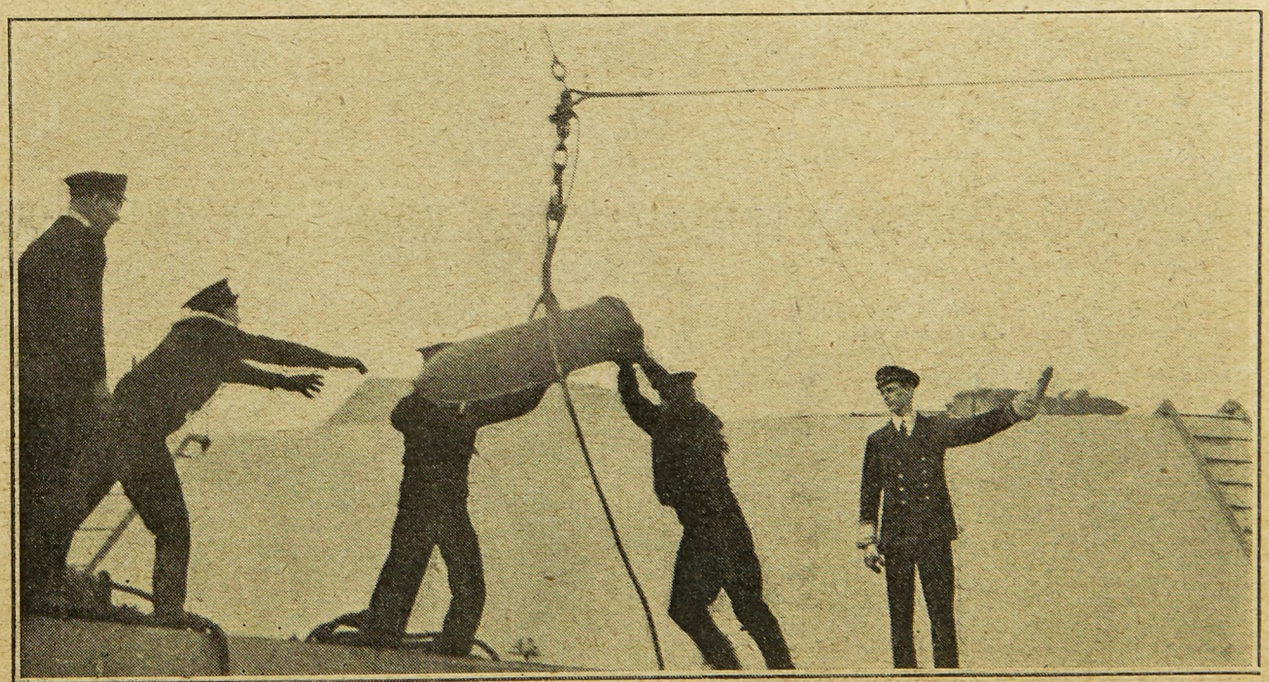
The revelations concerning the naval patrol in the North Sea by Mr. Pemberton Billing's reading of a private letter confirm a state of affairs with which I was familiar when making criticisms in this column.

I deplore the method of reading private letters in Parliament as much as I regret the lack of vigour which leaves openings for severe criticism. I have done my best to support the Board, because our naval strength depends in part on its prestige. The state of the naval patrol after twenty months of war confirms me in the view I have urged that we must, on the lines of our historical past before the long era of peace, substitute an Operations Board and an Administrative Board for the single Board which is too much immersed in office work.

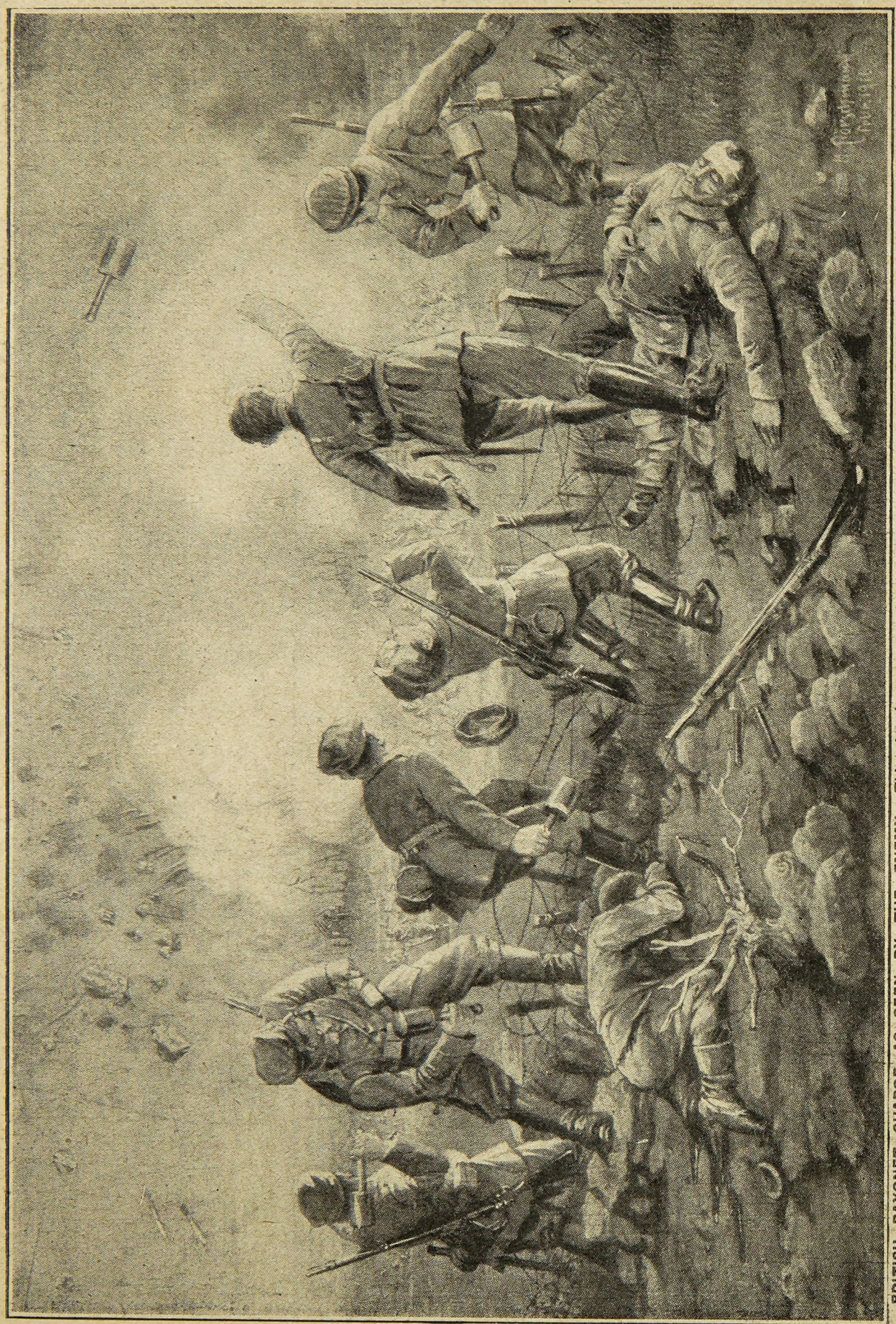
Operations Board Needed

The Operations Board would concern itself with strategy, and include the First Sea Lord, the Chief of the Staff, and the Directors of the Air, Intelligence, and Trade Divisions. In addition the old practice should be reverted to of a naval officer as secretary. Changes for the good would then come with magical swiftness, and the neutrals would have no doubt as to the winning side.

The partial failure of this country to exercise sea-power in the direct path of Zeppelins, submarines, and mine-layers to the coast of Norfolk, where lie the guiding lightships, has been—after the fates of Belgium and Serbia, and of course our Dardanelles failure—the event which has most determined the course of neutrals in this war. I except the escape of the Goeben, which brought Turkey into the war, as it is yet to be ascertained if the Admiralty was to blame.



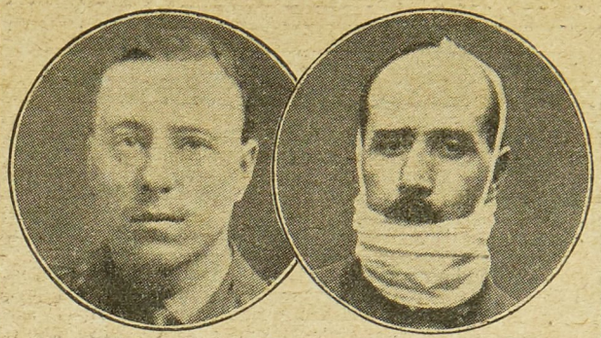
Hoisting a shell aboard a British warship, to be stored until the dawning of Germany's long-promised "Day." Having exhausted Von Tirpitz, the Grand Fleet is now alert for any activity on the part of Rear-Admiral Eduard Capelle.



BRITISH BAYONET CHARGE AS SEEN BY THE ENEMY.—This drawing, reproduced from a German journal, is described as illustrating German troops in Flanders repelling a British "cold steel" attack with hand-grenades. A suitable, though doubtless, unintentional tribute is paid by the artist to our infantryman, for it will be seen that he has depicted them advancing unflinchingly at the double, utterly unaffected by the exploding hand-grenades. The power of the enemy on the defensive has yet to be proved. So far the Germans have done most of the attacking, but the day is not far distant when their staying qualities will be tried to the utmost.

Decorated for Valour: More of Britain's Brave Sons

Sub-Lieut. A. W. St. C. TISDALL, V.C., R.N.V.R., made several trips between s.s. River Clyde and the shore under heavy fire to save wounded men.

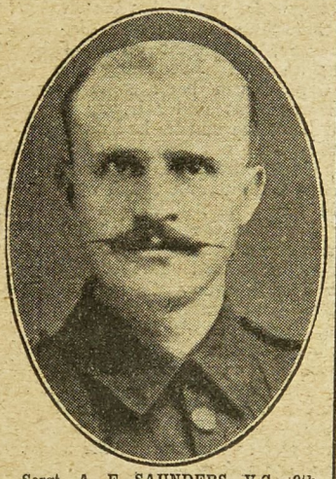


Sec.-Lieut. C. D. DANBY, R.E. (T.F.), R.F.C., awarded Military Cross for excellent flying in bad weather; taking photographs during operations

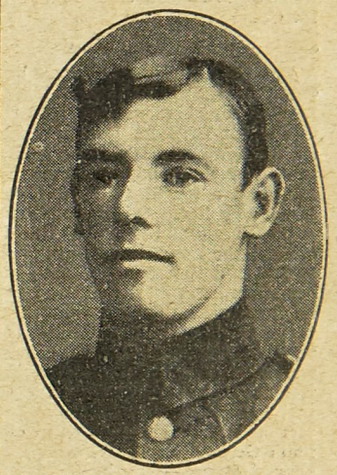
Pte. W. YOUNG, V.C., 8th E. Lancs Regt., though terribly injured, continued to rescue a wounded sergeant under heavy fire.

Maj. R. P. MILLS, R. Fusiliers and R.F.C., awarded Military Cross for co-operating with artillery, and so helping capture of enemy's position.

Corpl. W. R. COTTER, V.C., 6th E. Kent Regt. (on right). When his right leg had been blown off at the knee, and he had been wounded in both arms, he made his way unaided for fifty yards to a crater, commanded the men holding it for two hours, and remained there fourteen hours.

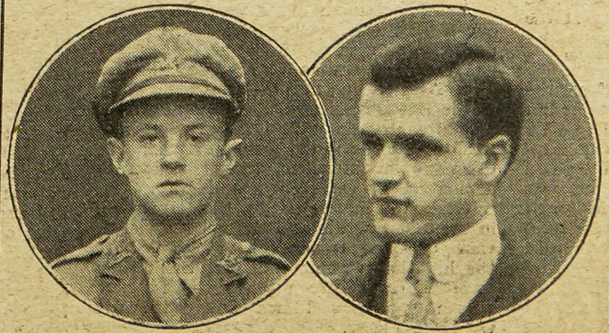


Sergt. A. F. SAUNDERS, V.C., 9th Suffolk Regt., although severely wounded, took command of machine-guns and showed conspicuous bravery.



Pte. H. KENNY, V.C., 1st L. N. Lancs Regt., saved six wounded men lying in the open under very heavy fire, being wounded in the neck.

Capt. J. E. TENNANT, Scots Guards and R.F.C., awarded Military Cross. He bombed an enemy aerodrome from only thirty feet, at great risk.



Sec.-Lieut. F. N. HUDSON, the Buffs and R.F.C., awarded Military Cross for bravery, and for completing an aerial reconnaissance while wounded.

Lieut. E. BAKER, Canadian Engineers, awarded Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry in action, which cost him his sight.

Sec.-Lieut. D. WEBB, Leicester Regt., awarded Military Cross for remaining on duty for two days, although injured.

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENTS IN THE WAR

XIV.—The Cameron Highlanders

G.H.Q., or General Headquarters, to give it its full name, is a mysterious place "somewhere in France" where the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army is to be found. A stranger wandering into that neighbourhood would soon find himself challenged by a sentry, and unless he could explain his business very clearly would be kept at a safe distance. To guard the Commander-in-Chief and his surroundings from intrusion and annoyance, a battalion is usually told off, and the one chosen to do this for Lord French when he first went to France in August, 1914, was the 1st Cameron Highlanders.

Officers as Cave Men

But the 1st Camerons were not long at G.H.Q. Disaster had overtaken the Royal Munster Fusiliers, and, to take their place in the 1st Brigade, Lord French ordered the Camerons to the front. They joined the other three battalions on September 4th, and a few days later they were in some very fierce fighting on the Aisne.

On Sunday, the 13th, the Camerons crossed the river near Bourg fairly easily, and passed the night in some hastily-dug entrenchments in the hills on the Aisne's northern side. On the following Monday they made their way up the valley towards Vendresse. In the afternoon they were sent to support an attack made by the Loyal North Lancashires on a sugar factory at Troyon, and there they had a terrible time. They got quite close to the main German line of defence, and as they slipped about on the wet grass they were shot down in scores. More than half the battalion—seventeen officers and over five hundred men—were either killed or wounded.

A rest was then given to the remnant of this battalion, but towards the end of the month they took the place of the Black Watch in some of our trenches. At this time they were commanded by a captain, Douglas Miers, and finding a cave about ten yards square, he decided to make this his headquarters. With the captain were four other officers and about thirty men, the rest being on duty in the trenches.

A New Use for an Inn

Whether the Germans knew where the headquarters of the battalion were or not we cannot say, but the officers had only just become cave men when a huge shell burst right on the top of their dwelling, and the whole roof falling in, every one was buried in the ruins. One or two managed to crawl out, and one or two more were rescued by them, while some Scots Guards, who were in the same brigade, hurried up and began to dig away the earth above the unfortunate men. They could not get on very fast, for the Germans saw what they were doing, and turned a heavy fire upon them. After dark a party of Engineers came up with proper appliances,

"I hear the pibroch sounding, sounding,
Deep o'er the mountain and glen,
While light springing footsteps are trampling the heath—
'Tis the march of the Cameron men."

and soon got down to the buried men, but it was too late; they were all dead. All five officers perished in this disaster, these including Captain Miers and Captain Alan Cameron of Lochiel.

The Camerons must now wait for reinforcements before they could do much, and when these came the battalion, like the rest of the Army, had been transferred to Flanders. In the middle of October the men were holding some trenches near the high road running between Langemarck and Bixschoote. There, on the night of the 22nd, while the Battle of Ypres was raging, the Germans broke through, and a sanguinary conflict followed. Some of the Camerons were cut off from the rest of the force, and these rushed into an inn close by, and turned it into a little fortress. They held it while the 2nd Brigade, led by General Bulfin, retook the lost trenches and drove off the enemy with heavy loss.

A Live Extinguisher

With the other eleven battalions of the 1st Division, the Camerons resisted the desperate attacks made by the Germans on October 31st, when the British brigades were swept from their trenches, and on November 11th, when the Prussian Guard made its furious onslaught. When this ended, the Camerons had again been reduced to a mere remnant of their original strength, almost annihilated twice in two months. The brigade to which they belonged, the 1st, had started with 153 officers and about 5,000 men; after the Battle of Ypres it numbered eight officers and less than 500 men.

So far the narrative has confined itself to the deeds of the 1st Battalion of this Highland regiment, which in January took part in the desperate fighting in the brickfields at Cuinchy, but it is now time to say something about the 2nd Battalion, which arrived at the front from India early in 1915, and which was fighting at St. Eloi on February 20th, if not earlier. On March 15th one of its company sergeant-majors, G. McCallum, was severely burned when in command of a trench, because, seeing no other way of putting out some burning petrol, he rolled on it, and so extinguished the blaze.

The 2nd Camerons were part of the new Fifth Army Corps, and this had little share in the Battle of Neuve Chapelle. Perhaps this was just as well, for the men were fresh and their ranks were full when the Germans made their second desperate attack on Ypres in April and May.

When this battle began, the Camerons, in the 81st Brigade and the 27th Division, were in some trenches near "Hill 60," the hill that was no hill, and there they were when a green vapour—the new poison gas—was blown slowly towards the British lines.

In the early days of May the battalion's fiercest fighting was around Hooge, where the Germans used poison gas to help them. On the 11th, for instance, two companies were driven from their trenches, but Captain R. L. McCall rallied the men, and in three counter-attacks drove out the Germans at the point of the bayonet. On the previous day Sergeant A. G. Douglas had taken command of a company which had lost all its officers, and had so heartened the men that they stuck to their trench in spite of the enemy's determination to have it at all costs.

A Cameron and His Axe

But perhaps the most remarkable of these great deeds of Ypres was that of Lance-Corporal Gordon, also performed on the 11th. He was one of a party attached to a machine-gun. Near where he was the British line was broken, and soon Gordon was the only one left to work the gun. Seeing this, six Germans made for him, but the corporal, seizing an axe, killed one, while the others took to their heels. He then used his axe to disable the machine-gun, and went off to help in working another. Eventually the Germans were driven back some way, so Gordon went out under heavy fire and brought back the gun he had damaged.

Another, and not less inspiring, story could be told about the Territorial battalions of the Camerons, which were at the front in the spring. The 4th Battalion, mostly men from the Hebrides, took part in the attack on Festubert in May, and in this they advanced farther into the German lines than any other unit. However, they paid heavily for their superb heroism, their colonel, Lieut.-Colonel A. Fraser, being among the many killed. In one place they came up against a broad stream, but many of them swam it and made their way into a German trench. But they were alone, as reinforcements could not reach them, and in the darkness they were ordered to retire.

Queen Victoria's Own Regiment

This famous regiment, the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, owes its origin to Alan Cameron, who, about 1790, raised 700 young men in his native county of Inverness, and, as their colonel, soon led them to the wars. Called the 79th Cameron Highlanders, they fought against Napoleon in Holland and in Egypt, helped to capture Copenhagen in 1807, and to beat the French at Corunna, Talavera, and Busaco. At Fuentes d'Onor they had a fierce battle in the streets with the pick of the French troops; the death of their colonel, Alan Cameron's son, in this encounter roused them to frenzy, and after it had occurred they swept the enemy in hasty flight before them.

In Egypt, in our own day, the Camerons have served with great distinction. At Tel-el-Kebir they led the charge on the Egyptian position. At the Battle of the Atbara they were selected by Kitchener to storm the Arab zareba, which they did with conspicuous success, and they took part in the fight at Omdurman.

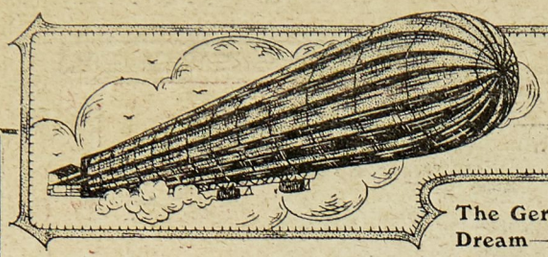
The record of the Camerons is one not easily beaten. From the very first they have shown that "fierce native daring" which Byron credited them with in "Childe Harold," and they have never shown it more than during the Great War.

A. W. Holland

[Photo by Gale & Polden, Ltd.

OFFICERS OF FAMOUS BRITISH REGIMENTS

5TH (SERVICE) BATTALION (QUEEN'S OWN) CAMERON HIGHLANDERS. Back row: Sec.-Lieut. C. H. E. Boulton, Sec.-Lieut. W. St. Clair Grant, Sec.-Lieut. A. G. M. M. Crichton, Sec.-Lieut. F. A. Roughead, Sec.-Lieut. A. Morrison, Sec.-Lieut. C. Dunsmore, Sec.-Lieut. A. Ellice. Centre row: Lieut. D. P. Keith Cameron, Sec.-Lieut. C. M. Brereton, Sec.-Lieut. J. Macdonald, Sec.-Lieut. B. P. Duff, Lieut. J. H. F. McEwen, Lieut. M. G. Davidson, Sec.-Lieut. J. B. Williams, Lieut. G. M. Frew, Lieut. the Hon. R. I. McDonald, Capt. P. Male, Lieut. I. D. Dewar. First row: Lieut. D. C. Alexander, R.A.M.C., Capt. N. K. Cameron, Capt. the Earl of Seafield, Major N. J. M. Archdall, Major H. R. Brown, Lieut.-Colonel D. W. Cameron of Lochiel, Capt. J. S. Drew, Major St. Clair McEwen, Capt. J. B. Black, Capt. A. J. A. Douglas, Lieut. D. Cameron. Seated on ground: Sec.-Lieut. W. N. Gourlay, Lieut. K. F. Mackenzie.



Gas-Bag Piracy

Notes on War News

The German Dream—

GERMANY has been called the home of fairy-tales, and in view of the imaginative efforts of the gentlemen responsible for their official reports, it is quite intelligible that Germans generally should believe the English people to be really panic-stricken and dismayed by the repeated Zeppelin raids. They were badly bustled by our raid on Stuttgart, and, measuring everyone in their own pint pot, they picture us as demoralised by the cumulative effect of their repeated raids on London and other places "somewhere on the East Coast." The "Strassburg Post" has an ecstatic article gloating over the prospect of Zeppelins hovering over England, marking their routes with devastation and destruction, and spreading fear and dismay in all directions.

—And the English Reality

WHAT the dismay amounts to may be suggested by this quotation from a letter written by a girl of twenty to her parents in London, she and three sisters being alone at the time in an isolated country house: "All the Zepps passed over the house, flying very low. We heard them coming, and put out the lights and went out to look. They looked very pretty. S. hopped on her bike and tore after them in case they meant to leave cards anywhere near, but when the bombs began to drop she shied at the row, and came home. Some stupe, I think! They hit Dicky's house, but Dicky wasn't home, and he's insured, so that was all right. But in the next house they hit several people were killed, one of them a poor little baby of three. They disappeared in the direction of London, and we are wondering whether you or father saw them." That is hardly indicative of fear or dismay, and yet this was the third occasion that Zeppelins had dropped bombs on that particular spot, "somewhere on the East Coast."

One Thing Wanting

THE German Navy, unlike most of the other European navies, has black as one of the colours on its flag, and after the sinking of the Falaba, the Lusitania, the Arabic, the Sussex, and the Russian hospital-ship Portugal, this fact has a new and sinister significance. We feel that there is a certain fitness in the black. For about five hundred years black and white have been the colours of the Hohenzollern family, and the German mercantile marine took these and added to them a band of red, borrowed from the colours of the Hanseatic League. Then came the German Imperial Navy, which put the same three colours on its own flag, and adorned them with the Black Eagle and the Iron Cross—inherited from the Teutonic Order. The German Navy is not by any means an old service, but no one can deny that during its short career it has fully earned its lines and band of black. It only remains for it to make its flag wholly black, and thus to complete the connection between it and the black-flagged pirates of old, for both are enemies of the human peace—*hostes humanæ gentis*.

Name, Please

MR. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT was the first to tell us, in one of his brilliant despatches from the Dardanelles, of the old steward of the Minneapolis, who declined to have the ship's usual breakfast arrangements disturbed merely because she happened to be one of the transports engaged in the landing at Suvla Bay. When the disembarkation was proceeding, and shells were bursting all round the ship, the steward was found quietly cleaning out the passage with a vacuum-cleaner. He was on the Minneapolis when she was torpedoed, and we share the hope generally expressed that the torpedo did not get the vessel just when the old servant was busy with his vacuum-cleaner. We should like to know that man's name. In imperturbability he is the equal of Charlotte who, it will be remembered, "like a well-conducted person, went on cutting bread-and-butter" when Werther's body was borne before her on a shutter. Imperturbability has a value of its own in these days of sharp and sudden surprises, and this old steward's deportment is in accordance with the strict precedents of the British Navy.

The Futurist Again

M. MARINETTI, the apostle of Futurism, is sorely perplexed as to the war finance of our Italian ally, and puts forward a suggestion that Italy should divest herself of priceless art treasures, en masse, in order to buy a few more Dreadnoughts and heavy howitzers. He has no use for the beauty of the past. Like the Hun, he would level it in the calcined dust. He would despoil Venice and Rome with as much unconcern as the Germans sacked Louvain and Rheims. M. Marinetti would turn the world into a desert, so that we might start afresh with—what? Like all grim humorists, M. Marinetti, of course, would hate to be taken seriously, but there is just a vague chance that his desire may appeal to the imagination of those whose sense of loveliness is not too strong. One shudders to think, however, what the world would be like for generations to come without the beauties of former centuries to console them for the ugliness of latter-day strife.

A Nocturne under Difficulties

A NATION in arms, of which France is the most magnificent example in modern times, has men of all classes, professions, and tastes in its ranks, and this is illustrated by two stories told by two English ladies who have recently been serving our allies as cooks in their hospitals. The first relates how one day she saw a "Poilu" looking through the kitchen window. She asked him in, and noticed that he looked lovingly at a piano which stood there. Then he asked to be allowed to play something, and sat down before the instrument. A nocturne by Chopin, magnificently played, brought the patients, those who could move, within hearing, and it turned out that the musician was a well-known professor from the Lycée, in Paris.

Praise Indeed!

THE other story concerns the actual cooking. One of the amateur cooks succeeded one day in turning out a specially good dish of spinach and eggs, and, smelling the pleasant odour, the orderly who was doing the waiting complimented her. "You speak very good English," she replied. "Where did you learn?" "Before the war," came the answer, "I was a cook at the Ritz." Although the reply was perfectly courteous, it was almost as staggering as one of Dr. Johnson's celebrated rejoinders. Praise from him was praise indeed.

The Order of the Day

ECONOMY is now the order of the day. Every patriotic Briton is trying to discover how best he can reduce waste, and how many things he can do without. There is an interesting connection between economy and periodicals. In order to carry out the official order as to economy in paper, newsagents are endeavouring to reduce the waste in unsold papers to a minimum. This they do by only stocking the number of periodicals they think they will require each week. In these circumstances it may well happen that a customer on inquiring for a certain paper will find the newsagent's stock sold out. This may be your case if you fail to order THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *in advance*. Therefore, be wise in time and place your order *now*. Better still, give your newsagent a *standing order*, and you will ensure obtaining your copy of this journal regularly every week. In addition to securing your weekly feast of the best war pictures, you will in this way be helping your country to defeat the enemy. The less waste the more efficiency. Therefore, fill in the Order Form below, cut it out, and hand it to your newsagent *to-day*.

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Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

The War Illustrated, April 29th, 1916. Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

Ghosts of Gallipoli: Anniversary Reflections

The War Illustrated 2D Weekly

Vol. 4 Looking Towards Kut: General Gorringe in Charge of the Mesopotamian Relief Force **No. 89**

Beware of the Peacemongers

MORE than once already words have been allowed to appear on this page which deprecated in advance any suggestion that attention should be paid to overtures for peace that might emanate from the enemy before he had been beaten definitely in the field. It is neither superfluous nor untimely to repeat that warning more precisely, for things have happened lately which seem to have sinister meaning.

OF these the most important is the speech which Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, the German Imperial Chancellor, delivered to the Reichstag on the occasion of the opening of the debate on the Budget. The Imperial Chancellor made it an opportunity to explain to the Reichstag, and so to the world, what Germany's official view now is of her attitude in the past with regard to the war, and of her aims and ambitions for the future. To use a familiar, picturesque phrase, he sent up a balloon, and when Imperial Chancellors begin to send up balloons plain people may assume that the wind is beginning to veer from the stormiest quarter. It then behoves them to be especially careful, even as, when the equinox is past, it behoves prudent folk to be careful of those early days in April when the sun smiles in your face and a shrewd east wind cuts your throat from behind your back!

ADDITIONAL significance belongs to this speech because the Kaiser was particular to send an unusually lengthy telegram expressing his warm appreciation of his Chancellor's lucid statement of Germany's case; and although the sending of telegrams is one of the Kaiser's most notorious eccentricities, his doing so on this occasion means that he intended to do a good deal more than merely say "ditto to Mr. Burke." He gave notice to the entire world that he was ready to bring his great personal influence to bear upon the war party in Germany, of which the Crown Prince is the irreconcilable head, to allow hostilities to be brought to a conclusion if his Imperial face were saved, by which is meant if the actual overtures for peace were made by the other side.

MEANTIME, the Chancellor gave some purposely very vague indications of the terms on the basis of which Germany might be persuaded to make peace, but before dwelling briefly on these it seems pertinent to inquire why he should have sent up the balloon at all. There is an inconsistency between his arrogant assurances that everything is going excellently well for German arms and his specious protestations that only Britain blocks the way between the world and peace. To state it mildly, this is not the language of a conqueror still on his triumphal march. We seem to remember Imperial boasts of terms that were to be dictated in Paris somewhere about September 2nd, 1914, failing acceptance of which Paris was to be parcelled out into portions and given over to German soldiery to sack and burn; and there were other places, and other dates, at which and when a haughty Emperor was to receive submissive entreaty for his most gracious clemency. Why protest now that Britain blocks the way instead of submerging her under the waves she impudently pretends to rule?

WHY? Because, forsooth, Germany's heart is sore when she sees the misery entailed by prolongation of our resistance to her might, which we must surely know by this time is irresistible. The Kaiser's heart was "bleeding," we remember, quite early in the proceedings. It bled for Louvain, we believe, and Malines, and Rheims Cathedral; and it might very well have bled for Aerschot, and for a spot beneath deep waters where the sunk Lusitania lies. Does the Kaiser begin to fear, we wonder, that his heart may have to bleed a little more,—for Cologne perhaps, and even for Berlin? We are of those who think it is a mistake to talk of "terms" before we have won the war. All the Allies are pledged to continue to fight until a repetition of this present appalling world experience is made impossible. For the present that seems to us to be sufficient; there is no need yet to discuss "extermination" of Germany and have acrimonious debates as to whether that is either desirable or possible, though here again we seem to remember certain maps prepared by German cartographers, and issued by German educational authorities, in which no British Empire figured. For the moment it is best to confine our talk to pointing out that the Chancellor's speech was cleverly framed for the purpose of persuading neutrals that the responsibility for the continuance of the war rests upon the Allies, and chiefly upon Great Britain, and to confine our energy to the single object of winning the war.

BUT it is worth while to cast one contemptuous glance at the German Chancellor's lucid statement of the position as he sees it. Germany, he says, is the wronged party, and has been driven into war in self-defence. In her prosecution of a defensive war she has been victorious all along the line. Yet so magnanimous is she that for the glory of God, and the good of mankind, she is ready to forgo the fruits of her victories; she will restore Alsace-Lorraine to France and make restitution to Belgium; there can be no prattle, he hastens to add, about any "status quo"; Belgium will be shielded from the avaricious grasp of a suzerain Great Britain by the protecting arms of a motherly Germany, and she will be soothed, healed, and nurtured in German Kultur, and taught to realise that German frightfulness was only used upon her for her own good. But Poland must remain in German hands, to serve as a buffer State between savage Russia and outraged Prussia. And, of course, the colonies that have been wrested from Germany must be restored to her. Of Great Britain he has nothing more to say—as yet.

NOW what we should like to ask is this: First, is there anyone, outside Germany or in Germany, who really believes that Germany was not the aggressor in this war? If there is not, the Chancellor's major premiss is not granted. Next, is there anyone, anywhere, who really believes that Germany is winning in this war? If there is not, the Chancellor's minor premiss fails. And next, is there anyone, anywhere, who can ever again believe that Germany's signature to a treaty is worth the paper it is written on? If there is not, what is the use of entering into treaties with her? What guarantee can there be that she will observe any "terms"? One guarantee only: Fear.

WE and our Allies claim that in this war we are on the Lord's side, and we have got to put the fear of the Lord into the heart of Germany. When she has learned that she will have learned the beginning of wisdom, and then perhaps there may be some hope for her. To listen to the specious verbiage of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg is merely waste of time, an affront to our own intelligence, and treason to the men who have shed their blood for us. As for those, happily few, creatures here who imitate the German Chancellor's strain and bleat of peace while there can be no peace, their crime is worse; it is high treason.

C. M.

29th April, 1916. No. 89. Vol. 4.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON

MAJOR-GENERAL TOWNSHEND, THE HEROIC DEFENDER OF KUT: A STUDY ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

GHOSTS OF GALLIPOLI

First Anniversary Reflections on the Ever-Memorable British Landing at Seddul Bahr

IN the middle of April, 1915, a number of great transports weighed anchor and slipped noiselessly down to sea, bound for a destination unknown but to a few privileged persons. Light-hearted, strong-limbed Britons from every corner of Albion, the flush of spring on their cheeks, the April sunlight in their eyes, lined the decks of these grey leviathans, happy that the moment of departure had come, imbued with the lust for adventure, but serious withal at the responsibility of patriotism, and the natural anxiety of men going forth into the mysterious unknown.

All sorts and conditions of Britons—the man about town, of polished demeanour, with more than a trace of meticulous care about the Army contractor's conception of a smart uniform; the rough, ruddy Wiltshire yokel; the man from the Lancashire mills; the London office clerk; the man of heavy-handed toil; the man of genius. Every antithesis in human type, yet all united by a bond of sympathy and purpose, the irrepressible fellowship of youth on holiday bent.

"A Merry Heart Goes All the Day"

Down the Channel with the "mosquitoes," out into the broad Atlantic, across the bay of ill-omen, and so on to Gibraltar, the first touch of red on the map past the Lizard, wonderful, historic "Gib," the forbidding rock that frowns lion-like at the entrance to the middle sea. Thence to Alexandria.

What a jaunt, alike for the townsman and rustic, particularly for the latter, whose knowledge of the world was confined to the hedgerows and meadows round about Wootton Bassett, who had never penetrated beyond the football field of Swindon!

April was on the wane, one of the sunniest and most sinister in memory. The transports loomed up at the heel of Gallipoli, the fabulous Hellespont, the scene whence sprang the legend of Leander's daring, and on the morning of the 25th the first Mediterranean Expeditionary Force experienced the meaning of war in its most furious form.

Out of the ships' holds, under cover of naval gun fire, the men swarmed, fired with the spirit of Achilles, the spirit that prefers a glorious, short career to undistinguished dotage.

Where Achilles Found Fame

And, in truth, the whole episode is tinged with classical romance, spontaneously reviving one's impression of the Iliad. The imagination has already discovered analogy between the wooden Horse of Troy and the famous transport River Clyde, which disgorged the fighting men from huge rents in its side. The very theatre of hostilities itself was that of the ancient Greeks, for was not Troy situated in the Troad, but two miles from the Hellespont?

Sir Ian Hamilton, in the most moving despatches ever penned by a soldier in the service of his King, has left us the best record of those divine moments of the assault on the cliffs, when twentieth-century mortals forgot their fears and fought like gods for an ideal. Their story is now history, already sunk a year into Time's vasty sepulchre.

The seemingly impossible was achieved. British regiments were firmly entrenched by nightfall in a corner of Asia Minor, but not before many of the bravest souls had "gone west" with the dying sun.

And on the morrow ensued the terrible humdrum struggle in a terrible environment, whose record of hardship but threw into greater relief the chronicle of heroism. Early progress augured well for the more than once publicly promised victory that would bring Constantinople to the Allies, and thus open the "impregnable" Dardanelles.

The battle for Krithia, the fearful forlorn effort against Achi Baba—yet but a few months, how long ago this all seems now!

On April 28th the Anzacs, those wonderful men from the Antipodes, with the blood of Britain running hot in their veins, arrived from Egypt at Sari Bair, and our noble ally from Gaul.

By night and day the battles raged through warm spring, torrid summer, and Arctic winter, each entailing its own individual chapter of devotion and faith, each leaving a quota of fine men pale to death, stretched stiff on the barren, rock-sown soil, to fade away to dust under many Oriental suns and moons.

What Trojan toil, what superhuman sacrifice in vain, one ponders! But how in vain when it taught the world how Briton and Anzac could die for the glory of the Homeland and the honour of kith and kin?

The Laurel Wreath of the Norfolks

Is there a more uplifting example of virtue than that of the lost Norfolks, those great hearts from the King's county, who marched into the wood never to return? One is reminded of the Lost Legion of Varus, which was trapped and annihilated in the Teutoburger Forest by the ancestors of the modern Huns nineteen hundred years ago.

The Norfolks are dead. But they live and glow in the memory of Britannia—that memory which will only pale when the glory of Britain has faded from the world!

The history of Suvla is the tragedy of a failure that was all but success. And so the luckless expedition dragged on till men fell in thousands from wounds and disease, and Headquarters favoured the withdrawal, which was carried out with a brilliance atoning in some measure for previous political blunders.

After even so short a lapse of time, it is wonderfully interesting to look at the map of Gallipoli.

All the way from Seddul Bahr to Suvla Bay English words mingle with the soft-sounding syllables of Arabic. New towns are there which rose with the mushroom-like rapidity of a South Coast watering-place. Localities were christened after topographical peculiarities, such as Lone Pine Plateau, Hell Spit, Rhododendron Spur, Fusilier Bluff, Battleship Hill, this temporary nomenclature jangling curiously with the Tepes, Babas, and Deres of an older tongue.

The Moral of a Glorious Failure

A year ago to-day these momentous names were in embryo. Now, even though they do not appear in the Turkish plans of the Peninsula, they will remain in the annals of history long after the last Osmanli Sultan has gone his way to oblivion.

It is true, as Rupert Brooke, the young poet who never came back, wrote in his beautiful sonnet:

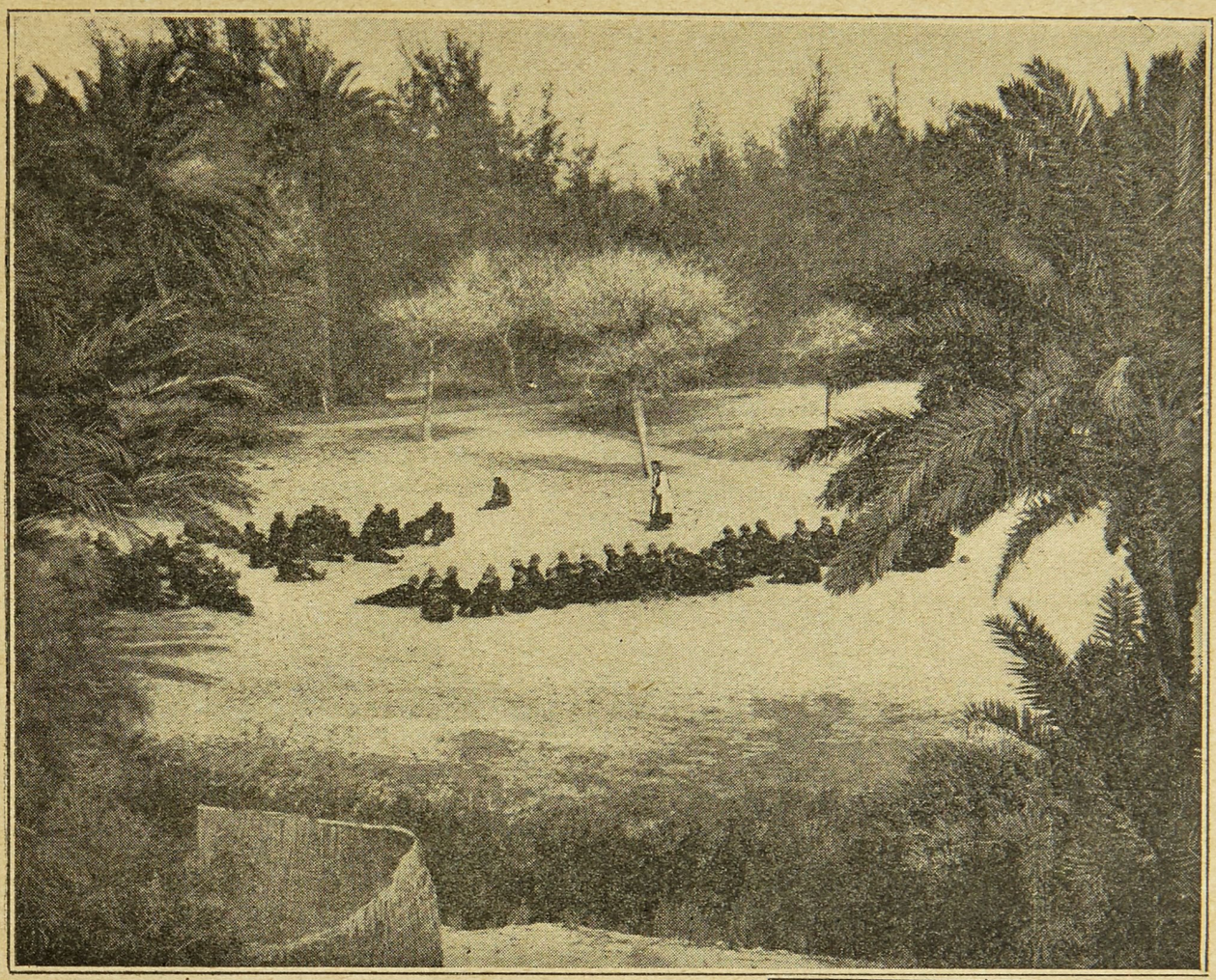
> . . . . there's some corner of a foreign field
> That is for ever England.

And that corner is the coast-line from Seddul Bahr to Suvla Bay, the scene of an effort none the less glorious for its failure, shedding lustre on the brave souls who will ever haunt its tortuous ways; and if mothers, wives, and sweethearts have wept for those departed heroes, they, too, must have been thrilled with joy and pride that their men-folk lived and died true to the traditions of a great nation.

Let the Germans see in Gallipoli the determination of Britain. Let it be a lesson to the Junkers, and those in the Fatherland who can think independently of Wolff's Bureau, of the Empire's stoic courage—the courage that cannot flag, in spite of reverses; the courage that is spontaneous, never requiring the threat of the taskmaster, the iron discipline of mediæval tyranny. Britain's western front is growing mightier every day, and a victory must inevitably be born in France and Flanders, a victory that will dwarf to very insignificance that Teuton-Turkish affair of success at the Dardanelles during the spring, summer, and winter of 1915.

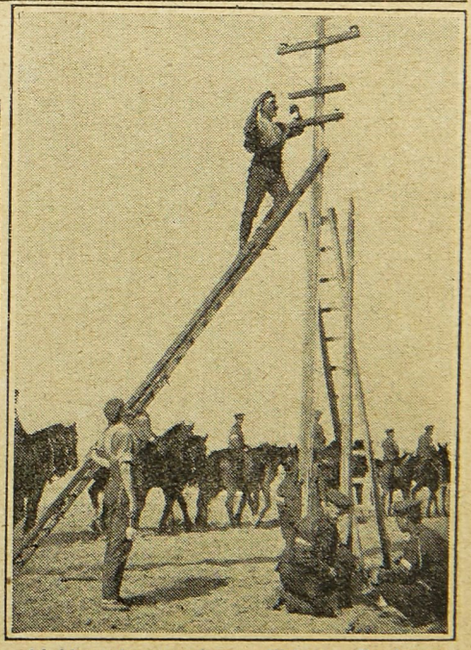
A. B.

Wayside Calm and Conflict Towards Kut



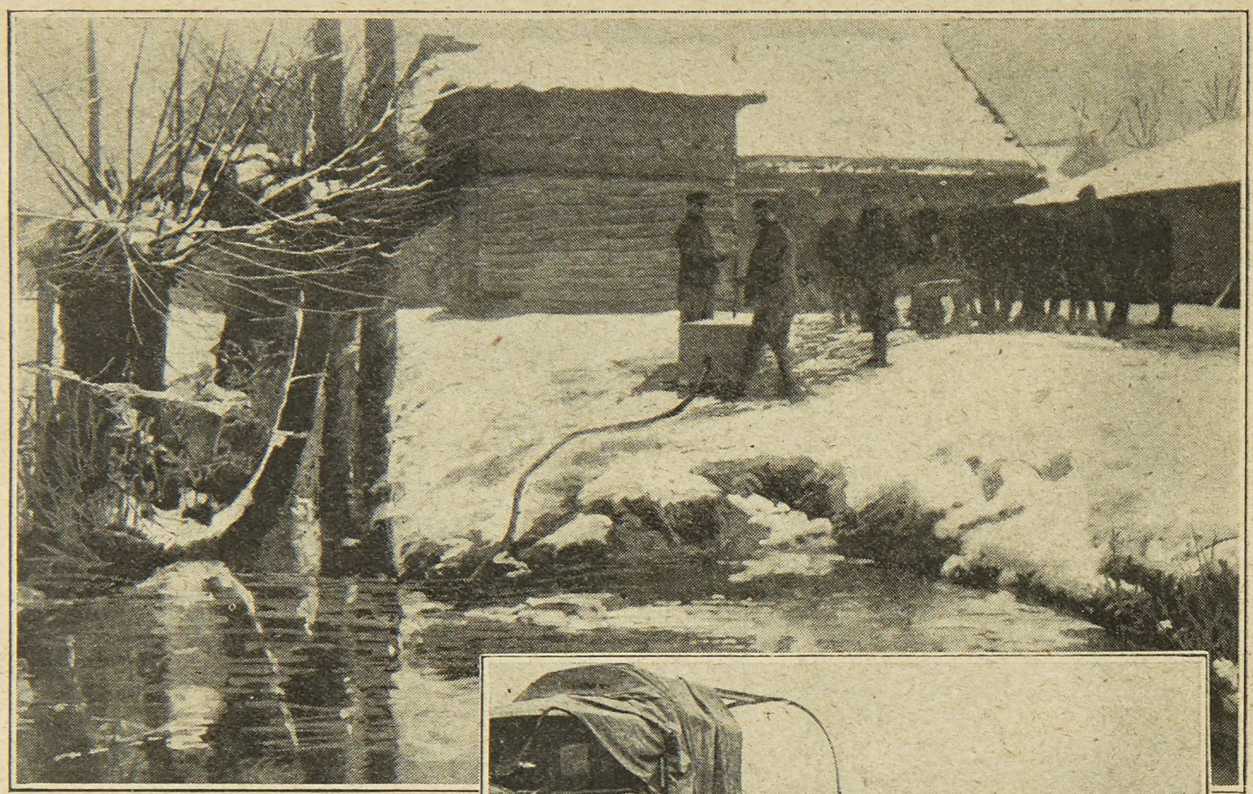
Prayers before battle. Members of the Kut relief force attend an open-air service conducted by an Army chaplain amid the luxurious vegetation of the Tigris Valley. The trenches can be seen in the foreground.

Turkish prisoners captured during the relief operations, behind the barbed-wire, guarded by a British sentry.

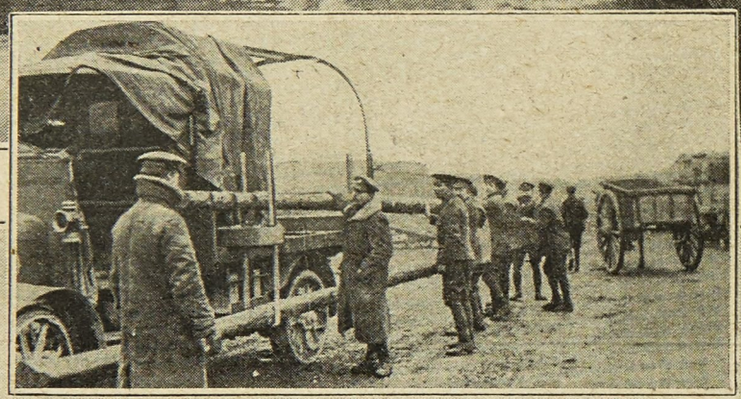


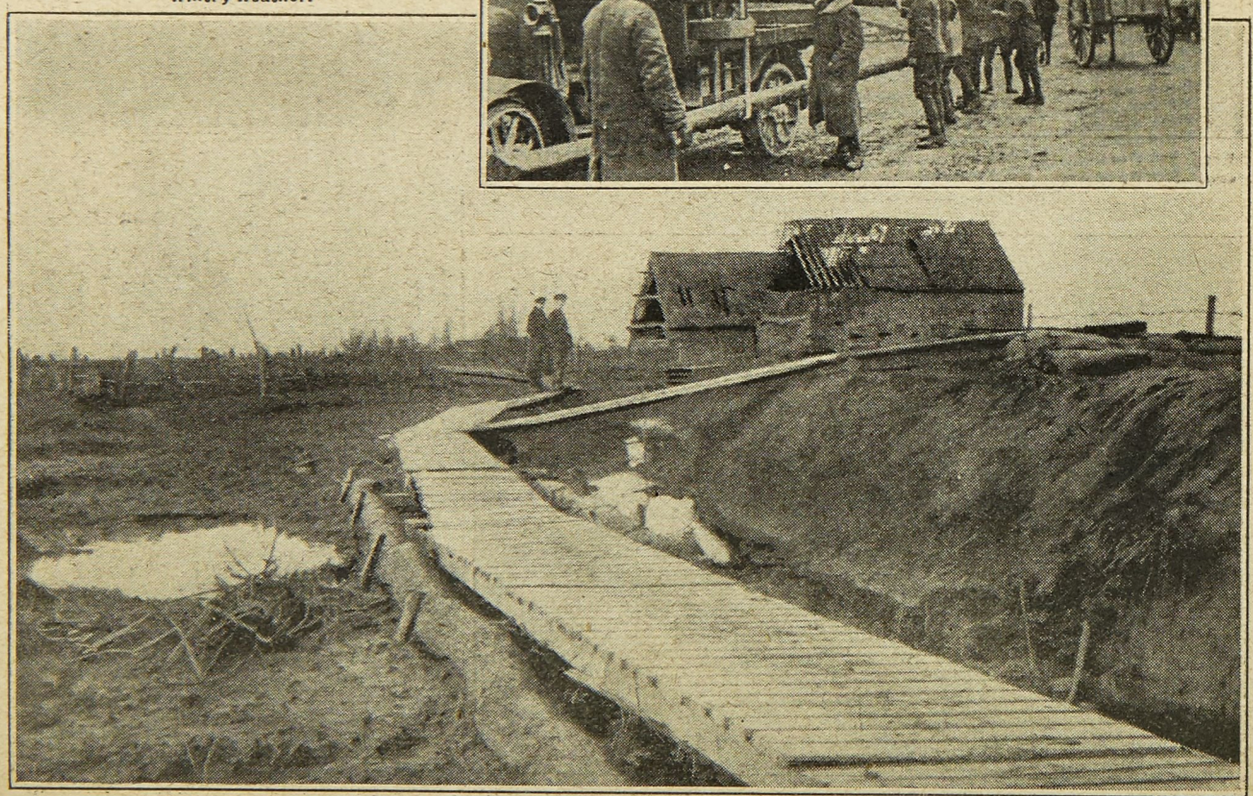
Linking advance column with base. Engineers erecting telegraph wires en route to Kut.

Highways and Byways to the Fighting Front



British soldiers pumping up water for the horses at a cavalry depot in Flanders during the recent wintry weather.

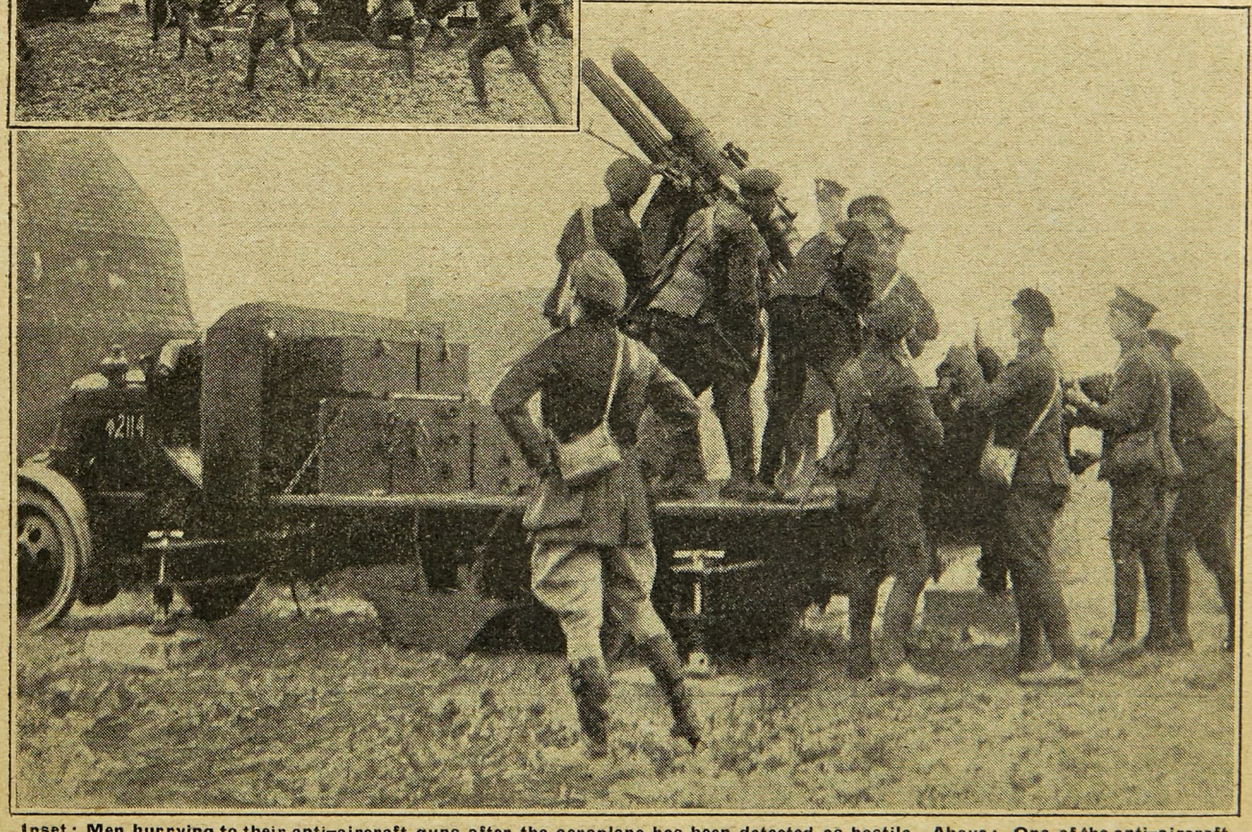




Overcoming the mud at the front. The "wooded way" to the trenches which enabled our men to escape the sodden fields and yielding mud. Inset: British troops loading telegraph poles at a wayside station on to motor-lorries for transference to the battle area.

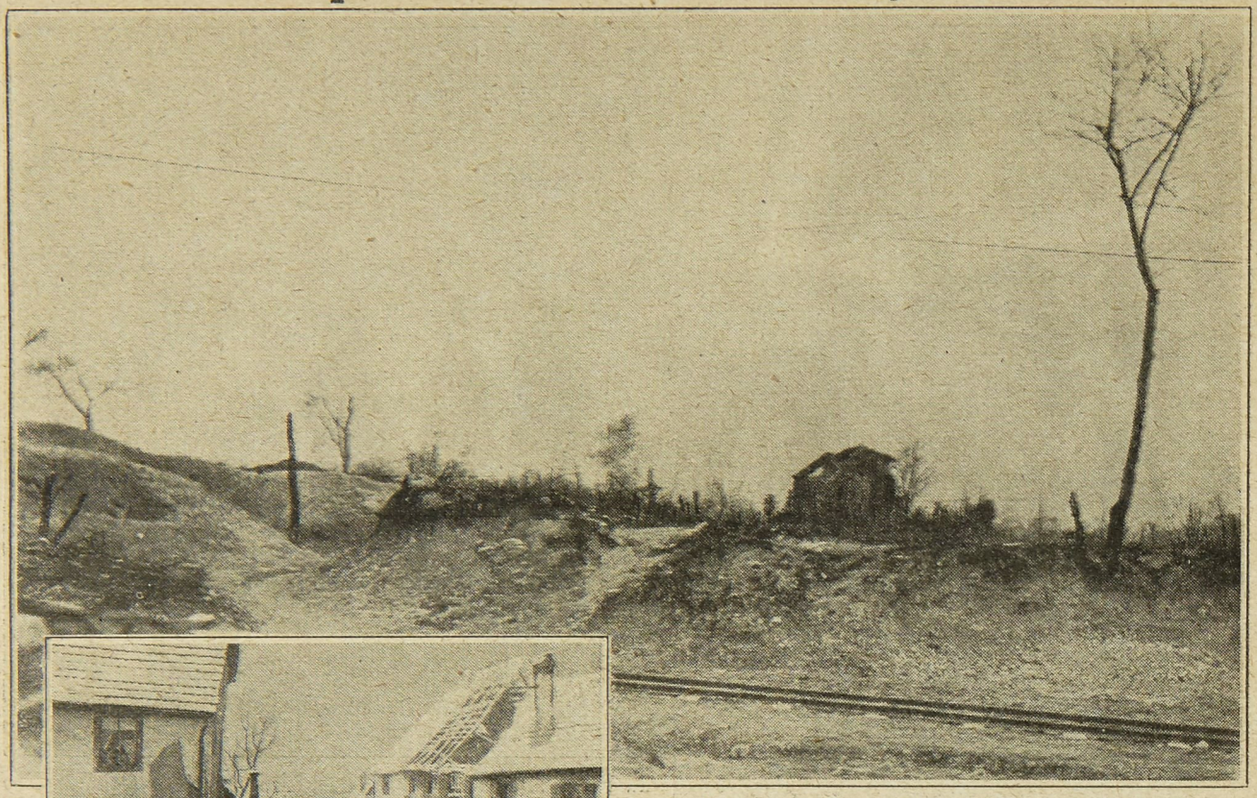
'Spotted!' Fighting Enemy Aircraft in France

Is it friend or foe? British officers examining a distant aeroplane while the gun crews rush to their posts. Remarkable act on photograph from the seat of war.

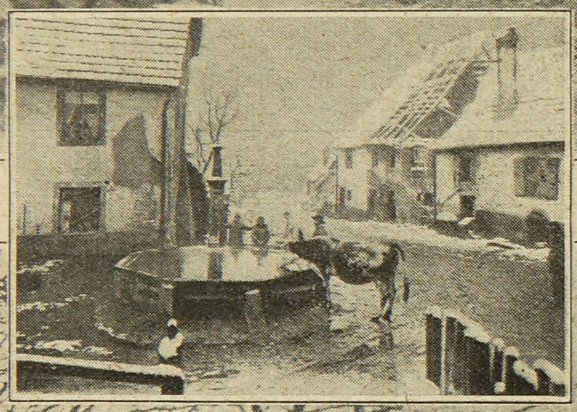


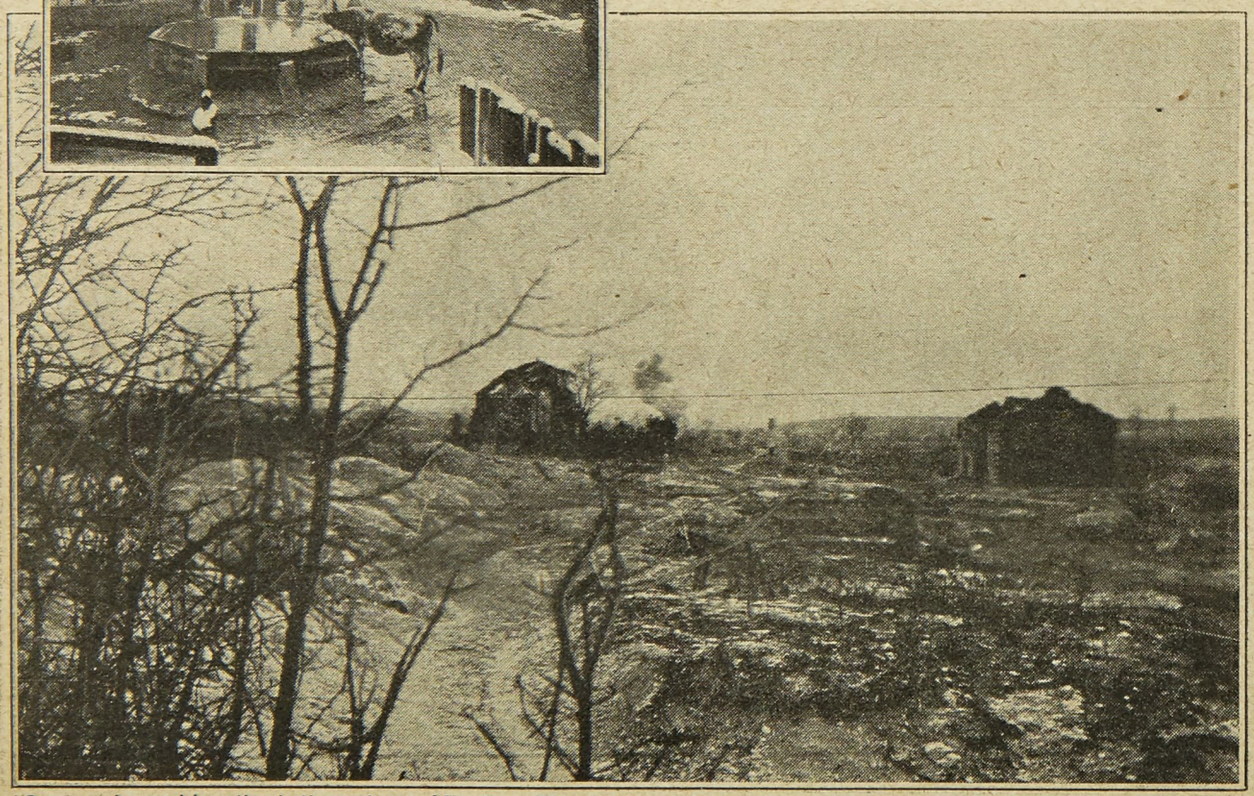
Inset: Men hurrying to their anti-aircraft guns after the aeroplane has been detected as hostile. Above: One of the anti-aircraft quick-firers in action from a motor-trolly. These three official photographs, taken during the approach of a German aeroplane over the British lines in France, depict scenes that are taking place every day along our front.

German Shrapnel Storm in the Valley of the Meuse



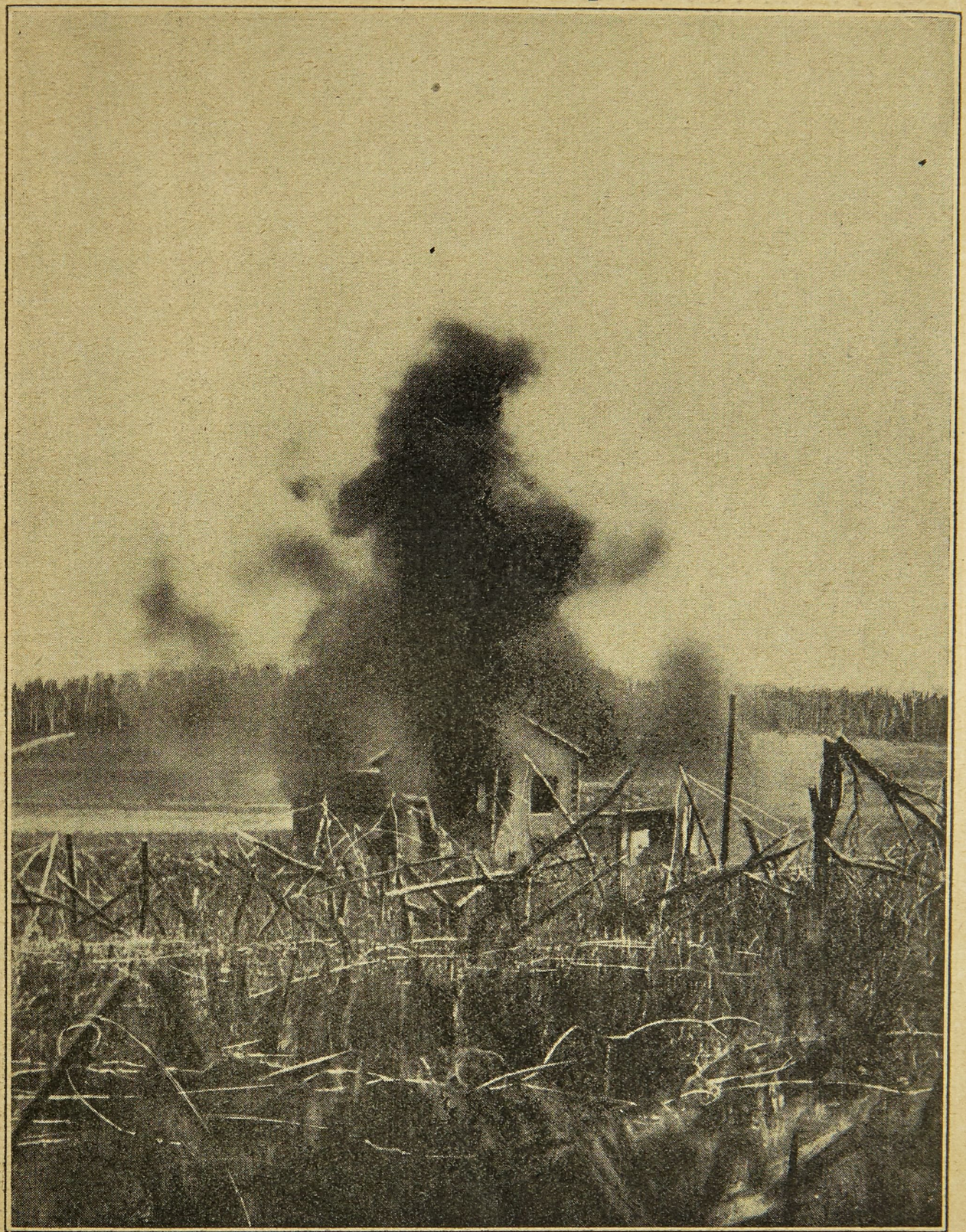
Desolate appearance of the neighbourhood of the Crown Prince's offensive. Shrapnel is seen bursting in the centre of the photograph.



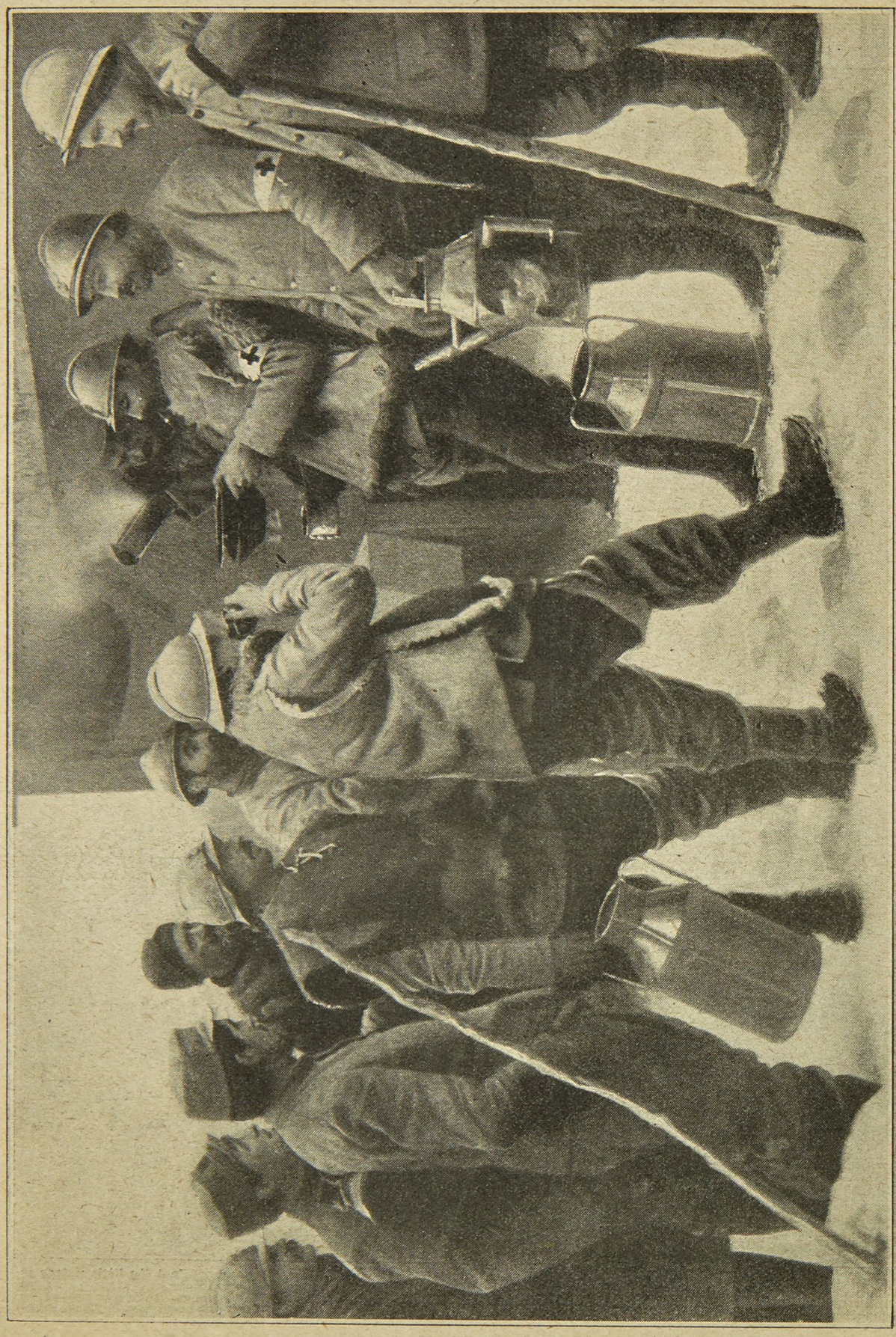


German shrapnel bursting in the environs of Verdun. The photograph was taken at the very considerable risk of the operator, who was, in fact, severely wounded. Inset: Corner of reconquered Alsace. Impression of part of a former German possession, now French again.

Shell Havoc on Lonely Outpost Near Verdun

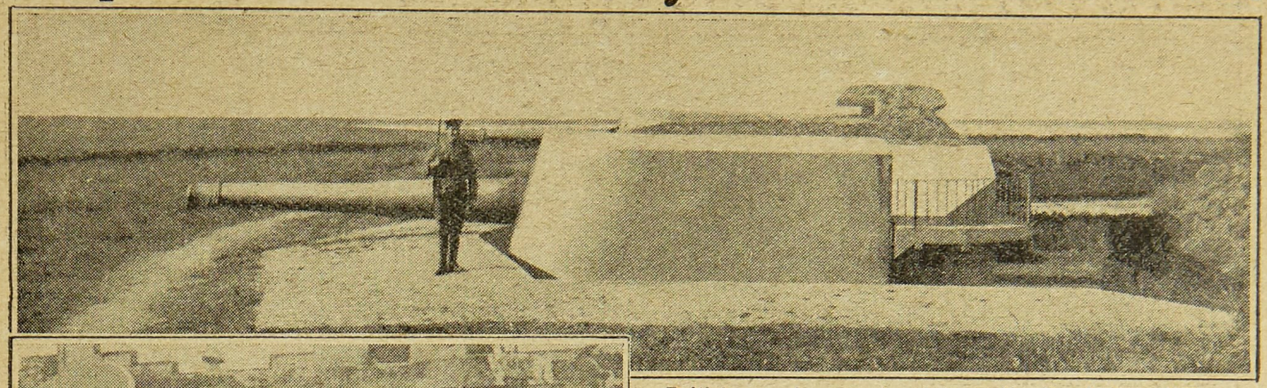


Actual snapshot of a German shell exploding and destroying a small French outpost. In the great Battle of Verdun a number of skilful tactical retreats were conducted by the French to strongly-prepared positions in the rear. During the retirement from the famous Bois de la Vauche, when the German extreme left wing advanced against Douaumont Fort, the little village of Ornes, north-east of Verdun, was evacuated. Near it was an advanced position in the actual line of fire. This was shelled by the enemy, and the above photograph was taken just before the retreat. It gives an idea of the havoc caused by high-explosives.

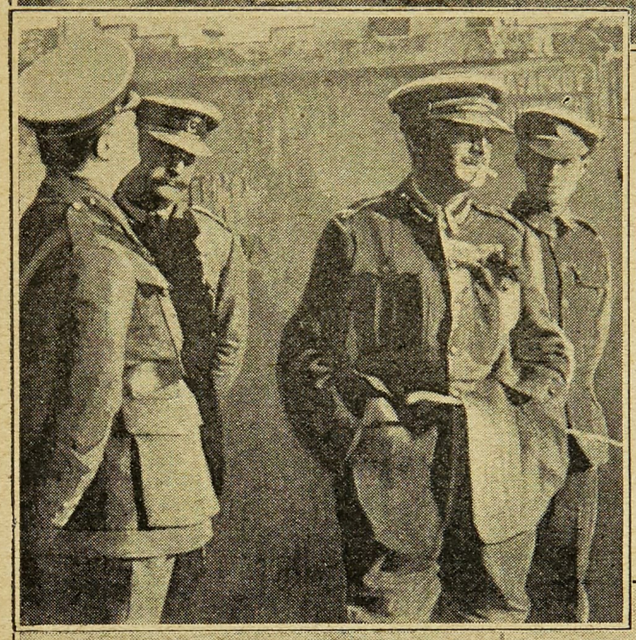


WELCOME REFRESHMENT FOR HEROES OF VERDUN.—In startling contrast to the din of battle, this pleasing picture shows men of France enjoying welcome warm coffee. They are the men who for many weeks withstood the brunt of the German attacks around Verdun. With ragged and mud-stained uniforms they have just been released from the bombarded trenches for a short period of rest behind the lines. Despite their awful experiences, they have the look of men who know how to conquer and, if need be, to die for their beloved land. Confronted by heroes like these, all the terrific German shocks failed to break the French line of steel.

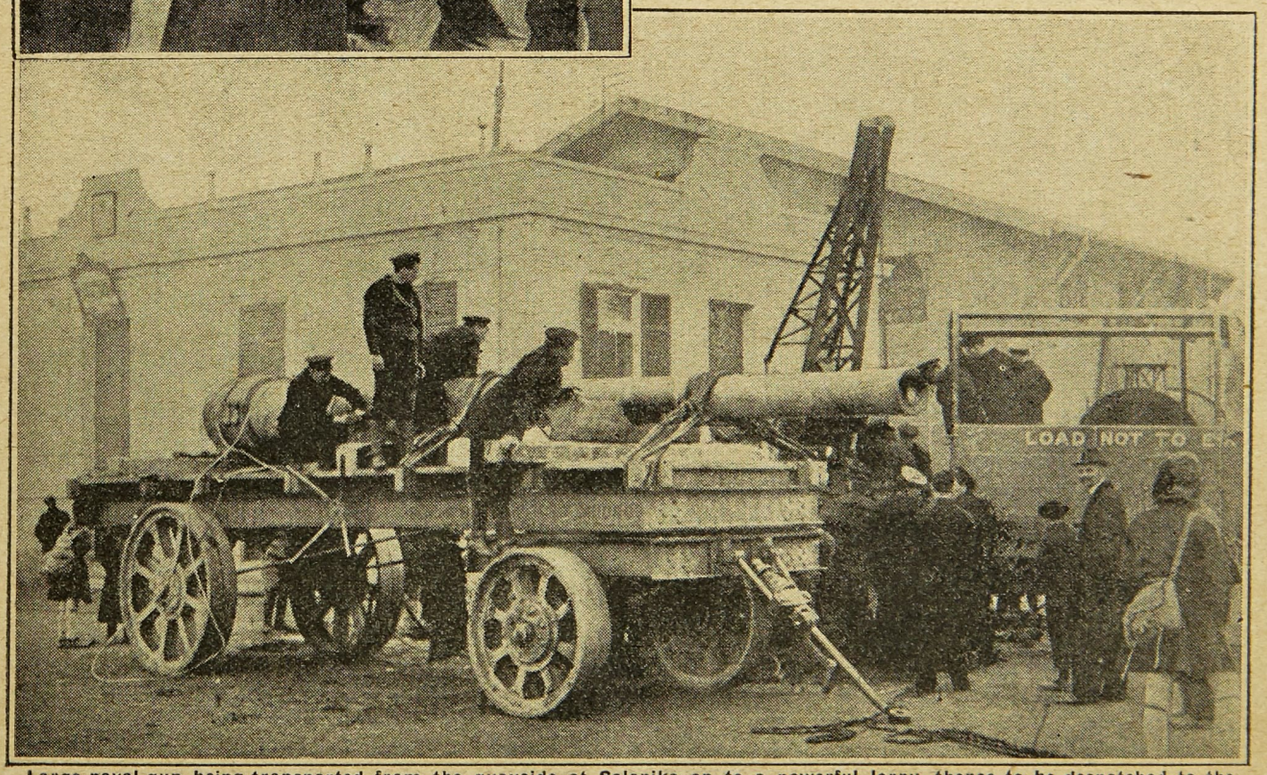
Preparations for the Day on the Balkan Front



British guard on sentry duty at the Greek fort of Tuzla, somewhere on the Ægean coast. Inset: General Mahon and officers of his Staff at Salonika.



General Arbuthnot watching a duel between an anti-aircraft gun and an enemy aeroplane near Salonika.



Large naval gun being transported from the quayside at Salonika on to a powerful lorry, thence to be despatched to the Macedonian front. A Greek soldier in national uniform is seen on the extreme right.

Austrian Activities in Montenegro and Albania

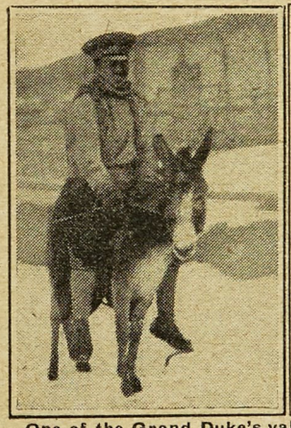
Albanian Red Cross convoy on the march. Inset: Austrian engineers building a wooden roadway over an old Turkish bridge across the Drin.

Austrian transport column forging along the Montenegrin countryside. Franz Josef's soldiers are busy organising the defence of Montenegro and Albania in the event of an allied offensive in the Balkans.

First Scenes from Erzerum

AS it militated against the possibility of further Turkish reinforcements being sent to the Bagdad front, the fall of Erzerum proved to be an event of more outstanding importance to the allied cause than was at first supposed. It also seems that the brilliant achievement of the Grand Duke's Caucasian forces will have the effect of awakening Germany to the futility of her dream of victory in the East, and thus free British troops now stationed in Egypt.

Types of the Turkish inhabitants of Erzerum, photographed after the entry of the victorious Russian troops into the captured fortress capital. Right: An optimistic Turkish cobbler, carrying on "business as usual" outside his shop.

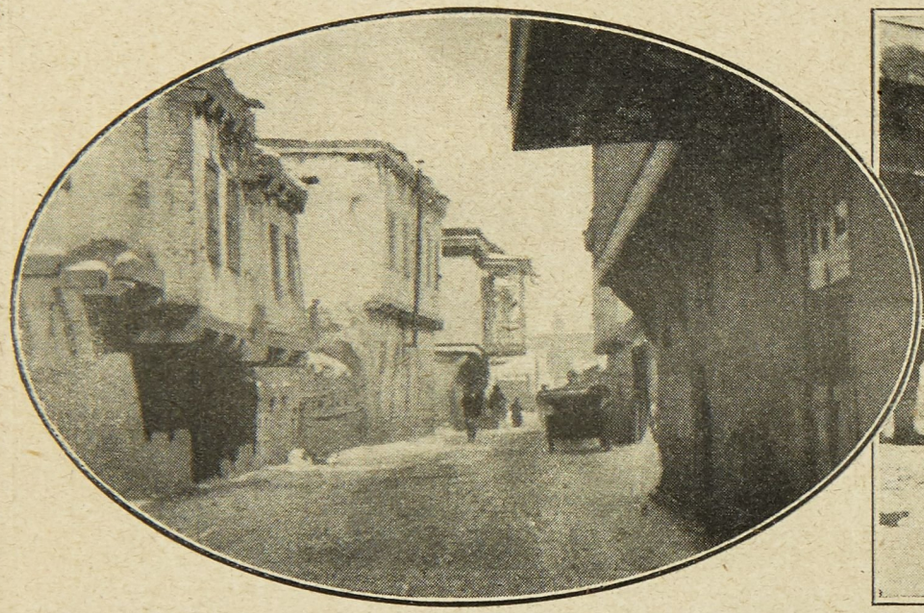


One of the Grand Duke's valorous soldiers enjoying himself in Erzerum on a donkey, after taking part in one of the greatest feats of arms in the war. Centre: Turkish prisoners captured at Erzerum. Right: Typical beggar of Erzerum.

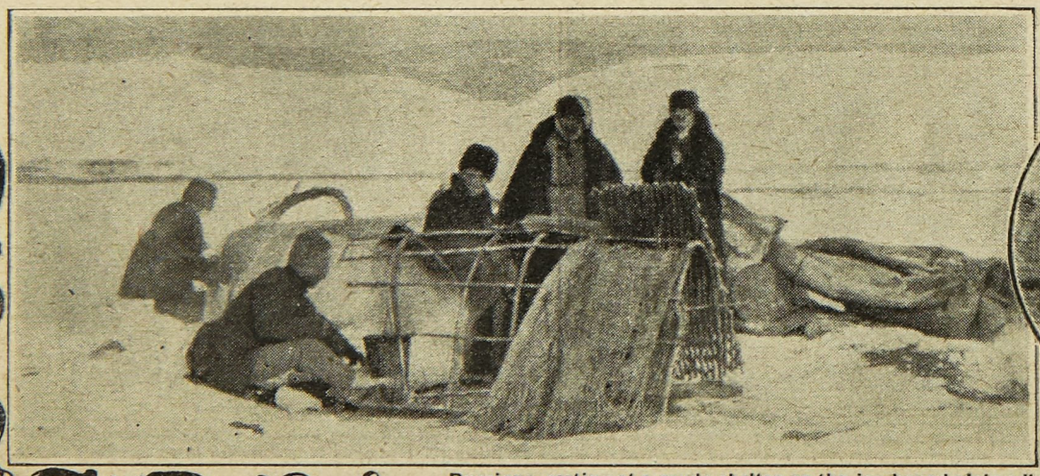
Picturesque tatterdemalions of the Armenian capital standing outside a watchmaker's shop. Right: Turkish carpenter at work in an Erzerum street. A further selection of these striking photographs is published in succeeding pages.

Exclusive Photographs of Erzerum, t

Turkish woodmen sawing logs outside Erzerum. Centre: Enemy flags and banners numbered among the vast amount of

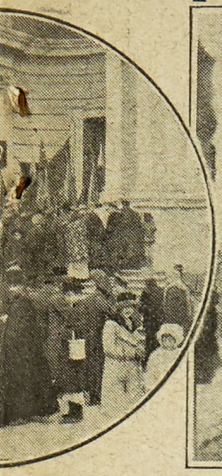


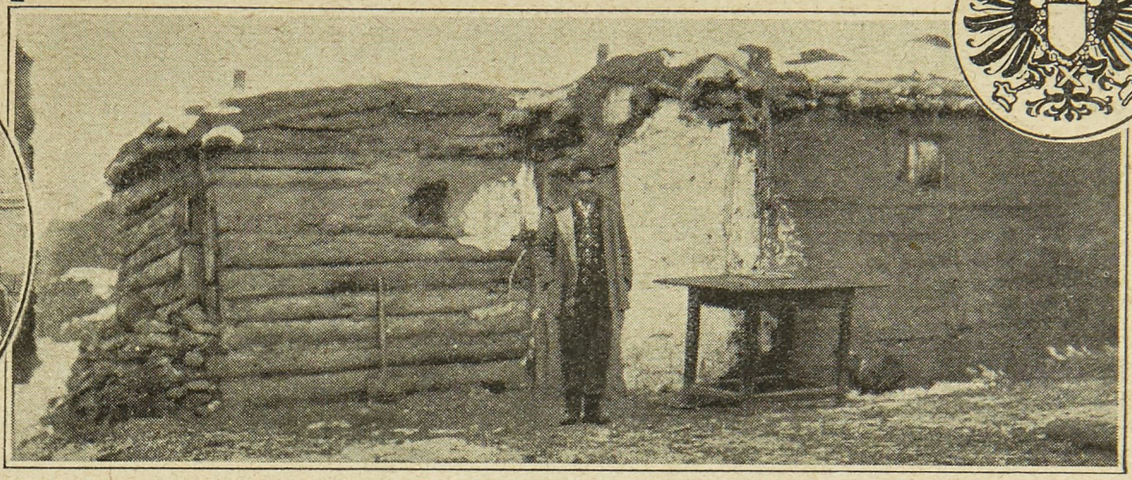
View of one of Erzerum's unpaved streets. The motor-car in the distance seems out of place beside the old-world Asian houses with their Oriental façades. Centre: Corner of the bazaar at Erzerum. Right: Russian oxen-drawn convoy on the snow-covered fields



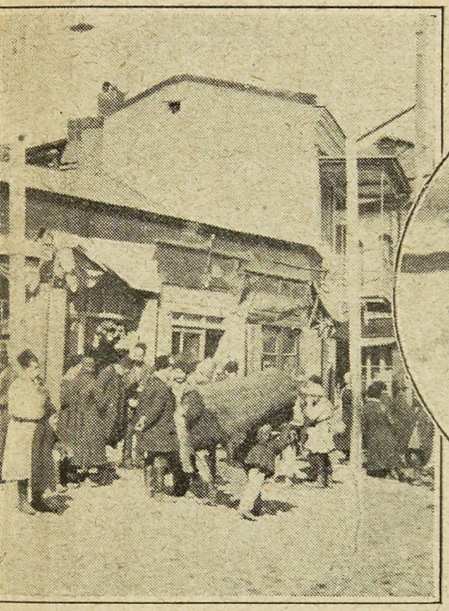
Russians, resting at a crude shelter on the ice-bound plain adjacent to Erzerum. Centre: Caucasian soldier standing in a hole made by a bomb dropped from an aeroplane.

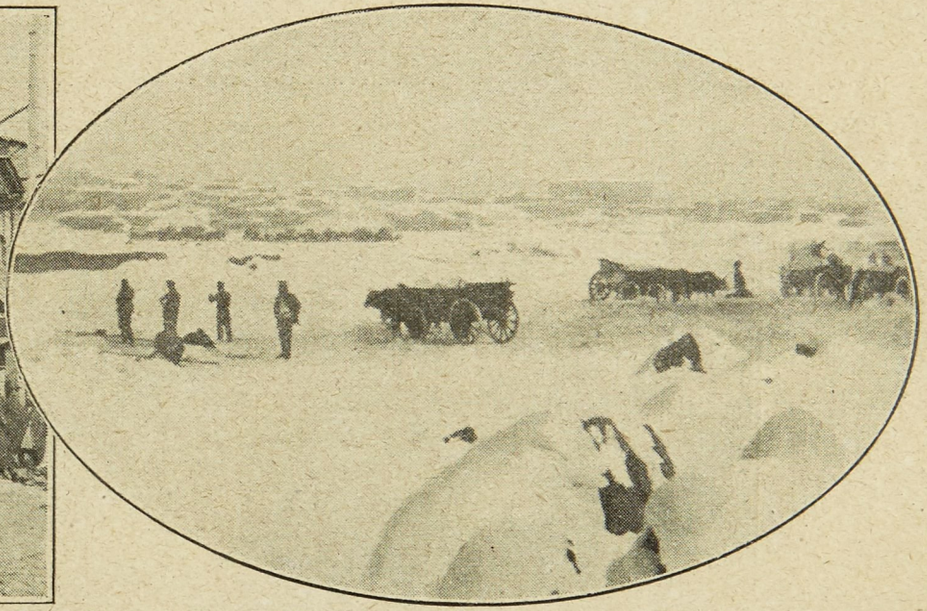
The Captured 'Metz of Asia Minor'



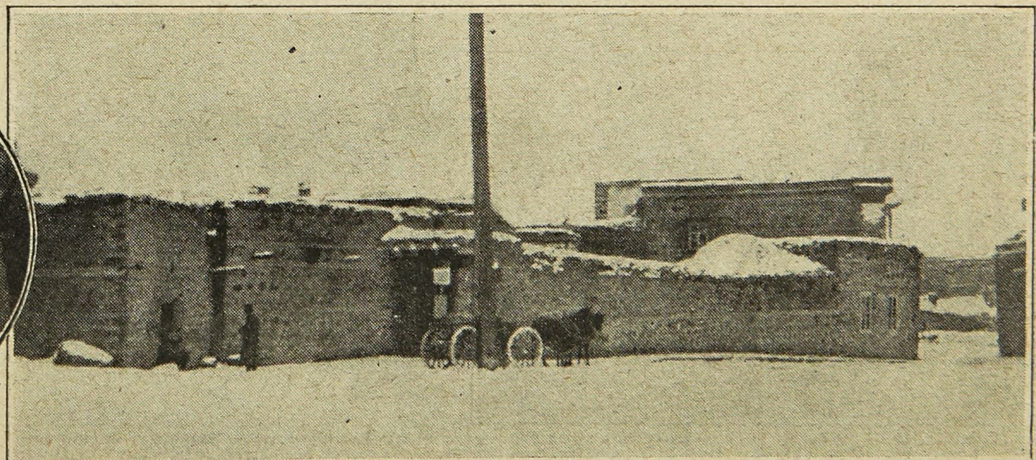


Trophies and spoils which fell into the victors' hands. Right: Turkish hut, built mainly of logs, on the outskirts of Erzerum.





near the capital, the scene of some of the fiercest fighting in the war. After the capture of the fortresses and the town, the victorious forces of the Grand Duke hotly pursued the Ottoman Third Army, which retreated in three directions—north, south, and west of Erzerum.



Right: One of the entrances to Erzerum, the bleak, mysterious and snowbound fortress city of the Caucasus. The post is that of an electric lamp.

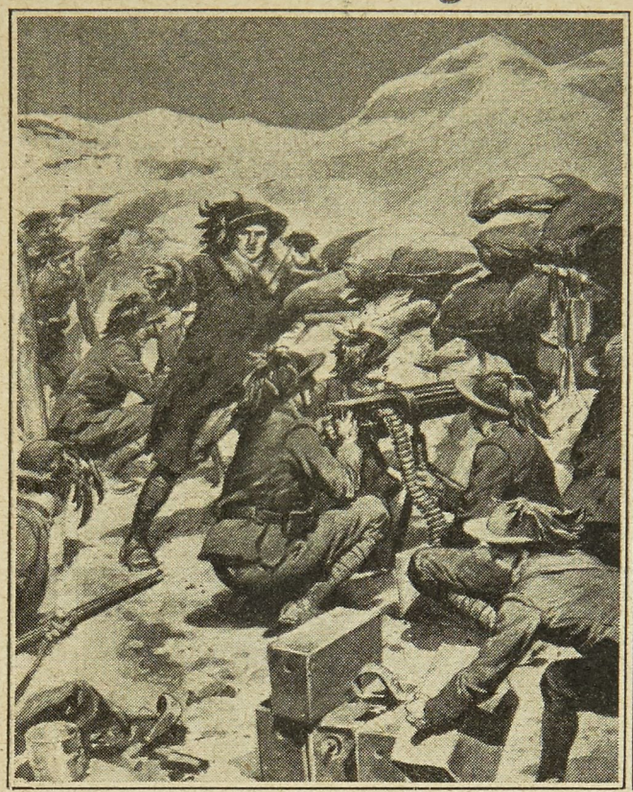
Erzerum, the Anvil for the Grand Duke's Hammer-stroke

Russian transport column passing through a street in Erzerum, where the booty captured by the Russians was enormous. The Siberian troops, by their cyclonic rush under appalling climatic conditions, gave the Turks no opportunity of saving their guns.

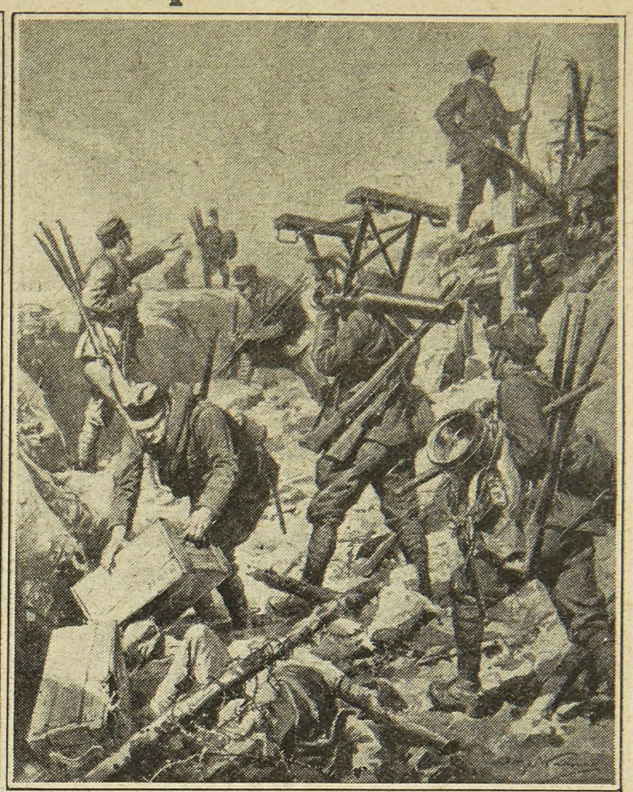
Turkish prisoners under guard at Erzerum. In addition to the Turks' terrible losses in killed and wounded, a great number were captured when the "Metz of Asia Minor" fell.

Further types of the many Turkish defenders of Erzerum who fell into the hands of the Russians during the Grand Duke's hammer-stroke. (These photographs, and those on the preceding pages, are exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")

Italian Bersaglieri and Alpini in Action

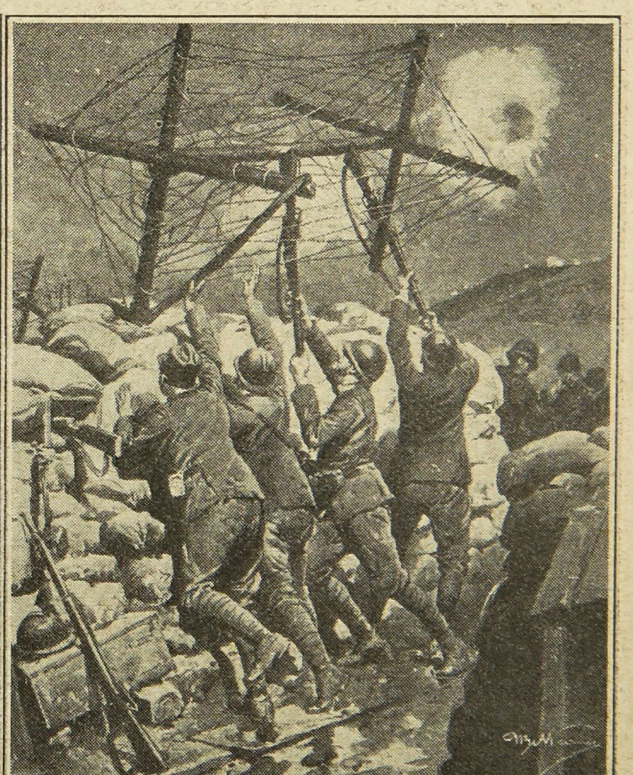


With King Victor Emmanuel's troops. The picturesque crack regiment of Bersaglieri is seen holding a trench with machine-gun and rifle in the Alpine battleground.



Spoils to the victors. Italian soldiers gathering up trophies of victory after a successful attack on an Austrian trench. The booty includes a machine-gun, rifles, and ammunition-boxes.

Daring Italian barbed-wire cutters, discovered by Austrian star-shell at night, defending themselves behind portable steel screens.



Italian soldiers placing in position on the top of a parapet a network of barbed-wire known as "the spider," for protection against an enemy assault.

AN UNLUCKY STAR IN THE FIRMAMENT OF "NO MAN'S LAND."—The Germans, like our own soldiers, take every precaution not to be surprised at night, and star-shells are flung across between the trenches at regular intervals, throwing the whole area into bright relief. Various kinds of illuminating projectiles are used, such as rockets carrying parachute light-ball shells, which blaze furiously for about a minute, and light-ball cartridges which are shot from a special pistol. In such circumstances the work of night listening-patrols is rendered doubly hazardous, and their only chance, frequently a feeble one, is to fling themselves down as shown in the above illustration.

How the "Big Push" is Prepared

By Our War Correspondent F. A. McKENZIE

WHAT does an advance in force mean? How does an army prepare to-day for a big offensive? When war was simpler, commanders decided on a forward move one day and attempted it the next. Each army carried sufficient munitions with it for some days of fighting. The soldiers who could not obtain food starved. The military forces were mobile and easily transported units. Year by year as fighting has become more complicated, and as armies have enlarged, the work of preliminary preparation has grown greater and greater. To-day, any general advance requires not days, nor weeks, but months of heavy work before the signal to go forward is passed around the ranks.

First the points where the real attempts to break through the enemy lines are to be made must be decided. This decision can only be arrived at after most careful and thorough investigations. The Secret Service men on either side, the scouts and spies, redouble their efforts to obtain exact knowledge of what the enemy is doing immediately behind his front. Where are the artillery positions? Along what roads will reserves be brought up? What supplies of munitions are available? What is the spirit and temper of the men at different points? Have the enemy commanders at these points any particular qualities, good or bad, that need to be borne in mind?

Alacrity and Deception

It is impossible to do more to-day than to hint at the ingenuity, the resource, and the courage of the secret agents and scouts engaged on either side in this work. Much preliminary information is obtained by aerial scouting and aerial photography, but the real intimate details are acquired by Secret Service men whose boldness, simplicity, and daring would make, could they be known, the wildest imaginings of Mr. Le Queux or Mr. Phillips Oppenheim appear tame.

The preliminary decision of the main points of attack having been arrived at—a decision always open to revision later on—the work of artillery concentration begins. Great guns are brought up as secretly as possible. They are so swathed that villagers behind the lines or airmen overhead cannot tell what they are. The work of making gun positions is done at night time, and the guns are put in their positions under cover of darkness. Once they are in position, everything is avoided that could attract attention to them until the great day comes.

Here brain is pitted against brain. The most successful example up to date of the secret accumulation of guns against one point was at Verdun. The Germans, who are said to have worked for four months in preparation before assuming the offensive, succeeded in massing at least twice as many heavy guns against the French front as the French anticipated. The latter knew that something was being done, and they allowed for a great increase in German artillery strength. But the Germans concealed many more than was suspected, with the result that in the first few days of battle they were able to sweep the French back three and four miles from their original front.

Austrian Tactics Revealed

Another example of preliminary work is found in the Austrian attack upon Belgrade. Distinguished artillery commanders were sent to Semlin, even before the fall of Warsaw last year, and for ten weeks they carried out an elaborate process of deceiving the Serbians while accumulating and arranging their own supplies. Monster Skoda 42 cm. howitzers and German 42 cm. mortars were brought up one after another, and put in place in such a way that the Serbians could hardly suspect their presence. Troops were marched in open daylight to occupy positions from which the Serbians might be threatened, and were secretly withdrawn at night.

Fine-looking batteries were planted at points where the Serbian scouts could with some difficulty discover them. It was intended that the Serbians should discover them, for these fine-looking batteries were composed of nothing more than dummy wooden guns. The whole Serbian front was minutely analysed. Every range was taken, but taken in such a way that the Serbians would not suspect it. The timing and elevation for each gun at every point when a screen of protective fire would be necessary was worked out mathematically. The whole artillery action on which the issues of the battle would depend was elaborated in a series of formulæ. All the guns were, of course, joined up to the fire-control centre by telephone. The system of firing was alphabetically arranged in printed lists, so that every officer when he received certain code letters and figures knew at once all that was required down to the most minute adjustment of time-fuses.

When the Thunder Roars

The result of all this was that when the Austrians opened out their real offensive, the artillery work was simply a matter of routine. The shells were launched just where they were required and in the quantities needed. The Austrians did not desire to injure Belgrade railway station. No shell fell on it. The Serbian military positions were simply wiped out.

Along the western front to-day the same artillery preparations must take place to break through any point as would be necessary in an attack on an old-time fortress. The attacking party must be prepared to launch at least 40,000 shells a day on a comparatively small front, and to keep that up day after day. It must be able to put a ring of fire behind the enemy's lines, so that no reserves can reach them. Heavy guns must know the range of each cross-road where the enemy's supplies are brought up, and must keep each cross-road steadily bombarded. In addition to this, aeroplane fleets will bombard the railways, the munition depots, and the food stores being used for the enemy at this point.

When all is ready the great artillery duel opens. How long it lasts depends upon circumstances. Artillerymen reckon as a matter of course nowadays that the front trench of the enemy can practically be flattened out and its wire entanglements broken down. Probably, just before the infantry advance, mines will be exploded along the enemy front, mines that have taken weeks to dig and that may be running as much as one hundred feet below the surface of the earth.

The Clash of Artillery

The usual time for a great advance to be launched is just before dawn. But here, again, commanders, recognising the advantage of surprise, sometimes begin their attacks at all hours of the day. The advancing troops are preceded by a curtain of fire from bursting shells. For this the most exact timing is necessary. The artillery and the infantry have to work like one. If the infantry advance too fast they come under the fire of their own guns. If the artillery fire ceases too soon, the enemy get the chance to sweep down the advancing ranks with machine-gun fire.

The capture of the first trench is nothing. It falls almost automatically as the result of the great preparations, unless the enemy have met them by equal counter preparations. The bombers and the storming parties hardly expect to find more in the first lines than the dazed and stunned remnants of the front-line battalions. The second trench is more difficult. The third lines of trenches often present the crux of the problem. Now, when the attacked party discover the real intentions of their enemy they, in turn, concentrate their fire on the vital spot.

In the fighting that is ahead of us now the real issues that will decide the success from failure of any advance will be the adequacy of the artillery preparations and particularly the artillery preparations for dealing with the country immediately behind the trenches attacked, and preventing the enemy from bringing up reinforcements and fresh supplies. On this point I can only say that I for one have personally witnessed such magnificent artillery work along our own lines that I am prepared to believe our gunners capable of everything.

Allied and Enemy Prisoners in Two Continents

A group of German prisoners taken by the French during one of the attacks in the Verdun Battle.

British soldiers as prisoners of war at Angora, in Asiatic Turkey. Despite their captivity they appear remarkably cheerful, in striking contrast to the Huns above. Inset: British, French, and Belgian prisoners in Germany with their guards. This photograph was sent from there by a British soldier to his wife.

Live Stock to Feed Soldiers and Refugees

Women at work on the land. War-time scene in a part of rural England where all the male farm hands have joined the Colours.

In the incessant fighting for Verdun many wild boars have been driven into the opposing lines, and afforded excellent hunting.

Serbian refugees driving a sow and her litter before them. Most of the Serbian civilians who retreated with the Army into Albania embarked at Durazzo, and went into temporary exile.

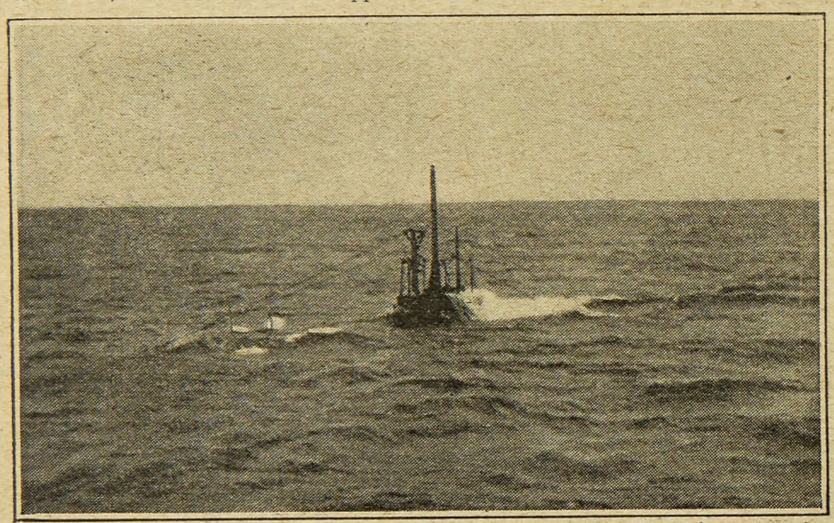
German soldiers driving a herd of swine before them to be converted into "delicatessen."

The Moral of the Monro Despatch

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

TO those who think that there is going to be an inquiry after this war which will fix responsibility and, by public opinion or some such means, punish the guilty and so arrange matters that "it will never happen again," I commend the comparative calm with which General Sir Charles Monro's despatch has been received.

The despatch abounds in interesting details, and is a masterly exposition of the steps taken and the reasons for acting as we did in the withdrawal. Among the details is one telling us that in the last stage of our evacuation H.M.S. Prince George, with 2,000 troops on board, was fired at and hit by a submarine, and the torpedo failed to explode. We hear of this naval event for the first time through the War Office publication of a general's report. It was much the same with the serious damage done to a battle-cruiser at the original bombardment in the Dardanelles on March 18th, 1915. We knew that she had narrowly escaped destruction, and had been much crippled by a mine explosion, through an official statement made in an honours list a few months later.



The lurking pirate. Type of U boat semi-submerged on the look-out for a target, preferably a passenger cross-Channel steamer.

Was the reason this—that, had the facts as to the hazarding of one of our newest battleships and a battle-cruiser in the Dardanelles mine-field for the non-naval object of bombarding been revealed at the time, they would have created a storm of indignation? If so, it would seem that secrecy is at times as much a protection to authors of mistakes as to the country itself.

Back to the Court-Martial

Mr. Winston Churchill, indeed, went so far as to say at Dundee that the newspapers ought not to be allowed to criticise the responsible leaders of the nation. It is necessary to remember sometimes that Disraeli even said that it would be well to establish the encouragement, which was given to the Navy by the shooting of Admiral Byng, among politicians by a similar process.

Now, what is—or was—the immemorial naval system, with the exception of a temporary break from 1907 to 1915, which break is now happily at an end with Mr. Balfour's promise to me to revive the original system? It was that a court-martial follows in the wake of every lost vessel to award praise or blame. There is no talk of "after the war." It is regarded as essential that the facts should be elucidated, the lessons learned, as soon as possible. It includes justice to those who have done well, in addition to those who have done badly.

Away With Excuses

It is impossible to cover up a failure, as is so often done where political considerations are involved, without inflicting grave injustice on those who, under the most adverse conditions, have done exceedingly well. The objections are that the time of a great many people will be taken up with inquiries while their brains ought to be devoted to winning the war.

This objection meets one at every turn. Ministers must not be bothered in Parliament because they are taken away from their duties at their war posts. A great many M.P.s wish to carry out the French system—which, by the way, is also the American system—of Parliamentary Committees such as the Foreign Relations Committee, the Navy Committee, etc., which can call for such evidence and reports as they like. The same objection will be put forward that the time of those giving evidence, or preparing it, will be taken away from their official duties.

The argument is extremely plausible, but it is carried too far when it is used to burke all inquiry. We all know what Napoleon said about the necessity of generals getting all the chances of victory on their side before fighting, and the knowledge that inquiry will surely follow failure, causes men to take such careful forethought as in itself to do something to ensure success.

The idea that a Parliamentary debate is a substitute is ostensibly paraded by Ministers. What is a Parliamentary debate? The effectual time is, say, about five hours, so far as the Press and members are concerned. The Minister brings to light for the first time a number of arresting facts, the meaning of which it is impossible to grasp without the aid of research and maps, especially when the case is presented by a clever lawyer. Take Gallipoli itself.

Everyone remembers the eloquence with which Mr. Asquith spoke of it, in spite of the failure to advance, as having tied up a huge army of Turks who would otherwise have overwhelmed the Russians in the Caucasus, brought disaster to our Mesopotamia expedition, and invaded Egypt. It hardly needed more than a schoolboy's knowledge of history and geography and a modicum of mental imagery to see how utterly such a picture travestied the situation. Yet it drew the plaudits of the House and was uncontradicted in debate.

The House now gets an entirely different picture from the general specially sent out. The Monro despatch (dated March 6th and published April 11th) says, among other things equally vivid in the contrast they afford to official statements:

1. "Our entrenchments were dominated almost throughout by the Turks."

2. "The force, in short, held a line possessing every possible military defect."

3. "They were much enervated from the diseases which are endemic in that part of Europe in the summer."

4. "In consequence of the losses which they had suffered in earlier battles, there was a very grave dearth of officers competent to take command of men."

And most important of all, giving an unqualified contradiction to the Prime Minister's statement of the advantages secured, we read:

5. "It was obvious that the Turks could hold us in front with a small force and prosecute their designs on Bagdad or Egypt, or both."

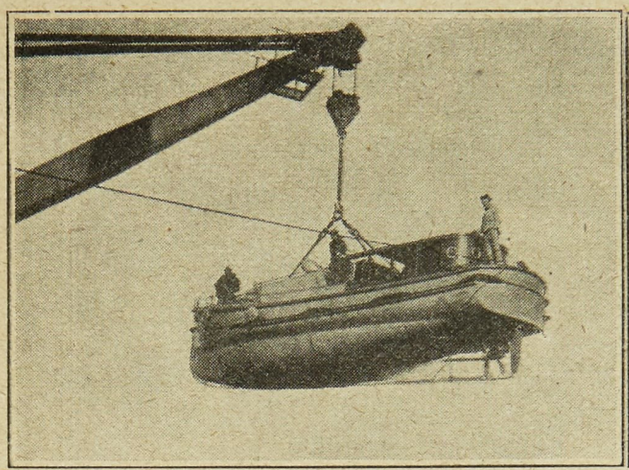
6. "Since we could not hope to achieve any purpose by remaining on the Peninsula, the appalling cost to the nation involved in consequence of embarking on an overseas expedition with no base available for the rapid transit of stores, supplies, and personnel, made it urgent that we should divert the troops locked up on the Peninsula to a more useful theatre."

Final Judgment

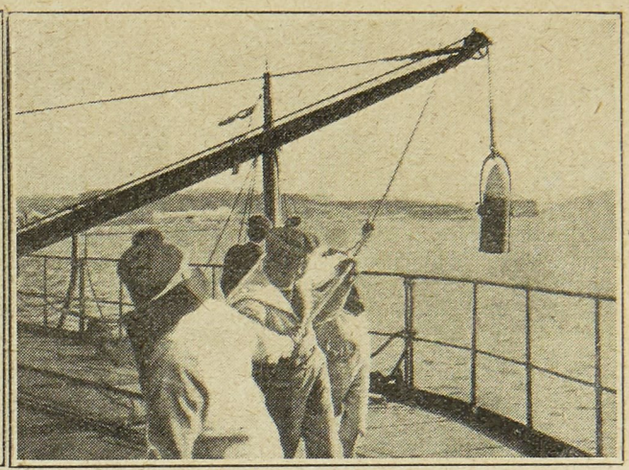
Here we have the final judgment of the general sent out by the Government itself to consider and report on the outcome of a tale of disaster, beside which unhappy Walcheren will be a minor blunder. Side by side with the blunders traceable to politicians, and their way of getting expert "advice," we can read a story of unrequited heroism and skill on the part of both services, as well as the mercantile marine, such as constitutes an epic unparalleled in the world's history.

The more one reads this side of it the more determined one is that it shall not be dragged down by the final failure, that we shall do nothing to cause the world to mock and say, as Napoleon did, that we are "a nation of lions led by asses," and yet afraid to face that fact. We know we can produce as great statesmen for the control of a world war as any other nation, and we did so with Chatham; but we shall never do so while politicians are the only people who escape the full consequence of their blunders.

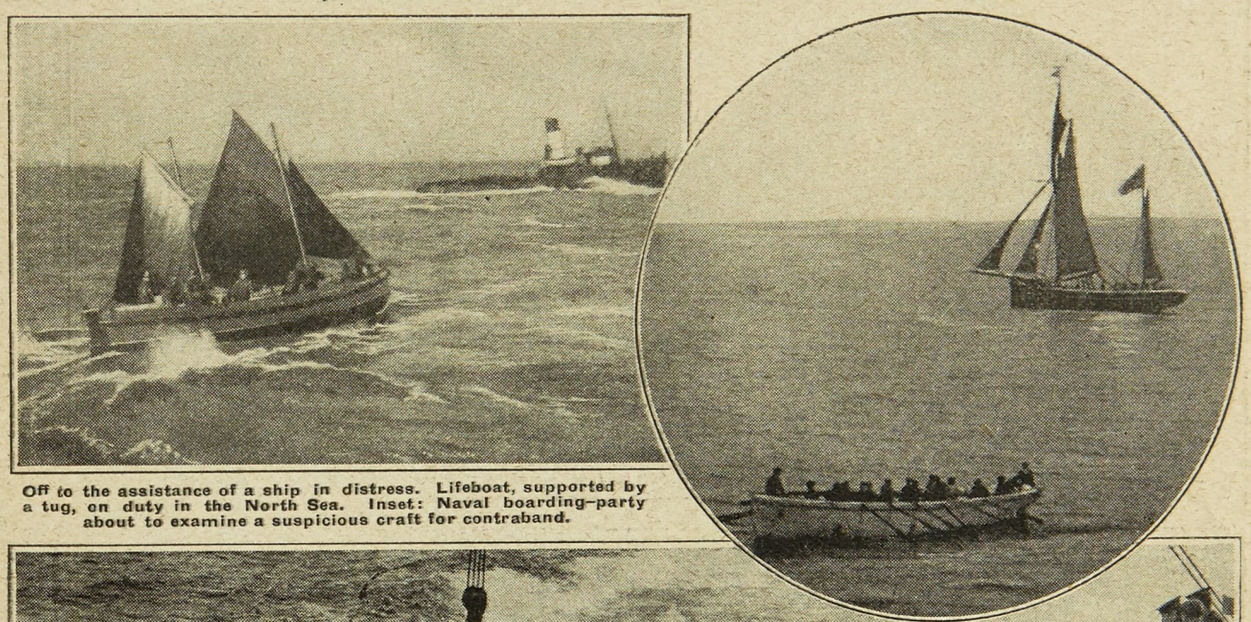
The Allied Naval Effort from Sea to Sea



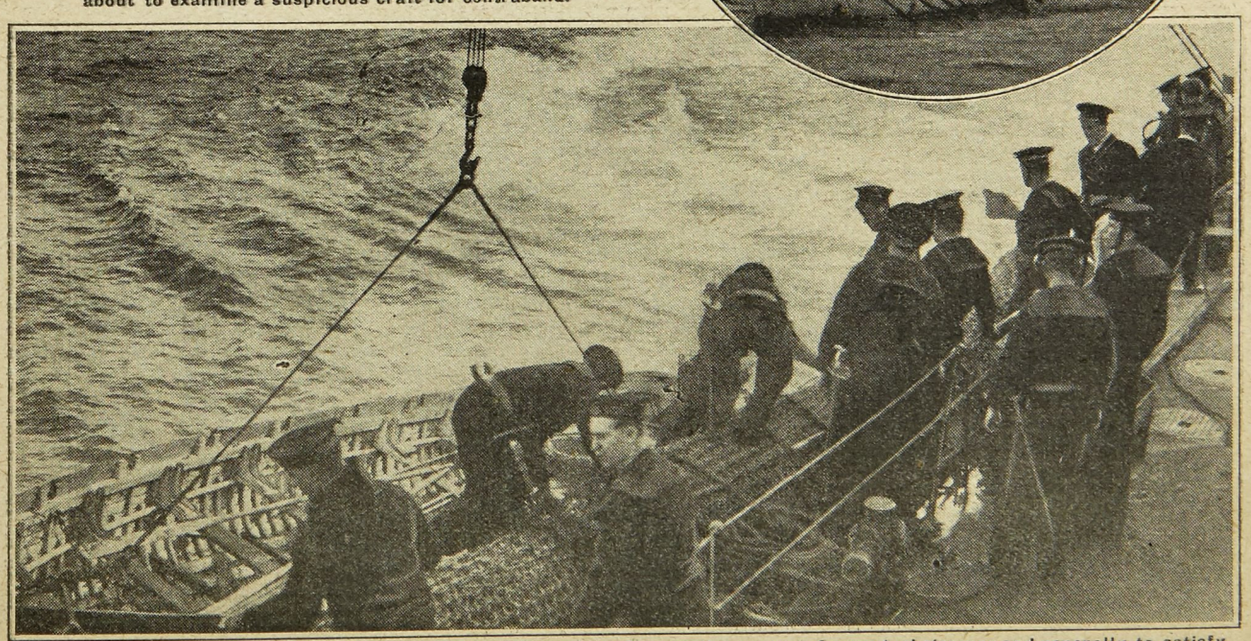
The power of the crane. Hauling an electric pinnace aboard a French battleship at Toulon.



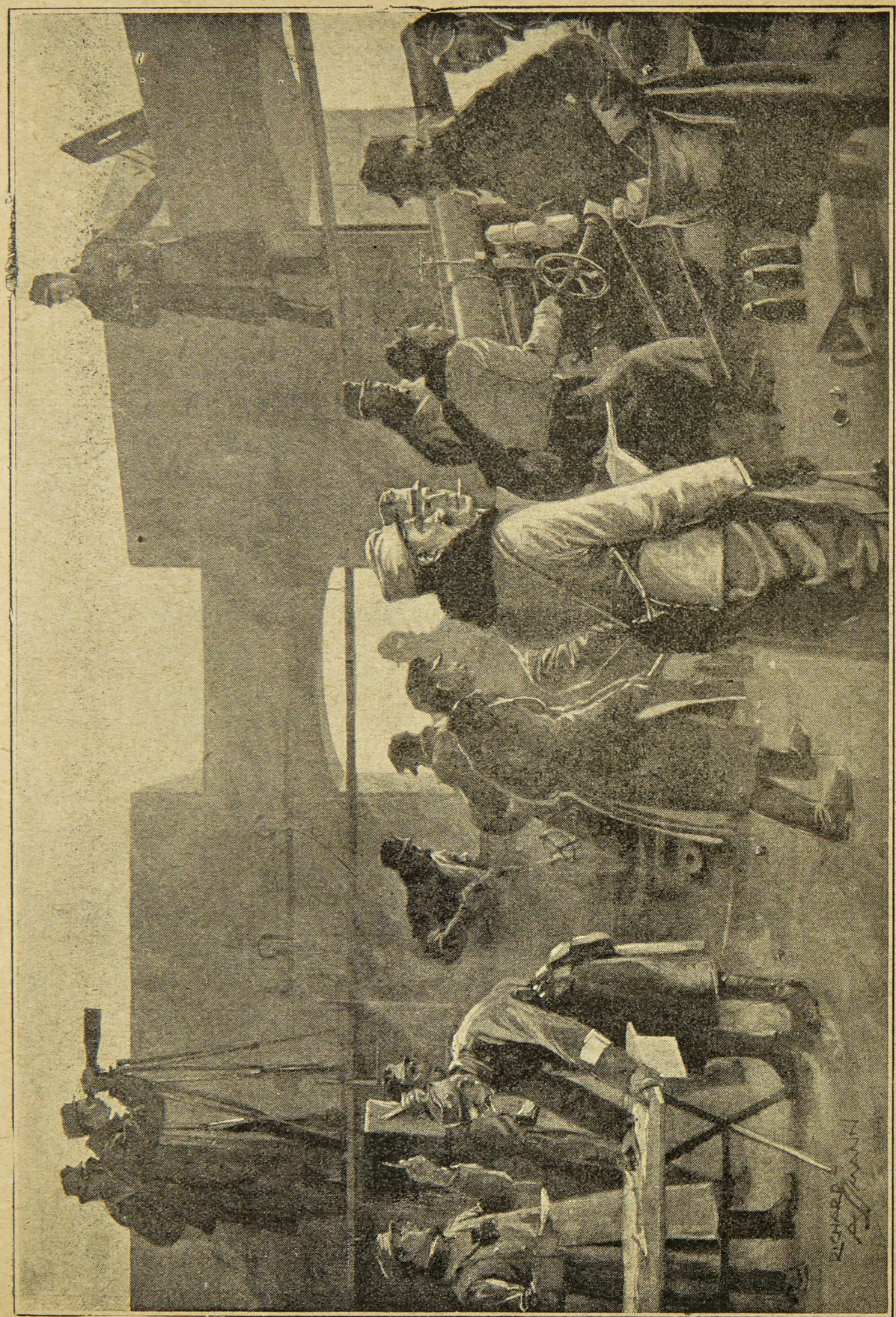
French warship taking in supplies of shells at a well-known Mediterranean port.



Off to the assistance of a ship in distress. Lifeboat, supported by a tug, on duty in the North Sea. Inset: Naval boarding-party about to examine a suspicious craft for contraband.



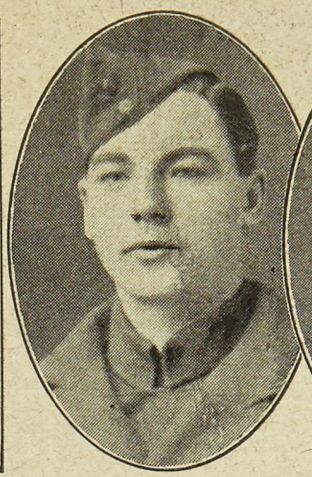
Boarding-party about to leave a battleship on the high seas to inspect the papers of a neutral steamer and generally to satisfy themselves that no contraband is leaking through.



WITHIN AN AUSTRIAN FORT ON THE ADRIATIC.—Though little is heard of the Italo-Austrian conflict on the Adriatic, preparations, attacks, and counter-attacks go on incessantly. Positions wrenched by Franz Josef's soldiers from the sturdy Montenegrins are being consolidated: huge Skoda guns replace the smaller weapons of other days. This striking drawing, reproduced from an enemy paper, shows the interior of a strong fort occupied by the Austrians on the Adriatic. A bombardment was in progress and officers were sighting the range from elevated positions, while the gun crews were getting their weapons ready to fire, and other officers were studying plans.

Decorated for Valour: More of Britain's Brave Sons

Maj. & Brevet Lt.-Col. G. E. TYRRELL, D.S.O., R.A., on whom the King of the Belgians conferred the decoration "Officier de l'Ordre de Leopold."



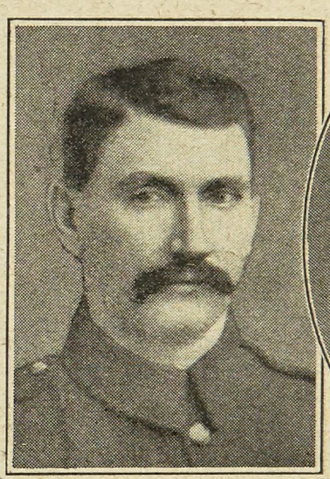
Air-Mechanic T. H. DONALD, R.F.C., awarded D.C.M. for his great skill as a gunner when on patrol in an aeroplane with Lieut. Insall.

Lieut. E. A. McNAIR, V.C., Royal Sussex Regt. Though much shaken by a mine explosion, he at once organised a party to hold the crater.

Sec.-Lieut. G. S. TETLEY, East Surrey Regt., awarded Military Cross for rescuing wounded and reorganising defences under heavy fire.

Sergt. J. T. MAGUIRE, Highland Light Infantry, awarded D.C.M. for leading a bombing party which held a precarious position for four hours.

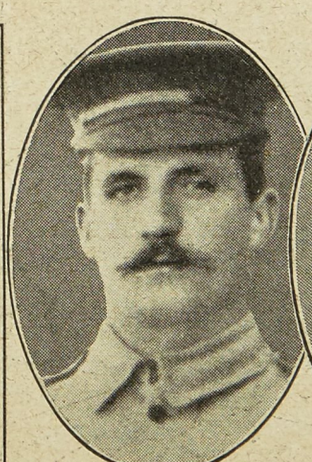
Sergt. H. UNDERWOOD, East Yorks Regt., awarded the D.C.M. for carrying orders under heavy fire and rescuing wounded.



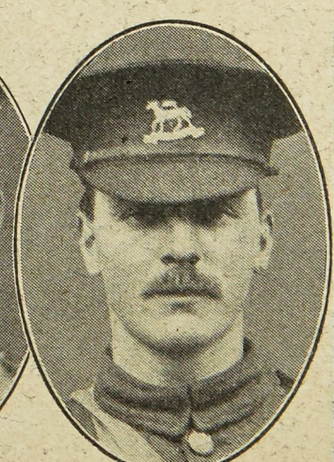
Sec.-Lieut. J. HUDSON, Connaught Rangers, awarded clasp to D.C.M. won in South Africa, mentioned in despatches, and promoted.

Sec.-Lieut. C. SANDERSON, D.S.O., Gordons, led grenadiers, forced enemy guns to retire, and by throwing bombs put two German posts out of action.

Sergt. H. LANGLEY, Field Ambulance, awarded D.C.M. and mentioned in despatches for conspicuous gallantry and ability under fire.



Corpl. J. ELLINGHAM, Rifle Brigade, awarded the D.C.M. for his cool courage when holding a trench with three others.



L.-Corpl. F. J. BARRETT, Royal West Surrey Regt., awarded the D.C.M. for his bravery in rescuing wounded under heavy fire.

Cpl. W. G. MUIR, R.A.M.C., awarded the D.C.M. for conspicuous gallantry. He crossed over two hundred yards under fire to help two wounded men.

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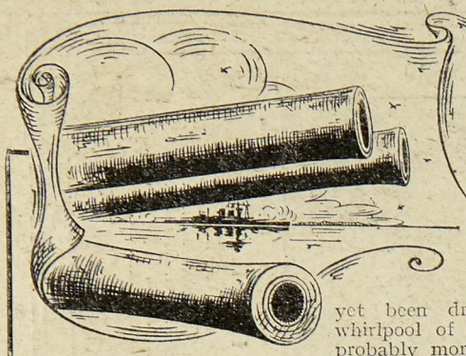
The War Illustrated.

THE HOUR OF FATE ON THE TIGRIS.—Map of Lower Mesopotamia, showing the position of Kut-el-Amara, in the small shaded oblong, a detailed enlargement appearing in the top right-hand corner. The dotted line running from Lake Suwaicha, through Es Sinn, to Atab and the line farther east, also running across the river, are the Turkish positions by which General Gorringe's relief force, represented in the solid lines, was held up. General Townshend's force reached Kut from Ctesiphon on December 3rd, 1915.

[Photo by Bassano.

SOME OFFICERS OF THE OXFORDSHIRE AND BUCKINGHAMSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY

Back row (left to right): Sec.-Lieut. J. H. Zeder, Sec.-Lieut. E. Earnshaw Smith, Sec.-Lieut. H. Morden-Wright, Sec.-Lieut. J. S. Roffey, Sec.-Lieut. E. A. Bianchi. Centre row: Sec.-Lieut. J. C. Coombes, Lieut. G. H. Simpson-Hayward, Sec.-Lieut. G. H. G. Shepherd, Sec.-Lieut. T. Newman Hall, Sec.-Lieut. J. L. Etty, Lieut. R. L. Abraham, Sec.-Lieut. A. W. Proctor, Sec.-Lieut. K. E. Brown, Sec.-Lieut. J. G. R. Miller, Sec.-Lieut. R. N. Carew Hunt, Lieut. J. G. Stockton. Front row: Capt. H. T. Harris, Capt. R. F. Cuthbert, Capt. H. N. Davenport, Capt. H. J. Bennett, Major G. P. R. Beaman, Colonel W. H. Ames, Capt and Adjt. D. M. Rose, Lieut. and Quartermaster W. A. Hobbs, Capt. A. H. Brucker, Capt. W. T. Gray, Capt. R. F. R. P. Boyle. Seated on ground: Sec.-Lieut. G. M. Fricake, Sec.-Lieut. F. L. Greey.



Spain and the European Conflict

Notes on War News

AMONG the neutrals who have not yet been drawn into the whirlpool of war, there is probably more confusion in the public mind regarding the attitude of Spain than of that of any of the others. Spain is one of the coming countries of Europe, and but for the war we should have seen immense developments there during the last two years, as its natural resources have been less exploited than those of any other European State, owing to its long political backwardness. A notable pamphlet has just been published in Spain by Señor Alcalá Galiano, entitled "Spain and the European Conflict," and this throws some interesting light on the attitude of his compatriots to the belligerents. It would appear that the majority of the indolent, unthinking aristocracy have strong leanings towards the Hun. But Señor Alcalá Galiano, who is one of the clearer-thinking minority, has no misgivings as to where the real interests of his country lie.

Britain Judged by an Enlightened Spaniard

NO better exposé of German hypocrisy has been penned by any European writer, and it is to be hoped that this pamphlet will have a wide circulation. The political interests of Spain, of course, are harmonious with those of France and Britain. There is also a strong Republican party in Spain, whose sympathies naturally lean towards Republican France; and Spanish culture is Latin, and must eventually stand with that of France and Italy. Every Englishman should be proud to know that a foreign and impartial critic, such as Señor Alcalá Galiano proves himself to be, should have written of Great Britain in these words:

"No country has less abused its strength. None has employed its strength more consistently in defence of the weak against the strong. Each of the small States in turn has benefited by this—Holland, Greece, Portugal, and now Belgium—none has contributed so much to the spiritual and material union of the different States, whether of America, Africa, Asia, or Oceania, under the influence of Europe. Its inviolable world-supremacy is the result of intelligence, not of despotism. Its 'egoism' allows the weaker nations to live, and by its support and protection the most remote corners of the earth flourish."

The "Sedulous Apes" Again

WE are at times apt to forget, in our admiration for the wonderful organising faculties of the Germans, that they are really the "sedulous apes" of better races. An examination of all Germany's remarkable scientific and industrial progress of recent years will reveal the fact that these laborious Huns have done little more than rifle the superior brains of the French and British. From the Kaiser downward they are a race of intellectual thieves, pilferers of ideas, and the war has proved them also the very lowest type of robber. A correspondent, Mr. W. Piddington, of Wendover, Bucks, sends me an interesting letter with reference to an illustration which appeared in "The Great War," showing an ingenious bicycle-ambulance used by the Austrians. He points out that this was neither a German nor an Austrian invention, but was actually patented by him in 1913, and offered to the British War Office, which, with its usual "prescience," courteously, or curtly, declined it. He was then advised to offer it to the Austrian Government, and the Austrian Ambassador here secured full particulars of the invention; but, needless to say, Mr. Piddington has not been under any danger of being had up for trading with the enemy, as the Austrians, at the outbreak of war, were able to adopt his improved bicycle-ambulance without any formality as to patent rights. He mentions that he offered his patent to the British Red Cross Society free of royalty charges, but there, also, it does not appear to have been adopted.

Wittenberg and Magdeburg

PUBLICATION of the report of the Government Committee on the conditions of the Wittenberg camp for prisoners of war happened to synchronise with the anniversary of the birth of Hugo Grotius, author of the great work, "De Jure Belli et Pacis," which became the basis of modern international law. Grotius maintained that there is a principle of right and a basis of society inherent in the social relations of men, and not derived from the Church or from religion, and he insisted that this law of nations obtains and is most important in time of war. He wrote his book during the Thirty Years' War, when, as he said himself, a licence in making war prevailed throughout Christendom of which even barbarous nations would have been ashamed. That protest was made in 1624, and five years later occurred the sack of Magdeburg, the most appalling atrocity in history since the destruction of Jerusalem. It damned the reputation of Tilly for ever, and remains a monument to the cruelty of the German race. That the cruelty is ineradicable seems to be proved. Wittenberg now ranks with Magdeburg as the scene of unforgettable and unforgivable atrocity to a foe.

The Nun of Flanders

LEGENDS are growing out of the Great War, and they have their use as well as their beauty. The Earl of Portarlington tells a story that will go down to posterity with that of the Angels at Mons. He says that a distinguished officer of the Irish Guards was busy one evening at the base in Flanders when a nun came into the room and told him she brought him a message that the war would not end until the nations went down on their knees and pleaded with God for mercy. The rather matter-of-fact officer was annoyed at the interruption, and called at the convent near the place next day to tell the Mother Superior not to send any more nuns to him at night on the same errand. The Reverend Mother denied that any had been, and asked him to identify his visitor. He tried, and failed; but as he was leaving he saw a portrait, and pointed to it. "That is the lady," he said. It was the portrait of a former Mother Superior of the convent, dead long before the war. And the prosaic officer went away knowing that he had had a message.

The Elimination of Waste

WHAT can I do? How often one hears this pathetic cry! Not everyone can be in the firing-line or find employment in making munitions of war. There is, however, one thing all *can* do—we can help to "*carry on*" by carefully observing the instructions given out by those in authority. An imperative order is—avoid waste. Another is—be economical. In these days when the supply of paper is limited, newsagents, in order to practise the precept of economy and avoid waste, are only stocking the number of periodicals they think they will require each week. They are resolved to reduce the waste in unsold papers to a minimum. Therefore, it may happen that on demanding a copy of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED you may discover, to your intense disappointment, that your newsagent's supply is sold out. You should be wise in time, and ensure that you obtain your favourite journal regularly each week. Give your newsagent a *standing order* by filling in the Order Form below. Remember that by so doing you not only secure THE WAR ILLUSTRATED each week, but are "carrying on," helping the official edict as to economy, and thereby driving nails into Germany's coffin.

ORDER FORM.

Date.....1916

To Mr.....

Please order for me one copy of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED each week until further notice.

Name.....

Address .....

N.B.—If you are preserving the covers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED and do not wish to cut them, a similar order on a piece of notepaper will serve.

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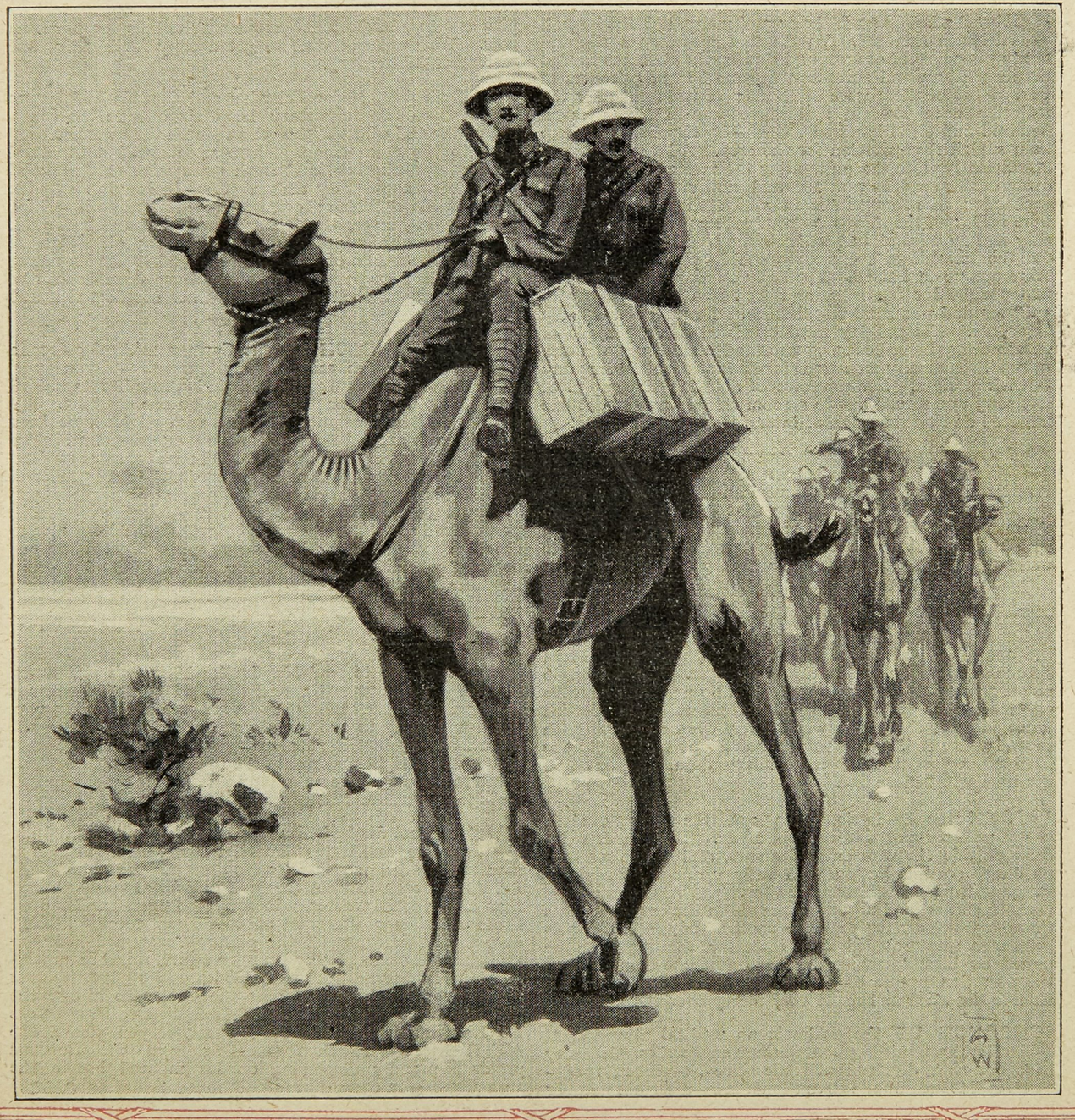
48 Inland 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free. N

The War Illustrated, May 6th, 1916. *Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

Destiny on the Move in the Balkans by F. A. McKenzie

The War Illustrated

2d. Weekly



Vol. 4 Under Way for Kut-el-Amara: "Ships of the Desert" Passing Along the Tigris Bank **No. 90**

The Iron Cross—for Cowardice

CONVENTION requires, not unwisely, that intense feeling shall not find expression in words. And truly we would prefer, infinitely, that when righteous indignation flames up in the heart it should be given opportunity to express itself in silent, irresistible action. But time cannot be gainsaid; to those of us who may not wield the sword it only remains to try to nerve the sword-arm of others, and there can be no surer means to that end to-day than to send round the message: "Remember Wittenberg!"

TEN and a half acres is the area of many, not the largest, fields in England. Within that space, on a flat and sandy plain devoid of trees and shrubs, the Germans herded between fifteen and seventeen thousand men, prisoners of war. Most of them were Russians; of the remainder the majority were French, and there were between seven hundred and eight hundred British—by themselves a more than sufficient population for the area. All the men were insufficiently clothed; on the day they were captured their overcoats were taken away, and nothing was given in exchange; the bungalows in which they were housed were cold, and the stoves in them were so constructed that only if they were stoked with all the coal they could hold did the bungalows become reasonably warm; but often there was no coal at all. The daily allowance of bread was two pounds for ten men, and that was made chiefly of potatoes, and was most unpalatable. The coffee was made of acorns. The midday meal consisted of soup made of potato flour, horse-beans, grease, and a modicum of meat, so small that many men went for days without finding any in their portion. For purposes of ablution one cupful of soft soap was served out to a room containing at least one hundred and twenty men at intervals of several weeks.

OF the treatment of the prisoners by the guards we have been told by independent and unbiased American investigators sent by the American Embassy to make inquiry. It was at Wittenberg that dogs were set upon the men to terrorise them and to amuse the guards; flogging with rubber whips was a frequent punishment, and there were other punishments, upon which we do not wish to dwell now. Owing to the dirt, the insufficient ventilation, the starvation, the misery, typhus broke out among the prisoners in December, 1914, and raged until August, 1915, and the epidemic, and the way in which it was handled by the German authorities, is the subject of a report signed by one of our judges, Mr. Justice Younger. White men do not protest their colour, and there is no need therefore to say more than that the signed statement of an English judge is good the whole world over, even as an English sovereign is good. Germany may attempt what reply she likes to Mr. Justice Younger's condemnation. Neither God nor man will believe her.

WHEN the epidemic broke out, the German staff, military and medical, ran away. The guards withdrew outside the wire entanglements, and thereafter held no direct communication with their prisoners, except by shouting from a distance. The food was passed over the wires in chutes, and a gate was made in the entanglements through which coffins could be passed. Insufficient superficial area was provided for a cemetery, so the dead were buried by their comrades on the top of one another, and the Christian people of Wittenberg were wont to gather outside the wires and make very merry over the funerals.

THROUGHOUT the epidemic no medical attention at all was provided by the German authorities. Germany had, however, detained at Halle since November, 1914—quite in defiance of all international law—a certain number of British doctors, and when the epidemic had been raging about three months they sent, in February, 1915, six of these doctors to the camp at Wittenberg. The names of these doctors are Major Fry, Major Priestley, Captain Sutcliffe, Captain Field, Captain Vidal, and Captain Lauder. Major Fry, Captain Sutcliffe, and Captain Field contracted the disease while tending their brothers, and died on duty. Captain Lauder also contracted typhus, but recovered. The conditions they found existing in the camp when they arrived are described in the report, and we do not wish to pick out any exceptionally sickening details for use here, now. We want everyone to get a copy for himself, and remember Wittenberg.

JUST at first, Major Priestley and Captain Vidal were sent to two temporary hospitals outside the camp, but at the end of the first week in March they were ordered back to the main camp. There were about a thousand cases of typhus then, and fresh cases were coming in at the rate of about fifty a day. Captain Lauder bore the brunt of the outbreak; orderlies volunteered to help him, knowing, of course, that they did so at the risk of their own lives, and many of them died at their post. We wish we knew the names of all of them, to add to the six names given already as those of men who have done honour to their country in their devotion to their brothers sick and in prison.

DR. ASCHENBACH was the German medical officer in charge of the camp at Wittenberg. He ran away when the epidemic broke out, and thereafter remained outside the wire entanglements save on one occasion. His general attitude towards the men who might have been his patients may be illustrated by one incident. The British doctors, or one of them, asked once for some medical requisite that was most urgently needed. One member of the German staff to whom the request was made was prepared to accede to it, but Dr. Aschenbach refused peremptorily and curtly, protesting that the British were swine. And the requisite was not supplied. On the one occasion when Dr. Aschenbach ventured inside the camp he came to make a brief and rapid official inspection, and he arrived in a complete suit of protective clothing, including a mask and rubber gloves. For his services and his report he was awarded the Iron Cross.

IT is impossible to read Mr. Justice Younger's statement, temperate, measured, and dignified as it is, without feeling a little sick. When the first nausea has passed away, it is impossible to repress a surge of hot and passionate resentment against a people who could allow such things to be. It is right and meet that it is impossible. And we want to do our share in giving the report publicity and urging everyone to remember Wittenberg.

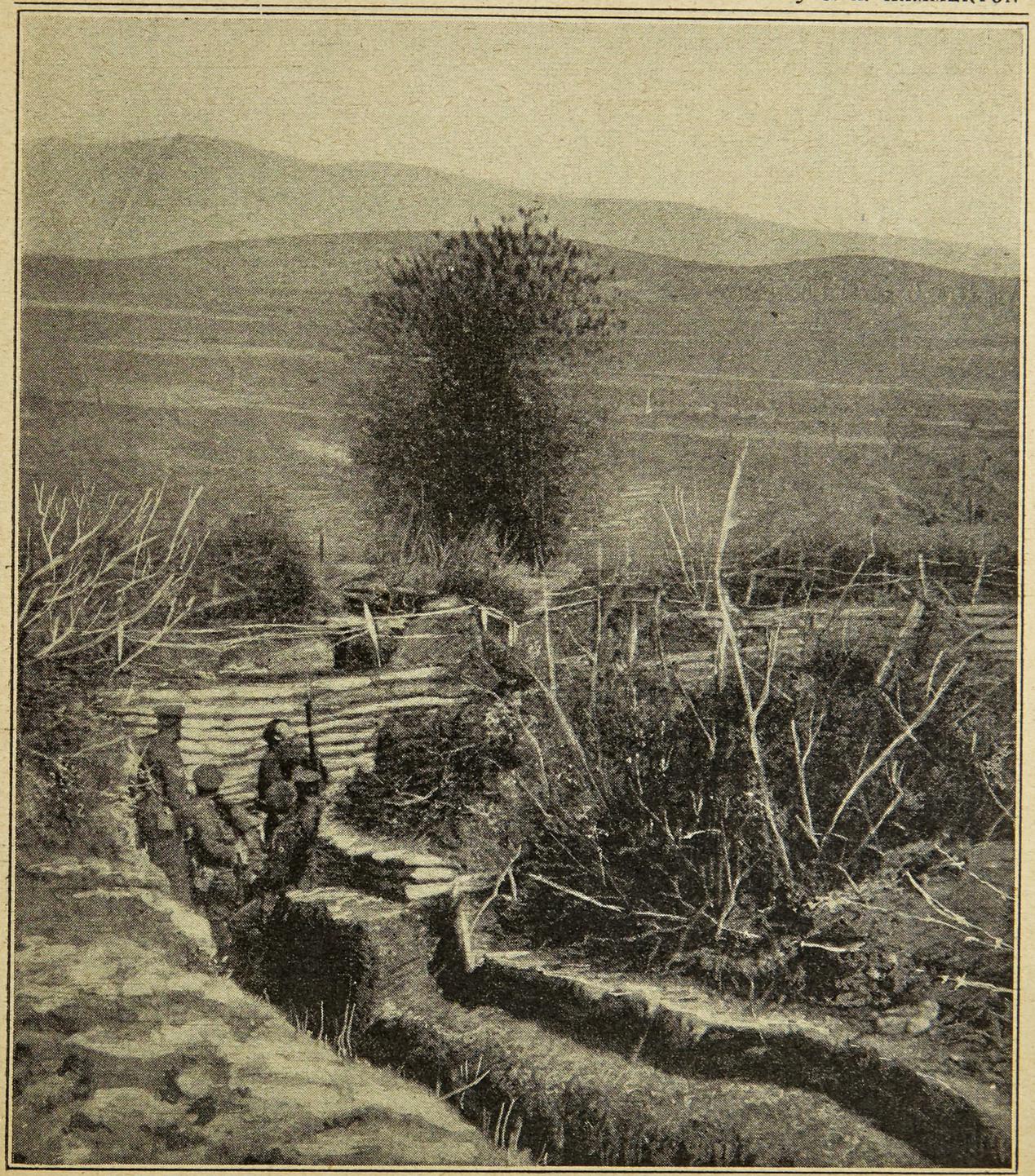
WE do most firmly believe that there is a God of infinite justice, and that ultimately, somewhere, somewhen, man is rewarded according to his deserts. There and then Dr. Aschenbach will receive his full due. And there and then his Imperial master, who conferred upon him the Iron Cross in token of Imperial approval, will receive his full due, too. Meantime, let the picture be framed in every British mind of that bulky Prussian figure, rolled in macintosh and rubber until he resembled a comic advertisement of motor tyres, bouncing over the chutes to escape the dirt and disease that he was paid to fight, grovelling before his Imperial master—the All-Highest, if you please, the All Highest!—and then emerging from the Imperial presence proudly displaying on his inflated bosom the Iron Cross—for cowardice!

C. M.

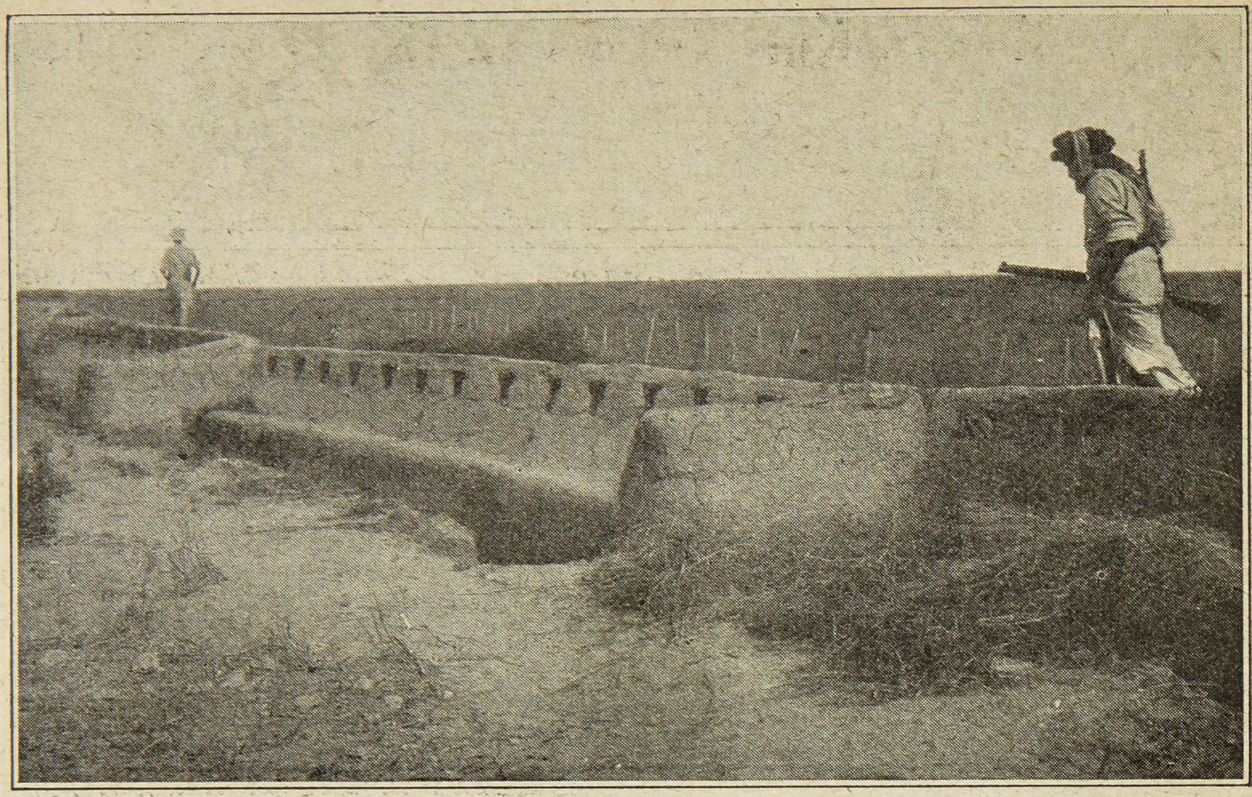
6th May, 1916. No. 90. Vol. 4.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON



WITH THE SALONIKA ARMY.—A RIFLE-GRENADE BURSTING AT THE HEAD OF A TRENCH.
(Official photograph. Crown copyright reserved.)



Rear view of some Turkish trenches at the Es Sinn position to the east of Kut-el-Amara. A friendly Arab is following the British officer on a reconnaissance of the enemy country.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

XXXVII.—The Campaign in Mesopotamia to the Capture of Amara

IN their far-seeing plans for aggression the Germans had taken Asia Minor well into consideration, and the scheme of the Berlin-Bagdad Railway was the principal menace to Britain's Asiatic possessions and prestige from the moment the Deutsche Bank advanced the money for the launch of this ambitious enterprise.

With Turkey as an ally, and having regard to the possibility of a Jehad should the religious fanaticism of Oriental races be aroused, the German dreams for expansion and conquest east of Suez, at the expense of Britain, were never nearer realisation than in November, 1914. Enver Pasha, the evil genius of the Ottomans, had yielded to German overtures, Imperial marks, and promises, and began to gamble with the already bankrupt Turkish Empire. It was inevitable, therefore, that this country should send an expeditionary force to Mesopotamia, ostensibly to guarantee British integrity in the East, immediately to safeguard the invaluable Persian oilfields.

New War in the Old World

Thus it was ordained that Mesopotamia, the ancient forum of civilisation and conflict, should resound to the din of battle, that the eternal phantom armies of desert and oasis between the Tigris and Euphrates should take mortal shape again, that the drums the dragoman ever hears on the stilly desert air should be real drums of new hosts marching to battle. Ghosts of Assyrian, Babylonian, Greek, and Arab, who had fought thousands of years ago over this historic land, were destined to witness another epic. Xenophon and his armies who had lost their way in the tortuous region of the two great rivers, the traditional boundaries of Eden's garden, might stand stalwart and erect in the untrodden dust of centuries and contemplate the new legions, armed with strangely new weapons, and mark with wonder-stricken eyes the great white wings of the iron bird as it soared majestically into space.

No Time Lost

Under the ægis of sea-power, Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Barrett set sail from India in the first days of November, 1914, with an expedition made up of a division of infantry, auxiliary troops, and light cavalry. Each brigade of the division embodied a battalion of British troops, the rest being composed of Indian forces. The British battalions were the 2nd Dorsets, in the Poona Brigade, the 1st Oxford Light Infantry, in the Ahmednagar Brigade, and the 2nd Norfolks, in the Belgaum Brigade.

So promptly was action taken that when war was declared by Turkey the Poona Brigade, under Brigadier-General Delamain, was already at Bahrein, with the balance of the expedition under way from Bombay. General Delamain left Bahrein to assault the fort of Fao, situated at the mouth of the Shat-el-Arab, on November 7th. Operating in conjunction with the troops were H.M.S. Odin, an armed steam launch, and a party of Marines. The attack on Fao was carried out in a businesslike manner. Within an hour the fortress had fallen, and was occupied by British troops as a base for the expedition.

Proceeding about thirty miles along the Shat-el-Arab, in a varied fleet of transport, General Delamain's brigade arrived at Sanijeh, entrenching and consolidating the position while awaiting the arrival of reinforcements from India. Though several skirmishes took place, no important attack was launched by the Turks until the night of November 9th. This was repulsed, the Indians following up this success by driving the Turks from a valuable village position.

The new brigades from Bombay arrived in the Gulf and steamed along the Shat-el-Arab past Abadan, the headquarters of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, and joined their comrades at Sanijeh.

News soon arrived of the movements of a large Turkish army from Basra, a city renowned for its association with "The Arabian Nights." General Barrett at once ordered the Anglo-Indians forward to meet the foe, who were encountered at Sahil. The Turks had entrenched themselves in a favourable oasis position, in front of which stretched a barren plain, offering no cover for attackers, and furthermore being in a state of quagmire through exceptional rain.

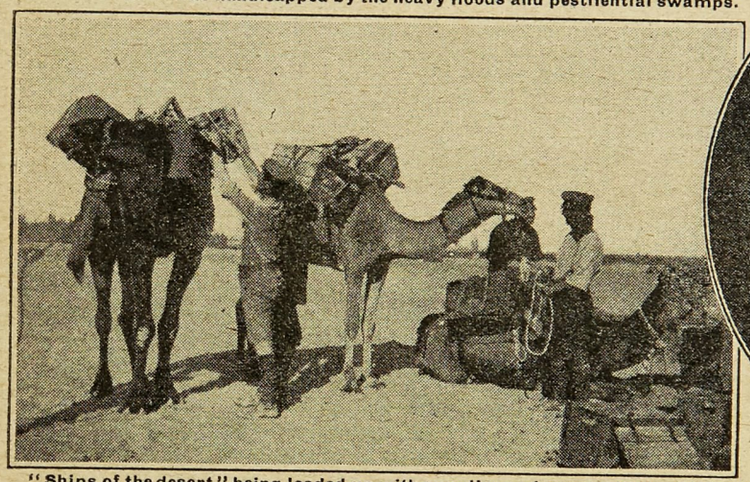
Turks on the Run

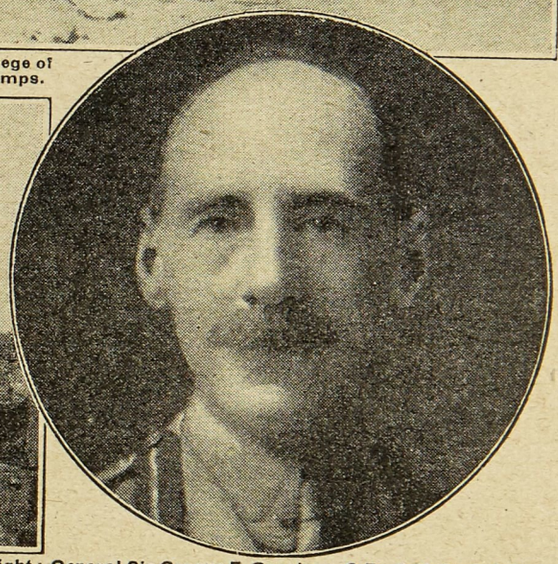
Nothing daunted, General Barrett decided to carry the position, and mobile guns on the river tugs, as well as the field artillery, subjected the Turks to an effective bombardment. The enemy was clearly alarmed by the efficiency and valour of this attack, and retreated in hot haste, leaving 1,500 out of an estimated 4,500 men incapacitated, or more than four times as many as the Anglo-Indian casualties. After this defeat the Turks decided to evacuate Basra, and a message came through that the

[*Continued on page* 268.

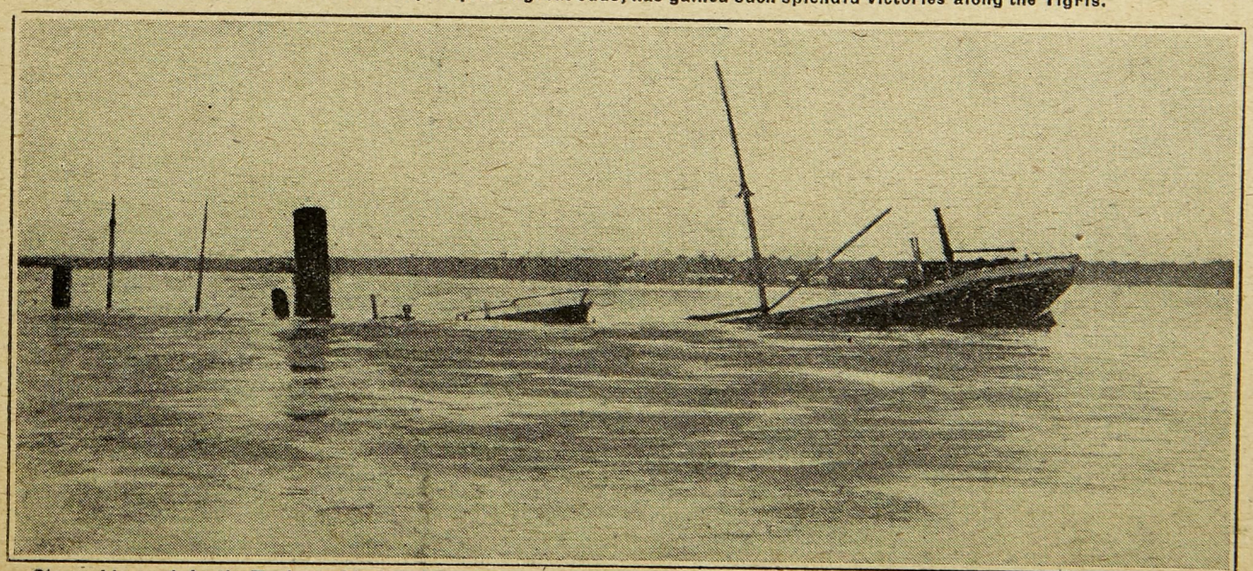
On the Way to Kut: Scenes in the Tigris Valley

Line of captured Turkish trenches at Es Sinn. The advance to raise the siege of Kut-el-Amara was handicapped by the heavy floods and pestilential swamps.





"Ships of the desert" being loaded up with supplies and ammunition. Right: General Sir George F. Gorringe, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., leader of the relief force that, in spite of great odds, has gained such splendid victories along the Tigris.



Steamship sunk by the Turks to block a channel of the River Tigris. The Mesopotamia marshes, which delayed the troops forcing their way to relieve General Townshend, were notorious in the days of Alexander the Great, who lost his bearings among them.

MESOPOTAMIA

(*Contd. from page 266.*)

Arabs were plundering the place. General Barrett thereupon selected two battalions to make a dash for the city, the 2nd Norfolks and 110th Mahrattas, to take possession and protect the few British residents. These proceeded up the river in two paddle-steamers, while the remainder of the division was despatched across the plain on the same mission.

Many obstacles to impede the advance by water were engineered by the Turks. To add to the natural difficulty of navigation along the stream, ships had been sunk, and batteries placed in concealed positions on the banks gave considerable trouble. After a slight delay the British troops entered Basra without opposition. The German Consul and some of his compatriots were sent as prisoners to India. Basra was turned into a British camp, and every precaution was taken to deal with coming Turkish activities from the direction of Kurna, farther up the Tigris.

Fall of Kurna

Still pursuing the offensive, Lieutenant-Colonel Fraser, with a detachment of Anglo-Indian troops, assisted by Brigadier-General Fry, with the 7th Rajputs and 110th Mahrattas, advanced towards Kurna, where they jointly achieved a brilliant victory, investing the city and compelling the garrison to surrender with 1,100 Turks and nine guns. The British losses were a minimum of some hundred and sixty killed and wounded.

Thus, within a few short weeks, the expedition had carried all before it as far as Kurna. During February and March, the Euphrates being in flood, operations were temporarily suspended.

To make ready for a general resumption of hostilities, reinforcements moved, towards the close of the flood season, to Ahwaz and Kurna, with Lieutenant-Colonel Sir J. E. Nixon, K.C.B., who was entrusted with the supreme command of the whole expedition. The Turkish authorities having likewise profited by the lull to draw up a plan of campaign, to gather troops from military positions along the Tigris, and enlist the organising ability of German militarists, three enemy artillery attacks on Kurna, Ahwaz, and Shaiba were made on April 11th, 1915.

All the Way from Bagdad

Only in the attack on Shaiba did the infantry take part, German officers leading the Ottomans in open formation towards the south and south-west of the British lines, making, however, but slight progress. They managed to wrest a dominating position a mile from the British lines, but were finally dislodged by a furious Anglo-Indian charge. Eighteen officers, three hundred men, and two guns constituted the enemy's price for this effort. Many of the captives confessed that they had marched all the way from Bagdad, and appeared little better than starving tatterdemalions, which seemed to prove that an ordinary Turk, dead or alive, is of little consequence to the Sultan when Enver Pasha holds sway.

To follow up their success, the British command decided on a vigorous attack to drive the Turks out of their strong positions near Basra, and on April 11th a great movement of the Anglo-Indian troops towards Zobeir, a few miles south-east of Basra, was the order of the day.

Fifteen thousand Turks, with six big guns, were strongly situated in tamarisk woods. Between the belligerents was a wide sandy plain, affording no cover from the accurate Turkish gun fire nor from the equally ferocious sun shafts. Some of the most glorious British fighting of the whole Mesopotamian campaign occurred during this battle. For five torrid hours the advance continued, the magnificent Dorsets and 117th Mahrattas being in the van. Charging like men possessed, in the very teeth of the Turkish stronghold, flashing their bayonets in the noonday sun, the reckless courage of these Anglo-Indians bewildered the Turks, who fled in disorder to Nakaila. Many valiant British lives were given for the laurels of this action, some seven hundred casualties, among whom were Lieutenant-Colonel H. L. Rosher, Lieutenant-Colonel D. A. Britten, and Major Wheeler.

Following the fugitive Turks by road and river, many more were accounted for in killed and prisoners, bringing their total losses up to 2,500. This victory assured the immunity of Basra from the enemy, who retreated as far as fifty miles from the city.

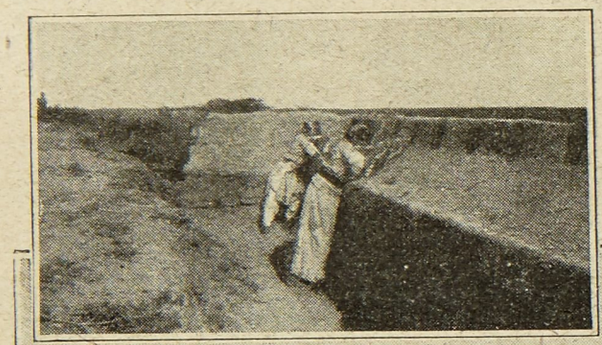
The country having been entirely cleared of Turks and kindred hostile tribes, principally owing to the bad weather conditions, nothing of outstanding importance occurred until the beginning of June, when General Townshend, with Sir Percy Cox, the chief British resident on the Gulf, and a contingent of troops proceeded along the Tigris as far as Amara, which important city surrendered, adding another seven hundred prisoners and forty officers to our army of captives. The victory of Amara is probably the most amazing example of amphibious warfare in history.

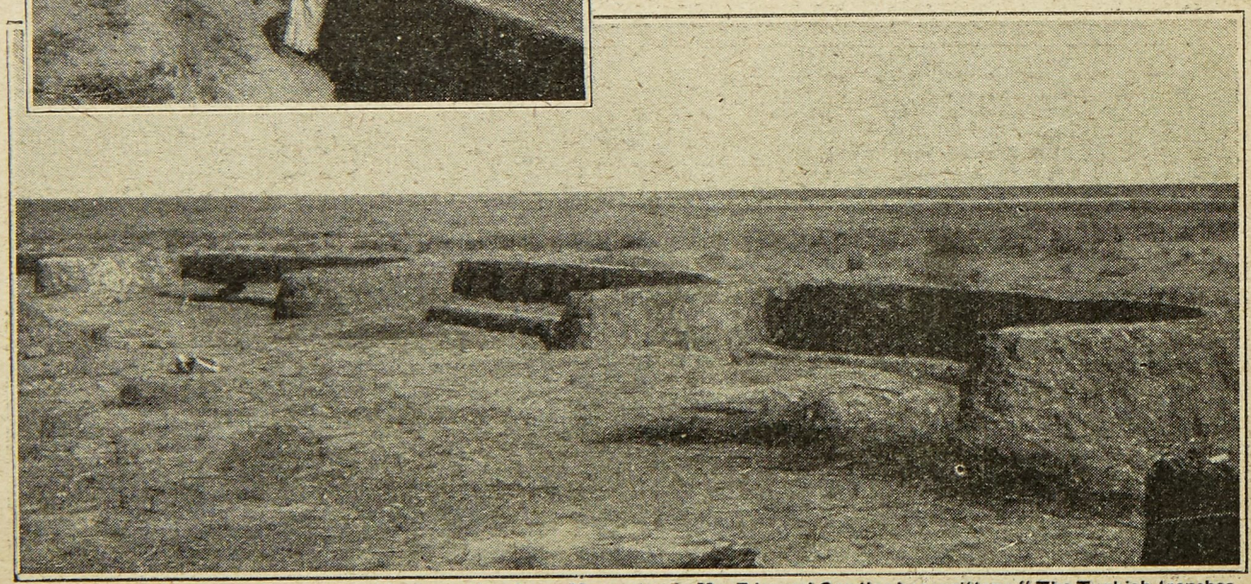
Sea-Power in the Desert

The fall of the city was due to the use of bellums, otherwise a type of punt about thirty-five feet in length with two and a half feet of boom, and propelled by poles. During lulls in the operations General Nixon insisted on the instruction of his troops in the navigation of these craft, which were to be used for transport.

The sight of this extraordinary flotilla, consisting of hundreds of bellums following in the wake of the three armed sloops, Clio, Odin, and Espiegle, the Royal Indian Marine steamer, rafts and other boats carrying field-guns and munitions, must have struck terror into the superstitious Turks, and it is not surprising that they showed a clean pair of heels at Amara, retreating to Kut-el-Amara, about a hundred and thirty miles farther up the Tigris, leaving the British expeditionary force in command of some two hundred miles of the immemorial river, thus bringing the original plans of the Persian Gulf campaign to a triumphant conclusion, entirely holding up the Bagdad commerce along the Tigris and saving the vital pipe line of the Persian oilfields.

A. B.





Turkish trenches from the rear. In his despatches from Mesopotamia Mr. Edmund Candler has written: "The Turkish trenches at Sheikh Saad were of excellent design, being deep and narrow, and the troops could move quickly along them without exposing themselves. Some were held by Arab irregulars." Inset above: Friendly Arabs in a trench somewhere in Mesopotamia.

British Charge Through the Tigris Swamps

The progress of the Kut relief force, under General Gorringe, has been necessarily slow by reason of the swampy ground on either side of the Tigris in the neighbourhood of Sanna-i-Yat, about fourteen miles from Kut. The whole country in this region is sodden, and the troops have doubtless had to depend on bellums for transport. This spirited drawing represents a British attack on the Turkish trenches, our soldiers having to wade through a fluid which is neither mud nor water.

HURRAH! HURRAH!! HURRAH!!!—If there is any doubt as to the magnificent spirit of the British troops in France, let us contemplate this photograph, taken after the successful action at St. Eloi. Behind the lines a number of participants in the affair are making merry after the victory, laughing, singing, cheering, for all the world as if war were a Bank-Holiday excursion and not a matter of life, wounds, or death. Such a picture as this represents no isolated incident, but an everyday interpretation of the spirit of General Haig's men, of the soul of the Poilu, and of the new Russian battalions who have lately come from east to west to make surer of being in at the finish.

The 'Fighting Fifth' Scores Again at St. Eloi

Fun and frolic after victory at St Eloi. Northumberland Fusiliers, or the famous "Fighting Fifth," trying on German helmets and respirators captured from the enemy in the attack on St. Eloi.

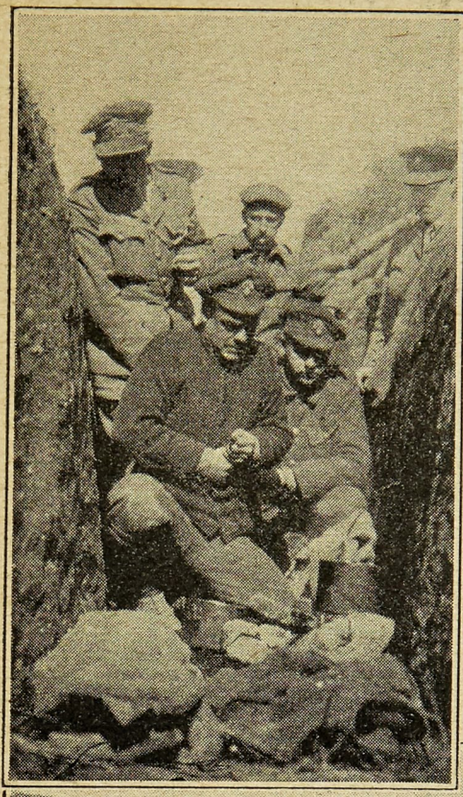
Happy in captivity. Types of German infantry taken prisoners in the St. Eloi fighting. The foremost of them is wearing the steel helmet which is now used universally by the belligerents.

The Russian Eagles with the Red, White and Blue

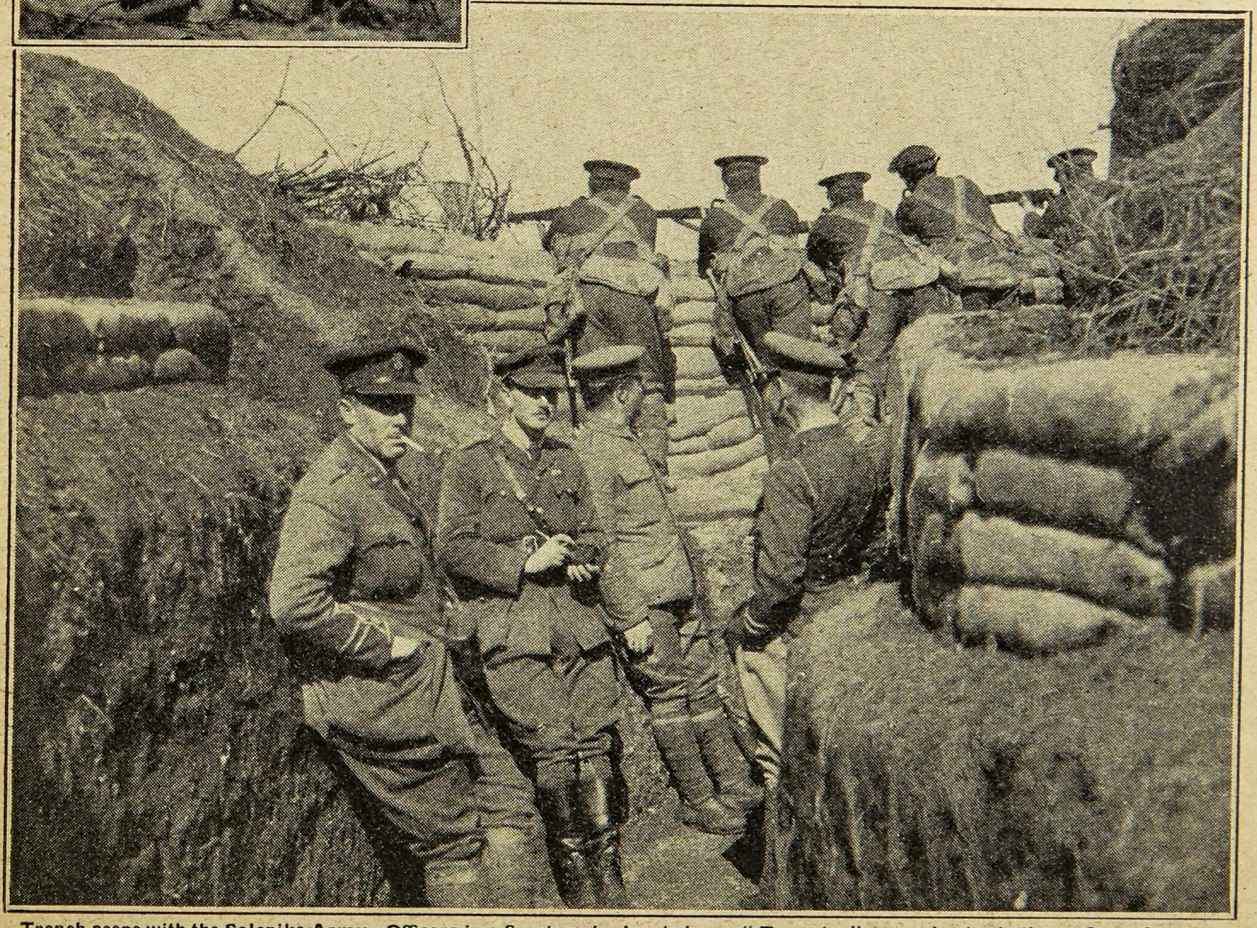
Scenes of enthusiasm were witnessed on the arrival of the Russian troops in France. This photograph shows the uniform and long bayonet familiar on the eastern front in the principal street of Marseilles. On the extreme left is the child mascot of this regiment, who became a popular idol with the inhabitants of the great French port.

French cavalry drawn up by the wayside salute their Russian allies, who are about to fight shoulder to shoulder with the Poilu. The western front will now be held by three mighty allied nations, another great symbol of a great alliance.

With the British Staff on the Balkan Front



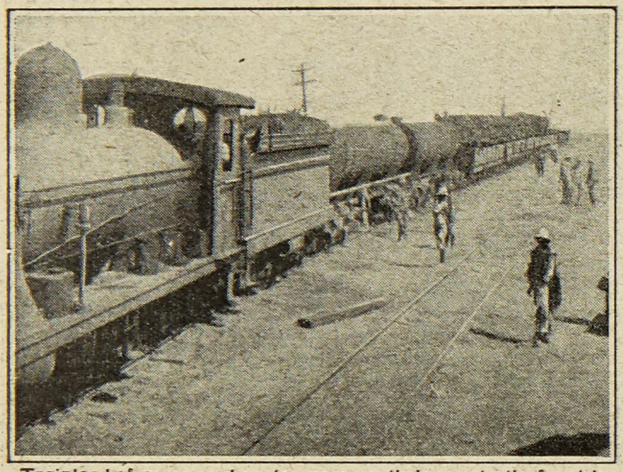
General Mahon (centre), commanding the Salonika Armies, with Lieut.-Colonel Cunliffe Owen (left), of the General Staff, and another officer, near a barbed-wire entanglement.



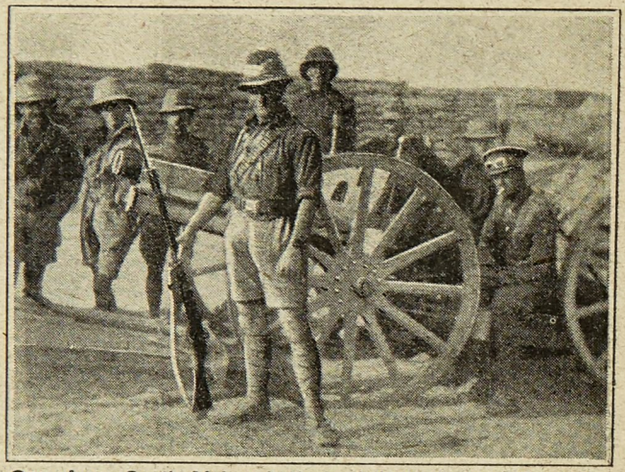
Trench scene with the Salonika Army. Officers in a fire-trench. Inset above: "Tommies" preparing tea in the confines of a trench hardly affording room for a fire. (Official photographs. Crown copyright reserved.)

Stalwart Burghers Move on German East Africa

Pay-day—and well-deserved. Burghers from South Africa lined up to receive their hard-earned pay in a desert district during the campaign against the Germans in East Africa. In the recent battle on the Kitova Hills the South Africans displayed great bravery.



Trainload of armoured motor-cars on their way to the front in East Africa excites the interest of the loyal natives.

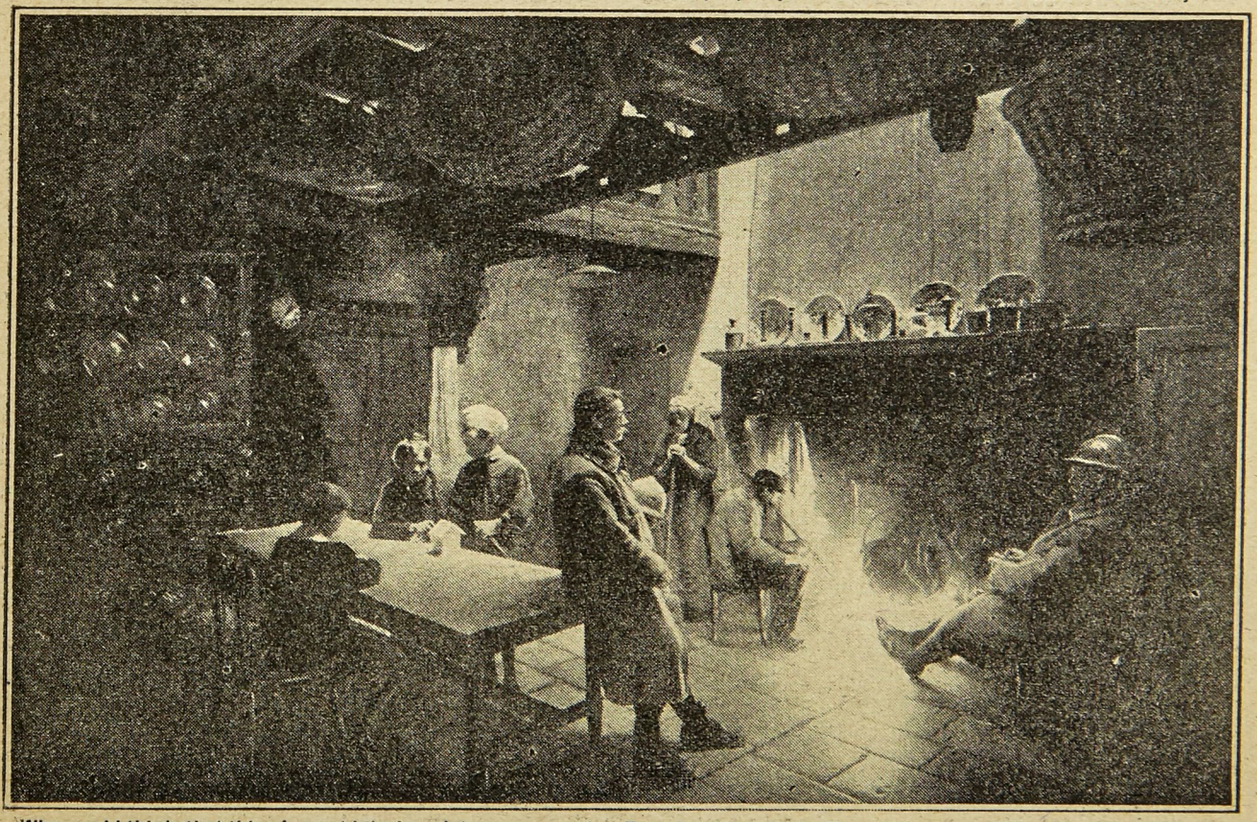


One of our South African batteries helping General Smuts to conquer Germany's last colony.

Worthy of each other. Gallant men and splendid mounts from South Africa who, after fighting under General Botha in German South-West Africa, are now proving their prowess with General Smuts in the more arduous and prolonged task of reducing German East Africa.

The Mansion in Ruins and the Cottage Intact

To inspect the handiwork of the Huns. General Lyautey paying a visit to his ancestral home at Crevic, which had been destroyed by the Germans for no other reason than that it was the beautiful property of a well-known chief of the French Army.



Who would think that this pleasant interior picture represents a French cottage in the Meuse, the scene of the most fearful conflict of the war? In spite of the danger, this French family, consisting of three generations, goes about its daily work and play, unconcerned that the Hun is practically on the threshold, knowing that he must eventually be driven out of France by her devoted sons.

French Soldier Politician's Adieu to His Comrades

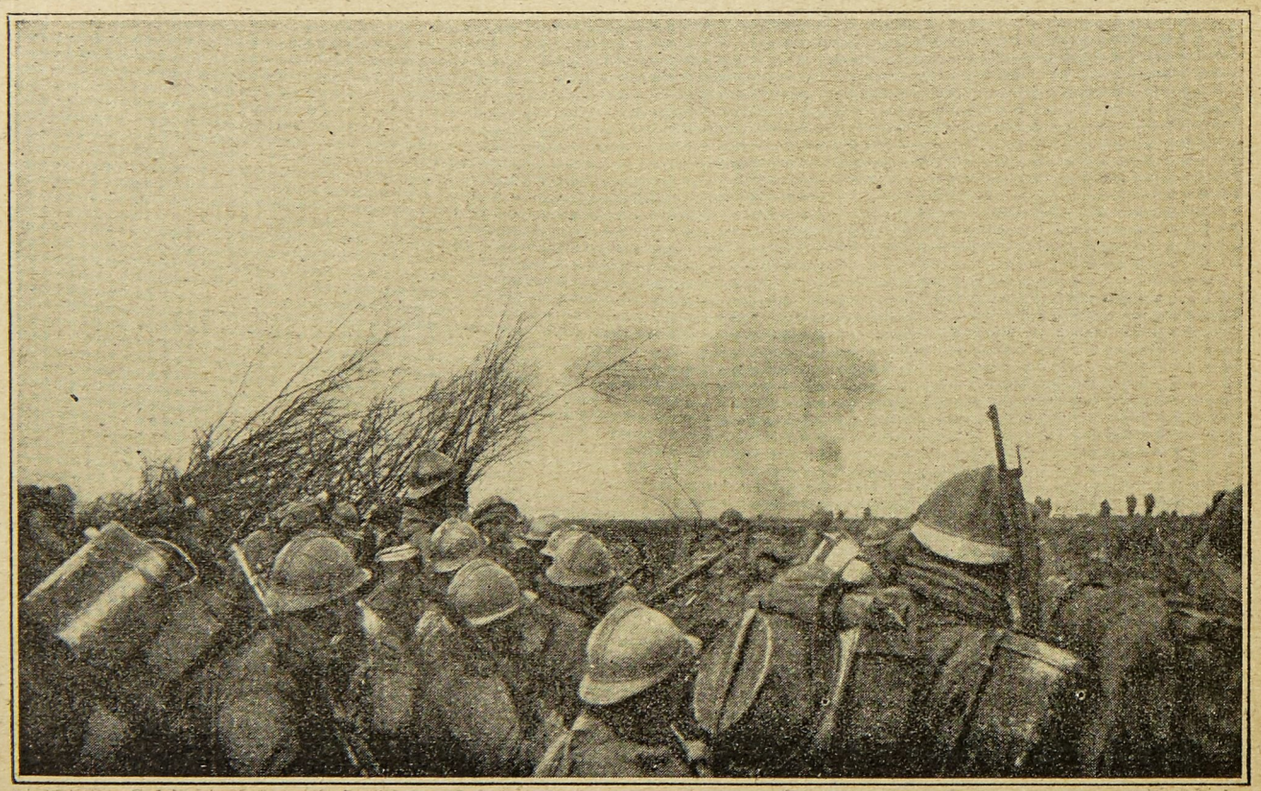
Leading his men to the front line in the famous Bois des Caures, Colonel Driant, Deputy for the Meuse, stood on the parapet of the trench, calm and collected in the presence of great danger. As if safe in the Chamber of Deputies, the gallant soldier politician delivered a short, inspiring address to his comrades, concluding with the words, "Charge, my children! Long live France!" This was Colonel Driant's last adieu. It is believed that he was struck immediately afterwards by a shell.

The Human Emplacement: For the Glory of France

An outstanding deed of heroism and resource, among the many recorded in the great French resistance before Verdun, was that of two Zouaves with a mitrailleuse. The weapon having fallen from its emplacement, one of the gunners, in order to keep it blazing away at the Germans, went down on all fours, making a stable support for the gun. This striking picture by an ally artist represents the incident with a beauty and forceful dignity of which French illustrators seem to possess the secret.

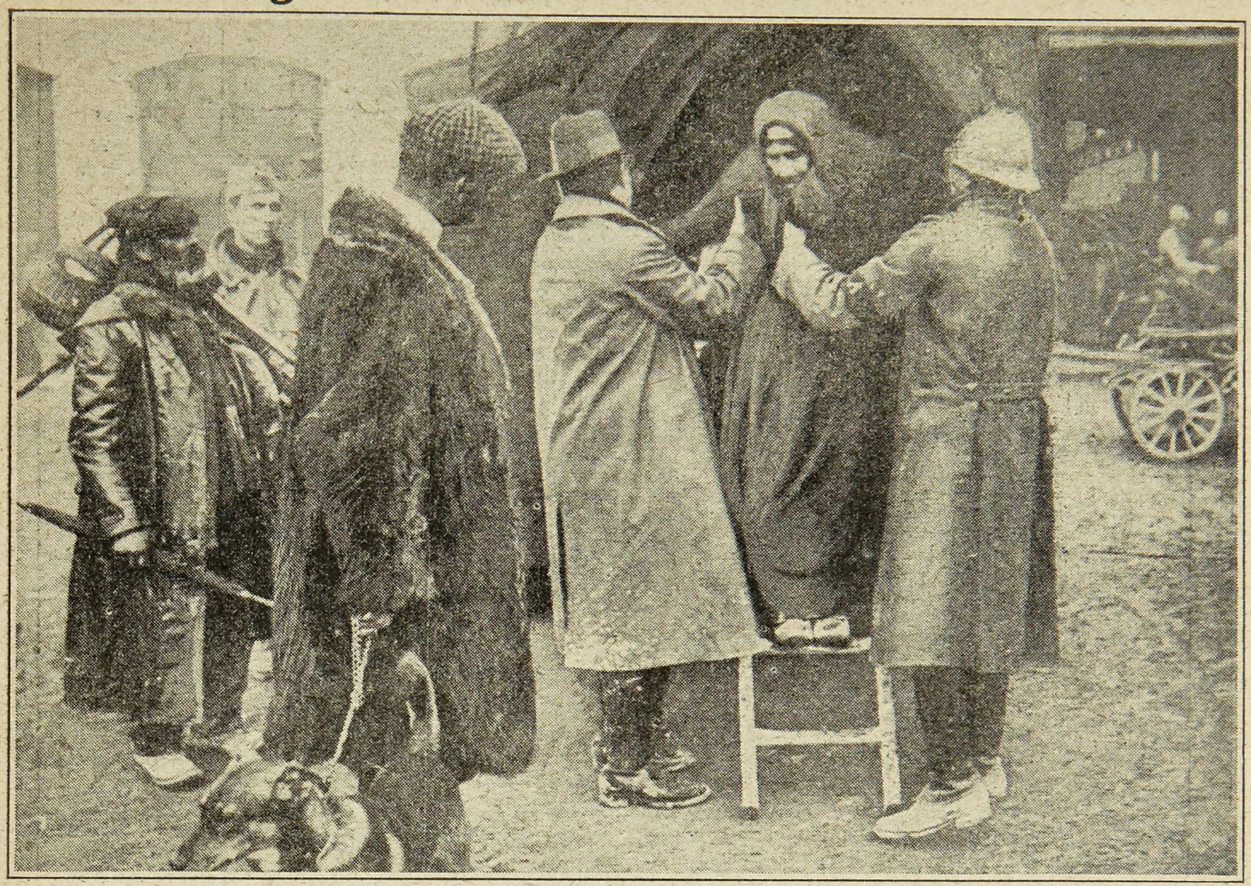
With our Wonderful Ally near Louvemont & Vaux

French scouts creeping forward among the fire-swept trees to watch the enemy from a wood near Fort Vaux. It was in the neighbourhood of Vaux, to the north-east of Verdun, that the Germans hurled the fiercest of their February onslaughts.

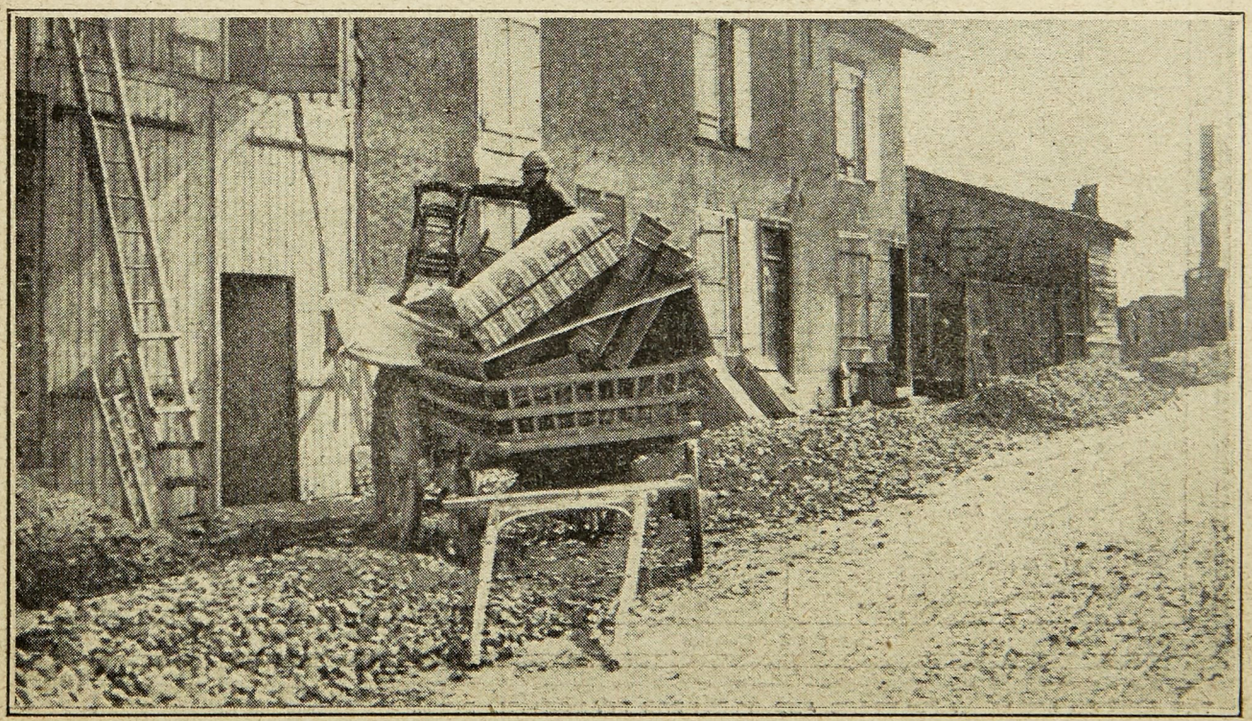


French infantry advancing on the heels of the disappearing enemy, after the successful counter-attack at Louvemont, north of Douaumont, on February 25th. The figures in the distance are the rearguard of the retreating Germans.

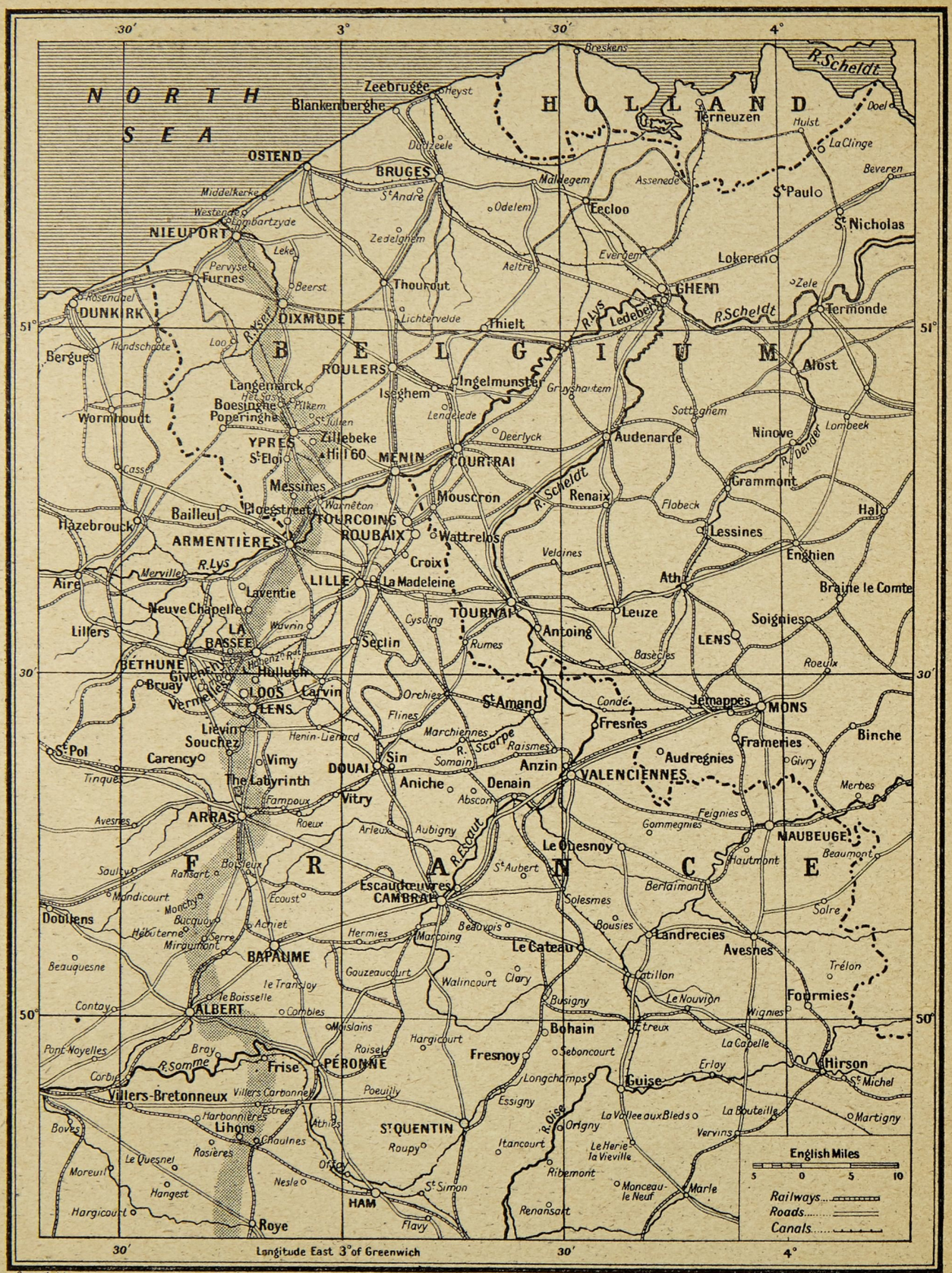
'Moving' Scenes in the Verdun Exodus



The pathetic side of war. A poor widow of great age who had to abandon her home when the French military authorities ordered the civilian evacuation of Verdun. She was carefully conveyed to a place of safety.



A "moving" spectacle. When, for military reasons consistent with their usual wise precaution, the French ordered the residents of Verdun to leave the town, many tense scenes were witnessed. Above a French soldier is seen helping in the moving of furniture.


NORTH SEA
HOLLAND
BELGIUM
FRANCE
R. Scheldt
Zeebrugge
Blankenberghe
OSTEND
BRUGES
NIEUPORT
DUNKIRK
DIXMUDE
Furnes
Thourout
Ghent
Termonde
Lokeren
Eecloo
St. Nicholas
St. Paulo
Terneuzen
Hulst
Beveren
Assenede
Maldegem
Evergem
Aeltre
Zedelghem
Odelem
Middelkerke
Westende
Nieuport
Pervyse
Leke
Beerst
Rosendael
Bergues
Handschoote
Loo
R. Yser
Lichtervelde
Thielt
R. Lys
Ledeberg
Zele
Alost
Ingelmunster
Iseghem
Roulers
Langemarck
Boesinghe
Poperinghe
Wormhoudt
Ypres
Zillebeke
Hill 60
Menin
Courtrai
Deerlyck
Audenarde
Ninove
Lombeek
R. Dender
Grammont
Flobeck
Renaix
Mouscron
Wattrelos
Roubaix
Tourcoing
Bailleul
Hazebrouck
Armentières
Messines
Warneton
Croix
Lille
La Madeleine
Merville
Aire
Laventie
Neuve Chapelle
Lillers
La Bassée
Seclin
Tournai
Leuze
Ath
Lessines
Enghien
Soignies
Braine le Comte
Halle
Lens
Basècles
Roeulx
Cysoing
Antoing
Rumes
Velaines
Flobeck
Bethune
Hulluch
Loos
Carvin
Bruay
Vermelles
Givenchy
Orchies
St. Amand
Condé
Jemappes
Mons
Fresnes
Frameries
Binche
Audregnies
Givry
Merbes
Feignies
Gommegnies
Maubeuge
Beaumont
Hautmont
Le Quesnoy
St. Aubert
Berlaimont
Solesmes
Bousies
Landrecies
Avesnes
Trélon
Fourmies
Wignies
Le Nouvion
Etreux
La Capelle
Hirson
St. Michel
Guise
Erlay
Longchamps
Seboncourt
Fresnoy
Bohain
Busigny
Cambrai
Escaudœuvres
Solesmes
Berlaimont
Bapaume
Le Cateau
Gouzeaucourt
Walincourt
Clary
Beauvois
Marcoing
Hermies
Albert
Combles
Morlaincourt
Hargicourt
Roisel
Péronne
Frise
Bray
Corbie
Pont Noyelles
Contay
Villers-Bretonneux
Villers Carbonnel
Estrees
Harbonnières
Lihons
Chaulnes
Athies
Poeuilly
Essigny
St. Quentin
Roupy
Itancourt
Origny
La Vallee aux Bleds
La Bouteille
Martigny
Vervins
Le Herie la Vieville
Ribemont
Monceau-le Neuf
Marle
Renansart
Ham
St. Simon
Nesle
Offoy
Roye
Flavy
Hargicourt
Moreuil
Le Quesnel
Rosières
Boves
Doullens
Beauquesne
Acheux
Serre
Mirraumont
Hébuterne
Bucquoy
Monchy
Mondicourt
Ransart
Bois Leux
Ecoust
Sailly
Avesnes
Arras
Roeux
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Aubigny
Fampoux
Vitry
The Labyrinth
Douai
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Somain
Aniche
Denain
Abscon
Anzin
Valenciennes
Raismes
Marchiennes
Flines
Henin-Lietard
Carency
Souchez
Lievin
St. Pol
Tinques
Vimy
Ecurie
Aix Noulette
Servins
Wavrin
Laventie
Neuve Chapelle
Lillers
Merville
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Steenwerck
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Bailleul
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Cassel
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Poperinghe
Boesinghe
Langemarck
Westende
Middelkerke
Ostend
Zeebrugge
Blankenberghe
Breskens
Doel
Hulst
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Longchamps
Seboncourt
Fresnoy
Bohain
Busigny
Cambrai
Escaudœuvres
Berlaimont
Solesmes

Destiny on the Move in the Balkans

By Our War Correspondent F. A. McKENZIE

THE sustained Russian advance in Turkey in Asia has now reached a point where it may materially affect the main campaign on the Continent of Europe. Asia Minor is in itself a secondary field of war, but victory in Asia Minor might well mean for one side or other almost vital consequences elsewhere. A complete Turkish triumph would create unrest throughout Mohammedan Asia and would pave the way for a campaign against Egypt. A complete triumph for the Allies in this region means not merely that Egypt is safe and Mohammedan apprehensions allayed, but also that the Balkans, ever a doubtful factor, will probably swing right over on our side.

The actual position in Asia Minor to-day is strongly in favour of Russia. Britain, unfortunately, has found the splendid promise of the advance of her troops up the Mesopotamian Valley cut short, and as I write General Townshend's army lies surrounded at Kut-el-Amara in sore peril.

Russian Progress and Prowess

The Russian army of the Grand Duke Nicholas, under the military direction of General Yudenitch, accomplished in the early weeks of this year what was little short of a military miracle. Under the most terrible weather conditions the Russians crossed the harsh mountain country of Northern Asia Minor, struck out and captured Erzerum, the main military position there, before the Turks had time to prepare their full defensive, and from Erzerum moved on southwards and westwards. The Turks have since sent considerable armies against them, and have attempted with the most wholesale expenditure of men to hold them back. Week by week, almost day by day, news comes of the Russians' further progress. The southern army is now far past Bitlis on the road to Bagdad. The western army has made great progress in the direction of Sivas. Co-operating with it, a land and sea force moving round the coast from the Caucasus has taken Trebizond in spite of fierce Turkish resistance. Other Russian forces moving from Persia are threatening the Bagdad region from the east. The Turkish situation in the great districts of Trebizond, Kurdistan, Southern Mesopotamia, and Palestine present many obvious dangers. The Turks may, it is true, be able to prevent relief reaching General Townshend's force, but that would not save them. Pressure can be brought on them from various sides. At point after point the coast lines can be threatened.

Turkey Game to a Finish

We would do well, however, to moderate our expectations of an early collapse of Turkey. The country is, it is well known, suffering desperately from shortage of food. The people, apart from the ruling faction, regard Britain with friendly eyes rather than otherwise. The Germans have made themselves none too much loved during their time of brief authority. The collapse of Turkey is not impossible; but, judging from past history, the Turks will rather be inclined to play a long-drawn, desperate, defensive mountain war, a variety of war to which their country well lends itself. We must in common justice recognise that the Turk is a good fighter, a supreme infantryman, and an admirable artillerist. Turkish courage and German mechanical skill may give us some very ugly problems in Asia Minor yet.

The effect of the victories in Asia Minor may be more marked in the Balkans themselves. Here we stand on the eve of great events. The strong allied army at Salonika is ready to strike, and should be able to strike effectively. The renewed Serbian Army, better armed and equipped than ever before and burning with a desire for revenge, has been brought across Greece to make a supreme effort for the recovery of its own land. Bulgaria stands to-day at the beginning of a spell of tremendous fighting, and half hesitating whether she will come into it or not.

Here we come to a situation where diplomacy may play a larger part in deciding events than actual fighting will do. If Germany can succeed in scoring any great victories in the western or Russia fronts during the next few weeks, Bulgaria may be expected to stand by her bargain. But it is no secret that the real apprehension of Serbian and Greek statesmen to-day is that the Allies may have to arrange such terms with Bulgaria as might result in her acquiring certain territorial advantages which Greece and Serbia would prefer to retain for themselves. In fact, it is freely rumoured that Bulgaria would now accept the terms she rejected in the spring of 1915. But rumour has proved an incurably "lying jade" in this war, and we must believe nothing we hear until we have it "official."

So far as Serbia goes, it may be taken for granted that whatever intriguing Near Eastern politicians think, we are going to do nothing that will encroach on Serbia's rights. Serbia has proved, in the ultimate test, her faithfulness to the Allies. Her land has been overrun and her women and children have suffered all the horrors of invasion. Her King and Government have been driven into exile. It would be strange, indeed, if to-day we sought to buy off the opposition of a nation that last year flouted us at the expense of our faithful friend. There may be, however, a possibility of satisfying Bulgaria in a way that will be satisfactory also to Serbia. This task should not be beyond the skill of diplomacy. Greece stands in a different position to Serbia, and the best way she can assure her future and enlist our support is by coming out openly for us.

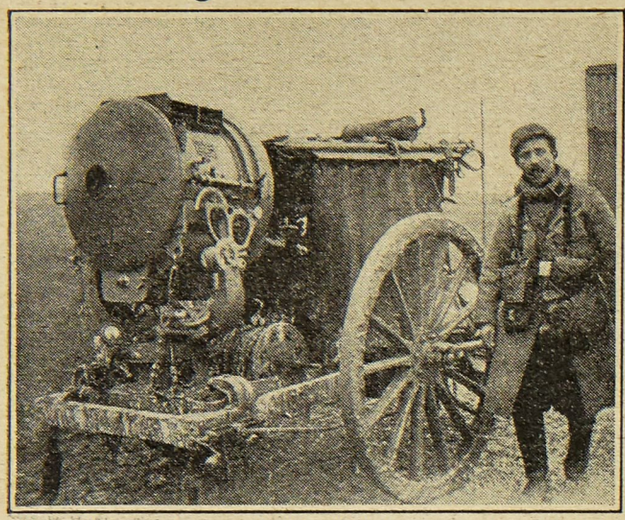
Theorists Wrong Again

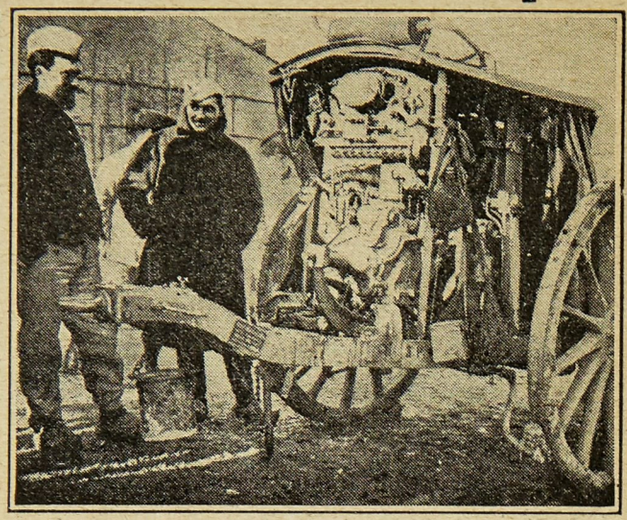
The situation in the Near East depends finally not alone on the Near East, but on the whole area of war. Fifteen months ago theorists were inclined to imagine that the really vital and decisive blow of the war would be struck from the south-east. They drew out elaborate programmes showing the advance through Galicia on the north and the Danube region to the south-east, an advance first on Budapest and then on Vienna, and so on into the heart of Germany. Delightful dreams! We know better now. With a Germany unbroken and Austria-Hungary holding close to her, no victories in the south-east, however brilliant, can be decisive. If Germany wins on the western front, it is only a question of time when she will recover authority throughout the Balkans. If Germany crumples under, west or east, or if her armies have to retire from point to point through Belgium and Northern France, then the Balkans will be with us. In such a case the Balkans might be used eventually as the base for an advance, but such a possibility is so remote that there is little to be gained from dwelling on it to-day.

Ypres the Next German Verdun?

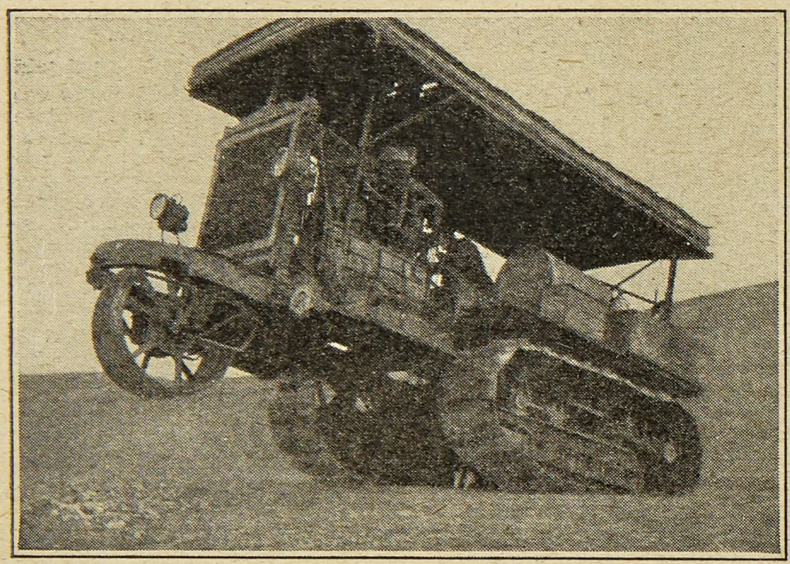
Apart from the Balkans, the situation throughout the main fields of the war lies to-day in suspense. On the Russian front both sides are waiting for the fine weather and for the dry spell when the winter months are over and the roads are passable for heavy traffic. That time has almost arrived. In the north-west there are many signs that the Germans are greatly strengthening their forces in Belgium, possibly under the apprehension of a British attack there. The fighting around the Ypres salient has been of the fiercest character, and the artillery duels that have been raging for some weeks at this point have been as severe as anything known in the war. Little has been allowed to appear in the Press about this fighting, but this much at least can be said. In the heavy artillery fighting British guns have fully held their own. I might even add, more than held their own. We have for once had all the shells we wanted. It is believed in some quarters that the Germans are themselves planning a big offensive once more in the direction of Calais. An attempted German advance in Flanders, particularly north of Ypres in the Furnes region, is always a possibility. Apparently, however, their great hopes are centred around Ypres, which they still desire and are still willing to pay a heavy price to obtain. They have fought for it for eighteen months and they have not got it yet! Farther south, France, at sorely high cost, still successfully keeps the foe at bay.

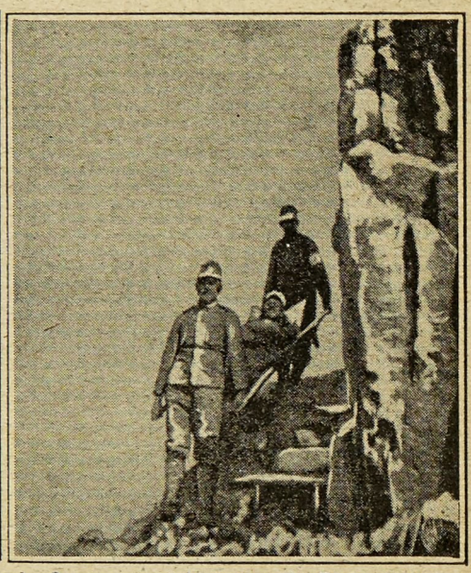
Some Quaint Extremes in War-Time Transport



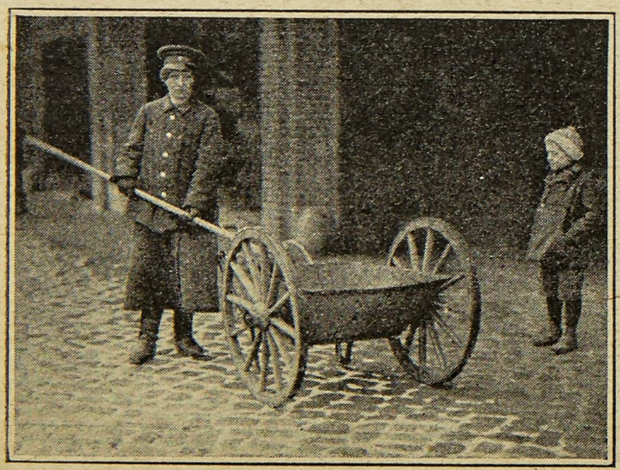


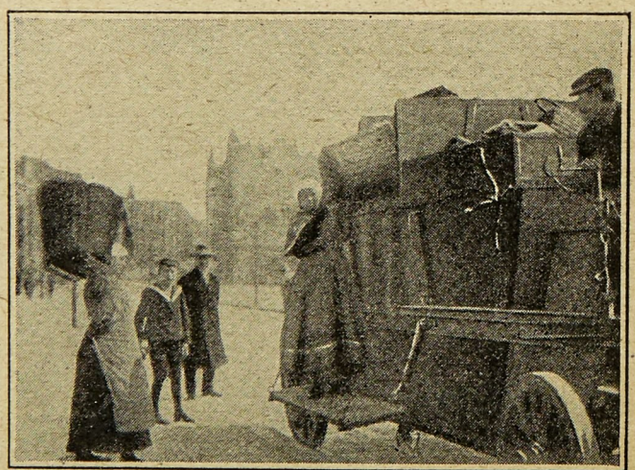
Two of the portable searchlights which have proved particularly valuable during the constant night attacks on the Verdun sector. Part of the intricate mechanism that works the searchlight is shown in the photograph on the right.





Tractor with the Salonika army striking a rough part of the road. (Official photograph. Crown copyright reserved). Right: Italians carrying a wounded man along a narrow track over the Dolomites, where the transport of the wounded presents unusual difficulties.

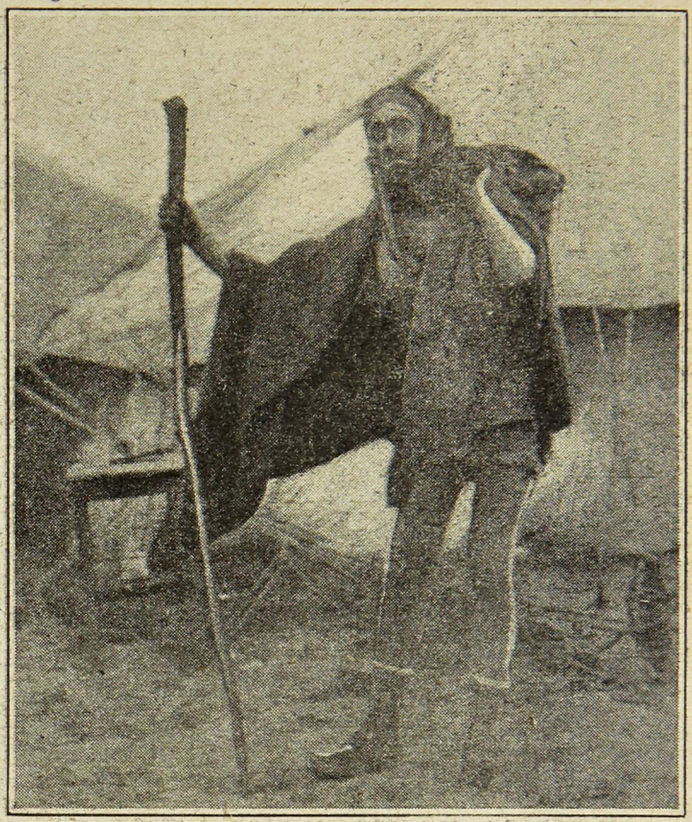




A woman scavenger and (right) women "dustmen" in the streets of Berlin. Some ladies recently expelled from the German capital stated that the streets of Berlin are very dirty, and that women are doing scavenging, coal-carting, and other very rough work.

Grease-Paint & Property-Box Near the Trenches

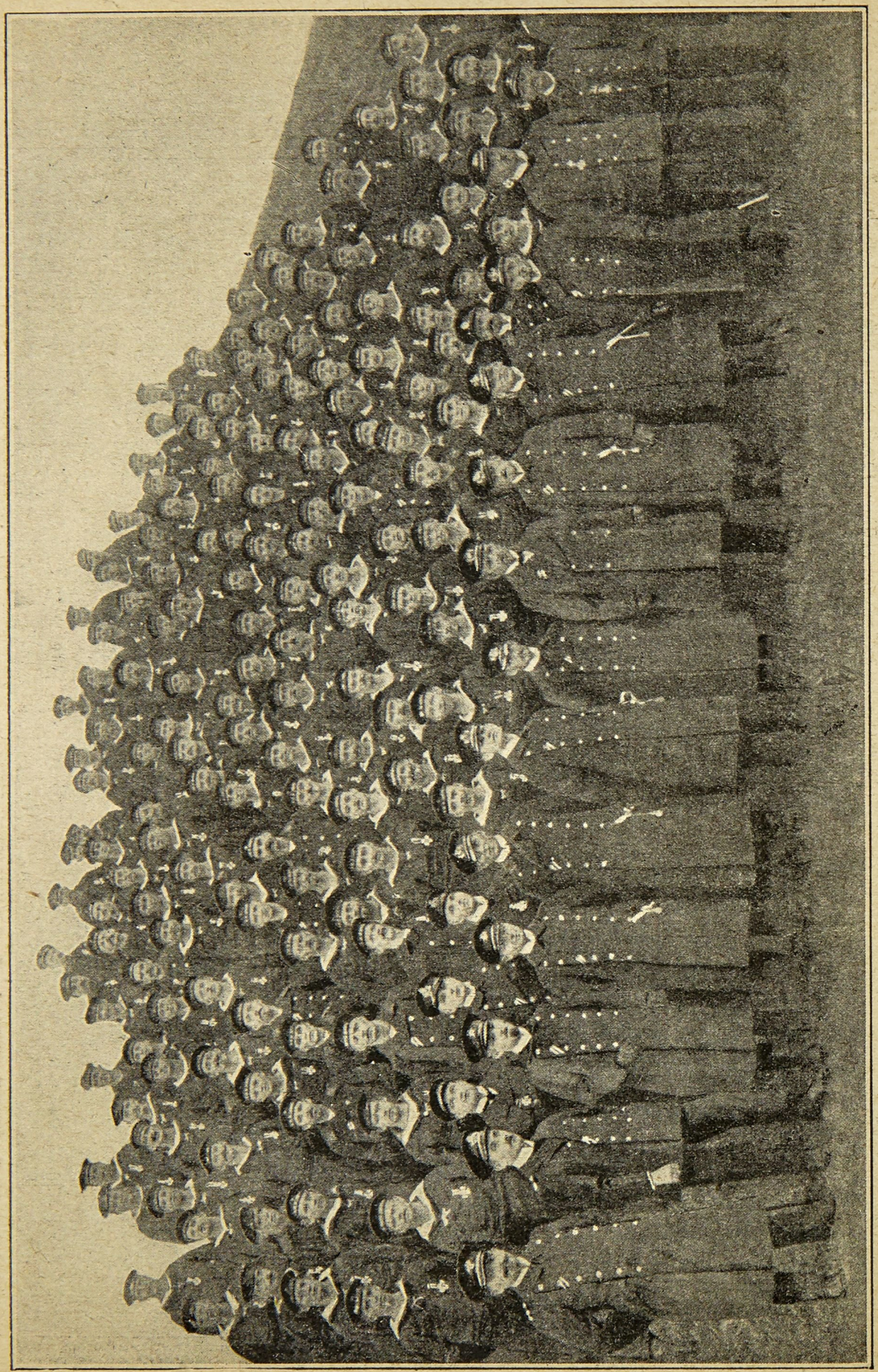
"La Premiere Danseuse" at a rest-camp revue, produced, performed, and stage-managed by Belgian soldiers. The skirt of "Mlle," the star dancer, was made from straw.



"A Greek Pedlar"—Private A. Skinner. One of the diverse characters in "Dick Whittington," written by Private F. Kenchington, R.A.M.C., and performed by men of the Field Ambulance at Salonika.

Two beaux to "her" string! "Alice" at the camp near Salonika, where "Dick Whittington" delighted twenty thousand men.

A Balkan idyll! "Alice" and the author tete-a-tete among the tents after a performance! Corporal E. J. Dillon as "Alice."



PIRATES ONE AND ALL! OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE NOTORIOUS GERMAN RAIDER MOEWE DECORATED WITH THE IRON CROSS.

Fatherland with extra batteries. This photograph shows the officers and men of the notorious German raider Moewe, each and all of whom appear to have been decorated with the iron emblem of Christianity for piracy on the high seas. It will be recalled that the Moewe was alleged by the Germans to have sunk no fewer than fifteen allied steamers before finding its way back to home waters.

It is paradoxical that while the German military authorities have commandeered church bells, door handles, kettles, and even copper coin in circulation, to transmute into the inevitable bullet, Iron Crosses for valour, more or less, are still rained upon whole battalions of soldiers and sailors. It is conceivable that the amount of metal squandered on this most popular of German decorations would go far to supply the

The Bitter Cry for Guns

By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

IN the old days the mercantile marine was the navy, and if we had not merchant ships enough in war we hired from the Hanseatic League, just as we hired soldiers on occasions from the German States. Then came the period when the mercantile marine had to be defended by a navy while contributing scarcely at all to its own defence.

Now the wheel has turned full circle, and the mercantile marine is recognised as an integral part of the national defence. We have not been able fully to avail ourselves of it owing to our policy during the years of peace—which are years of preparation—having been one of "laissez-faire," in which opulence before defence has been the tendency if not the watch-word.

It took Lord Beresford several years of effort to induce the Admiralty and Board of Trade to take up even the question of signalling in the mercantile marine, so that the two sea services might communicate with each other at sea. It is the business of a shipowner to make money. If left to himself in peace time—and we had practically a century of maritime peace before this war—he will naturally waste no money on specially strengthened decks for guns, or the training of crews outside the regular navigation duties.

Lack of Destroyers

It is not fair that patriotic shipowners should have to compete with British crews against so-called British companies employing alien crews. "Laissez-faire" means that we adopt the idea of opulence without regard to defence. We all know that this is the exact reverse of the doctrine of Adam Smith, who supported the Navigation Laws because they contributed to the economic strength and defence of the country in war.

Now, there was the gravest reason after 1905 for considering the direct defence of merchant ships by their own resources. The German danger had become obvious, and the submarines had arrived. Both facts pointed to the need of destroyers of greater radius of action than those we possessed, but for some years the Government ceased to build destroyers. They also scrapped a great many cruisers without replacing them. The only alternative was to provide some thousands of 6-pounder and 12-pounder guns, as a reserve for all merchant ships and patrol boats in case war broke out. Mr. Churchill, as First Lord of the Admiralty, said in other words what Lord Macaulay once wrote as to the generosity of the House of Commons in granting all the demands of the Government in regard to the Navy.

Reduction of Woolwich

There would have been no difficulty in providing these guns, and the demand in peace would have strengthened our resources. As a matter of fact, Woolwich alone was reduced by 13,000 men in 1906, and 12-pounder guns were taken from cruisers in 1907 to provide armaments for destroyers. The result is that the Navy, after twenty months of war, is still competing with the Army for the supply of guns; many merchant ships have been lost; our supplies and our Army transport are gravely embarrassed; and the submarine menace is of greater proportions than should ever have been permitted. The responsibility of the Government, and of the sailors at the Board of Admiralty for some years prior to the war, is a very grave one.

As to the war itself, there is difficulty in adjusting the relative claims to supplies for our Allies, our Army, Navy, and mercantile marine, but there is none as to which of our *naval* needs are vital and which are merely useful. If many of our patrol craft in the North Sea are unarmed and not equipped with wireless, and many merchant ships have no guns, then who was responsible for employing naval resources on such luxuries as motor-boats, motor-cars, and monitors?

The Ruthless Hunt

The Allies are losing three merchant vessels every two days, and the neutrals one a day. It is not merely the supply of material, but the intelligence in using it. We took guns out of cruisers at the wrong time in peace, when we could have built them. There are many cruisers on foreign stations where there are no German war craft. Let them give up their 12-pounder and 6-pounder guns for home waters, where they can fight Zeppelins and submarines. Let us also recognise that the hunt craft, which scarcely show their periscopes much, must be left to local initiative, and not to a centralised wireless system in Whitehall. Whitehall's business is to see that in no section of the field is the hunt relaxed in energy, but is conducted to the limits of human endurance.

In some ways we had prepared. There was a reserve of Royal Naval Reserve officers and men; but the policy of the Government from about 1905 on was actually to reduce this invaluable force. Most of our older ships, all the mercantile marine ships taken over by the Government, and a large part of the boom defence and patrol work by small craft, are being manned by officers and men drawn from the mercantile marine.

The Government's Dilemma

The difficulty, as I have said, has been to give them guns, for there are the competing requirements in regard to material of the land, sea and air forces generally. It is not merely that they all want guns, but the Government had to decide as to which material requirements have the most urgent call on machines as well as skilled labour. Generally speaking, a sound principle is that what is mobile is offensive, and what is stationary is defensive; and it is only by the offensive that victory can be secured. It is only a seeming contradiction of this theory of "mobility preferred" that the defensive is succeeding in Verdun.

If we examine the situation more closely, we see that the French during the war scrapped the whole of their permanent works and made Verdun part of the regular mobile lines, in which all would advance or retreat as demanded by the strategy of war.

While we are dealing with the land alone, the problem of settling the relative importance of demands is fairly simple, and since the air operations over the land are part and parcel of the Army's work, there is no conflict of opinion.

The complexity of the subject, as I have endeavoured to point out before, arises owing to the divorce between the sea and land, so that their interests compete, and owing to the general ignorance of amphibious strategy, not merely of our nation, but of both soldiers and sailors, their methods have only been very imperfectly co-ordinated.

Cases in Point

In the hope of bringing about this co-ordination, I ventured some years ago, in the Press and at Lord Esher's lecture at the R.U.S. Institution, to submit the alternative names of Lord Kitchener and Mr. Balfour as Minister of Defence in charge of both services. It should be remembered that England is an extraordinarily difficult country in which to get things scientifically co-ordinated. One has only to look at the multitude of charitable organisations to achieve the same purpose as well as the little leagues with all the paraphernalia of brass plates, committees, and paid secretaries. Nobody can explain why they are separate. Everybody will acknowledge that if they pooled their resources they could do ten times as much good or evil, according as their tendencies are right or wrong.

To suppose, then, that in England this perfection can spring, Minerva-like, into being is to be unduly sanguine. Even the Germans, the moment they got clear of railways and sent a little expedition to China during the Boxer outbreak, made a mess of it, whereas the thing is child's play to us. Curiously enough, all our most perfect work is away from the office. Whitehall had nothing to do with the evacuation of the Dardanelles, except to delay it to an unfavourable period. We have again some very finely co-ordinated work by the Grand Duke in the capture of Trebizond, which I described when Erzerum was taken as absolutely essential to the Russian campaign.

Value of Co-ordination

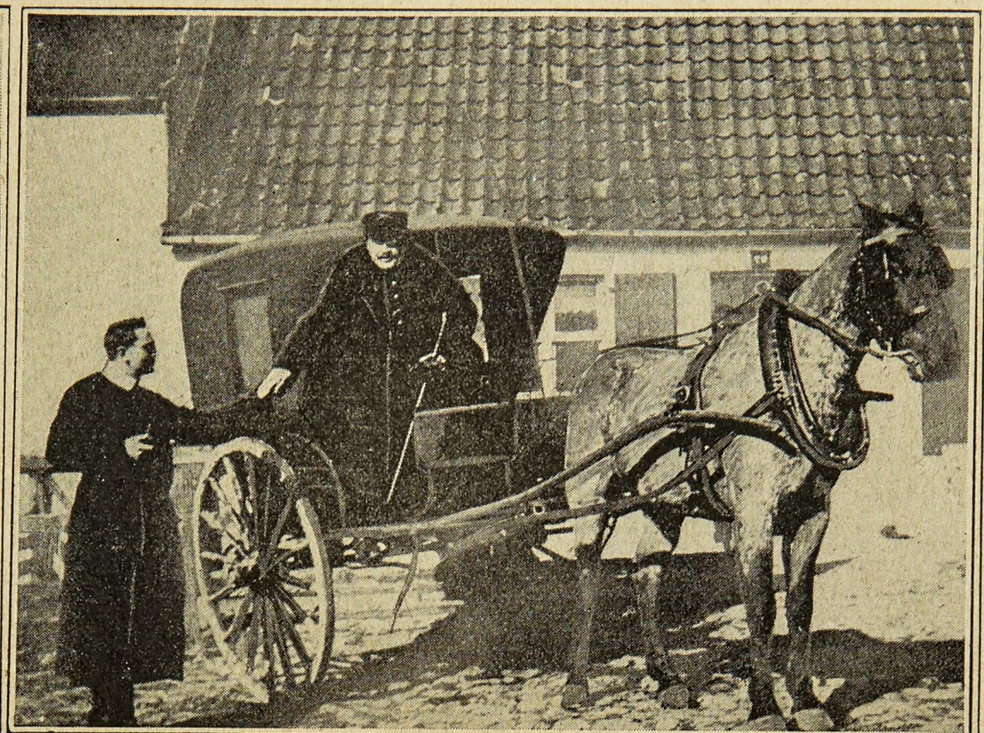
The taking of Trebizond and the more western port of Platana shows how beautifully land and sea operations can be co-ordinated when directed by a master like the Grand Duke. I pointed out some time ago that these places would be taken when the northern area of the Black Sea was free from ice and amphibious operations became possible. The Grand Duke now obtains immediate supplies on his right flank—the sea, good roads, and a forty-mile narrow-gauge railway from Trebizond into the interior. There are excellent landing-places farther west. Strategically, it might seem best to pivot on Trebizond and Platana, and not advance farther along the seaboard. Politically, however, there are sound reasons for driving the Turkish population away from the seaboard to spread terror and famine where the Turkish army and railway still hold the country in subjection.

AUSTRALIA'S TOGA OF MANHOOD

I feel glad that we have been privileged to meet here to-day to commemorate those glorious deeds by which you proved to the world that Australasia had put on the toga of manhood, and thought all things, even life itself, as dross when your country and your liberties were in danger. We mourn the valiant dead, but they died gloriously, gladly, giving up their lives for their country and their liberties. Their deathless deeds will yet be sung in sagas to generations of Australians to the end of time.—*Mr. Hughes, at the Anzac Luncheon.*

THE WAR ALONG THE BELGIAN DUNES.—A striking snapshot of French Reserves on their way to relieve their gallant comrades holding the trenches at Nieuport. Although but little has been heard lately of this important sector of the western battle-front, which embraces the Belgian sand-dunes and canals, our splendid ally has month by month continued to hold the line against the enemy. Although bombarded incessantly by the enemy's big guns, these French heroes have never yielded an inch of ground.

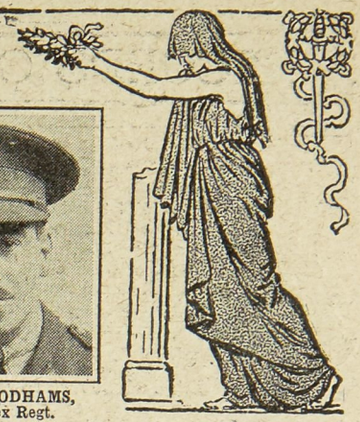
A steeplejack hero. Belgian soldier, who has won two war medals, with captured German trench-knife.



To the front by horse carriage. A Belgian artillery observer about to set out on his dangerous duties in a Belgian cabriolet. He is seen saying good-bye to a regimental chaplain who gives him his blessing.

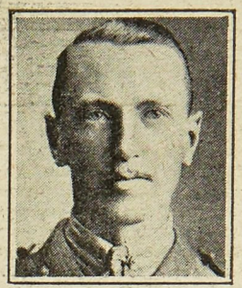
A welcome burden. One of King Albert's heroes bringing in a machine-gun his company have captured from the Huns.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

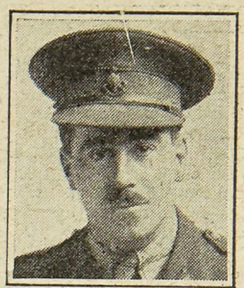


Capt. R. A. SAUNDERS, R.F.A. and R.F.C.

Lt.-Col. A. R. NETHERSOLE, Indian Army.



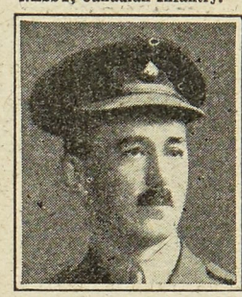
Capt. the Hon. A. T. SHAUGHNESSY, Canadian Infantry.



Capt. G. WOODHAMS, Royal Sussex Regt.

Capt. C. E. BARNETT, East Surrey Regt.

Lieut. H. T. BARNETT, East Surrey Regt.



Lt. W. A. CLIFF-McCULLOCH, Royal Irish Rifles.

Lieut. J. W. DAVIES, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

Lieut. E. D. PRICE, Royal Irish Regt.

Lieut. G. E. L. BOWLBY, Lincolnshire Regt.

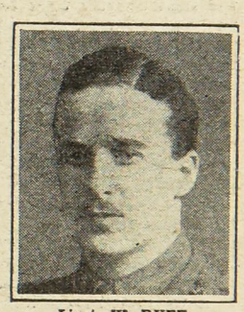
Captain R. A. Saunders, London Brigade, Royal Field Artillery and Royal Flying Corps, received his commission as second-lieutenant in the Territorial Force, R.F.A., July, 1914, and was promoted in the following December. He afterwards joined the Royal Flying Corps, and obtained flight-commander's rank in December, 1915. Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Ralph Nethersole, Indian Army, received a commission in the Royal Scots Fusiliers in August, 1888. He transferred to the Indian Army in 1891, and received his captaincy in August, 1899. In 1906 he was given his majority, and in August, 1914, he became lieutenant-colonel. For five years from 1905 he held the appointment of adjutant of Indian Volunteers, and from 1902 to 1905 he was an officer on the Staff. Before the present war he saw service on the North-Western Frontier in the campaign of 1901-2, and had the Waziristan medal with clasp.

Captain the Hon. A. T. Shaughnessy, Canadian Infantry, was the second son of Lord Shaughnessy, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Captain G. Woodhams, Royal Sussex Regiment, had seen a good deal of active service with the Expeditionary Force. Lieut. G. E. L. Bowlby, Lincolnshire Regiment, entered that regiment in December, 1914, and was promoted in the following September.

Lieut. W. Duff, Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), had been for some years connected with the Territorial Force, and his lieutenant's commission was dated December 25th, 1912.

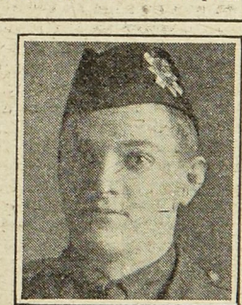
Lieut. F. P. Robertson, Lancashire Fusiliers, was a member of the London Scottish from 1909 onwards, and served with them in France from September, 1914, to May, 1915.



Lieut. W. DUFF, Cameronians (Scottish Rifles).

Lieut. R. B. SHERIDAN, Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lt. C. H. E. VARNDELL, Queen's (R. West Surrey Regt.).



Sec.-Lieut. A. W. McGREGOR, The Black Watch.

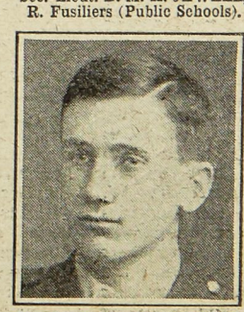
Sec.-Lieut. D. M. H. JEWELL, R. Fusiliers (Public Schools).

Lieut. F. P. ROBERTSON, Lancashire Fusiliers.

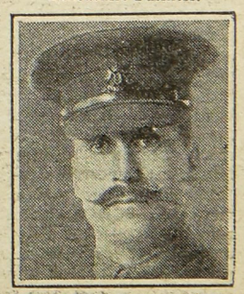
Sec.-Lieut. F. L. L. ROGERS, Royal Field Artillery.

Sec.-Lieut. C. W. F. WOOLNOUGH, Bedford Regiment.

Sec.-Lt. E. A. L. STURRIDGE, Yorkshire Light Infantry.



Sec.-Lieut. W. W. NICHOLAS, Duke of Cornwall's L.I.



Sec.-Lieut. H. DURANT, Lancers.

(Portraits by Swaine, Lafayette, Elliott & Fry, Bassano, Lambert Weston.)

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENTS IN THE WAR

XV.—The Royal Irish

IN the days which followed the death of their leader, General Hubert Hamilton, on October 14th, 1914, the three brigades of the 3rd Division fought their way inch by inch towards Lille. They made a fair amount of progress, and about the 19th had got well across the main road which runs from Estaires to La Bassée, but as they advanced they found strong German defences.

Hard Luck at Le Pilly

One of the little villages defended by the Germans was called Le Pilly. It was in the way of the advance of the 8th Brigade, and General Doran ordered one of his battalions, the 2nd Royal Irish, to storm it. The battalion had been fighting hard for some time, and was not at full strength, a major being in command, but the men were quite ready to tackle the job. A plan of attack was arranged, the men silently took their places round the village, company by company and platoon by platoon, and got quite near to it by a series of short rushes. Then, with a shout, they were in the village, and in a few minutes all the Germans therein had either been killed or put to flight. They dug trenches round it, put their machine-guns into positions, and made themselves as comfortable as they could for the night.

So Le Pilly became a British—or, rather, an Irish—village, but it was only for a short time. The Germans are great believers in sharp counter-attacks, for these nearly always find their opponents in a weakened condition, and sometimes surprise them. Unfortunately for us, they had just taken Lille, and were pouring into that city masses of fresh troops, and some of these were ordered to retake the captured village. They marched out early in the morning of the 20th, and completely surrounded Le Pilly. The Irish put up a good fight, but they were cut off from all assistance, and during the day they were forced to surrender.

A Gallant Quartermaster-Sergeant

This battalion of the Royal Irish had been at the front from the very first. At the Battle of Mons they helped to line the canal which runs from that town through the colliery villages to Condé, and until nightfall they fired steadily at the oncoming Germans. In the dark they marched back about five miles, and an incident which occurred at this time is well worthy of mention. The scene was a summer night, with our men marching away from Mons and a great number of Germans hard on their heels, shells bursting all around, and the sky lit up by the glare from burning buildings. Just outside Mons, Quartermaster-Sergeant T. W. Fitzpatrick saw how close the Germans were getting to his men, so at some cross-roads he collected fifty of them together and told them they must keep back the enemy. Under his direction they took up their positions, and their good shooting prevented the Germans from advancing for quite a time. The Irish were helped

"We went on to meet the old 18th Royal Irish Regiment, the senior of all the Irish regiments. The night before, the Commander-in-Chief, Sir John French, had asked me to convey a message of congratulation to this regiment for their gallantry in the field, and to assure them how proud he was to be their colonel."—MR. JOHN REDMOND.

by a machine-gun which had been abandoned by some of the British troops; for Fitzpatrick got hold of this, and with another man repaired it so that it could be used again.

After their night's march the Royal Irish reached a position selected for them between Frameries and Quarouble, where they were no longer amid the grime and dirt of colliery refuse, but in fields of ripening corn. Another fight, another tiring march, and they were near Le Cateau, ready to take part in the battle of August 26th. A day of hard fighting there was followed by another retreat, but by then the worst was over. On the Thursday and Friday of that terrible week less was seen of the Germans, who were much too weary to push on as quickly as they had previously done, and on the Saturday Sir John French was able to give his men a day's rest.

The Irish at Vailly

After the Marne the Aisne. The Royal Irish and the rest of the 8th Brigade crossed the latter river at Vailly. This was a very daring piece of work, and for their part in it two privates of the Royal Irish, J. Doherty and N. Fernie, won the Distinguished Conduct Medal. When the men stood to arms at three o'clock in the morning it was raining hard. They got down to the bank of the river without serious loss, and as soon as the Engineers had built a pontoon bridge they dashed across, and found what shelter they could on the other side. Trenches were quickly dug, and these gave some protection from the German shells, which fell in a furious shower all around.

The next spell of fighting was an attempt to make way up the hills to the German guns at the top. At their first effort the Royal Irish and their comrades were driven back to Vailly, but at the second they were more fortunate, and the Germans had the sorrow of seeing them firmly entrenched on some higher ground. There they remained until the whole of the British army was transferred to Flanders.

Then came Le Pilly, and while the 2nd Battalion was being re-formed by drafts from home, the 1st arrived at the front from India, and in February saw a little fighting.

These Irishmen were in the new 27th Division, and were in trenches near St. Eloi, where, on the night of St. Valentine's Day, they received an unexpected visit from the Germans, who rushed some portions of their trenches. Only for a few hours, however, did the enemy keep them, for the next morning they were turned out. In this fighting five Distinguished Conduct Medals were won by men of the Royal Irish, all for heroism in rescuing the wounded.

This was just a trial run for the battle in which the Irish took part in March. After our troops had gained a certain amount of ground around Neuve Chapelle on the 10th, the Germans made ready for their usual counter-attack. This came on the 14th, and was fiercest, not at Neuve Chapelle, but at St. Eloi, about fifteen miles away to the north. There, as exactly a month before, the 1st Royal Irish and the rest of the 27th Division were holding the trenches, and as before, they were driven from them by the unexpected rush of men.

The Turn of the Irish

In this game of "pull devil, pull baker," it was now the turn of the baker. At two o'clock on the morning of the 15th the necessary preparations for a British attack had been made, and the Royal Irish and the three other battalions of the 82nd Brigade were standing ready in the silence of the night. At the word of command they leapt forward, and before the day was very old they had driven the Germans from the village of St. Eloi and had retaken some of the lost trenches. Lieutenant-Colonel G. F. R. Forbes, who led the Irish in this assault, died of his wounds a few days later, and Major F. S. Lillie was among the killed.

This famous regiment, the Royal Irish, long known as the 18th of the Line, was raised in the time of Charles II., and after serving in Ireland, went to the Netherlands to fight for William of Orange. There the Irishmen won for themselves immortal glory by their part in the assault on Namur, August 20th, 1695. In memory of its gallantry then the regiment now bears on its colours the lion of Nassau, the emblem of William of Orange.

Under Marlborough the Irish fought at Blenheim and in the duke's other great victories. Their impetuous bravery at the Siege of Venloo carried them right into the fortress, where the garrison quickly surrendered at the sight of such terrible fellows, and they also did good work at the Siege of Tournai.

Ireland's Proud Past

On their deeds at Malplaquet Irishmen can look back with pride and yet with sorrow. There the Royal Irish found themselves opposite the Royal Irlandais, a regiment of gallant exiles who had taken service under the King of France, and in the fighting the superior discipline of Marlborough's men prevailed.

For many years after the peace of 1714 the Royal Irish did only garrison duty. They were in Minorca from 1718 to 1742, and from then until 1800 were in Ireland, Corsica, and the West Indies. In 1801 they were in Egypt, and from 1805 to 1817 in Jamaica.

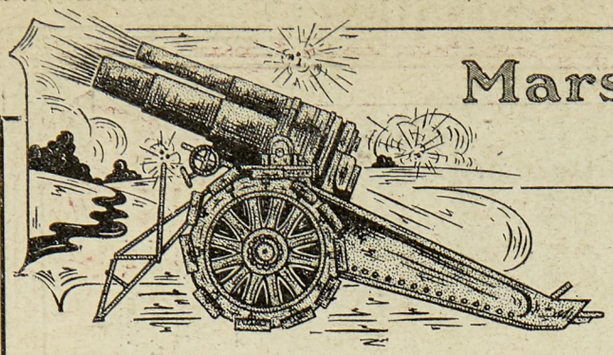
After some more years of inactivity the regiment fought in China in 1840, then in Burma, and in 1854-55 in the Crimea, where the men shared in the assault on the Redan. They had met the Maoris of New Zealand in battle before they were sent to Afghanistan in 1879, and to Egypt in 1882. At Tel-el-Kebir, according to Lord Wolseley, the regiment "particularly distinguished itself." More recently it served in Rhodesia, on the Indian Frontier, and in South Africa, and then went again to Flanders.

A. W. Holland

[Photo by Gale & Polden, Ltd.

SOME OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL IRISH REGIMENT

Back row (left to right): Sec.-Lieut. A. V. Bridge, Lieut. H. R. Lloyd, Lieut. H. Malcolmson, Lieut. C. J. Davis, Lieut. B. N. Fitzgibbon, Sec.-Lieut. W. C. L. O'Carroll, Lieut. T. J. Broderick, Lieut. A. D. Place, Lieut. J. E. Day. Front row (left to right): Sec.-Lieut. R. A. Slater, Sec.-Lieut. E. A. N. Hackett, Lieut. E. C. Marsh, Lieut. J. C. Williams, Major C. W. Garraway, Capt. T. P. A. Holford, Capt. A. E. Warmington, Sec.-Lieut J. F. Lumsden.



Mars in Mesopotamia

Notes on War News

Circa 400 B.C.

IT is interesting to recall that the present is not the first time stirring events have taken place in the region of Kut-el-Amara. A mound not far from Ctesiphon, where General Townshend fought his battle in November last, is believed to be the very spot where the Ten Thousand Greeks turned round and began their immortal retreat, so vividly described by one of them, the historian Xenophon. At Cunaxa, a little to the north, they and their allies had just fought the army of the Great King, the Persian Artaxerxes, which, so we are told, came on like a cloud of white dust, afterwards spreading itself like a darkness over the plain. In that fight their leader Cyrus was killed, and from that event their troubles began. They were in a strange land, surrounded by foes, and, worse still, by treacherous friends, and their only chance of safety was to return to Greece. So after some delays, away they marched along the Tigris, Xenophon taking the command at a critical moment, and after many sufferings they passed through Armenia and Georgia.

"Thalatta, Thalatta!"

THEN came the dramatic moment of the retreat. Having climbed a hill overlooking the water, the feelings of the weary men burst out, and with one voice they shouted in their excitement, "Thalatta, Thalatta!" (the sea, the sea.) Like ourselves, they dwelt in a sea-girt land, and to them the sea was a sign of freedom, a proof that they were nearing home. Here, again, the past and present are strangely linked together. The place where the Greeks raised their shout of joy is where Trebizond now stands, and on April 15th last this important fortified town was taken by the Russians under the Grand Duke Nicholas. Long ago as it is, the historic march of Xenophon and his Ten Thousand shows that it is possible for Russians and British to cover the ground which now separates them, to meet by traversing the very route taken by the Greeks, and everyone hopes that now Trebizond has fallen this will be done.

The Legion of the Flood

SIR PERCY LAKE'S recent messages have shown how liable the country is to floods—at least, at certain seasons of the year—and water was also abundant there more than two thousand years ago. Xenophon refers more than once to the canals in that district, and another Greek historian, Herodotus, had described the land as intersected by a number of canals. Continually these hindered the progress of the Greeks, and this was especially so during the earlier part of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand. On one occasion especially they met with ditches and canals full of water, so that they were not able to pass them without bridges, which they made with palm-trees. Then it was that Clearchus, the leader who was afterwards treacherously seized and put to death by the Persians, went about among his men with a pike in one hand and a staff in the other, and encouraged the laggards to work, sometimes by a vigorous use of the staff on their bodies, in somewhat the same way as Napoleon is said to have used his boot to drive unwilling conscripts into action.

The Fruit of Kultur

GERMANY proclaims it to be her high Christian mission to spread Kultur throughout the world, and it is interesting therefore to see what manner of tree Kultur may be, as proved by the fruit it bears in its native soil. It is the German name for civilisation and progress, and some idea of the stage of civilisation to which a country has attained may be gathered from the nature and extent of its crime. Mr. George L. Fox, Principal of the University School, New Haven, Connecticut, has published some figures of the crime in Germany and England. From this we find that the population of Germany is to that of England as 5 to 3. As to crime, the proportion of bigamy is 1 to 2 nearly; in incest, about 13 to 1; in procuring, 264 to 1; in procuring abortion, 29 to 1; in unnatural offences, 7 to 1; in rape and other sexual crimes, about 9 to 1; in murder, manslaughter, and other crimes causing death, 5 to 1; in arson, about 4 to 1; in divorces the proportion is 22 to 1; illegitimate births, 5 to 1; and suicide 4 to 1. These figures are instructive, and the conclusion to be drawn from them in obvious. Kultur is a plant from hell!

Germany and Mohammedanism

OUR Government has published more than a few German official documents which were never meant by their authors to see the light. An addition might be made to them with a circular lately seized by our troops in East Africa. It was sent to all German military stations some months before the war, and one of the instructions it contained was that pig-breeding was to be encouraged as an industry among the natives. On the face of it a justifiable and perhaps sound business proposition, this was, in reality, a crafty political scheme to check the spread of Mohammedanism among the indigenous population. For that, explicitly, was the subject of the circular, and this pig industry was officially suggested as one likely means of achieving the desired object. The idea was, of course, that as the pig is unclean to Mohammedans, their missionaries would find themselves confronted with a barrier of commercial interests which they would find insuperable.

The Talons of the Gallic Cock

THE essence of wit is its happy spontaneity, and without doing injustice to other nations' fun, we must admit that Gallic wit always gets there first. To the illimitable collection of tomes preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris has been added a new volume. It is a complete set of publications emanating from the Poilu on service. These war leaves have been compiled in the first line, and for the most part have been reproduced by means of a duplicator. Their very unpretentious make-up lends them a touching sincerity and charm. The "Argonnaute," a gay production, whose contributors are artists of distinction, reminds one of the best boulevard weeklies, many of which still survive to cheer us out of war moods. Other trench periodicals are called "Lapin à Plumes" (The Feathered Rabbit), the "Indiscret des Poilus," "La Guerre Joviale," "Boum Voila," "Rat à Poil" (The Hairy Rat), etc. All these names seem curiously instinct with the spirit of France, the spirit that laughs in the face of the Boche, piercing the thick hide of the enemy with rapier thrusts of superior mentality.

How to Help National Economy

IN order to hasten the end of the war, it is absolutely essential that our ships carry only the bare necessities of life. Space formerly available for luxuries must now be given up to more important commodities. Many of our imports have been restricted for this very reason, among them being paper. Therefore in war time the old wasteful margin of copies of various periodicals set aside for chance sales is undesirable in the interests of national economy. You can help in the great campaign for economy, and at the same time shorten the war, by signing the Order Form below and handing it to your newsagent. If you take this course you will never have any difficulty in obtaining THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. Don't delay, but act *to-day*. Ensure the regular delivery of this journal by observing the above instructions.

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Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
48 Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free. N

The War Illustrated, May 13th, 1916

Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.

The Memorable Siege of Kut-el-Amara

SEE PAGES 290—292

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly

Vol. 4 The Murder Craft at Work: German Submarine Attacking Cross-Channel Passenger Steamer **No. 91**

The Betrayal of the Traitor

THE same event will furnish men with as many morals as they have tales to tell. The Dublin rebellion of 1916 will be no exception to the rule, and when the time comes for the business of politics to be resumed, screeds will be written on the various aspects of that sudden, short, and most unhappy rising. At the moment, however, the Empire knows no politics, and if we refer to one incident of the story now it is because it illustrates once more the character of the enemy whom all the civilised Powers have entered into righteous alliance to destroy.

PAPERS seized in the United States have proved abundantly the co-operation of the Germans in the wild action of the Sinn Feiners. German promises had been showered on them; German money was placed at their disposal; a German ship brought Sir Roger Casement over to Ireland. The strange and pathetic part of the matter is that in the whole world any visionary should have been found so blinded by his fixed idea that he could fail to see the disingenuousness of the German policy and could trust the Germans, even though they came with gifts in their hands. The men who brought Sir Roger Casement to Ireland had orders to return without him, whatever the event might be. When they saw the game was up, they abandoned him with utter indifference to whatever fate might await him, and perhaps the most bitter part of his punishment will be the discovery of the contempt in which these pretending friends held him. Next to having his courage questioned, there is probably nothing that hurts a man so much as the discovery that he has made himself cheap. How cheap Sir Roger Casement has made himself in Germany is proved by the German silence about him. "Everybody knows his record," is all they have to say about him; nor, indeed, have we anything to add to it at this moment.

TO anybody not a visionary monomaniac, the German idea seems transparent. Their wish that it might be so had begotten the belief that Ireland was thoroughly disloyal. England's preoccupation was Ireland's opportunity, they argued, and no better moment could be chosen to engineer a general rebellion. What the issue of it might be, whether or not it would result in Irish independence, they did not even care; their sole interest in it was that it would necessitate the presence in Ireland of a very large number of troops, who would thus be rendered unavailable for service in France or Flanders. Prodigal as she is of soldiers' lives, Germany is beginning to learn that one army corps more or less makes a considerable difference, especially when it is British. General rebellion in Ireland would have meant the locking up in that country of an army of several hundred thousand men, and that possibility alone made the speculation worth while.

CLOSE on the heels of that first argument may have come thought of the possibility of securing an easy foothold for themselves on the Irish coast, with consequent opportunity to establish an invaluable new base for their submarine operations against England. It is more than likely that the battle-cruiser raid on the East Coast of England was an attempt to lure the British Fleet into a mine-strewn battle area. Had disaster overtaken our Fleet, or even had its attention been distracted for only a sufficiently long time to give a flying squadron a chance to slip through the blockade, a German force might have been landed in Ireland which would not have been dislodged easily thereafter. Its situation would not have been so perilous as that of the by no means inconceivable raiding force in England, and the effect of such an achievement on the mind of neutrals, to say nothing of its effect on the people of Germany, would have been more useful than a victory.

THESE considerations of the cynically selfish German policy are so obvious that the failure of the Sinn Fein leaders to perceive them can only be explained on the theory of mental obsession by their single idea. Equally difficult is it to understand how presumedly intelligent people could be so ignorant of past history, and so impervious to the significance of events in the history now in the making abroad, as to suppose that their own fate could conceivably be different from that of all other small nations that have fallen into German hands, whether by force or by guile. There would be uncommonly little Ireland for the Irish if Germany once set foot upon the Emerald Isle. But it is clear that they were completely deluded by the specious promises of Germany's agents, and it is idle to suppose that they would ever have been persuaded to a contrary opinion by any arguments of their loyal compatriots or of agents of the hated English. And that is why we see some larger value than at first appears in the single incident of the German abandonment of Sir Roger Casement to his fate.

PASSIONATE loyalty is one distinguishing characteristic of the complex Irish temperament, and passionate loyalty, though to a wrong idea, carried these Sinn Feiners to disaster. Our detestation of the rebellion and our resolution that the rebels must be punished is not affected by the making of that admission; the measure of men's sincerity is their readiness to face death for a cause. And there, perhaps, one may see a gleam of hope for the future. The leaders of the rebellion are ready to pay the price, and they must pay the price, but these are not the days and we are not the people to revive the old "killing times." Technically "false traitors against our Lord the King," the greater number of these rebels, in the words of the old indictment, were "moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil"; it is with him rather than with them that our business must be. The men who fomented the rebellion are the men who should be punished, and those are Germans. It was done as part of a large and clever policy to discredit us in the eyes of neutrals, and to enable malignants to point to us as a people who, posing as the saviours and liberators of the little nations, yet are the tyrants and enslavers of the little nation at our own door.

GERMANY has made many mistakes, both before and during this war, but few so complete as in her estimate of the Irish character and the Irish question. It was her expectation that civil war in Ireland would prevent England from taking part in the war on the Continent. Now she has tried to distract England's concentrated attention from the Continent to a second front nearer home. Trouble, sharp but short, she has engineered, and for that the Irish soldiers may be trusted to make her pay. Probability of long continued irritation with the rank and file of the Sinn Feiners she has herself defeated by her own failure to understand the Irish temper. The same passionate loyalty that, distorted, made the rising possible is intolerant above all things of betrayal of its cause. These men were dupes of Germany, and believed in her protestations of sympathy and her promises of help. How were their eyes to be opened? Not easily by English arguments, not easily by words of Irish soldiers who have seen the work of German hands abroad. But it has probably been done effectually already by the one small incident of the abandonment of Sir Roger Casement, set adrift in that little collapsible boat. That, typically, was treason to the cause. And treason to the cause is the one thing an Irishman can never forgive.

C. M.

13th May, 1916. No. 91. Vol. 4.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON

FIGHTING THE FLAMES OF VERDUN.—French firemen on perilous duty in the heart of the danger zone extinguishing fires caused by German incendiary shells in stricken Verdun. The city firemen were kept busy day and night dealing with the fierce outbreaks of fire in almost every part of the city.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

XXXVIII.—The Advance on Bagdad and Memorable Siege of Kut

IN the early days of July, 1915, evidence was to hand of certain dangerous intriguing on the part of Prince Reuss, the German Ambassador at Teheran. The collapse of the Warsaw salient, the apparent inactivity of the Russian armies in the Caucasus, and the British deadlock on Gallipoli constituted singularly favourable circumstances for a Turkish partition of Persia. Prince Reuss had already enlisted sympathy for his scheme from some of the Swedish officers who had control of about six thousand armed police, a force established by Britain and Russia for the purpose of keeping the highways of Persia free from professional brigands and nefarious nomads. This enterprising German aristocrat had hopes of gathering together a sufficient number of armed men to bring about a rapid conquest of Persia, and then to throw overwhelming numbers against the Admiralty oilfields and the right flank of the British Mesopotamian Expedition.

It was, therefore, imperative that some great effort should be made to counteract this conspiracy, some important victory created to restore the Empire's prestige once and for all throughout Asia. Certainly the obvious plan was to proceed to Bagdad, the City of the Caliphs, the most romantic and influential centre of the Old World.

The fall of Bagdad would undoubtedly have proved a tremendous moral triumph. The effort, however, was foredoomed, not through any lack of courage, determination, and skill on the part of General Townshend, but through a fatal misconception of the enormity of the task compared with the handful of men to whom it was allotted.

It must be borne in mind that a garrison was essential in the north to keep the pipeline inviolate, and a large number of men were required for the occupation of the towns running from Amara to Koweit, on the Persian Gulf. (See map, page lxxvii, No. 74, THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.)

Summer in Unlovely Eden

Before any serious attempt against Bagdad could be made, a concentration of Turks at Nasiriyeh on the Euphrates had to be dispersed, these being in a position to attack General Townshend in the rear or drive into his flank.

At this time, the height of summer, climatic conditions in Mesopotamia were beyond mortal endurance. In the desert the temperature rose to 130 degrees, and water was as scarce as it was unpalatable. The flaming atmosphere buzzed from sunrise to sundown, and throughout the night with pestiferous flies and mosquitoes. Britons, and even Indians used to a tropical climate, suffered terribly, and a general outbreak of sickness occurred in the ranks. The irony of the situation was emphasised by the knowledge that this identical spot was reputed to be the sylvan setting of the Garden of Eden. The Norfolks and Dorsets, dreaming of the rare beauties of their home counties, could not but discredit the alleged glories of the birthplace of civilisation, especially those who were detailed off to guard the date-gardens and marshes in the Garden of Eden, one of the most arduous duties that fell to the lot of any fighting man. They were certainly incredulous as to Eden's claims, though, with characteristic humour, they christened some of the more important thoroughfares Serpent's Corner, Temptation Square, and Adam and Eve Street.

After their defeat at Shaiba, on April 11th, the scattered Turkish units retreated along the Euphrates to Nasiriyeh, and were there joined by large reinforcements, supported by heavy artillery brought from Adrianople. The military value of Nasiriyeh may be gathered from the fact that it is the junction with the cross-desert canal Shatt-el-Hai, running towards Bagdad. With Nasiriyeh still in Turkish occupation, an enemy descent on Basra was ever a possibility.

Fall of Nasiriyeh

The Turks occupied powerful entrenchments on both sides of the river, and strong forces deployed along the old channel of the Euphrates, which wends its way through a wide stretch of water known as Lake Hamar, to join the Tigris at Kurna. Over this stagnant lagoon the flotilla of bellums was propelled during the third week in July to within seven miles of Nasiriyeh under command of General Gorringe.

Two brigades of the division disembarked on the west bank, while the third was requisitioned to work through the groves and date-palms on the left bank. As a precautionary measure a reserve brigade from Amara brought up the rear.

On the morning of July 24th the enemy positions were subjected to a smashing bombardment by all the guns that could be mustered—howitzers, field, and mountain pieces. The 2nd West Kents advanced through the date-groves under cover of eight machine-guns. In spite of a withering Turkish fire, the West Kents never wavered a second, stormed the enemy trenches, and got to work with cold steel. The Turks were clearly demoralised by this onslaught, and evacuated their trenches with surprising alacrity. The rest of the brigade then went forward to support their comrades, bringing up fresh supplies of ammunition A peculiar feature of the Turkish trenches was a covering of matting which, though acting as a protection from the ferocious sun, blinded the enemy to the extent and vigour of the British attack. After the capture of further trenches and four loopholed towers, what remained of the Turks retreated precipitately, and victory rested with British arms. On the other bank of the river the Hants Territorials, emulating the West Kents, had met with equal success, and shared with them the laurels of the day.

Nasiriyeh was occupied on July 25th, and a thousand Turkish prisoners, seventeen guns, five machine-guns, 1,586 rifles, and a large quantity of ammunition were captured.

After the position at Nasiriyeh had been made secure, General Nixon began to transfer troops to Amara in order to concentrate against the Turkish armies collecting in the region of Kut under Nur-ed-Din Pasha. The Shatt-el-Hai being unnavigable at this period, the sole means of advance was along the Tigris.

From August 1st to September 15th General Townshend and his famous 6th Division had advanced to Sanna-i-Yat, eight miles below the Turkish positions before Kut-el-Amara.

Nur-ed-Din's positions were of unusual strength, extending for about twelve miles astride the river, organised with great thoroughness as to barbed-wire, military pits, dynamite mines, and communications. The river itself was blocked with sunken barges and tangled cables.

On September 26th General Townshend advanced, having rapidly evolved a plan to envelop the Turkish left with his principal force, but carrying out certain manœuvres with the intention of deceiving the enemy into the belief that the main attack would be made on the right bank. A large force made a feint movement and a huge dummy camp was erected, but during the night a bridge was constructed, and, without the Turks knowing, the troops crossed to left side of the river.

The action started on the 28th, the 18th Infantry Brigade under Major-General Fry making a pinning attack, and the 16th and 17th Brigades under Brigadier-General Delamain working frontally on the flank entrenchments of the Turks, as well as moving wide round the enemy's flank to attack him in the rear. The indefatigable Dorsets and 117th Mahrattas once more distinguished themselves in this action, being the first troops to enter the enemy's trenches. By two o'clock in the afternoon the entire northern part of the Turkish position had fallen.

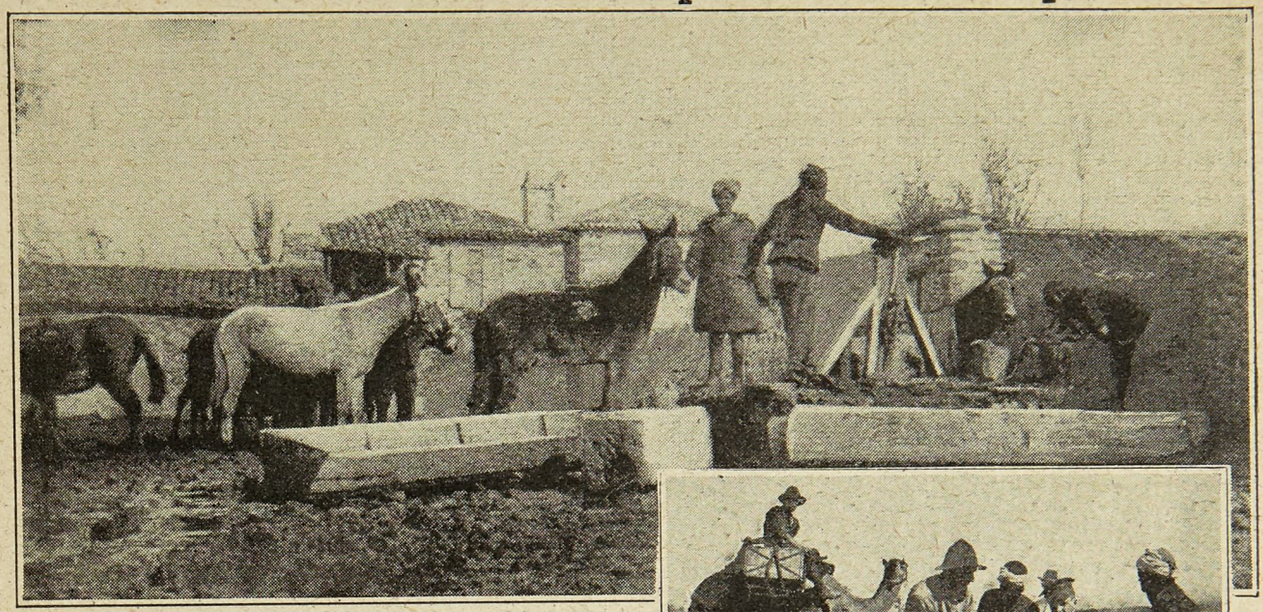
Magnificent Indo-British Charge

After resting, General Delamain moved his column to the assistance of the 18th Infantry Brigade, but a strong Turkish reinforcement forced him from his objective. The new enemy troops moved to the attack, and General Delamain's men, notwithstanding the fact that they were in a state of fatigue bordering on collapse through incessant fighting in furnace heat, rallied miraculously at the prospect of getting at the enemy in the open. In one magnificent bayonet charge they rushed the Turks before them. Nur-ed-Din's men, fighting with fatalistic courage, could not withstand the inspired fury of the Indo-British, and the Turks were routed. During the night the enemy abandoned his position, hurrying along the Tigris bank to his stronghold at Ctesiphon, some twenty miles from Bagdad. The Turkish losses amounted to about 4,000 men and fourteen guns, as compared with 1,233 British casualties.

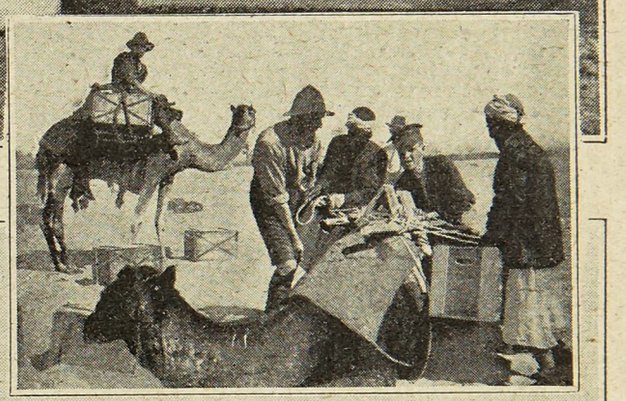
Following up this victory the river-side town of Azizie was occupied, whence General Townshend's heroic division set out on its fateful mission towards Bagdad, it being considered that these few thousand men would be able to capture this historic citadel, and link up with the advanced columns of the Russians in the Caucasus. By November 19th Zeur, having fallen into British hands, the attack on Nur-ed-Din's main defences at Ctesiphon was imminent.

[*Continued on page* 292.

Mule and Camel Transport in Mesopotamia



Indians with Lieut.-General Sir G. F. Gorringe's force watering mules at a well somewhere near the Tigris.



Indians guiding a reluctant mule on to a river barge. Inset: Camels being loaded up with supplies and ammunition for the Indo-British force fighting along the Tigris. Although the capitulation of Kut was an important reverse, General Townshend's resolute resistance undoubtedly diverted Turks from the Caucasus and facilitated the Russian capture of Erzerum and Trebizond.

ADVANCE ON BAGDAD

(Contd. from page 290.)

The ruins of this historic city, the winter residence of the great Parthian kings, were about to re-echo with the clash of arms. Apart from its strategical importance, the Turkish commander chose Ctesiphon for battle on account of its Moslem significance. In the shadow of the superb palace ruin of the Arsacidæ, the modern Turk could be expected to guard with fanatical fury the gate to Bagdad which, though of Persian origin, was a scene of Islam's traditional prowess. As each insignificant unit under Nur-ed-Din's command was conversant with the Koran, so was he aware that at Ctesiphon the mighty Persian dynasty had bitten the dust, and it behoved him to strike hard at the infidel once again for the glory of Allah.

Thirst Stays Townshend

On November 22nd an Indo-British Division went into action against four Turkish divisions, and literally swept them clean out of existence, taking eight hundred prisoners and holding on to the captured position till nightfall on the 24th. Alas, that this victory could not be pushed to a great finality, owing mainly to a lack of water! General Townshend's division had no alternative but to retire, after having all but achieved its onerous task. The Turks pressed on the retreating division in greatly superior numbers under the military direction of the redoubtable Von der Goltz, who died in harness shortly afterwards—the victim, it has been said, of a Turkish officer disgusted with the German tyranny. Large numbers of wounded men, 1,600 restive prisoners, and the remnants of the heroic legion, thanks to General Townshend's leadership, found their way back to a bend of the river at Kut, fighting a desperate rearguard action at Azizie.

And then began the memorable siege—the only long siege of the present war—lasting for twenty weeks.

Kut-el-Amara is no romantic city of the "Arabian Nights," where spreading mosque and slender minaret relieve the star-strewn Oriental skies, but as drab, insanitary, and inconsequential a collection of mud huts as can be happened upon even east of Suez. The sullen Tigris all but encircles it. Hardly a tree or a building intercepts the monotonous horizon. General Townshend was to be relied upon to take every advantage of these natural values, and he further strengthened the position against the coming Turkish siege.

Difficulties of Relief Column

During December the Turks subjected the place to prolonged bombardment, but their efforts to storm the position cost them such a heavy price in casualties that Nur-ed-Din left "General Hunger" to bring about the capitulation of Kut, and waited his time.

Meanwhile, General Aylmer was fighting his way to relieve his colleague, and he approached on one occasion to almost within sight of the beleaguered garrison. The Turkish position at Es Sinn, astride the Tigris, the northern flank resting on the impassable Suwaicha Marsh, and the southern on a tributary of the Tigris at Atab, was too powerful, on account of the floods, to be breached. General Gorringe himself, at the head of the wonderful 13th Division from Gallipoli, carried the Turks' first and second line at Umm-el-Hannah and Felayieh on April 5th and 6th, but torrential rain and resultant floods intervened, dissolving every effort. The advance of the relief force continued, however, until April 17th, when it was as near as eleven miles from its objective. Heavy Turkish counter-attacks took place on this date, and the enemy's casualties numbered 3,000 killed.

The last effort to communicate with the besieged camp was the attempt of the relief ship laden with supplies to run the gauntlet, but the vessel grounded at Magasis, four miles from Kut.

Throughout the twenty weeks of his critical ordeal General Townshend's fighting spirit and cheerful temperament were a source of encouragement and hope to the men under him. He was well aware of the difficulties to be overcome by the relief forces, but he kept up a brave defence, realising that he was diverting the enemy from the Caucasus front and facilitating the Russian capture of Erzerum and Trebizond. The messages from Kut to the outside world are eloquent of General Townshend's resolution to resist as long as it was humanly possible.

Last Moments at Kut

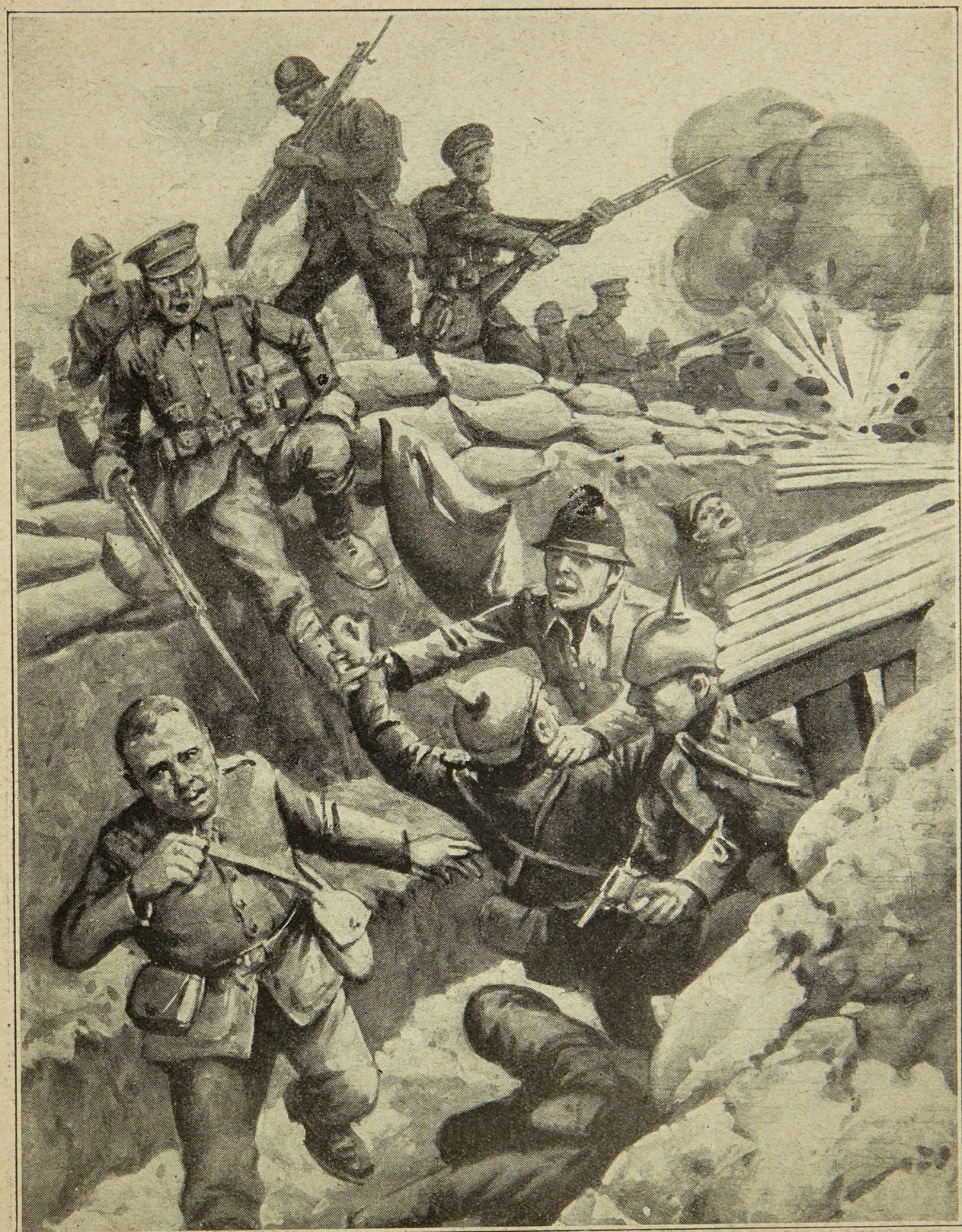
"Going strong, everything all right, shall be relieved soon," he flashed out early in January, and his reply to the King's inspiring telegram will go down to history as a touching example of patriotic expression from a soldier of genius *in extremis*. "It is hard for me to express by words how profoundly touched and inspirited all ranks of my command have been by his Majesty's personal message. On their behalf and my own I desire to express to his Majesty that the knowledge that we have gained the praise of our beloved sovereign will be our sheet-anchor in this defence."

But no sheet-anchor could hold out against hunger, and Kut-el-Amara fell into Turkish hands on April 29th, together with several thousand of the finest fighting men who ever took the oath of allegiance to sovereign and Empire.

A. B.

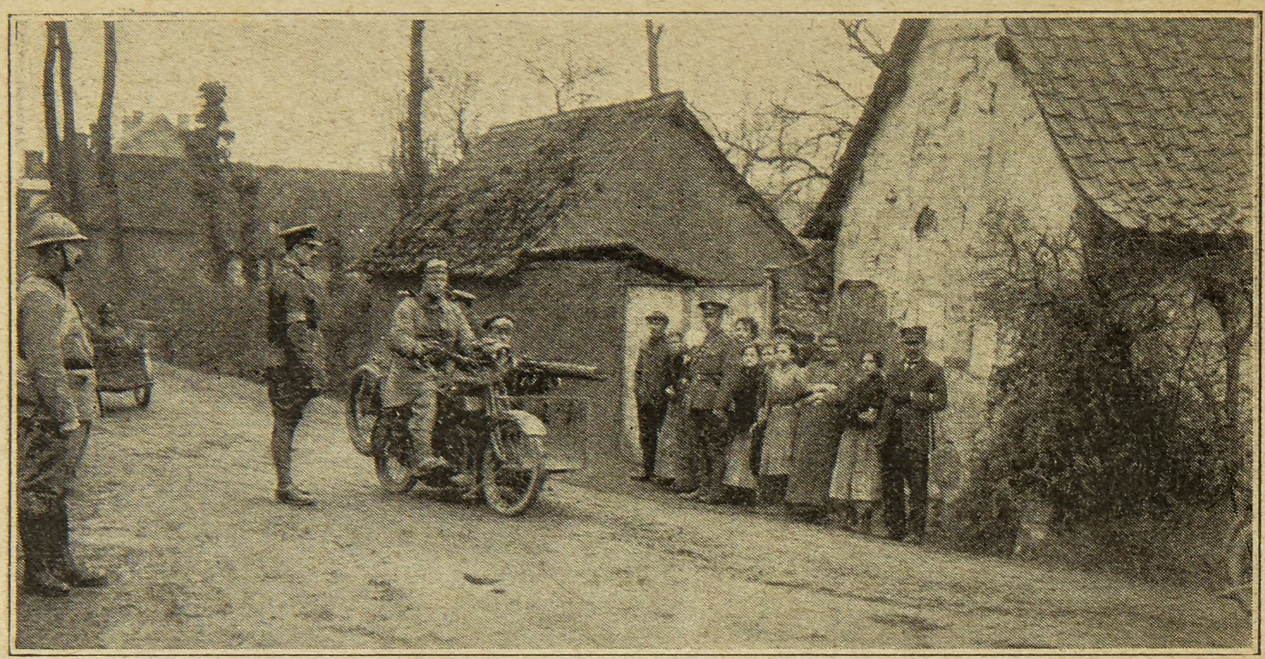
How Nur-ed-Din, the Turkish commander in Mesopotamia, reinforced his armies before Kut-el-Amara. Ottoman reserves proceeding along the Tigris on specially-constructed rafts flying the Crescent at the stern.

Maple Leaf For Ever! Canadians Crater Battle

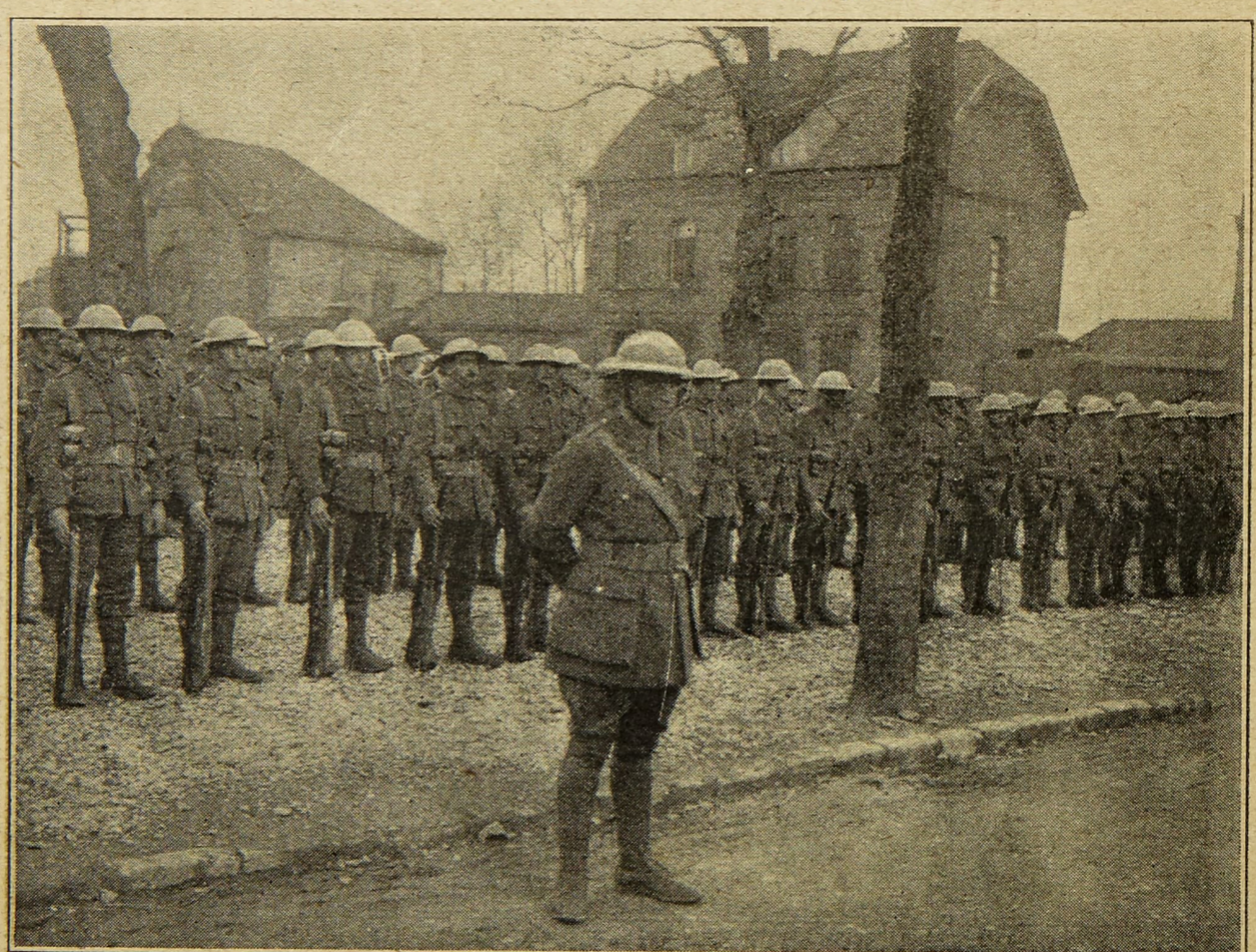


Canada played a splendid part in the recent crater conflict at St. Eloi, south of Ypres. Almost on the anniversary of their magnificent heroism at the beginning of the Second Battle of Ypres, Canadian troops experienced another hour of test at the craters that were once the German lines. Two hundred trench-mortars fell round one crater in two hours! The position revealed one of the most terrible aspects of the war. Time after time the Germans attacked; time after time, amid the appalling crashes of the bursting shells, they were repulsed by the Canadians after many fierce hand-to-hand conflicts.

Units of British Reinforcements in France



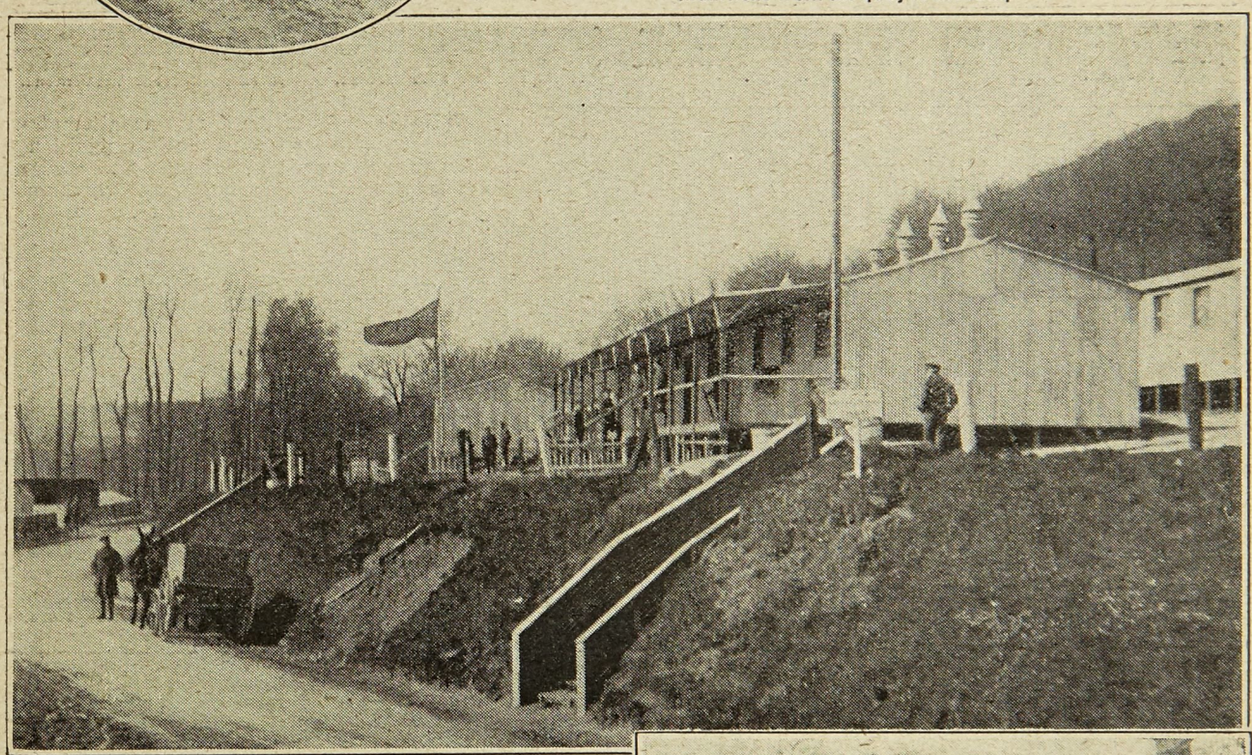
Motor-cyclist mitrailleuse gunners passing through a village of Northern France, much to the interest of a party of Frenchwomen, who have turned out to see this unique branch of the British Army on the Continent.



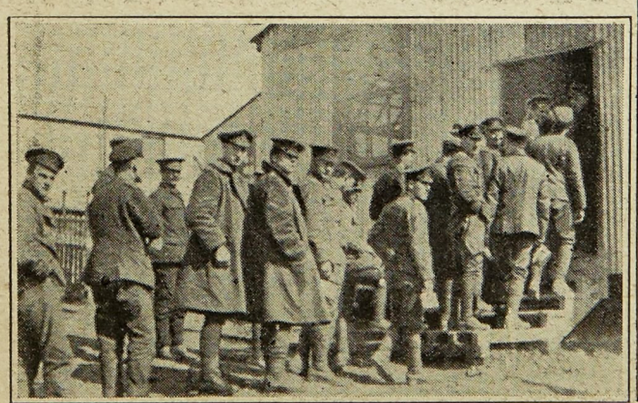
Some of the new British troops in France wearing the steel helmet, first adapted to practical usage by our French allies, and which has proved an effective guard against flying shrapnel splinters.

Scenes at a Great British Cross-Channel Base

British transport on the quay at Havre. To the left four Tommies are conveying munitions from the quay to the camp.



The bureau of the British camp at the famous French port.

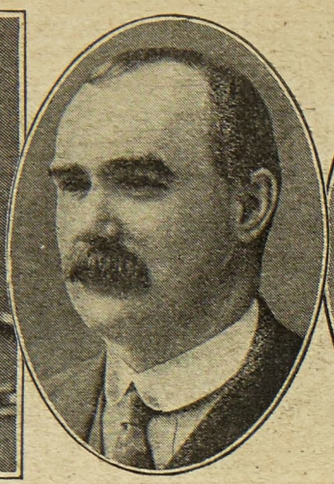


Lining up for soup, the proverbial French course which our soldiers have also found to be indispensable.

Waiting for the tram. An everyday scene in Havre, one of the great bases of Britain in the land of our ally.

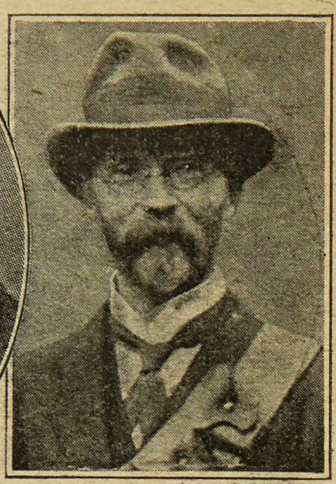
The First and Last of the Dublin Revolt:

Sir John Maxwell, who was despatched to Ireland with plenary powers to overcome the insurgents.



James Connolly, leader of the Sinn Feiners, who was taken prisoner by the Government troops.

Casement, renegade, and erstwhile British Consul, who was arrested in an attempt to land arms near Tralee.



Professor John MacNeile, Vice-President of the Gaelic League, and the chief instigator of the Irish Volunteers' movement.

Countess Markievitz, a prominent woman worker in the Dublin revolt, enrolling volunteers. She was arrested with other leaders.

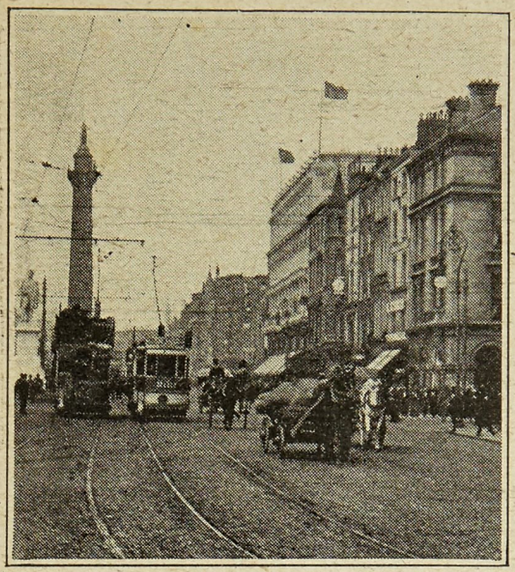
ON the night of April 21st an attempt was made to land arms and ammunition on Currahane Strand; but these were seized, and a stranger of unknown nationality was arrested. The stranger turned out to be Sir Roger Casement.

As a sequel to this sensation, serious disturbances broke out in Dublin, which soon spread to alarming proportions. Backed by a modicum of German gold (and German promises), several hundred Sinn Feiners attempted to seize the city by armed force, wreaking great damage to private property, and killing a number of citizens, including women and children. The rebellion was captained by James Connolly, and supported by one or two personalities of a revolutionary temperament.

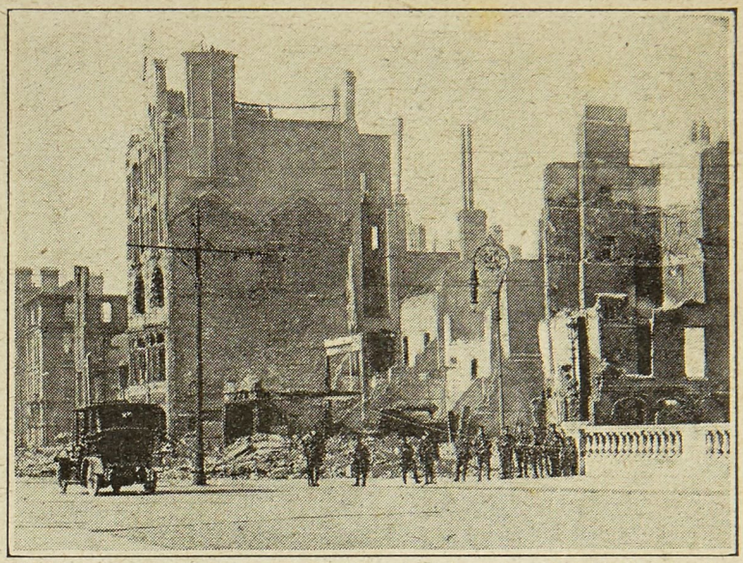
Thanks, however, to prompt action on the part of the military authorities, the revolt was stamped out within a week—though, unfortunately, not before several British officers and a proportion of men were killed and wounded. Over a thousand insurgents were taken prisoners.

Some of the captured Sinn Feiners being escorted into confinement somewhere in England under a British guard. As many as 489 rebels out of 1,000 Irish captives had reached England by May 2nd.

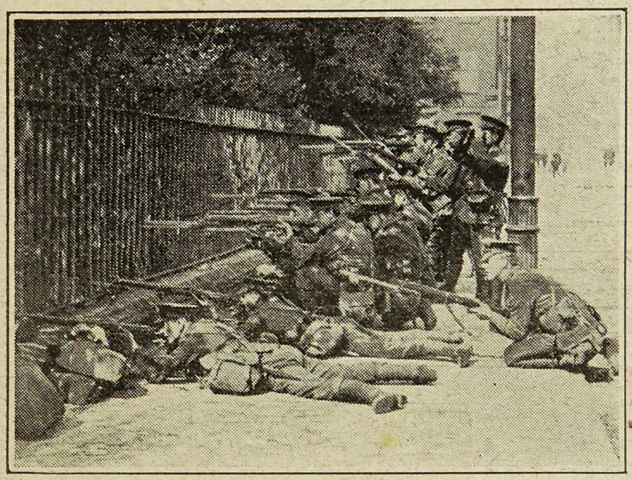
Scenes in the Track of the Sinn Feiners



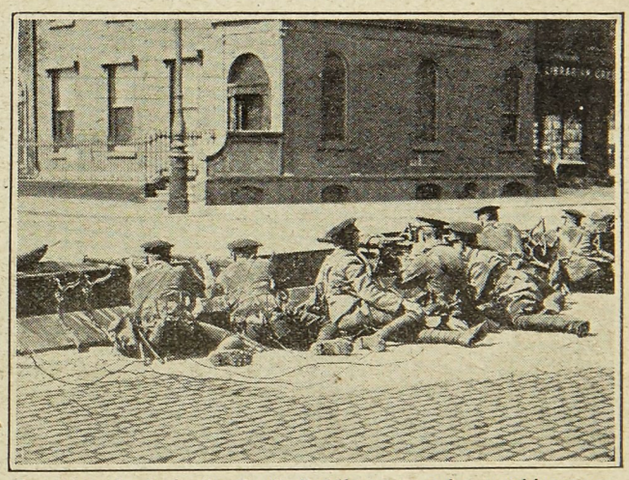
View of Sackville Street, in which the Post Office is situated, taken before the rebellion broke out.



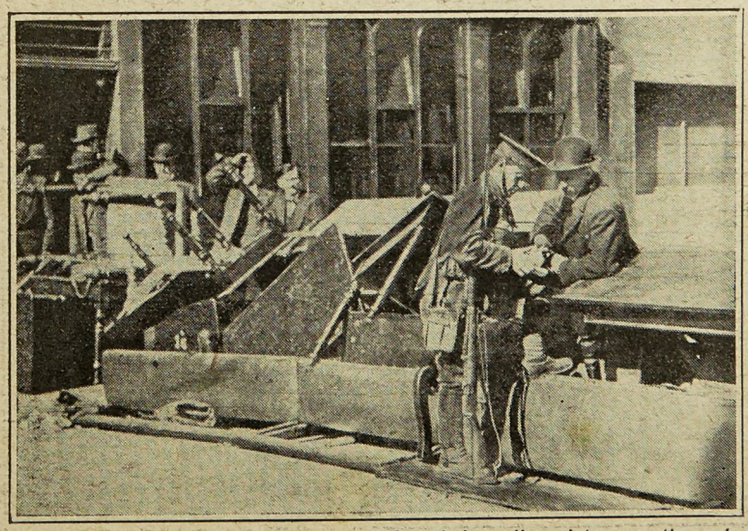
Not somewhere in France or Flanders, but the ruins of Sackville Street, Dublin, now being guarded by the military.



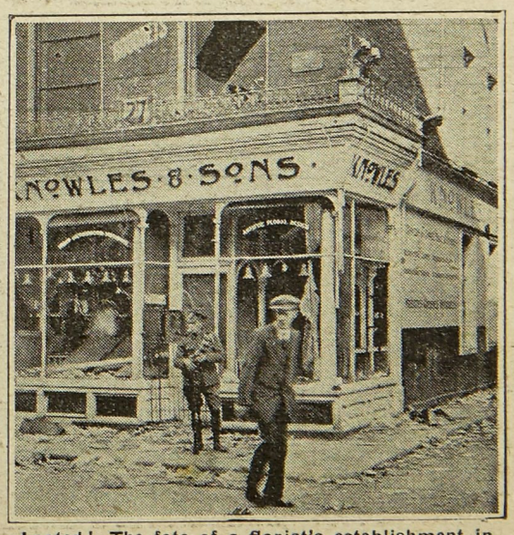
Keeping a sharp look-out for rebel snipers who were barricaded in a house on the other side of the garden.



Road barricade in the South Dublin area and a machine-gun ready for the insurgents.

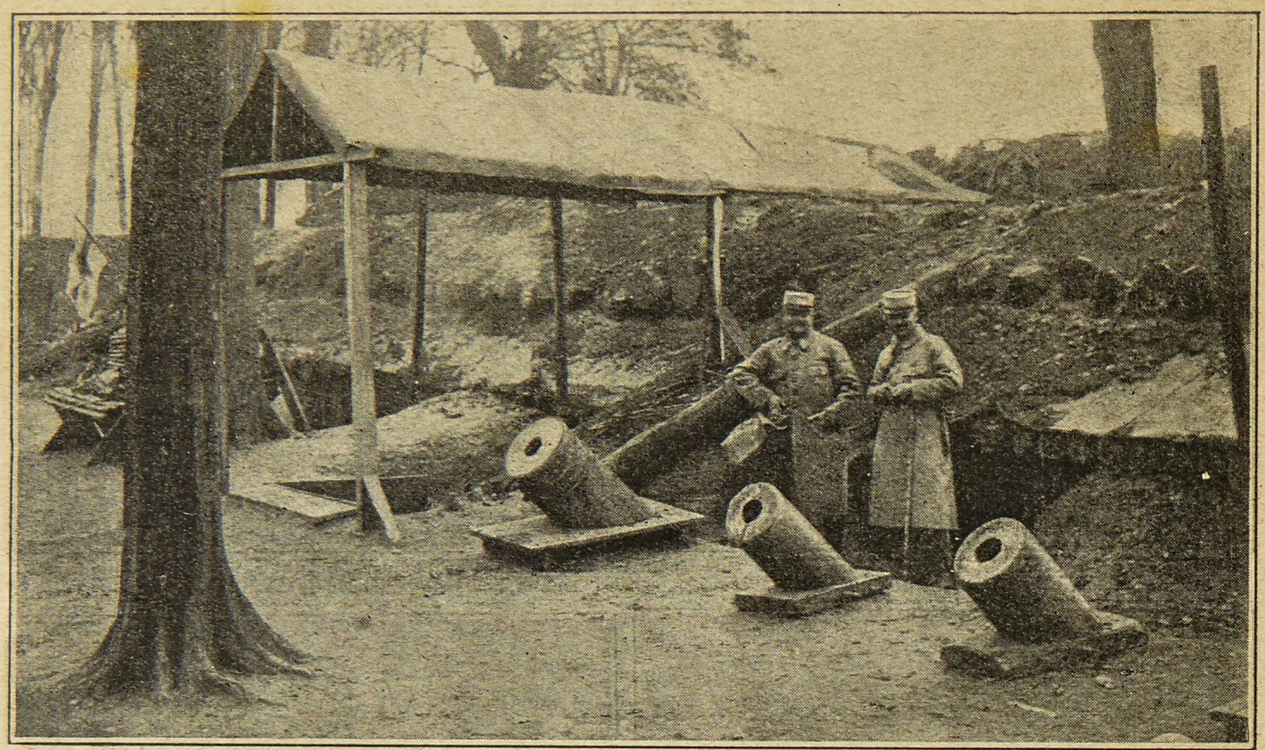


A civilian has to show his papers before being allowed to pass through the barricade.



Looted! The fate of a florist's establishment in Grafton Street.

Mortars and Soup-Kitchens on the Verdun Front

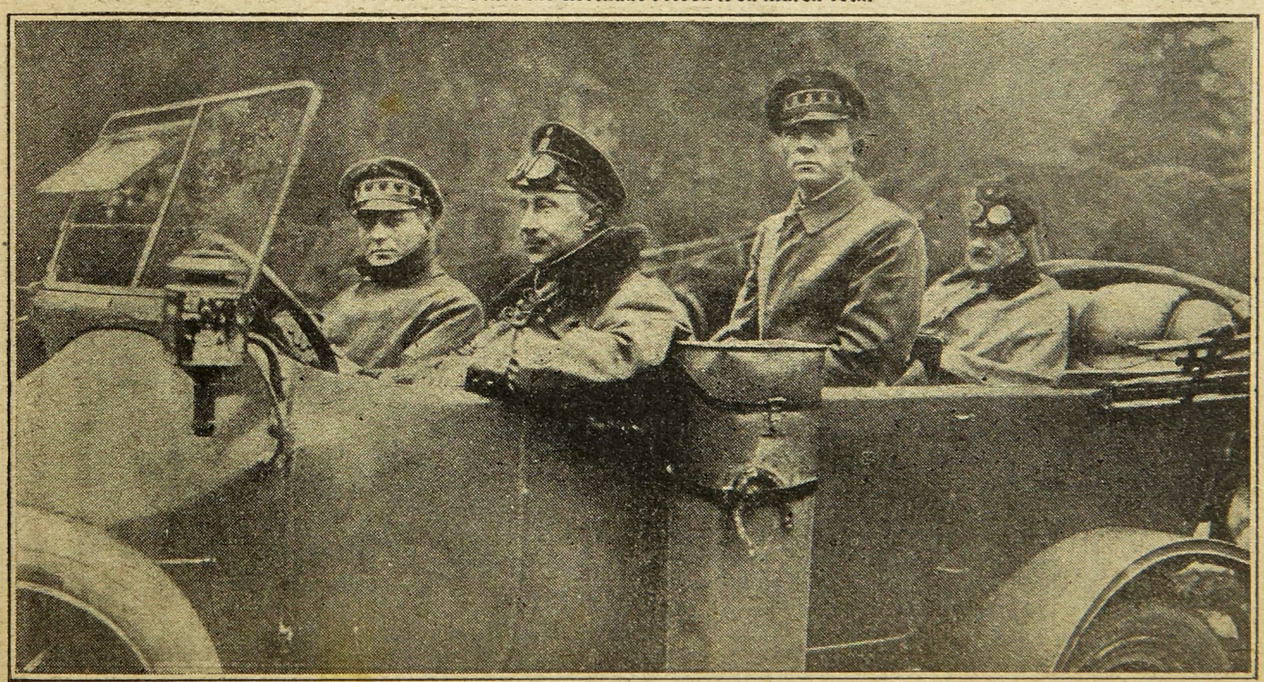


Trench mortars in the French lines at Verdun. The fierce German efforts to force a way through Verdun began on February 21st; but from February 25th to April 18th the French line remained exactly as it was established four days after the first assault.

French army field-kitchens, carefully concealed in one of the many woods behind the lines round Verdun. The French soldier has no cause to complain about the regularity and quality of his meals, be the Crown Prince's futile onslaughts ever so furious.

The Crown Prince's Emblem of Good Fortune

One of the French positions in the famous Crows' Wood west of the Meuse which fell into the hands of the Germans in the Verdun Battle. The fight for this sinister-named forest approached in fury the terrific combat for Douaumont. After changing hands several times the Germans retook it on March 10th.



The latest photograph of the Crown Prince taken on the Verdun front. The horseshoe—appropriately the wrong way up—which was carried on the car failed to bring him luck despite the continued sacrifice of thousands of lives in the desperate gambler's effort to break the French line.

Moments of Suspense with British Sniper Party

British outpost searching for a German sniper in the ruins of a farmhouse within the firing-line. Moving stealthily among the ruins, exposed to any stray or deliberate bullet, such duty is highly perilous; but it is all in the day's work. Official language has a way of ignoring the romantic aspects of warfare and deeds requiring an even higher individual courage than those, performed en masse, that are of greater military significance. So when we are told that "there is nothing to report" from the British lines, many a brave man is fighting a little battle on his own—an unrecorded though vital effort towards victory.

Air Sickness! Trials of an Aviator on Service

An everyday incident with the Royal Flying Corps in France—aviators temporarily out of action, although uninjured, after reconnaissance work on the western front. Owing to the rapid changes in elevation necessarily experienced by pilot and observer, reaction sets in when they land, and the flying men require assistance in getting to their rest quarters. However, the unpleasant effects of the rarefied atmosphere quickly pass away after they have enjoyed a good sleep. In this illustration the pilot and observer are being assisted by British Tommies after they have landed in a somewhat war-scarred machine.

Stand Steady! Courage and Confidence

By Our War Correspondent F. A. McKENZIE

WE are rapidly nearing the culminating point of the war. The Germans, anticipating a general spring offensive by the Allies, have attempted to strike before we were ready. The raid on our coast, the Zeppelin attacks, the general advance against the British front in Flanders, and the futile attempt at insurrection in Ireland are all part of one scheme. The enemy has been trying to make us scatter our forces, weaken our main fronts, and leave ourselves the more open to a crowning attack at some selected point on our line.

These German plans come as no surprise. They have several times been forecasted in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED during the past two or three months. They were the almost inevitable German military policy with things as they are, and at the bottom they give us cause for confidence rather than for alarm.

"Keep Moving!"—Germany's Watchword

What is the reason for the German offensive? The question is soon answered. The Germans anticipate a general advance and attack by the Allies on all sides. They realise that such an attack may—I do not say "must"—crumple in their carefully prepared front line, and may drive them back some distance in one or more fields. Such a retirement, while it would not of necessity be fatal to their cause, would be a bad blow. It would probably induce some restive neutral nations to declare against her. It would badly affect the German people, who are at the moment buoyed up by confidence of victory. The German Staff realises—and rightly realises—that its best defence is attack, and the loss even of several scores of thousands of men may be worth while if it hampers us and prevents us from completing our plans. The Germans believe that at Verdun, for example, while they have failed to capture the position, they have inflicted such losses on the French as will prevent a French offensive. In this they may find themselves very much mistaken. But in the fundamental method of their campaign they are right. This is not a matter for argument. It is an established law of war.

The German offensive gives us some cause for encouragement, because it is evidence that the Germans are not sufficiently assured of their strength to wait and let us exhaust ourselves in beating against it. But it is a warning as well as an encouragement. It is the best proof that the stories of an exhausted and broken army, which have been so carefully spread, have little or no foundation.

Enemy's Shortage of Supplies

We have ahead of us the most exhausting and costly six months of the war. Now is the time to stand steady, to keep a firm grip on things, to refuse to be alarmed by temporary sets-back, and to redouble our preparations.

It is necessary for us, if the war is to be shortened, to win some substantial land victories this summer. During the past three months Germany has been feeling the shortage of food acutely. We—and by "we" I mean everyone outside the inner circle of allied leaders—have no means of judging the reserves of money and material of war held by the German Government. If these are low, Germany will take every possible step to make us think them great, just as Japan, with emptied treasury and exhausted armies, bluffed Russia for months after the Battle of Mukden. But we do know, from innumerable sources, that the food supply of the German people is very scanty.

Unless, within the next few weeks, we succeed in driving the German armies back from some of the conquered territories now held by them, their shortage of foodstuffs will have been largely remedied. Poland is another Western Canada for fertility, and the conquered districts of France and Belgium are now thoroughly cultivated. Given a reasonably good harvest, and allow Germany to retain her present lines, and her food problem will be solved for another year.

This, obviously, we shall not permit—if we can prevent it. We can only prevent it by a forward movement. It is well to bear in mind, however, that even should our forward movement fail, and Germany secure the harvest, her difficulties are not over. She wants much more than food—leather, rubber, cloth of all kinds, cotton goods. Her difficulties in obtaining sufficient supplies will increase month by month, particularly now that the naval blockade is more strictly enforced. But it would be folly for us to rely upon the economic exhaustion of Germany as a decisive factor in ending the war. The only real and permanent end can come from the decisive defeat of her armies in the field.

If America Comes In

In looking ahead, two factors must at this time be considered—America, and our Mohammedan dependencies. As I write, America is waiting the word that may mean the severance of diplomatic relations with Germany. Severance of diplomatic relations will probably end in an actual state of war. What will be the result of America coming in, if she does come in, and if she throws all her forces on our side? Many of the best informed authorities in international affairs—I am not talking of writers, but of statesmen—are convinced that America's adherence to us will end the war within six months. This is, I believe, a very optimistic estimate. Let us, however, examine the grounds for it.

These authorities do not calculate on America sending armies to Europe, and I am not sure that they desire it. They say that our overwhelming advantage would come from the additional financial strength, and from the increased supply of munitions. The lead of America would be followed quickly by several other neutral nations. America might well become the financier and the supply agent for France. The moral effect of America's adhesion to us on Germany itself would be almost incalculably great.

The Loyalty of Asia

What of our Mohammedan and Indian dependencies? How will the fall of Kut affect them? Are they standing true to us?

Let us face these questions quite frankly. The fall of Kut means undoubtedly a loss of prestige to us throughout the Mohammedan world. But there is a great gulf between some loss, temporary loss, of prestige and loss of all. From the beginning the Germans have worked strenuously and without scruple to raise a Holy War among the Mohammedans and to organise even the meek Bengali against us. How far have they succeeded? Two or three Hindu regiments have been shaken, notably one at Singapore and one at Rangoon. At Singapore there was an outbreak, soon quelled; at Rangoon the unrest was nipped in the bud before it openly revealed itself. In the Punjab there was some trouble in the winter of 1914-15. This trouble had been organised months before the war by a Hindu in California. It was in no sense an outcome of the war. In Calcutta there was trouble, due to the Hindus returned from Canada. In Ceylon there was a religious riot which maladroit handling made to appear against us. It was nothing of the kind. There had been minor fighting on the frontiers from fierce Mohammedan tribes, but the frontier wars are always with us.

When these things are recorded in this way, they sound very serious. But when we compare them with the great mass of loyalty in India, they seem very small. The overwhelming mass of Indian peoples have been true to us. The native States and their rulers have done magnificently. The Mohammedan leader, the Aga Khan, has led Mohammedan loyalty. The Indian regiments, from Ypres to the last skirmish in Egypt, have won great honour. All things considered, the surprising thing has been, not the troubles in India, but the fact that the troubles have been so small. What is true of India is still more true of Egypt.

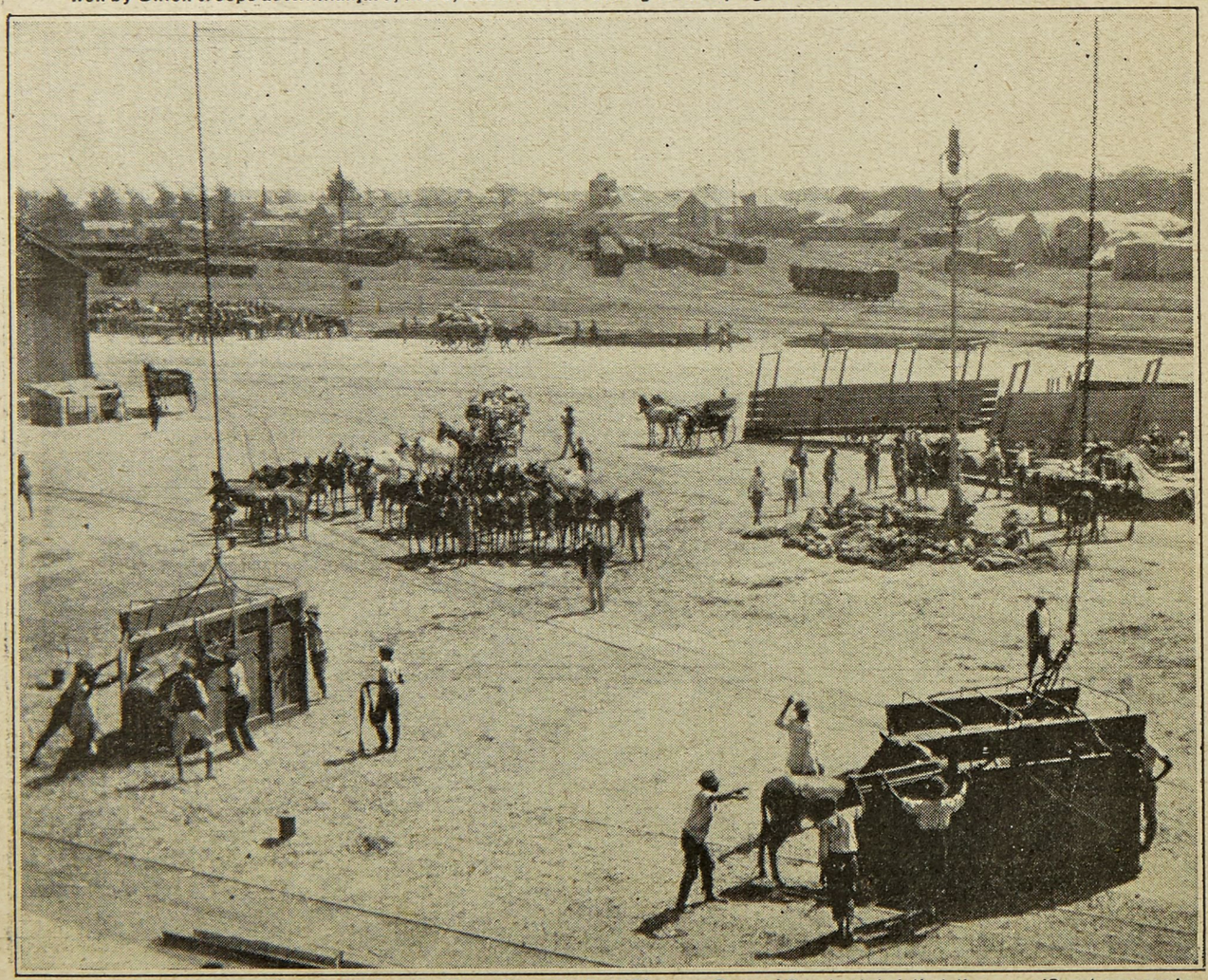
We have reason for courage and hope, but no reason for slackness or half-heartedness. The best we have is going to be asked of us, and nothing but the best and utmost will do. Stand steady!

A Shattered Sanctuary in Meurthe and Moselle

The beautiful church of Magnieres in the Meurthe and Moselle sector on the west front, which to-day stands roofless and in ruins after being desecrated in the course of bombardment. This is one of many sacred edifices in France which have been caught in the maelstrom of war, and whose sculptured masonry has been shattered by high explosives.

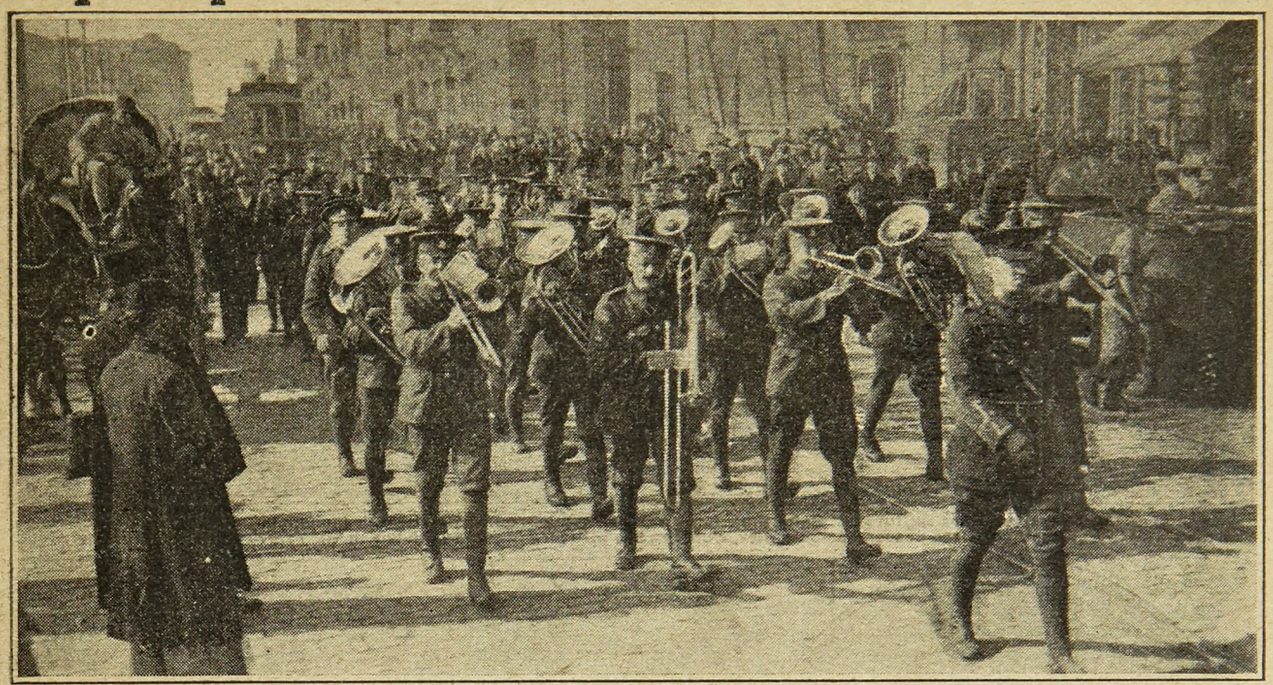
Men and Mules Leave Durban for the Front

Departure from Durban of a contingent on its way to join General Smuts' forces in East Africa, there to add to the laurels already won by Union troops at Kilimanjaro, Meru, and elsewhere during the campaign to wrest from the enemy his last colony.



Loading mules at Durban with supplies for the Union forces in East Africa. General Smuts stated that the magnificent manner in which the 5th and 7th Infantry stormed Reata and Salaita Hill through dense bush, and in face of the most stubborn resistance, on March 11th, was a feat of arms that will ever rank among the memorable achievements of the South Africans.

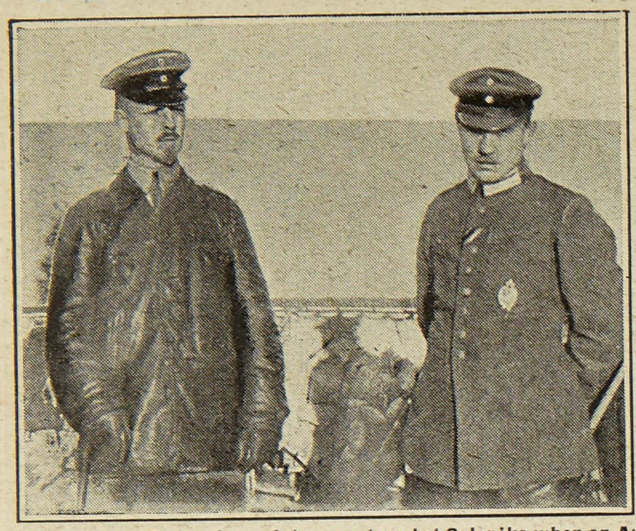
Impromptu Overtures to the Neutral Greeks

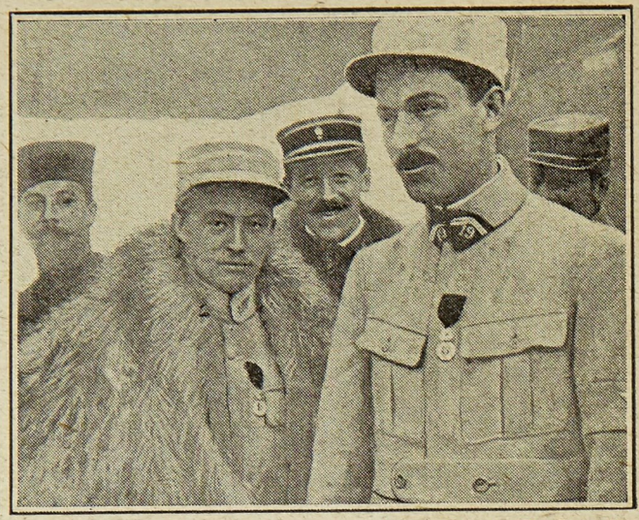


Members of a British military band march along the quay of the allied base in the Balkans, arousing much enthusiasm among the inhabitants of the busy ancient Greek port. It is said that Salonika has never been so well supplied with music as at the present time.

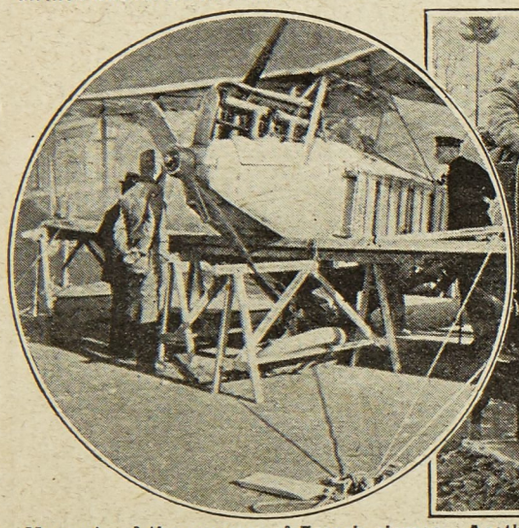
French military band accompanied by trumpeters gives a stirring impromptu performance at Salonika to the delight of a huge crowd of townsmen. It is interesting to note that the performers are wearing the regulation steel casque in view of sterner work in the near future.

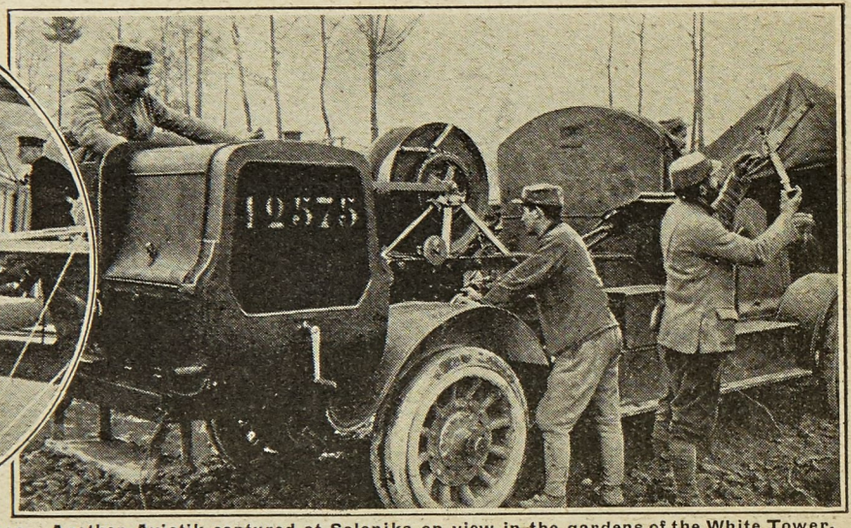
Allied Anti-Aircraft Successes Near Salonika



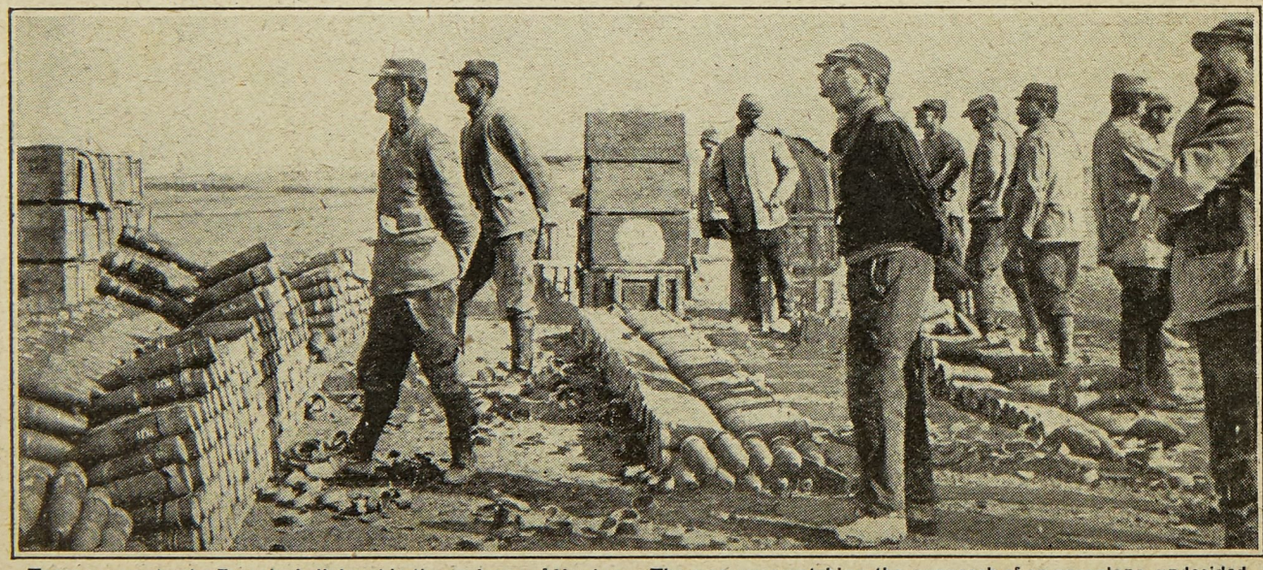


German and Bulgarian aviators captured at Salonika when an Aviatik was brought down by French machines. Right: The French airmen who forced the Aviatik to descend at Salonika, wearing the Military Medals with which they were decorated for their feat.





Memento of the prowess of French airmen. Another Aviatik captured at Salonika on view in the gardens of the White Tower. Right: Motor-waggon to which a French observation balloon is attached and from which it is controlled.



Tense moments at a French shell depot in the environs of Verdun. The men were watching the approach of an aeroplane, undecided as to whether it was friendly or hostile.

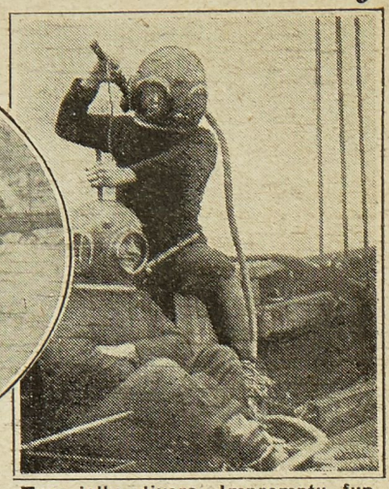
High Sea Sleuths Motoring After U Boats

The greyhounds of the Royal Navy. Some of the fast motor-craft, which guard the coast and hunt enemy ships, cutting through the water while on patrol work. Duty aboard these naval auxiliaries—the Royal Naval Motor-boat Reserve—is rough and trying, but the men who man them are all enthusiastic hunters of submarines and mines. Their one object in life is to keep the seas clear of pirate craft, although it is not easy to detect elusive periscopes from these fast motor-boats.

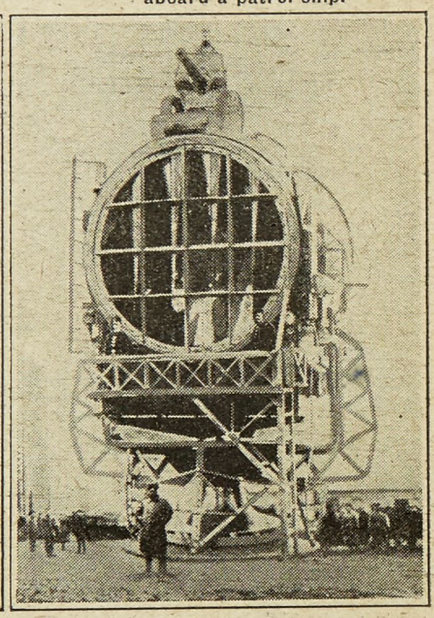
The World-Wide War by Camp, Sea & Waterway

The fat man of Mesopotamia—an item in the lighter side of the campaign.

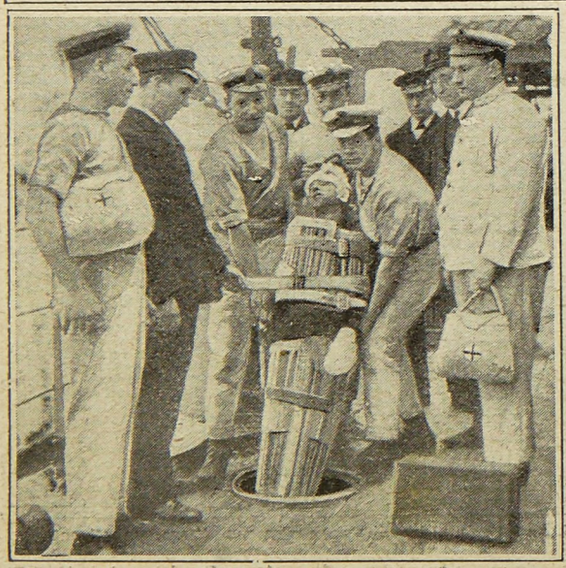
"Who goes there?" British sentry examining the pass of a native at the camp near Cairo.



Two jolly divers, Impromptu fun aboard a patrol ship.

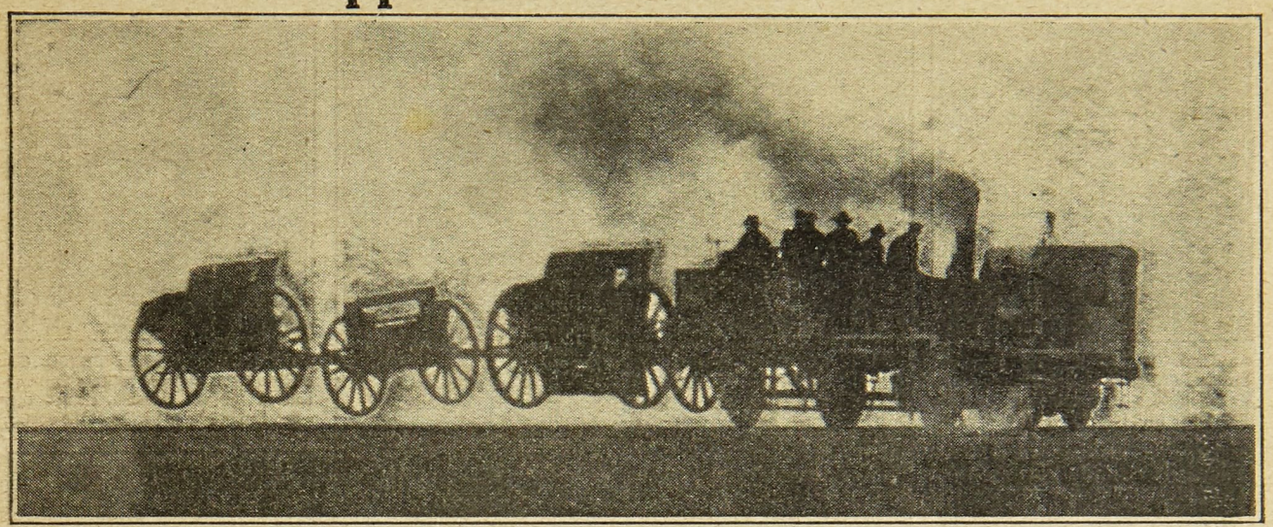


Naval petty-officer enjoying a restful cruise in a native boat on the River Tigris. Right: The latest German war machine. Gigantic search-light, on top of which is a machine-gun.

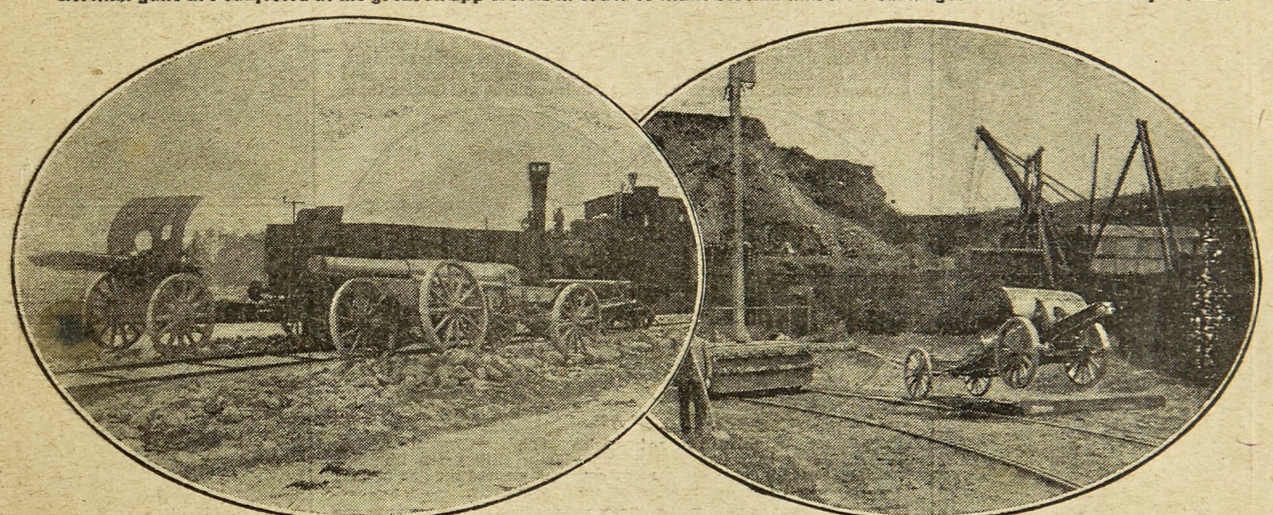


First-aid party aboard a British light cruiser using the "Neil Robertson" stretcher for hoisting an injured man out of a coal-bunker. Right: French sculptor-soldier modelling the bust of a comrade in a French farmyard.

How Krupp Guns Are Tested at Essen



Field-guns leaping over a series of traverse rails, while being towed by a locomotive. This is one of the severe tests to which new German guns are subjected at the great Krupp Works in order to make certain that their carriages can withstand heavy shocks.



New Krupp guns being hauled by a locomotive over big stones beside the track in the ordnance yard at Essen. Right: Field-howitzer bumping over a round beam placed across the rails.

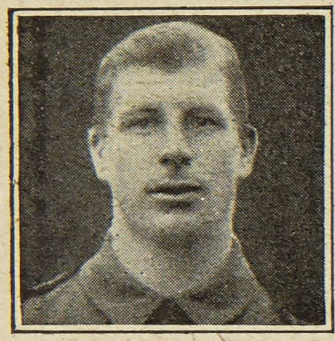
Testing a new field-gun for horse artillery over rough ground near the Krupp Works at Essen. These severe trials are made to test the power of the guns' mechanism to withstand shocks while in motion without becoming deranged.

Decorated for Valour: More of Britain's Brave Sons

Sec.-Lieut. W. A. LYTLE, Sherwood Foresters (T.F.). Awarded Military Cross. He organised a bomb attack, and led his grenadiers with total disregard of danger.

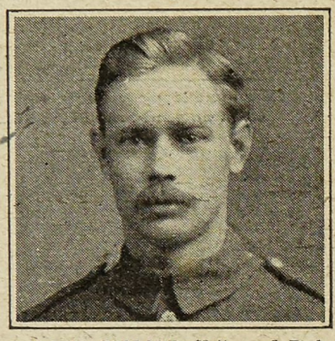
The Rev. E. NOEL MELLISH, V.C. During heavy fighting he repeatedly went backwards and forwards, under continuous shell and machine-gun fire, between our trenches and those captured from the enemy in order to tend and rescue ten wounded men. Three were killed while he was tending them.

Sec.-Lieut. T. TANNATT PRYCE, Gloucesters (T.F.)., awarded Military Cross. He entered German trenches, cleared them, and bombed large parties of the enemy.

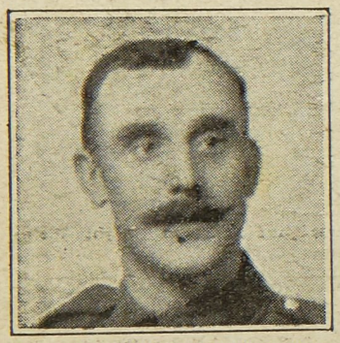


Qrtmstr.-Sergt. H. WRIGHT, Sherwood Foresters, gained D.C.M. and French Medaille Militaire for capturing thirty Germans almost single-handed.

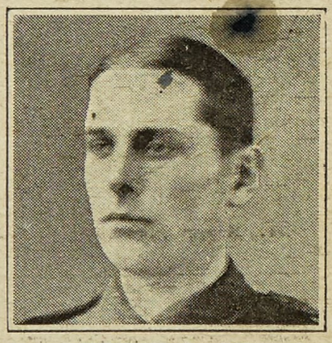
Petty-Officer W. BRIGHT and (right) Ship's Corporal W. C. HATHERLEY, both awarded D.S.M. While visiting the front-line trenches, seeing a gun-team knocked out, they manned the gun at once and kept it in action most successfully.



L.-Cpl. E. COLLARD, Notts. and Derby Regt., awarded D.C.M. for carrying a message to the firing-line, and, though wounded, returning with the reply.



Pte. C. H. TUCKLEY, S. Staffs Regt., awarded D.C.M. He crawled to enemy trenches under heavy fire and obtained a good report.



Sergt. G. MITCHELL, Royal Highlanders, awarded the D.C.M. He drove the enemy back 250 yards with bombs, holding them for three hours.

L.-Corpl. S. NEAL, S. Staffs Regt., awarded D.C.M. He threw bombs during two nights, although wounded, refusing to leave until relieved.

Chaplain Capt. GREENE (centre), New Zealand Exped. Force, awarded Military Cross for services in action. He is an adjutant in the Salvation Army. Right: L.-Corpl. FEAR, awarded D.C.M. for blowing up a Turkish redoubt. Left: Sapper Watson, who also gained D.C.M. in Gallipoli.

Sergt. E. W. LESTER, N. Midland Field Coy., awarded D.C.M. He courageously left the trenches and rescued several wounded men.

Saving a Comrade From the Uhlan's Lance

In spite of the lull on the Balkan front, affairs of outposts, cavalry engagements, etc., are now matters of daily occurrence. A correspondent relates how a party of eight British horsemen came across a troop of Uhlans eighty strong. An engagement against such odds would have proved disastrous, so the British cavalry retired. The last rider's horse, however, came down heavily on the rough ground. Although the Uhlans were only three hundred yards away, one of the troop stopped his horse short and gave a helping hand to his comrade, dragging him up behind him into the saddle.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, April 1st to 30th, 1916

APRIL 1.—Zeppelin raid on North-East Coast, sixteen persons killed and one hundred injured.

Germans gain a footing in the western part of the village of Vaux.

APRIL 2.—Zeppelin raid on North and South-East England and South-East Scotland. In latter country twelve killed, eleven injured.

Germans make violent attacks on the Avocourt Wood Redoubt, but are repulsed. All day struggle at Douaumont-Vaux.

Allied airmen drop eighty-three bombs on enemy cantonments of Keyem, Eessen, Terrest, and Houthulst.

APRIL 3.—**British Crater Success.**—Our troops attack the crater at St. Eloi which had been held by Germans since March 30th, capturing it and establishing our line beyond it. We took eighty-four prisoners.

French reoccupy the western portion of the village of Vaux.

APRIL 4.—Ministry of Munitions reports serious fire broke out in a powder-factory in Kent during the week-end, leading to a series of explosions; 106 men killed, and 66 injured.

War Office announces Zeppelin raid on East Anglian coast; no damage and no casualties.

War Budget introduced in House of Commons.

German retreat in Verdun sector. Germans launch powerful attack south of village of Douaumont. Successive waves of men mown down by French fire, and enemy retreats in disorder towards the Chaffour Wood.

APRIL 5.—A Zeppelin attacking North-East Coast driven off by anti-aircraft fire.

British bombard hostile works near Bois Grenier (south of Armentières) and north of Ypres-St. Julien Road with good effect. About St. Eloi artillery on both sides very active.

General Lake reports from Mesopotamia that Tigris corps attacked and carried the enemy's entrenched position at Umm-el-Hannah (twenty miles north-east of Kut).

APRIL 6.—General Sir John Nixon's despatch on operations in Mesopotamia published.

Further details of Mesopotamia campaign to hand. On the right (south) bank the 3rd Division, under General Keary, on April 5th, captured enemy's trenches opposite the Falahijah position. On the left (north) bank General Gorringe carries the Falahijah positions, fifteen miles north-east of Kut.

Germans attack British at St. Eloi.

French gain near Fort Douaumont.

APRIL 7.—At St. Eloi enemy regain portion of trenches captured by British, March 27th.

APRIL 8.—Further War Office report concerning operations in Mesopotamia issued. During night of April 6th–7th, operations on the north (left) bank of the river confined to close reconnaissance of the Sanna-i-Yat defences.

East African Campaign.—General Smuts reports that on April 3rd troops under General Van de Venter surprised a German force in the Arusha district, surrounded it April 4th, and received its surrender April 6th.

APRIL 9.—**Renewed Verdun Battle.**—German attack on a six-mile front north-west of Verdun everywhere repulsed. French strengthen their position by evacuating Béthincourt.

APRIL 10.—War Office announces no attack on the Sanna-i-Yat position was made on April 6th, as reported by enemy. According to Sir P. Lake, our attack on April 9th failed to get through Turks' lines.

Officially reported British troops capture the mine-crater at St. Eloi remaining in German hands, and by a further attack establish themselves in the enemy's trenches running south-west from the crater.

Germans gain five hundred yards of advanced trenches on Hill 295 (Dead Man Hill).

APRIL 11.—Despatch by General Sir C. C. Monro on the evacuation of Gallipoli published.

Enemy raids British trenches near La Boiselle (north-east of Albert) after heavy bombardment, in which he used "tear" shells, but was driven out.

APRIL 12.—**Allies New Naval Base.**—Reported that Allies land forces in the Greek island of Cephalonia, seventy-five miles south of Corfu.

German Attacks on British.—Enemy makes three successive attacks west of Pilkem–Ypres Road (north of Ypres). The first gains a footing in our trenches, but quickly driven out, others repulsed north-east of Carnoy (north of the Somme).

APRIL 13.—In the Verdun sector bombardment continued against Hill 304 and the Dead Man–Cumières position.

Turks' camp at Jifjaffa (east of Suez Canal) attacked and occupied by Australian troops. The Katia Oasis also occupied.

APRIL 14.—**British Air Raid on Constantinople.**—Three naval aeroplanes drop bombs on the Zoitunlik powder-factory and aeroplane sheds. Another naval aeroplane visits Adrianople and drops bombs on the railway station.

APRIL 15.—Turk division routed by Russian troops in the region of Bitlis.

French battleplane, from a height of three hundred feet, attacks enemy ships in North Sea, firing sixteen shells, most of which hit their mark.

APRIL 16.—**Kut Relief Force.**—General Lake reports gradual, but steady, progress made on the right bank, and the enemy's advanced lines driven in and occupied.

French air squadron of nine machines drops bombs on Conflans railway station, on factories at Rombach, on Arnairlle railway station, and on railway at Pagny.

APRIL 17.—On the right of the Meuse, from the river to Douaumont, the Germans launch an attack by two divisions. The assault, hurled on a front of two and a half miles, is repulsed by French, except at one point, where enemy gets a footing in a little salient south of Chaffour Wood.

APRIL 18.—**Fall of Trebizond** officially reported from Petrograd.

War Office announces a check to the Kut relief army. Turks heavily counter-attacked on the right (south) bank of the Tigris, forcing back our lines.

Mr. W. M. Hughes, the Prime Minister of Australia, receives the Freedom of the City of London.

United States "Ultimatum" to Germany.—President Wilson's Note to Berlin demanding that Germany abandon her piracy or the United States will sever relations with her regarded as practically an ultimatum.

APRIL 19.—Germans' three successive attacks on French positions at Les Eparges (thirteen miles south-east of Verdun) repulsed. French troops deliver strong attack against the German positions north-west of Vaux Pond, occupy some trench sections, and carry a redoubt.

German Attack at Ypres.—Enemy attack our line round Ypres, entering trenches from which they are driven out everywhere except at St. Eloi, and on the Ypres–Langemarck Road, where they hold one trench.

Reported death of Field-Marshal von der Goltz at Turkish headquarters.

APRIL 20.—**Russian Force in France.**—Announced that a detachment of Russian troops has arrived at Marseilles.

APRIL 21.—French gains in the region of Dead Man Hill, and on the northern outskirts of the Caurettes Wood.

King's Shropshire Light Infantry recapture the trench about the Ypres-Langemarck Road which was lost on April 19th.

APRIL 22.—Battle for Dead Man Hill. After violent artillery preparation Germans attack French positions on the northern slopes of the hill. Gaining a footing in the first line, they are driven out by a counter-attack.

War Office announces advance in German East Africa, our troops occupying Umbugwe and Salanga.

APRIL 23.—General Lake telegraphs that our attack on the Sanna-i-Yat position on the left (north) bank of the Tigris fails owing to the floods.

APRIL 24.—**Zeppelin raid over Norfolk and Suffolk coast;** one man injured.

Hostile aeroplane flies over Dover, but is driven off.

French air squadrons during the night bomb stations of Longuyon and Stenay, also bivouacs east of Dun, and in the Montfaucon region, and the station of Nautillois.

APRIL 25.—**Fighting near Suez.**—Announced that on April 23rd Turks attacked our post at Duweidar, but beaten off. On same day enemy attacked Katia, held by small force of Yeomanry. After severe engagement our troops withdrew.

Announced that General Van de Venter has occupied Kondona Irangi, in German East Africa.

German Attempt to Land Arms in Ireland.—Admiralty announces that on night of April 20th–21st an attempt to land arms and ammunition in Ireland was made by a vessel under the guise of a neutral merchant ship, but in reality a German auxiliary, in conjunction with a German submarine. The auxiliary sank, and Sir Roger Casement was made a prisoner.

Chief Secretary for Ireland announces that at noon on April 24th grave disturbances broke out in Dublin. Rebels seized Post Office and parts of city.

Bombardment of Lowestoft and Yarmouth.—At 4.30 a.m. enemy battle-cruisers appear off Lowestoft and shell the town. Forty houses destroyed and two hundred slightly damaged; two men, one woman, and a child killed. At same time shells fired at Yarmouth. Our local naval forces engage the enemy, and he returns to Germany, chased by our light cruisers and destroyers.

Secret Session of Parliament.

APRIL 26—Zeppelin raid over the east coast of Kent.

Dublin rebellion. Liberty Hall, the rebel base, destroyed and occupied. To date, fifteen killed and twenty-one wounded among troops. In recapture of St. Stephen's Green eleven insurgents killed.

APRIL 27.—Germans gain a footing in our front and support lines east-north-east of Loos, but counter-attack by Irish drives them out.

German wireless reports H.M. submarine E22 sunk in North Sea.

Whole of Ireland under martial law. General Sir John Maxwell sent, with plenary powers over the whole country.

H.M.S. Russell strikes a mine in the Mediterranean and sinks. Rear-Admiral Fremantle, 24 officers, and 676 men saved; 124 officers and men missing.

APRIL 28.—German submarine sunk off East Coast. One officer and 17 men of the crew captured.

APRIL 29.—**Fall of Kut.**—General Townshend surrenders with 2,970 British troops and 6,000 Indian troops.

Russian reverse. Germans retake captured trenches between Lakes Narotch and Svir, to the east of Vilna. Enemy claims to have captured 5,600 men.

APRIL 30.—Lord French reports that the back of the Irish rebellion has been broken.

[Photo by Bassano.

SOME OFFICERS OF THE ARMY ORDNANCE CORPS

Back row (left to right): Lieut. F. E. Janson, Lieut. D. J. Hewett, Lieut. H. Griffiths, Lieut. F. Johns, Lieut. F. Chirgwin. Middle row: Lieut. T. T. Pickup, Lieut. J. B. Clarke, Lieut. E. H. Brown, Lieut. N. Hobart, Lieut. H. K. Benn, Lieut. L. F. McLeod, Lieut. L. Dodson, Lieut. E. G. D. Fawcett. Front row: Lieut. G. Payne, Capt. J. A. Chamberlain, Major R. E. Platt, Col. C. Purchas, Major J. N. Blood, V.D., Capt. A. G. Stanbrough, Lieut. V. R. Polley.

French Marshals and Some Others

Notes on War News

Marshal Joffre?

IN most modern armies the highest rank to which a soldier can attain is that of a Marshal. So it was, in Napoleon's time, to quote his famous phrase, every private carried a Marshal's baton in his knapsack. The word comes from the Franks, among whom it meant something like "Master of the Horse." Then it became a military term, and in a little while the Marshal took the place of the Constable as Commander-in-Chief. In the sixteenth century there were four Marshals in France, and Louis XIV., "le grand monarque," had twenty, one of these being the humpbacked dwarf, Marshal Luxembourg, the opponent of William of Orange. When the French Revolution abolished monarchy and nearly everything else, it swept away the Marshals too, but Napoleon revived the title, and his Marshals—Ney, Soult, Launes, and the rest—are the most celebrated group in the history of war. The French Army kept its Marshals after Napoleon's fall, but MacMahon, Bazaine, and their colleagues failed to save France in 1870, and when Napoleon III. went into exile the rank was again abolished. It has not yet been revived, although the French Government recently declared its intention of doing so. When, therefore, the end of the war comes it may be that Marshal Joffre will be the latest, and certainly not the least worthy of the Marshals of France.

British Field-Marshals

IN the British Army the highest rank is that of Field-Marshal. The title was first used in 1736, in the time of George II., and the number of soldiers bearing it has been very few indeed. At the present time there are only seven, the Duke of Connaught being the senior, and Viscount French the junior of them; Earl Kitchener is the fourth on the list. In the German Army the title of Marshal is given to soldiers of the highest rank, and then also it is granted very sparingly. Before the war the only German Marshals, except Royalties, were the late Von der Goltz, Von Haeseler, and one or two others, and during the war it has been bestowed on Hindenburg and Mackensen. It is noteworthy that the Kaiser has not considered any of his generals in the west worthy of this honour. Perhaps he is right.

When Kaiser Wilhelm was a Boy

IN his "Prussian Memories" Mr. Poultney Bigelow tells of the games at which he and the Kaiser, then Prince William, played when they were boys together in Berlin, and the father of Mr. Bigelow was United States Minister to France, with influential friends in the German capital. The two boys talked of Fenimore Cooper and the Red Indians, and the Prince, having been presented with an Indian bow and some arrows, suggested that they should play at being Indians. The two formed themselves into the Ancient and Honourable Order of Red Men, and some young Prussian aristocrats having been invited or commanded to the palace, the fun began. The visitors were chased through the park by the Indian braves, were caught and tied to trees, and then made targets for the arrows, which, fortunately, were blunt ones. All the time the young prince yelled and danced with delight at the sad plight of his victims. Verily, even in Imperial circles, the child is father to the man!

"Fidelle comme un Ecossais"

A RECENT mention of a Russian commander of Scottish descent, General Ewart, reminds one that scarcely an army in Europe is without fighting descendants of Scotland's soldiers of fortune, which again recalls the classic French quotation "Fidelle comme un Ecossais" (Faithful as a Scot). The Bruces, Gordons, and Douglases have won fame in Muscovy. Gustavus Adolphus admitted that it was to the Scottish leaders in the army of Sweden—four generals, twenty-two colonels, and officers of other ranks—that he owed his victories in Germany. In France the northern fighting men were accorded high honours; Louis had a bodyguard of twenty-four Scotsmen, and this band continued in existence as a Royal guard to nine monarchs for one hundred and fifty years. Another Scottish company, "Gens d'Armes d'Ecosse," was raised by Charles VII., who gave them the first place among the soldiers of France.

May Days in Paris

PERHAPS the most reassuring proof of the confidence of our French friends in final victory is the fact that Paris is herself again. The theatres, cafés, and cinemas are in full swing, and there is little or no Zeppelin gloom. Trade is by no means a dead letter, for one hears on good authority that the profits of large and well-known emporiums are greater this year than for many past seasons. The Gare de L'Est is the Victoria of Paris, otherwise the junction for "Trench Town," and here the Permissionaire, or Poilu on leave from the front, is seen in hundreds. Daily, little family groups forgather to await the arrival of the steel-helmeted warrior, and with a complete absence of shyness, which is perhaps the chief charm of our French friends, he is warmly embraced by each and every proud relative, and not infrequently by his sweetheart, looking as radiant as only a Parisienne can under such conditions and in such delightful spring weather.

A Story from the Front

OUR praise of the French "75's" and the men who work them is so insistent that it seems to surprise the modest gunners themselves, though they are none the less pleased by its sincerity. But they are rather puzzled by our silence about our own "18's" and our own gunners. Many French officers say that both are better than their own beloved artillery. One man in the R.F.A got his battery the other day and was sent with it very far to the front. He was annoyed by a couple of big German guns which were out of his own range, and he telephoned to a battery in his rear asking for a little practical assistance. Next morning a young officer came to him, wearing a single eyeglass and a very bored expression, and asked him what he was peevish about. The R.F.A. man cast a rather contemptuous gaze over the "Weary Willy" and told him. "Where are they?" the tired gunner asked, and was handed a pair of field-glasses and shown a farmhouse behind which the trouble had been located. The officer looked at the spot for a moment in silence, and then telephoned back to his guns. Two rounds were fired, and farmhouse and both German guns were blown to bits.

The Vanished Farmhouse

THAT weary-looking officer is said to be the finest gunner in the British Army. He has marked out the country to the last inch, and is reputed to be able to hit anything within range of his "18's." "Abso-bally-lutely the limit," his men say. A rather funny part of the story is that next day an angry colonel of infantry came along. "What the deuce have you done with my farmhouse?" he demanded. "Well, it's a beastly nuisance," was all the colonel said on receiving the explanation. "I want that farmhouse. All my men sight by it, and now that blighter has knocked it down. It's rotten." Probably the Germans thought so, too; but it's hopeless to try to please everybody.

Don't "Wait and See"

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Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

The War Illustrated, May 20th, 1916. *Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

If I were a German Spy, by John Foster Fraser

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly

Vol. 4 "Now We Can Get On With It!" New Service Men Line Up for Uniforms and Shillings **No. 92**

Of Triumphs: Roman, German and British

IN ancient Rome, the authorities tell us, a "Triumph" was the highest honour bestowed upon a victorious general. Only those who had held the office of dictator, consul, or prætor were entitled to the distinction; the war must have been brought to a definite conclusion resulting in an extension of the boundaries of the State; at least five thousand of the enemy must have been slain; and the claim to the honour was put forward by the general himself, and only granted by the Senate after careful examination, and then only by special legislation.

WE know what the procession was like. In front came the Senate, followed by the trumpeters and the spoils. Then came the victims for the sacrifice—white oxen with gilded horns—followed by the prisoners who had been kept to grace the triumph instead of being sold into slavery. When the procession reached the Capitol these were taken off to prison and put to death. Behind the victims came the triumphant general, robed in purple and gold, a laurel branch in his right hand, an ivory sceptre in his left. His chariot was wreathed in laurel, and above his head the golden crown of Jupiter was held by a slave, who reminded him, in the midst of his glory, that he was a mortal man. Last of all came his soldiers shouting the "Io Triumphe," and following the victor to the Capitol, where the laurel branch and the thank-offerings were laid on the lap of the idol. A feast for the magistrates and Senate, and, sometimes, for the soldiers who had earned it and for the people, concluded the great ceremony.

THAT was the ancient Roman way. The modern German way would be little different. Indiscreet journalists have told us how on more than one occasion during the present war the Kaiser desired to celebrate a triumph for victory won. He fastened, naturally, upon the precedent furnished by the earlier Empire, when only the Emperors celebrated a triumph; the generals had merely acted as the Emperor's lieutenants, commanding under his auspices, not their own, and the triumph therefore belonged to the Emperor. On that analogy the Kaiser claimed the front place of the splendid spectacle, and we have had authentic pen-pictures of his Imperial Majesty arrayed in all the glittering panoply of the War Lord, with his imposing guard of Germany's finest troops clad in gorgeous parade uniforms drawn up waiting for the victory to be completed within the next few minutes, ready then to march in state through the streets of the conquered city. The cinematograph men were there, we are told, equipped and prepared to record the moving pageant, and we can imagine the sedulous care with which the unnecessary reins were attached to the withered arm, the sceptre or baton set in the right or mailed fist, the gummed moustache twisted with a last touch of fierceness up towards high heaven, and the cruel blue eyes of the megalomaniac fixed in a permanent cold stare.

ON each occasion, so far, something has occurred to prevent the conduct of the ceremony. Some "contemptible little army" refused to be beaten, or something else occurred that those cruel eyes had not foreseen. But meantime a triumph has been witnessed in London, and the British way was different from that of ancient Rome or modern Germany—different in conduct and different in idea. It was the celebration of a sacrifice, not of a victory; a thanksgiving not for territory gained, but for strength and glory added to the Empire by the closer knitting of the peoples; an expression of gratitude to dead soldiers, not of laud and honour to a living general. We think we know which festival would be more pleasing to the God of Battles.

THE Kaiser would have been the centre figure of a German military triumph, claiming, and taking, the tribute to himself. Not so the King of Great Britain and Ireland and of Greater Britain beyond the seas. His proclamation was of another kind. "Tell my people of Australia and New Zealand that to-day I am joining with them in their solemn tribute to the memory of their heroes who died in Gallipoli. They gave their lives for a supreme cause in gallant comradeship with the rest of my sailors and soldiers who fought and died with them. Their valour and fortitude have shed fresh lustre on the British arms. May those who mourn their loss find comfort in the conviction that they did not die in vain, but that their sacrifice has drawn our peoples more closely together and added strength and glory to the Empire." And he joined with them as one of his people, with his wife by his side. It was in the Abbey where he and his Queen had been crowned. But on this occasion it was not the Royal group that focused the eyes of the great congregation; what did that was the wounded soldiers on the right hand and on the left of the King.

IN those old days the people acclaimed the proud general by name, and it was to the accompaniment of their shouts, "Io Triumphe," that the slave stood behind him whispering that despite all this he was but mortal. In this triumph of the other day the priest proclaimed the names of the heroes, and the proclamation was a reminder to all who heard that those men are immortal. The words will ring down the ages:

"Let us now unite in praise and thanksgiving for these our brothers who died in Gallipoli for their King and Empire, in the high cause of freedom and honour. More especially do we commemorate the names of the following troops who took part in the landing:

"AUSTRALIANS.—1st-8th Brigades of Infantry. 1st-6th Regiments of Light Horse. 1st-3rd Brigades of Artillery. With Engineers, Air Service, Medical, Veterinary, Ordnance, and Naval Bridging Corps.

"NEW ZEALANDERS.—Divisional and Infantry Brigade Headquarters. Auckland, Wellington, Canterbury, and Otago Battalions. With Field Artillery, Engineers, Medical and Army Service Corps.

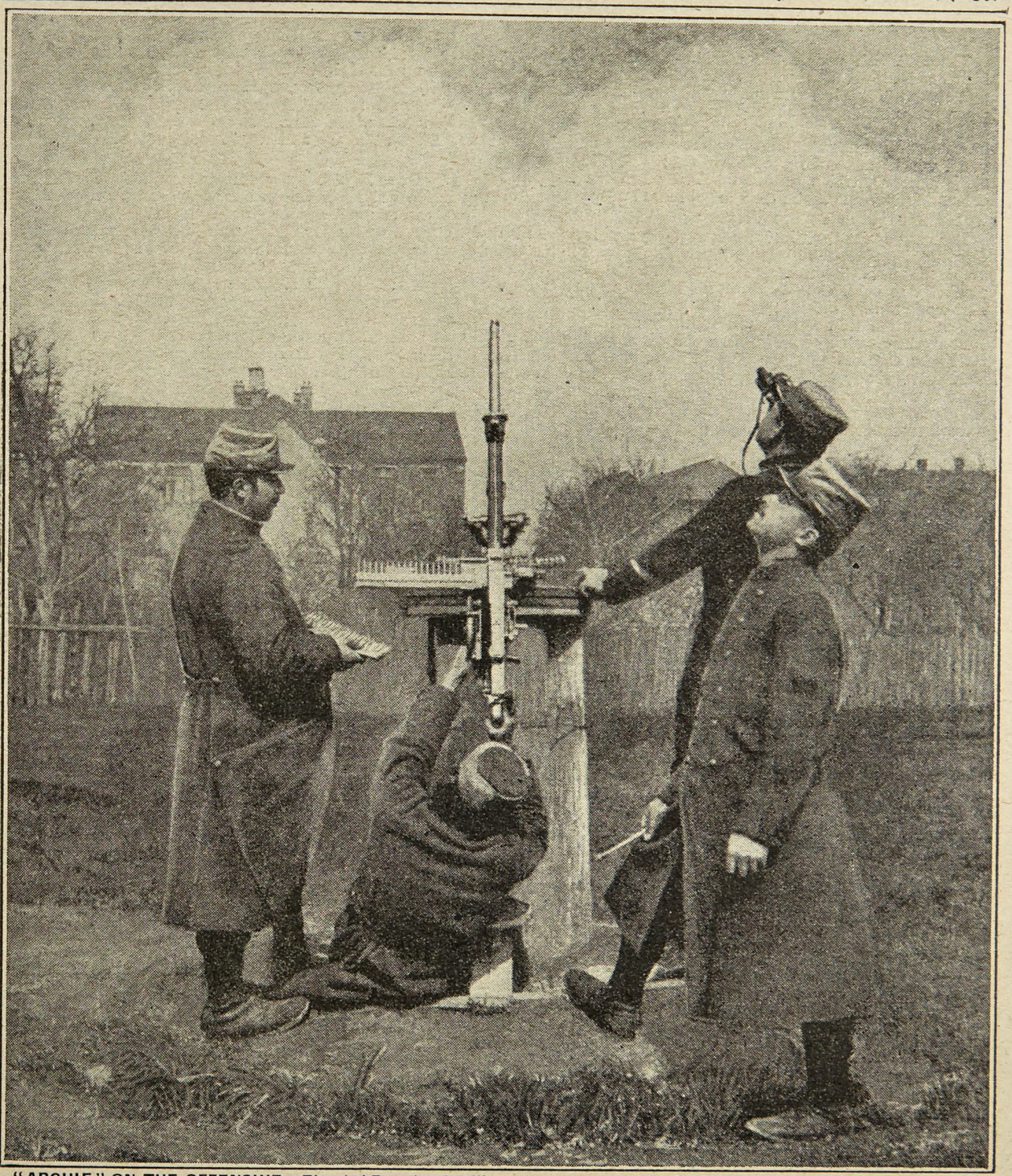
"All these fought most valiantly. Their deeds will be remembered evermore. Their memorial is already inscribed in most hearts. In future ages the sons of the Empire will seek to emulate the imperishable renown of their daring and bravery."

IN the conception of this most moving ceremony, in the whole conduct of it, too, with the effacement of titular heads and the public presentation of the real men who did such incredible feats of daring and endurance, free play was given to characteristics peculiarly British. We should not be surprised to hear that Germans, and particularly the German Emperor, were once more amused by the—to them—unintelligible seriousness with which we did honour to dead men, and conducted a triumph to celebrate a military event that was not a military and material success. Their careful attention may be drawn to the concluding words of the prayer. They, too, are peculiarly British in conception and in form; charged with intense purposefulness, and the more impressive because of their restraint: "We are resolved that by God's gracious favour our brothers shall not have laid down their lives in vain." In that resolution—announced before the altar in the Abbey and assented to by every man, woman, and child in the British Empire—is the reminder to the German Emperor that he is mortal, and the sure promise to his Empire of its doom.

20th May, 1916. No. 92. Vol. 4.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON



"ARCHIE" ON THE OFFENSIVE.—Elevated French mitrailleuse in action against a Fokker on reconnaissance over our ally's lines. To bring down marauding aircraft is one of the most gratifying successes in war, especially if it happens to be a Zeppelin.

If I Were a German Spy!

An Open Letter to the Fatherland by JOHN FOSTER FRASER

YES; if I were a German spy I would not run the risk of being shot some damp morning before breakfast in the Tower of London for nosing round public-houses near naval dockyards. I'd just talk to men in railway carriages, read the newspapers, and get some Socialist M.P. to pass me into the gallery of the House of Commons, so I might hear members tell Ministers what a mess they are making of the war. Then I would be able to send some truthful reports to Berlin somewhat in this style:

* * *

These British people are afraid. See how they have blackened all their towns so that the Zeppelins cannot find them. They have no guns which can hit the Zeppelins when they make a tour of England. The mob gets nervous, and to calm the populace, who want somebody to be hanged for negligence, the War Office sends out dummy guns, which make the people quieter; but they are just stage artillery, which cannot be fired when the Zeppelins come. Which causes the mob to get more angry.

Table Pleasures Before Victory

It must be true that the British working man is a drunken creature, because there was so much drinking in industrial areas that the Government had to close all places where alcohol was sold, except for an odd hour or two a day. The workers buy whisky in bottles now instead.

The British talk a lot about making sacrifices for the Empire, but every one who has the chance is getting as fat as he can out of the profits in making things for the war. Everybody is forcing up prices and lecturing everybody else on the need to save money. The working people never made so much money in their lives; their earnings have increased enormously; and many will be sorry when the war is over. The big London restaurants are crowded, and bands play, and people won't read about men being killed because it interferes with their digestion. Theatres and cinema shows were never so packed.

The Government is very much staggered, and keeps issuing bills telling the English not to spend so much on their stomachs. All these English say "Quite right!" and now spend more money on their stomachs than ever they did in peace times. They have not the valour of the Germans, who eat potato-bread to show their love for the Kaiser. The British Government always wants money. It told the British artisan that if he lent the Government 15s. 6d. he would be given back 20s. in five years' time.

Shirkers and Conscientious Objectors

These British pretend to be grandly patriotic. They call themselves "boys of the bulldog breed." At cinema shows, where there are pictures of British soldiers marching, they cheer. But lots of the young men won't fight. They hide in factories doing work which they hope will exempt them. They do not mind the married men going, leaving their wives and children in poverty; but *they* won't go. And the married men say they are willing to go, but they want the unmarried men to go first. The Government has had to take action to compel the cowardly English to fight. Some men commit suicide rather than die for their country on the battlefield. There are many others who weep, and say they do not like to kill people, not even Germans—which is good. The British are not putting what they call their "backbone" into the fight.

The newspapers keep fighting each other, just as they did over politics. But they dispute about the war now. There are constant appeals made that the young men should fight, and that older people and women should make munitions. But they are not successful. Englishmen will work for England only if they get more than double the pay they got when there was no war. A strange, callous people these English!

At the beginning of the war the English were enthusiastic; they paraded their main streets and waved flags. They do not do that now. Things did not go so well as they in their conceit imagined, and now they are finding out the truth and are very angry. They say disgusting things about the noble Germans, and seem to think it is a mean, unfair trick that the Germans should have big guns and aeroplanes which are better than those in the possession of the British. That makes them very mad.

The spirit of the hated English is shown in the way they are all busy criticising one another. Even message-boys laugh at the War Office—which would not be permitted in the Fatherland. A lot of re-employed retired generals, whom the English call "dug-outs," are managing the war, and the English begin to think the war will never end until those dug-outs are dug-in again. Big Ministers and State officials quarrel in public. Politicians who swore they would never say another word against each other, and keep all their wrath for the Germans, have forgotten to "strafe" Germany, and are now, in different groups and on different issues, fighting one another like rival Red Indian tribes. If they had their way, they would break the British Empire and forget all about Germany.

Good Friends of Germany

Oh, these British are very much afraid! Their Government do not allow things about the war to appear in the newspapers until all the world and half England knows. But that which half England knows is usually wrong, because the Government will not let out the truth. And then if anybody is caught telling the wrong story he is fined. If he tells the right story he is put in prison for helping Germany. Nearly everybody knows where the headquarters of the British Grand Fleet is, where there are great assemblies of troops, towns devoted to the making of munitions. Yet there must be no publicity, for people would be told what they already know.

There is a number of Englishmen who have never done a stroke or said a word for their country since the war began; they can be counted as good friends of Germany. Others get into a frenzy because they are not so clever commercially as the Germans, and instead of making progress with the war they spend most of their time in telling each other how they are going to prevent Germany ever having any more commerce—for these British have a blind faith they are sure to be victorious. Men in their Parliament, and everybody one meets anywhere, use very bad language about how wrong things are going; but nothing ever clouds their faith they are certain to win. It is shocking the things that are said in clubs and in railway carriages, even amongst strangers, about the way England is not getting on with the war. Even the Prime Minister is criticised. They keep on saying that Germany has not the money to continue the war much longer, and then they pull long faces about how much the war is costing England, and wonder how long they will be able to stand the strain.

Longing for Peace Again

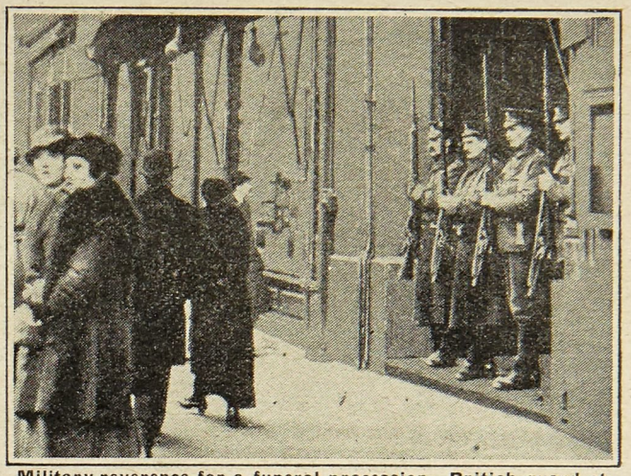
Berlin should understand that the British are a very stupid people. They all want the war to be over—the church bells would ring if there could be peace. But they cannot understand anybody can win except themselves. Their young women are wondering what they are going to do for husbands, for the Germans are preventing a lot of the English soldiers returning. Their authorities do not know which way to turn to raise money. Petrol is running short, and the use of motor-cars for pleasure purposes is about to be stopped. Civilians are told to wear their old clothes and give their savings to the Government. The Government, however, cannot break its old habit of extravagance. Trains travel in semi-darkness. People are not allowed to turn on the light in the bath-room unless the window is shaded—lest the Zeppelins drop bombs on the bath-room. Folk are afraid to go out at night.

* * *

Yes, if I were a German spy in England I would give all such particulars to bolster up my belief that Germany will win. But as I am a Briton, who keeps his eyes open to study how things go, I sometimes marvel at what neutral countries, for instance, can be thinking of Britain, which seems to do many things, but in a crude though honest muddling-through way. Uneasiness runs right through the body politic; but that, with all the confusions and blunders, does not switch the British from the stolid, concrete belief that Germany will be humbled. It is interesting to think how England must look to a German spy.

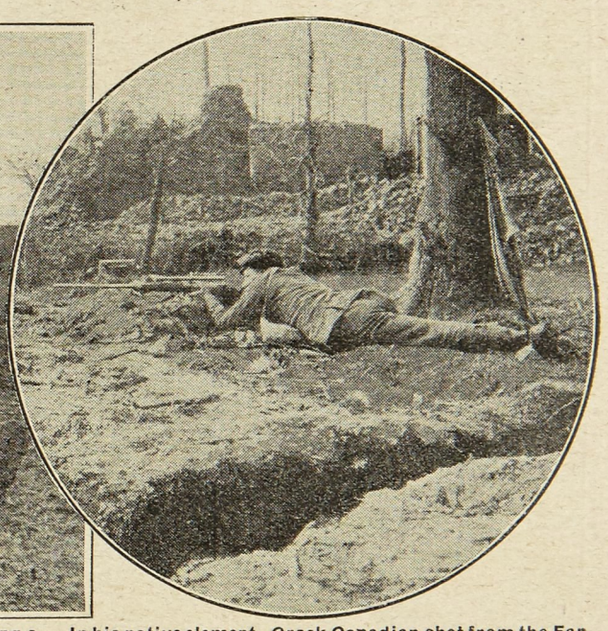
Cheery Britons from First Line to the Base

Looking pleasant for the ubiquitous camera man. Stalwart "Kilties" enjoying a well-earned rest behind the British lines in France when "there is nothing more or less to report."



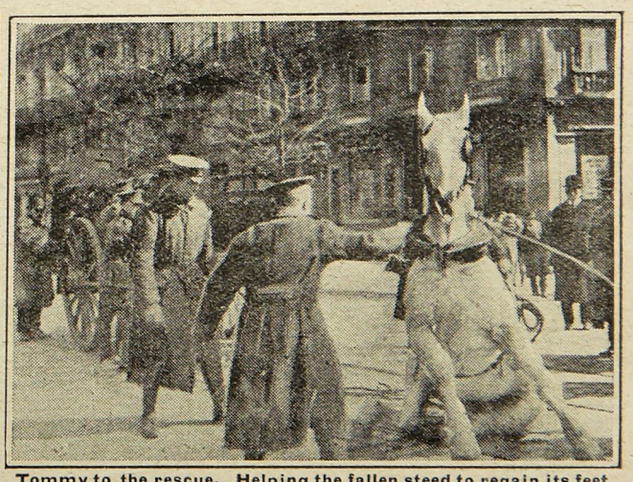
Military reverence for a funeral procession. British guard at Staff Headquarters in a French coast town present arms as the cortege passes along the street.

British officer congratulating the captain of a French team on winning a hard-contested football match against British cavalrymen.

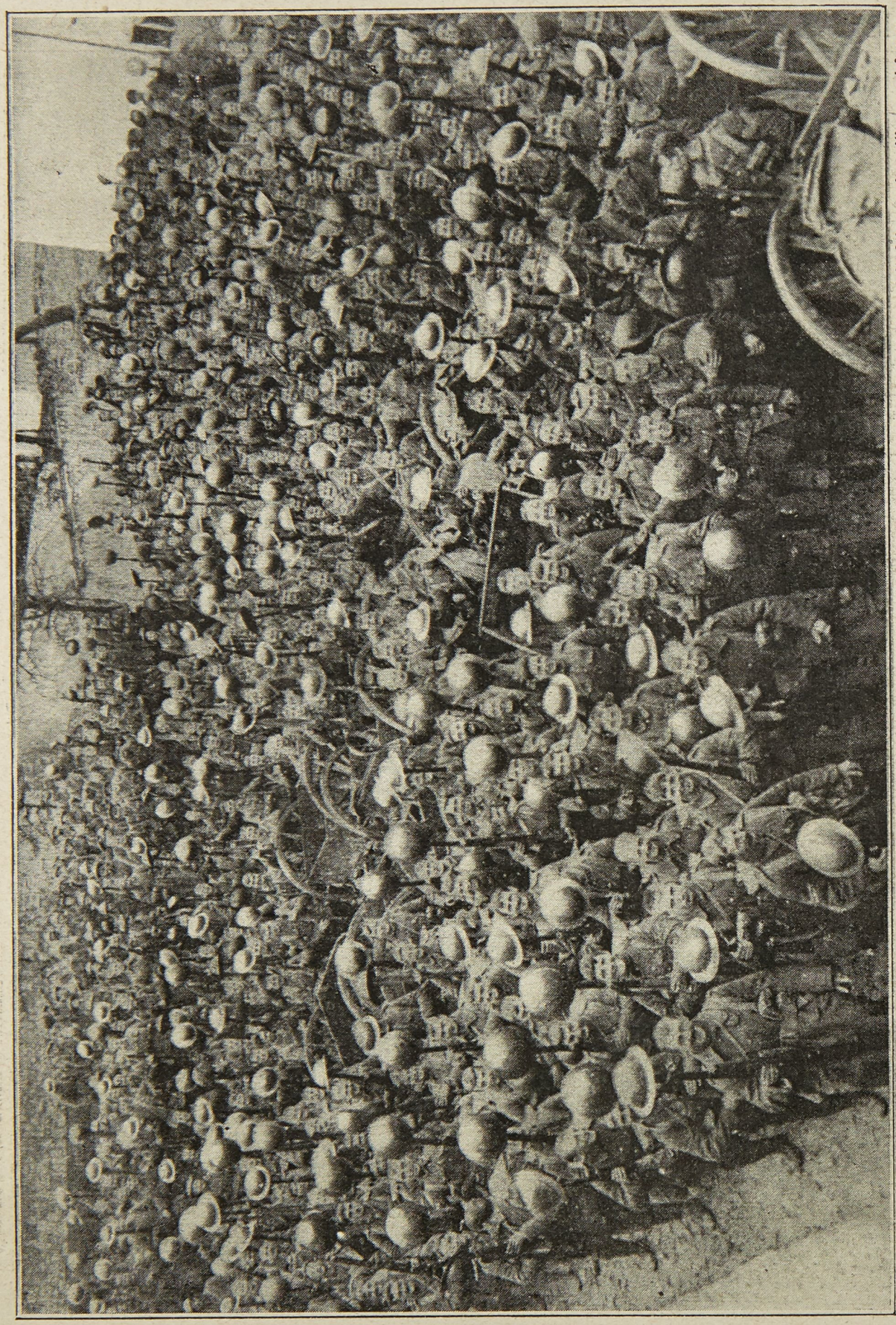


In his native element. Crack Canadian shot from the Far West busy sniping on the scarred battlefield of France.

More happy Scots off duty when calm reigned in the immediate vicinity of their trench.

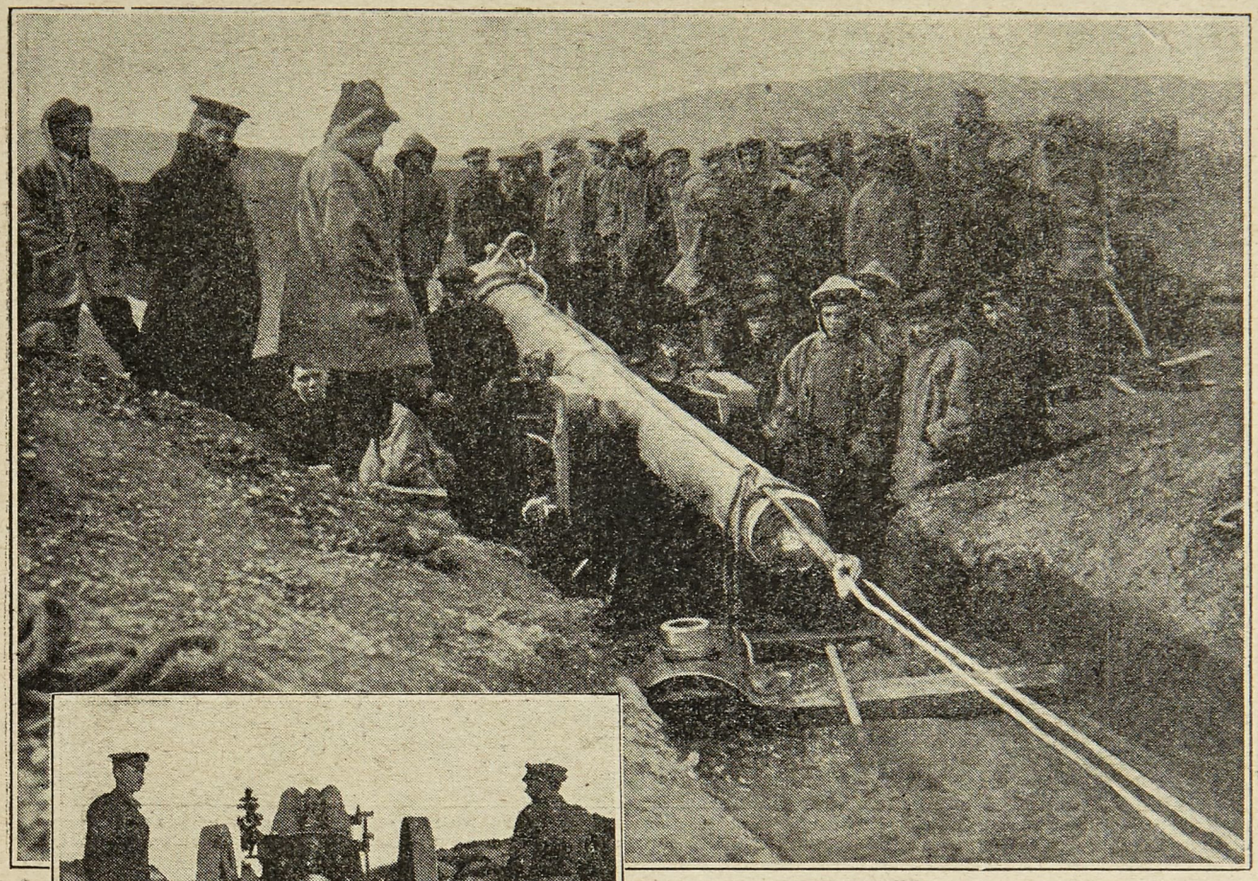


Tommy to the rescue. Helping the fallen steed to regain its feet in the slippery paved street of a French town.

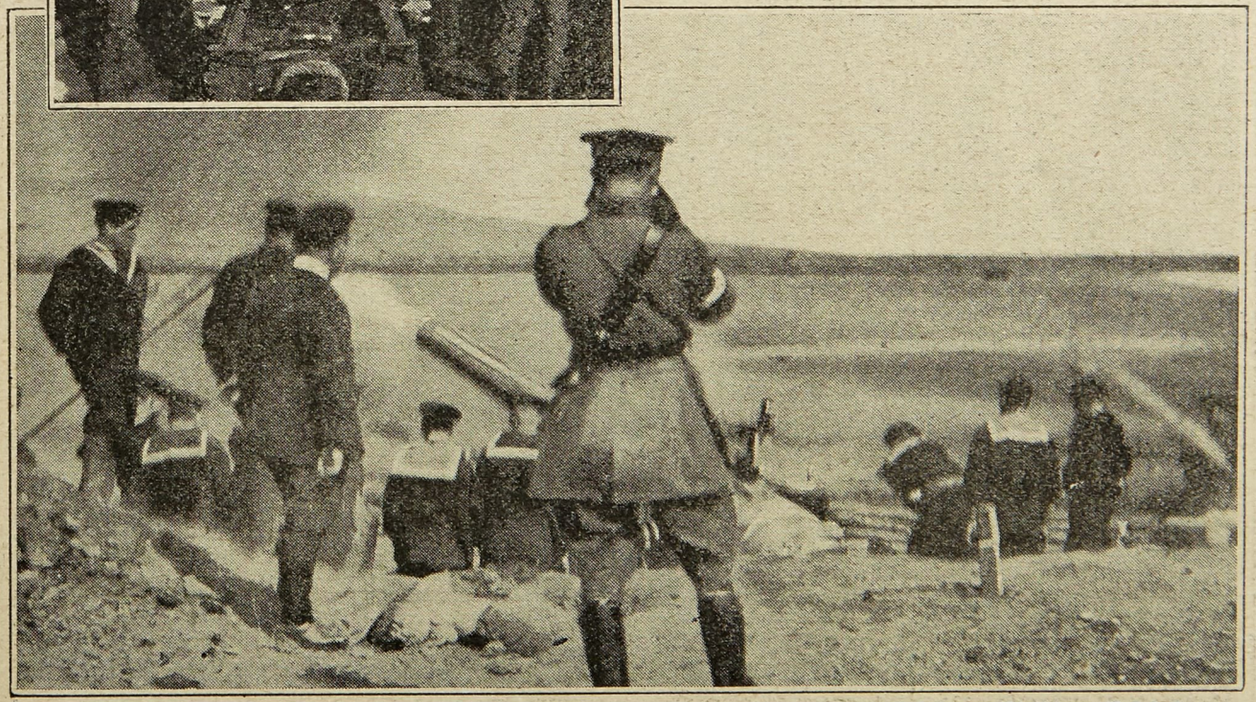


THE SPIRIT THAT MAKES FOR VICTORY.—Striking impression of the Loyal North Lancashires in a merry mood. They are on parade for the trenches and are just about to don the steel helmet which is now being supplied to all units of the army. In the centre of the crowd a group of officers are entering into the spirit of the occasion with as much fun as the Tommies themselves, supporting their helmets on canes and revolvers. (This official photograph was taken by permission of the Commander-in-Chief and is Crown copyright.)

Great Naval Guns Speak in the Balkans



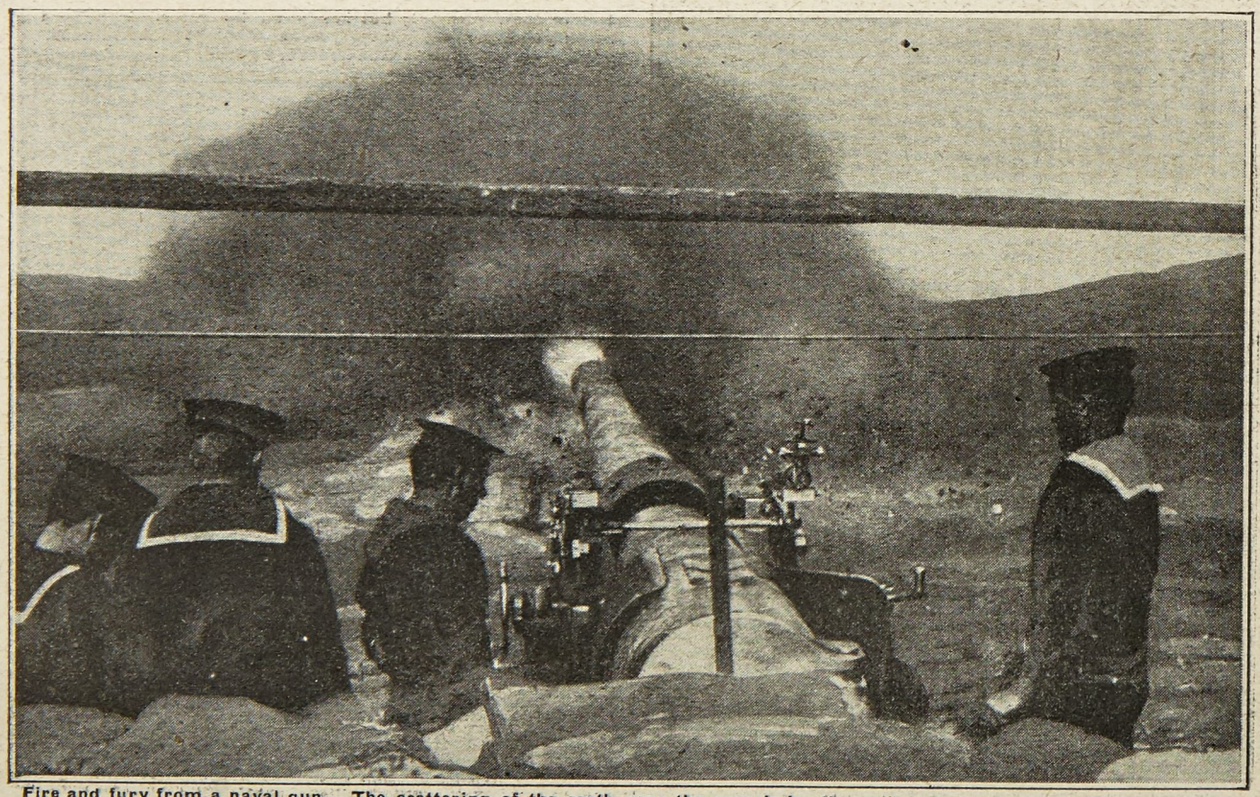
Not in their element, but handy all the same. Jack Tars hauling a large naval gun into place somewhere in the Balkans. Inset: Gun about to be fired.



Heavy artillery comes into action somewhere in the Balkans. A big gun at the moment of firing. (Striking official Crown copyright photographs.)

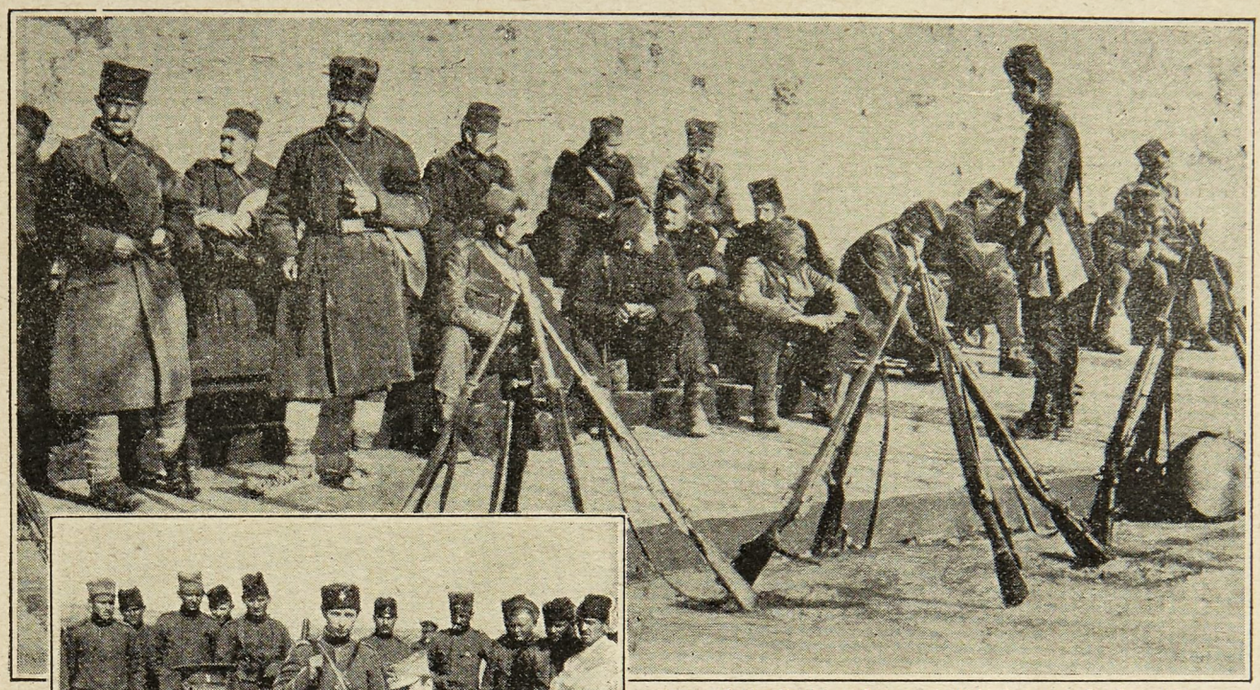
Lord French's Sister Decorated at Salonika

Mrs. Harley, sister of Viscount French of Ypres, after she had been decorated at Salonika by General Sarrail—who is standing on her left—with the French Military Cross for her devotion to duty in Red Cross work in France, Serbia and Macedonia. Next to General Sarrail is General Meschopoulos, the Greek commander at Salonika.

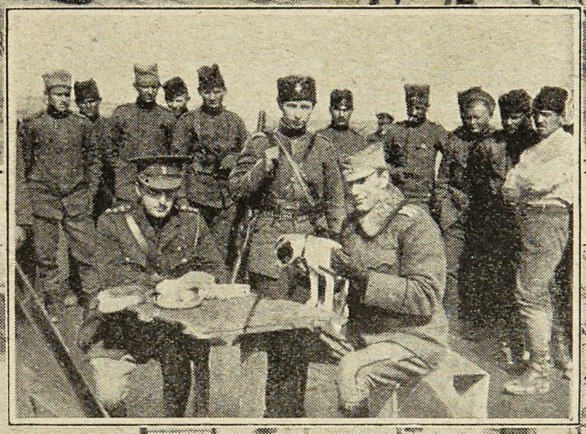


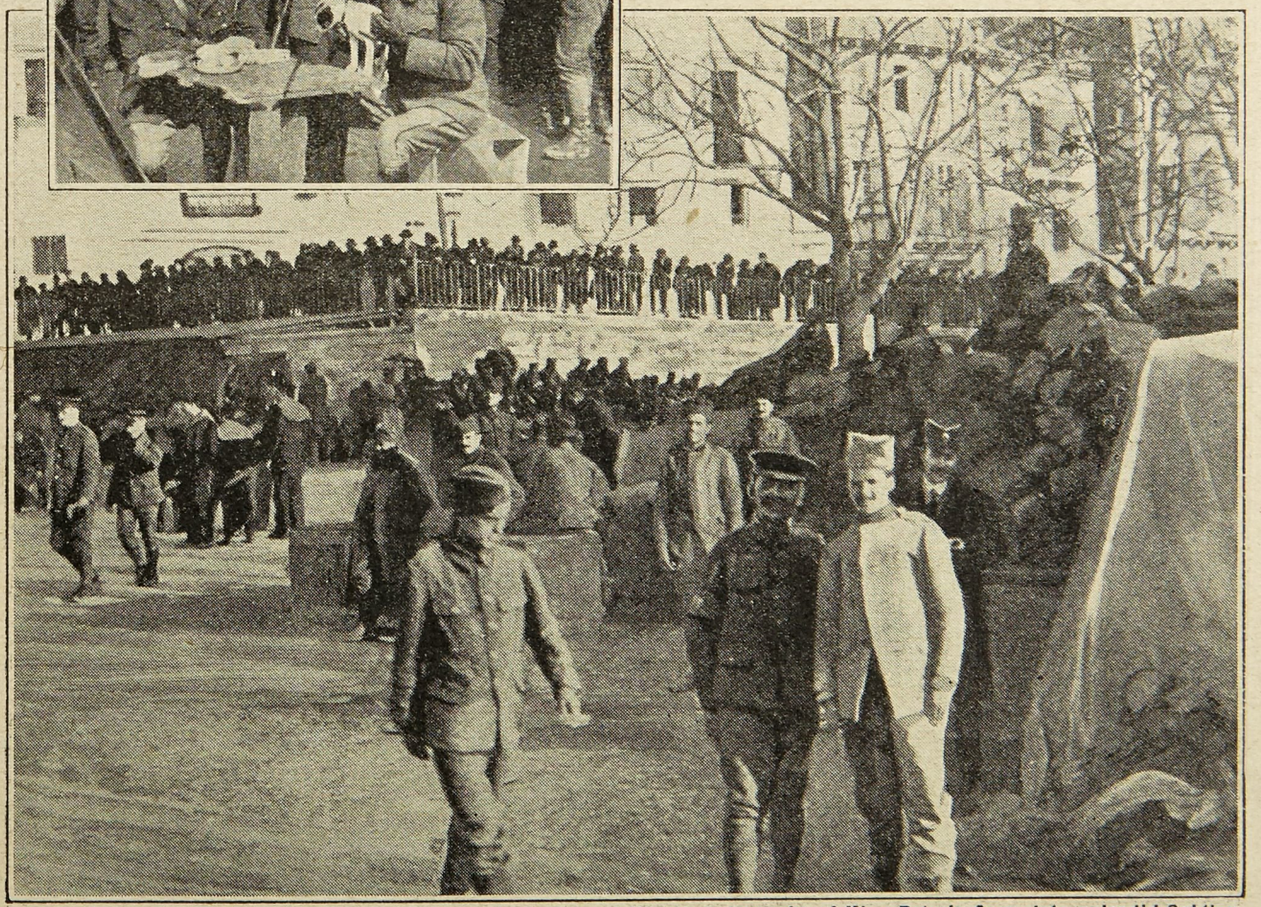
Fire and fury from a naval gun. The scattering of the earth near the muzzle by the explosion is shown in the photograph. (Official photograph. Crown copyright reserved.)

The Entente at Corfu and a Serbian Amazon



Some of the Serbian Army at their base at Corfu, refitted, rested, and ready to take the field against the enemy.





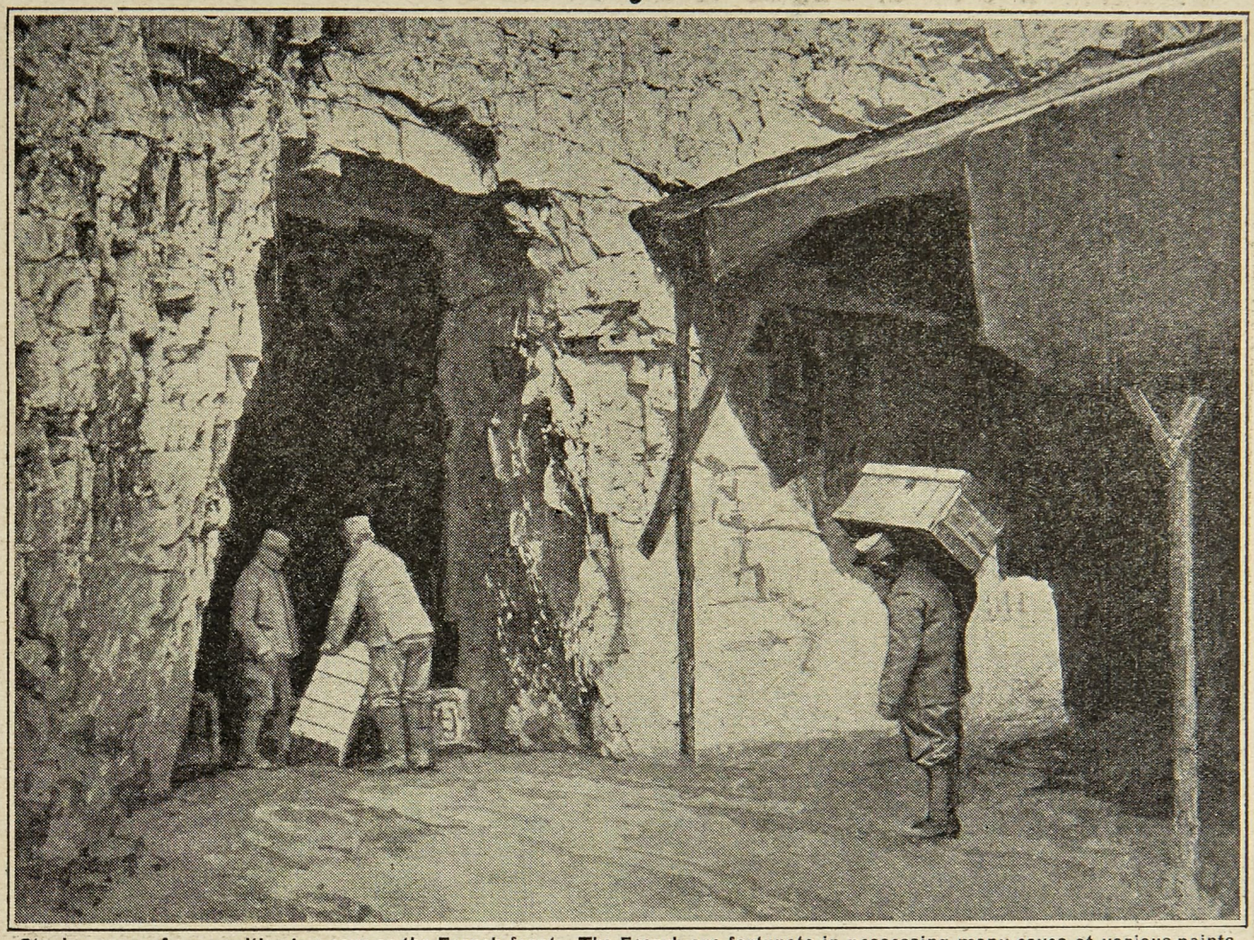
Good food, rest, and the healthy climate of Corfu have changed the starved wrecks of King Peter's Army into splendid fighting men. British Tommies and French sailors may be seen fraternising with their gallant allies. Inset: Slavika Tomitch, the Serbian Amazon, standing in the centre of some of her compatriots at Salonika. She fought through the campaign in Serbia.

From City Boulevard to Battlemented Hill

French infantrymen on their way to be reviewed by General Gouraud. Marching with their gallant defenders and to the stirring music of the band are two French boys and a mother wheeling her child in a wheelbarrow.

In the French line before Verdun. A soldier about to fire an aerial torpedo under the direction of an officer. The smoke of an enemy shell is visible behind the jutting wall of sandbags.

Cave Men and Cavalry in the French Lines

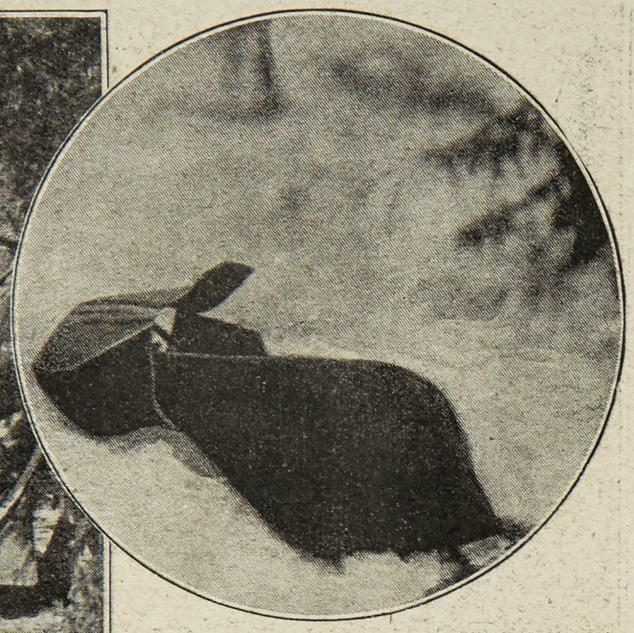


Storing cases of ammunition in a cave on the French front. The French are fortunate in possessing many caves at various points along the lines, for, being safe from enemy shells or aircraft bombs, they form perfect storehouses for ammunition.

French mounted outpost patrol, somewhat reminiscent of Cromwell's Ironsides with their steel helmets, riding through a village in the region of Verdun.

War and the Spiritual Force of Slavdom:

A war-time spread behind the Russian lines. Slav soldiers enjoying the luxury of a table in a pleasantly screened corner of our ally's front.



A miss-fire. Bomb thrown by a German aviator into the Russian lines, but which failed to explode.

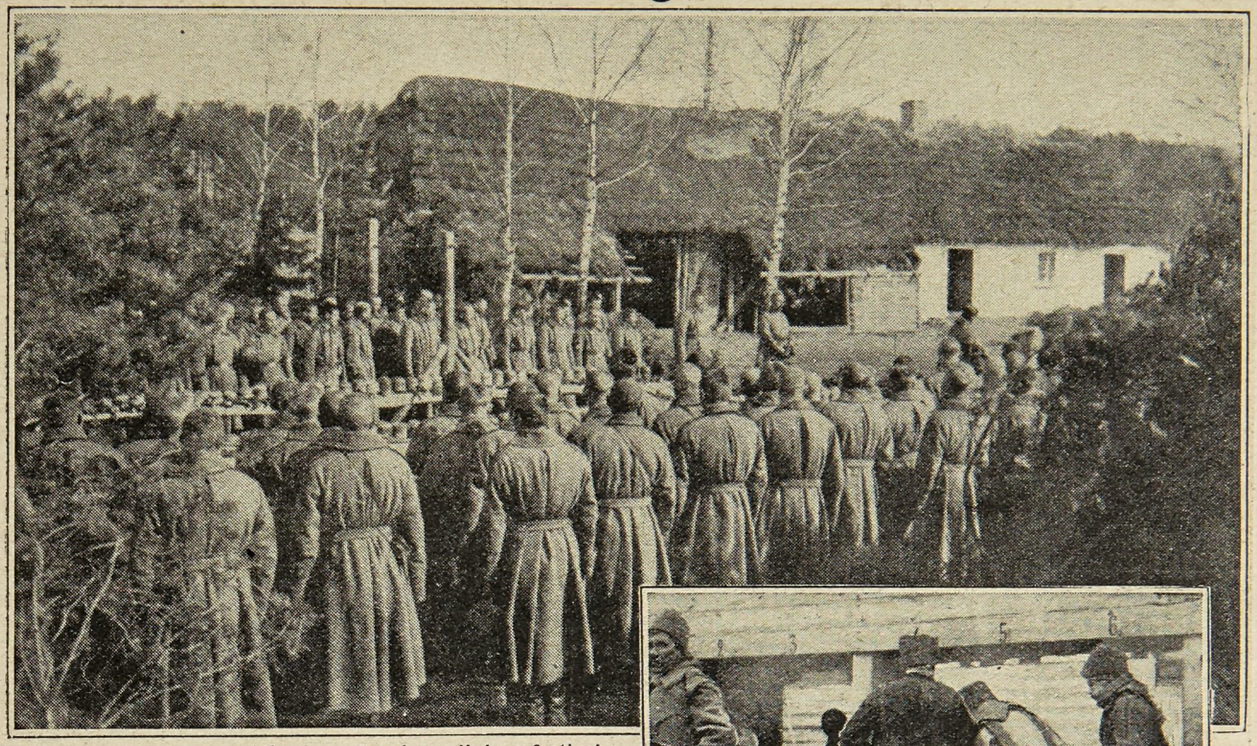
THE Russian may be said to be the most religiously inspired fighter among modern European nations. For the Tsar to declare a Holy War against the Hohenzollerns means far more than an ordinary racial conflict for ambitions and territorial conquest.

In their war against the Germans the Russians are buoyed up by an irresistible spiritual force. The mystical impetus of the Slav temperament is likely to prove a great factor as against the purely materialistic attitude of Teutonism. The Germans may have machined their way to Warsaw; but though machines counted in the first eighteen months of the great struggle, mental and physical stamina, and a profound conviction that right only is might, will give our eastern ally the will eventually to win back all that she has lost, and a great deal more.

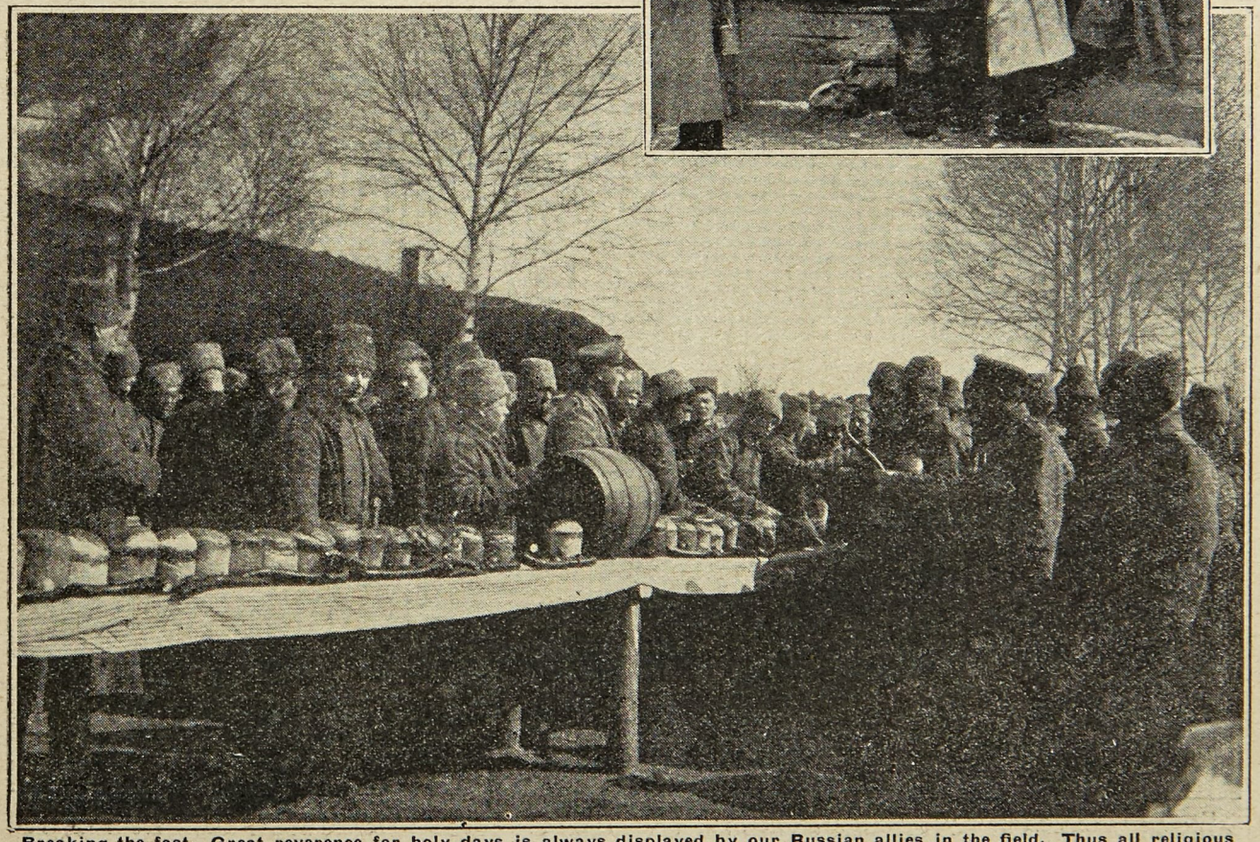
Russian officer kissing the Holy Ikon, a religious custom of our eastern ally before going into battle.

Still hot! Nose of a shell which exploded dangerously near the soldier who is holding it.

Pious Interludes Along the Russian Front



Consecrating sacramental cakes. Russian religious festival in the rear of the battle-front. Inset: Canteen at a railway station, where a number of Slav infantrymen were awaiting welcome rations.

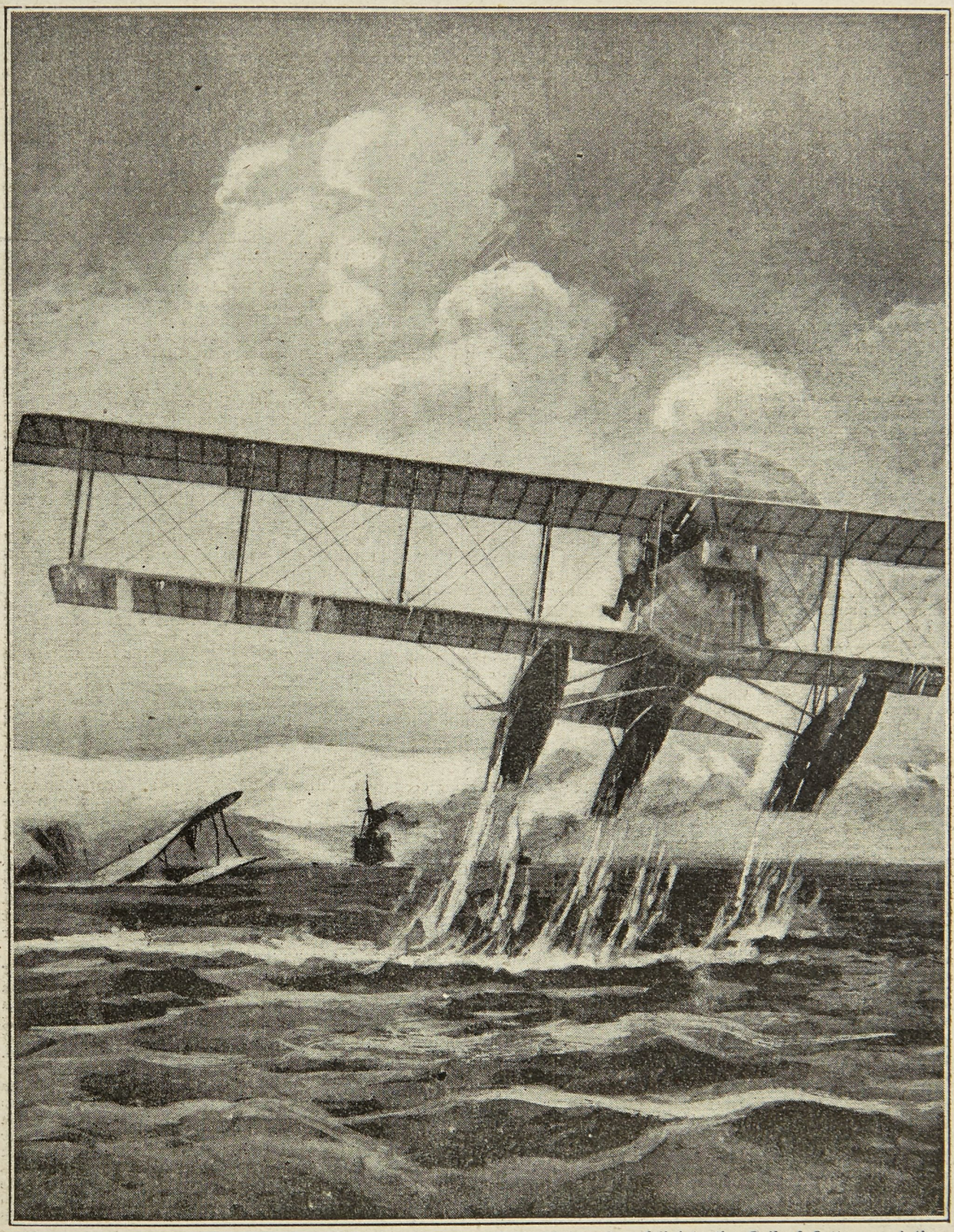


Breaking the fast. Great reverence for holy days is always displayed by our Russian allies in the field. Thus all religious festivals of the Greek Church are scrupulously observed after the manner of the mystical and deeply religious temperament of Tsardom in the battle-line.

Bird of Evil Omen Flies Over the British Front

How the range of a British trench near Ypres was found for German gunners by a Taube. Describing his experiences in the fighting round Ypres, Pte. W. Roberts, the Border Regiment, told Mr. D. Maxwell, the illustrator: "On one occasion, at twilight, we heard the hum of an aeroplane overhead. The machine—an Ettrica Taube—was flying low, taking advantage of the uncertain light. Before we had opened fire it shone a blinding light upon us, and passed from one end of our trench to the other. Immediately the German gunners got the range we were subjected to a devastating fire, which lasted for five days."

Austrian Aviator Saves Comrades Under Fire



A year ago the Austrians thought they would soon be sweeping through to the plains of Lombardy. So far, however, only their aeroplanes have got much beyond the Isonzo. In a recent air raid on Valona one of the enemy's machines was brought down by the accurate fire of Italian anti-aircraft gunners. The shattered aeroplane fell into the Gulf of Cattaro, and the pilot and observer were in danger of drowning. In spite of continued heavy fire the, pilot of the second aeroplane planed down and rescued his comrades. With remarkable luck he succeeded in reaching the Austrian lines in safety.

Why We Must Take the Offensive

By Our War Correspondent F. A. McKENZIE

THE failure of the first series of German attacks upon Verdun marks a definite stage in the spring campaign of 1916. The German offensive upon the French frontier city was carefully and secretly elaborated for months before the blow was struck. The Germans overwhelmed the French front lines with comparative ease, thanks to the tremendous number of guns they had concentrated on this point. They followed this up by rapidly overwhelming the reserve lines and many almost vital gun positions. Then they came up against the final lines of main defences, and by a very bold stroke almost succeeded in securing Douaumont. Had they won the day at Douaumont large French forces would have been cut off and Verdun itself must inevitably have fallen. Thanks to the masterly generalship of General Pétain, who was placed in charge when the situation looked blackest for France, the Germans were held here, and as the outcome of weeks of fighting they are held still. New attacks are coming on this position, but the first series of attacks failed.

Theorists and the Deadlock

One very able and powerful school of military critics urges with some show of reason that the failure of the German attack upon Verdun proves the impossibility of a successful offensive on the western front. By "successful" is, of course, understood not the mere penetration of the enemy lines in a spear point, but a definite breaking through. There have been three major attempts since last autumn at advance by one side or the other—Champagne, Loos, and Verdun. Loos cannot reasonably be brought forward in argument, because the great courage and push of the troops there was discounted by failure in certain details of the plans. Loos ranks to-day among the disappointments of the war. In Champagne the French made a sustained and tremendous effort to go forward. They were backed by ample ammunition and abundant men. Of the courage and fierce zeal of the soldiers and the skill of the military dispositions it is impossible to speak too highly. The advance was in some ways a success, but it was a failure in so far as it failed to get through the enemy's positions and failed to drive him out of any considerable extent of French territory. The cost was great, cruelly great, to France.

At Verdun the German military arrangements were admirable. Looking at the attack as an outsider, one would be compelled to give high praise to the German plans and to the impetuous courage of the German troops. A few miles of territory have been gained, but the French vital positions have not been touched.

Jean Bloch's Opinion

Does not this mean, it is very reasonably asked, that the task set before the armies is impossible? Have we not reached real stalemate on the western fornt? Would it not be better to recognise facts as they are and to content ourselves with holding our lines until the enemy is driven by economic pressure into submission? These are questions that the man in the street is asking to-day. An issue has arisen which M. Jean Bloch—whose foresight and ability as a military authority are more widely recognised to-day than ever before—foresaw close on twenty years ago. "War between great Powers," say those who think this way, "is finally becoming impracticable because of its tendency to end in deadlock." Hence the movement—the very real movement, not only here but on the Continent—to delay our spring offensive as a useless sacrifice of life.

I have attempted to state the case of what I may call the "stalemate" school of military critics as fairly as possible. I for one frankly and wholly disagree with it. Failure at Champagne and Verdun does not prove the impossibility of a widely-conducted offensive against even the most carefully-prepared positions. The policy of waiting and allowing economic pressure to fight the war for us would, I am convinced, certainly result in an ignoble compromise which would leave Germany's vital power untouched and enable her to strike again later with even greater force. The issue for us is not "Shall we advance?" but "We must advance—how shall we do it?" We cannot afford to wait indefinitely. The idea widely entertained in this country that time is inevitably on our side, and that we have only to wait to exhaust the enemy, is a dangerous fallacy. Mr. Lloyd George well expressed this truth when he said in his notable speech at Conway, "Time is not an ally. It is a doubtful neutral." We must strike on a large scale by land as well as by sea, and the sooner we are in a position to strike effectively the better. Every week of delay makes our advance not easier but harder.

The situation immediately ahead that must dictate the time and method of the action upon the western front is not the west but the east. We are apparently on the eve of the great German offensive against Russia. The Germans hope this spring to complete their victory of last summer. Then, thanks to our inability on the western front to advance, they were able to concentrate almost their entire forces on the east and to sweep the Russian front from Mid Poland to the east of Brest Litovsk. Their aim now is not the frontier fortresses but the Russian capital in the north, and the great Russian cities of Kieff and Odessa to the south-east. Russia has, with amazing courage and energy, reformed and re-equipped her armies to face the coming onslaught. She is admittedly in a better position to fight than ever before in this war. But it would be madness for the Allies to allow Russia this spring to bear the entire brunt of the German offensive as she did last summer. It would be madness in a military sense, for it would be inflicting needless terrific strain on our ally. It would be still greater madness politically, for such a course could not fail to try the splendid loyalty of the Russian people to ourselves and to France.

Factors in Mobility

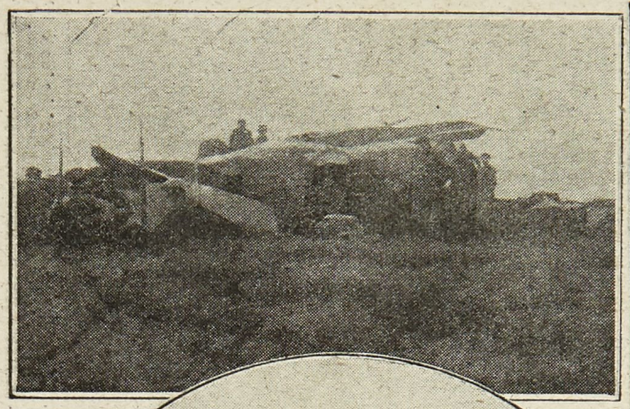
One main advantage possessed by the German commanders in previous fighting has been mobility. This war was in the start largely a motor war, the motor-car giving troops a power of rapid movement almost undreamed of before. For the Allies it is in the main a motor-car war still, the automobile being the favourite means, particularly with ourselves, of moving supplies and men from point to point. But for Germany it has ceased to be a motor war since the days when the armies took up their present lines in the west. It is for her a railway war. She has proved beyond shadow of dispute that in moving men and supplies the railway leaves the motor-car hopelessly behind for speed, capacity, and economy. When you are dealing with a few thousand men moving over new country and their supplies, the motor-car does very well. When it is a question of moving great armies frequently over large areas of country, and repeatedly over the same areas, the train comes first. This is to my mind no longer an arguable matter. It has been proved beyond question. Germany possesses a great advantage over us in railway mobility. This railway mobility has enabled her time and again to move armies rapidly from one point to another and to concentrate her forces over different points in succession in a great area in a way never attempted before in war.

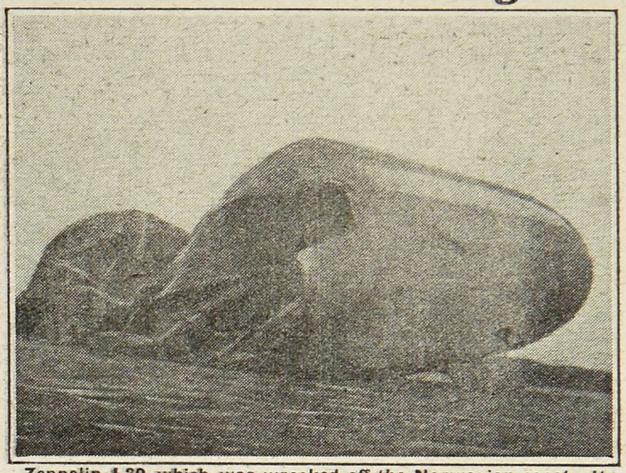
The Will to Conquer

This fact tells us in itself the first necessary condition for a successful offensive on our side. Our offensive when it comes must be simultaneous on all fronts, thus robbing Germany at a blow of the advantage which her mobility gives her. It must be conducted on the largest scale. It must be pushed forward resolutely day by day.

To those who say that experience has proved such an offensive to be hopeless I would point out one fact. The German attack upon Verdun came within a hair's-breadth of success. Nothing but the great counter-blow of the French at Douaumont saved the situation. If Verdun came within a hair's-breadth of success, what reason is there that our offensive could not fully succeed? We are to-day better equipped in guns than Germany. We have at least equal supplies of ammunition. We are stronger in men, and I for one am convinced, without any desire to depreciate a brave foe, that we are superior in resolution, in moral, and in that fierce, unbending courage necessary for victory.

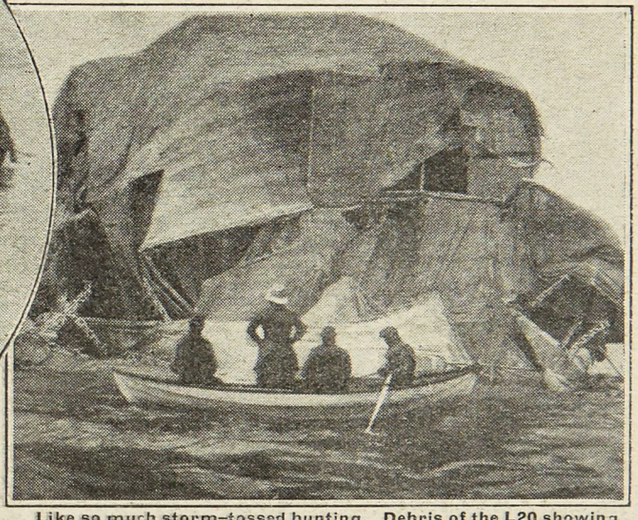
The Last of Zeppelin L20 Off Stavanger



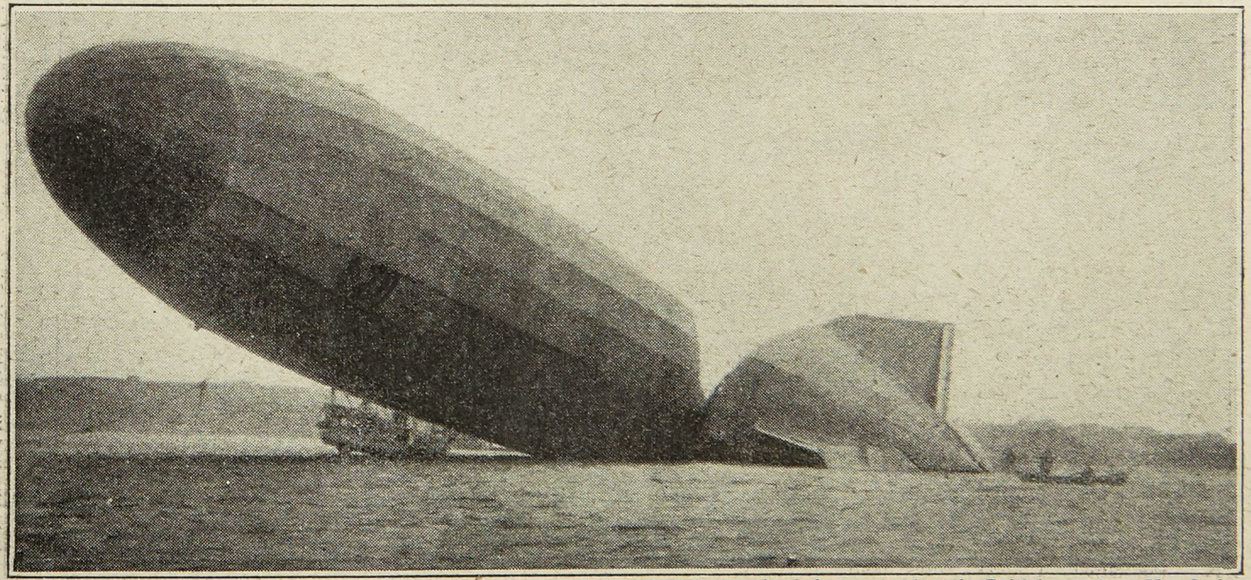


Zeppelin L20, which was wrecked off the Norwegian coast. It will be seen that the gasbag is broken in half. Left: Car of the shattered machine under Norwegian guard.

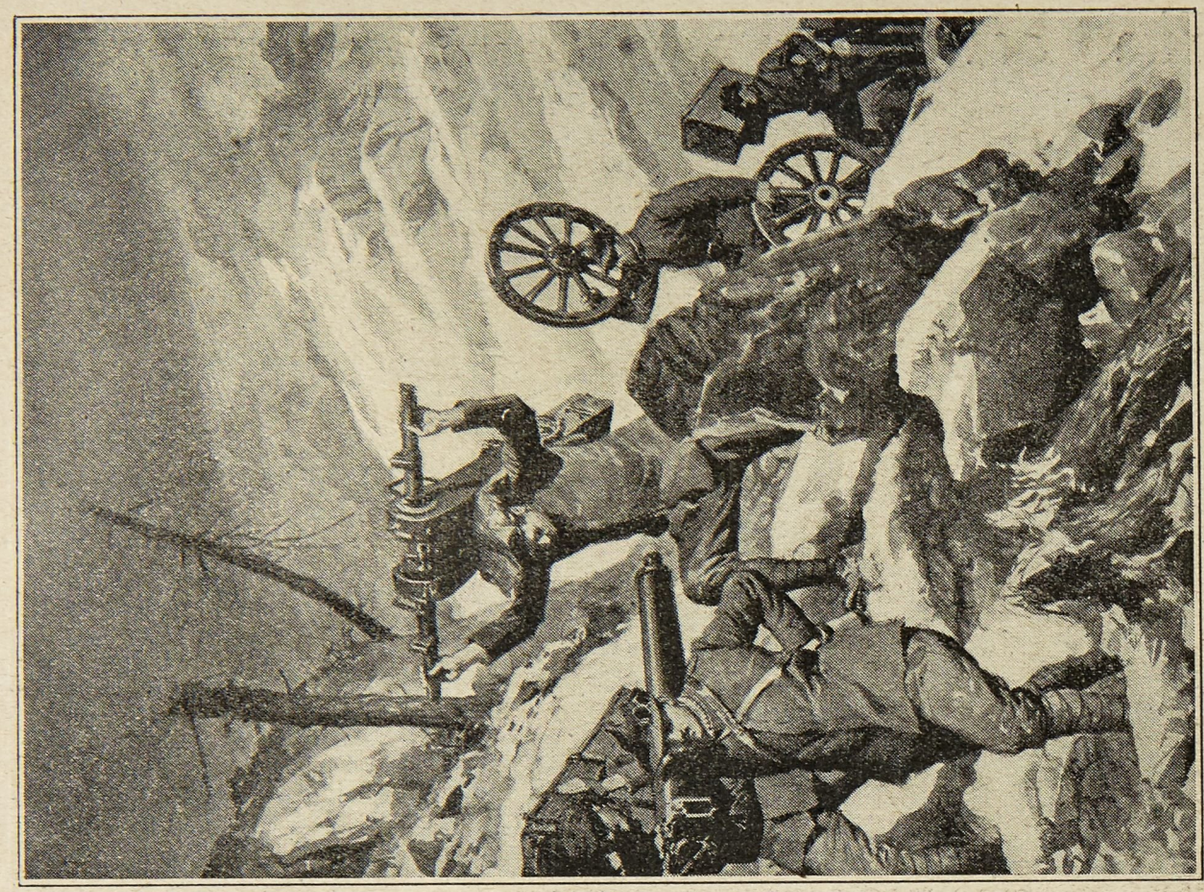
Three of the crew saved from the wreck being escorted ashore by Norwegian officers. L20 was presumably hit by British gun fire.



Like so much storm-tossed bunting. Debris of the L20 showing framework and one of the propellers.



Last moments of the L20, which came to grief off the Norwegian coast on its way back from a raid on the British coast on May 2nd. The baby-killer was probably struck by shells, went adrift in a storm, and finally fell into the sea. She rapidly broke up, and what remained of the envelope and framework was completely destroyed by the Norwegian authorities.

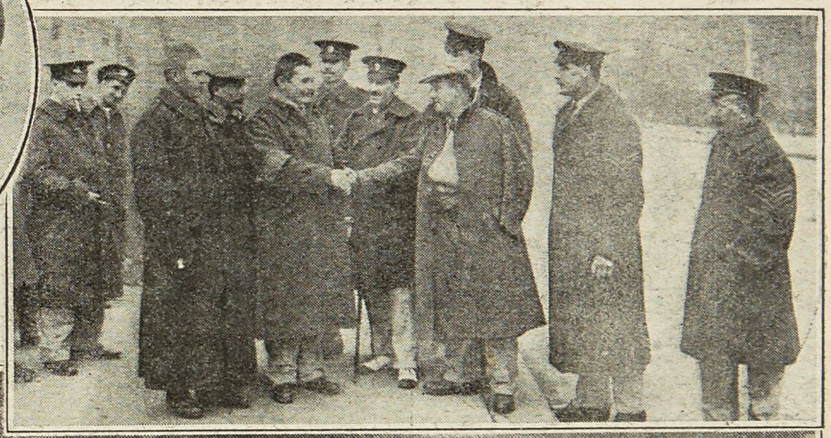


How Italian mountain-guns are carried up the heights. In some parts of the Isonzo the pathway is so rugged and precipitous that it is impossible to use four-footed transport. The task of moving guns from place to place therefore devolves upon the gunners themselves.

DIOGENES UP TO DATE.—On the Isonzo front officers of the Italian Army resorted to barrel billets. The difficulty of constructing dug-outs in the hard ground can well be imagined, and has thus been overcome in an ingenious, practical, and comfortable fashion.

Off to France and Back to the Home Country

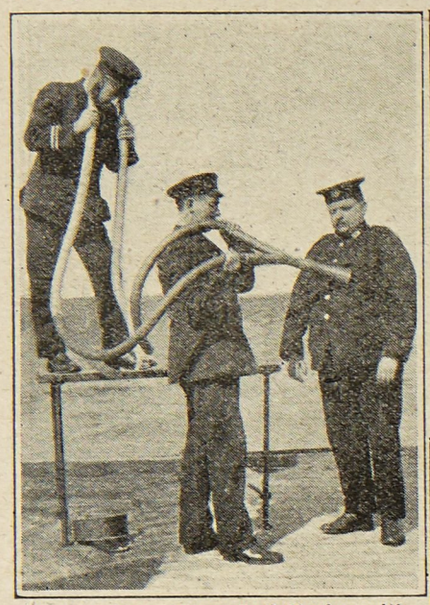
Celebrated band of the Scots Guards leaving Wellington Barracks just before starting for the front, there to "sound the trumpets, beat the drums."



Russian soldiers at a London hospital after escape from a German prison. Right: Convalescent Tommies greeting the Russians.

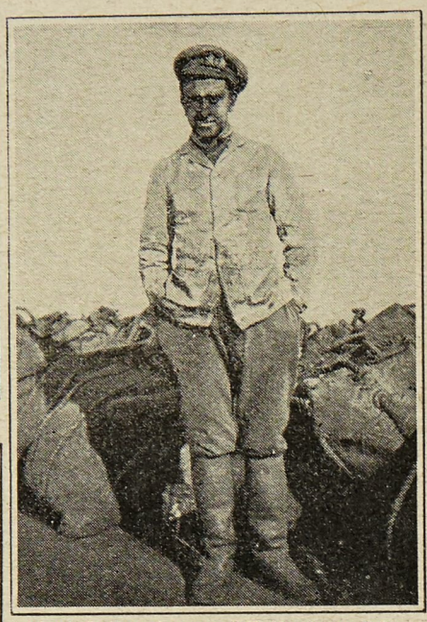
Back to "Blighty"! Officers and men eagerly crowding round the gangway leading to a "leave" boat that is to take them for a few days' rest in Britain. "Blighty" is the soldiers' nickname for England.

Picture Stories from the Album of the World-War



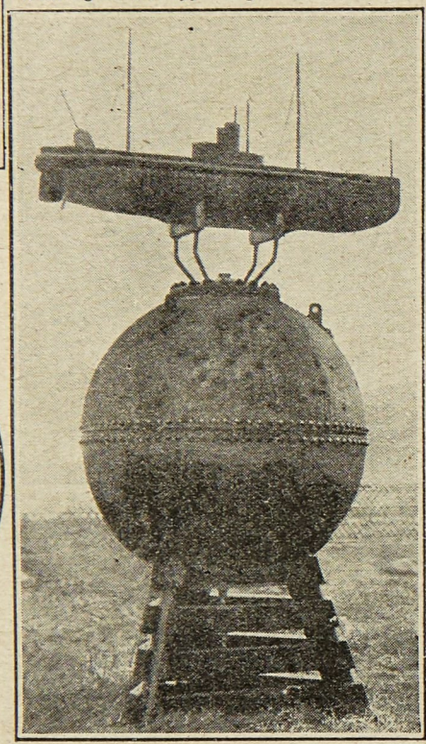
Naval surgeon "sounds" Marine with huge stethoscope, a birthday gift from the ship's company.

Steel helmets compared. Soldier on left wearing British type. Right: German style.



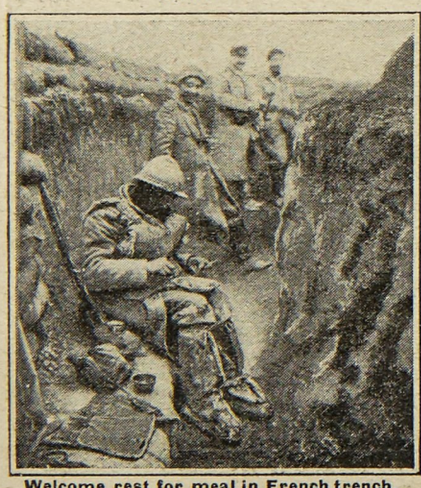
Lieut. Prince George of Battenberg, R.N., snapped after coaling operations on a famous battle-cruiser.

Lance-Corporal J. W. Thomas, the second member of the Durham Light Infantry to escape from a German prison camp. He was in captivity over a year and was forced by the Huns to work in the coal-mines.

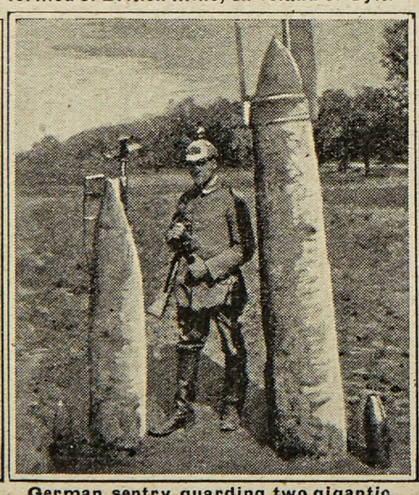


Iron model of Hun submarine mounted on base formed of British mine, on Island of Sylt.

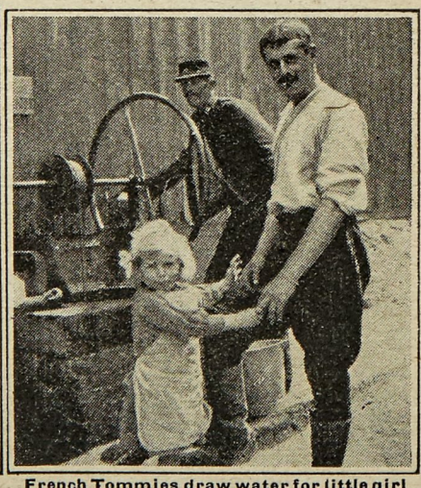
Capt. J. Macrae, D.S.O., Seaforth Highlanders. When in command at a critical moment by his coolness and energy he saved the situation. He fell into the hands of the enemy, but escaped by the use of his fists.



Welcome rest for meal in French trench. The Poilu is wearing "trench" boots.



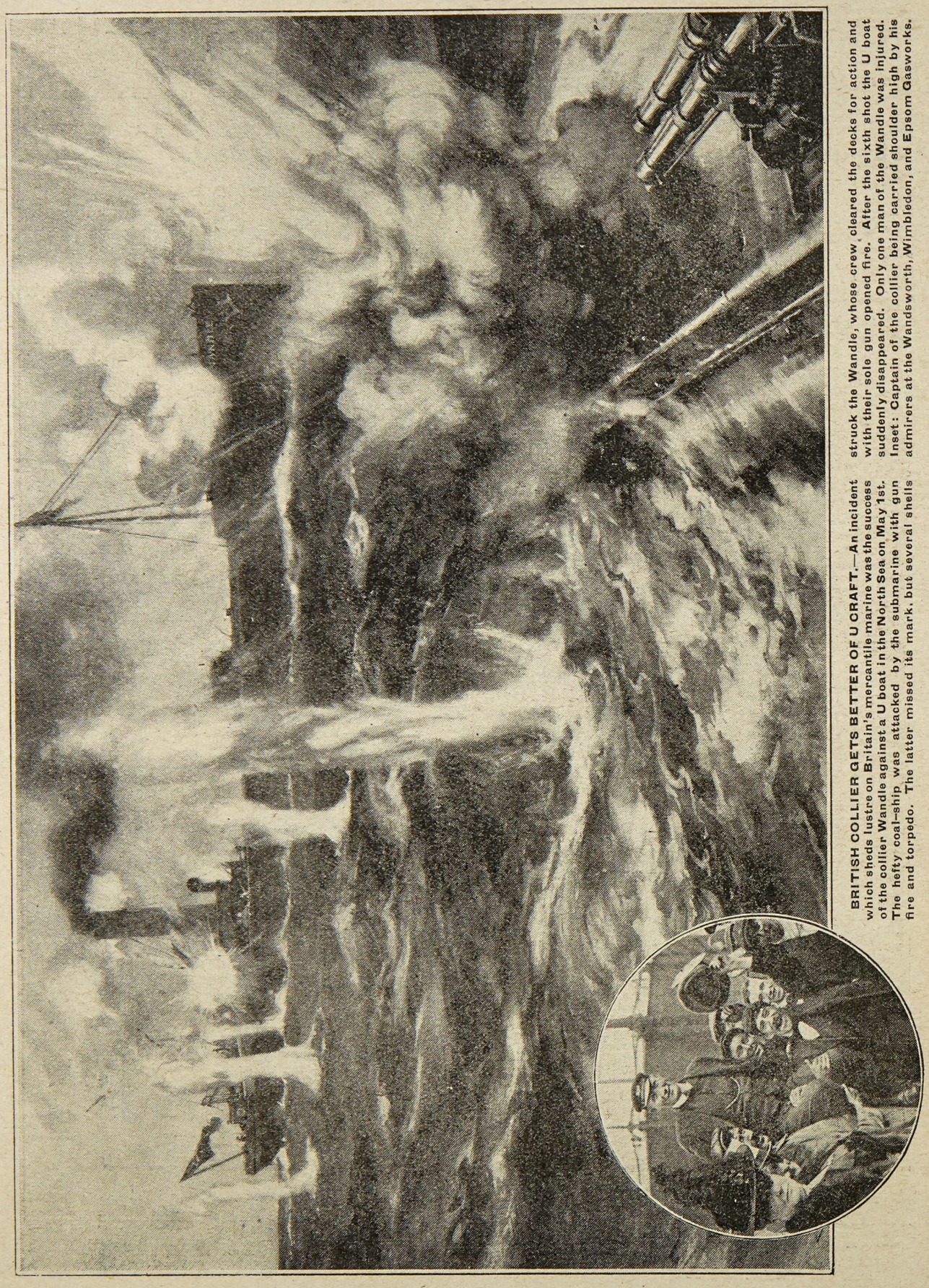
German sentry guarding two gigantic French aerial torpedoes and shells.



French Tommies draw water for little girl in Argonne village behind the firing-line.

The Vivandière: A Romantic Figure Recalled

The vivandiere, that romantic and essentially French figure conspicious in Napoleonic wars, has dropped out of step with modern campaigning, where marching is minimised by rail transport and nearly every woman is engaged on more practical if less picturesque work than selling cigarettes and liquor to soldiers. There is an element of the old-time vivandiere, however, about this light-hearted photograph from the French front, but the drummer-woman does not follow the French armies to victory. She is merely the deputy town-crier of a village in Northern France in the absence of her husband with the Colours.



BRITISH COLLIER GETS BETTER OF U CRAFT.—An incident which sheds lustre on Britain's mercantile marine was the success of the collier Wandle against a U boat in the North Sea on May 1st. The hefty coal-ship was attacked by the submarine with gun fire and torpedo. The latter missed its mark, but several shells struck the Wandle, whose crew cleared the decks for action and with their solo gun opened fire. After the sixth shot the U boat suddenly disappeared. Only one man of the Wandle was injured. Inset: Captain of the collier being carried shoulder high by his admirers at the Wandsworth, Wimbledon, and Epsom Gasworks.

Bombardments and Raids

By Commander CARLYON BELLAIRS, R.N., M.P.

THE recent bombardments of Zeebrugge and Lowestoft, the combined operations of the Russian land and sea forces, and the certainty of operations around the Russian coasts in the Baltic all suggest that this subject is one that ought to be considered again. Between Yarmouth and Zeebrugge there is a very considerable contrast.

(Y.) A seaside watering-place and fisherman's resort.

(Z.) Guarding the right flank of the German Army; a refuge for German torpedo craft and submarines, as well as a supply and repair base for them.

(Y.) No tactical and strategical inland communications.

(Z.) A railway as well as an important waterway down which small submarines, etc., can be brought.

(Y.) The fastest and newest German battle-cruisers risked, while every shot fired is a portion of the gun's life, for a non-naval purpose, and fired hurriedly into the town aimed at.

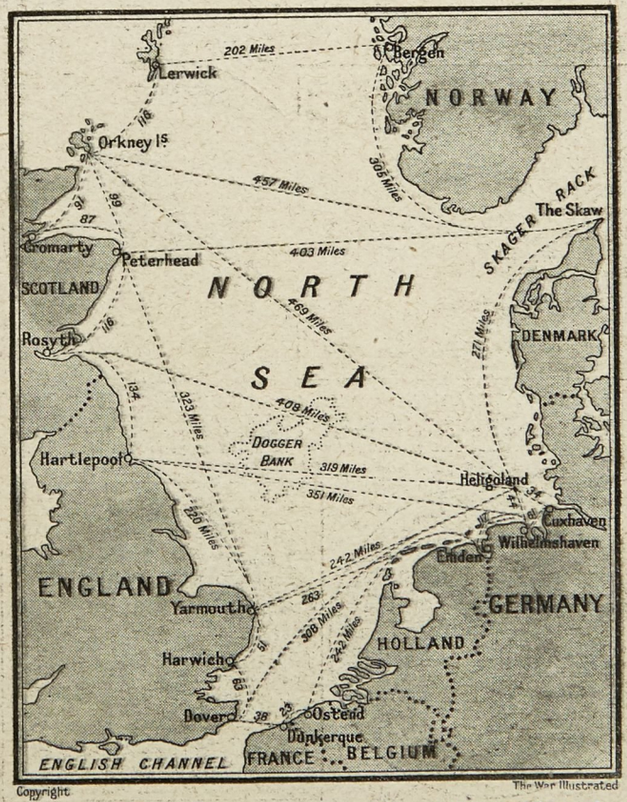
(Z.) Trawlers used to strew mines, while monitors, which are useless for purely naval purposes, and old warships, protected by nets, carried out a deliberate, methodical bombardment. No important naval ships risked.

What Was the German Object?

The contrast is sufficiently striking to show that in the one case there is material military advantage sought at small risk, and in the other none at great risk. The German object, therefore, must either have been tactical or psychological. In the tactical objective a mine-field is laid, and submarines are placed in what is believed will be the track of Beatty's fleet of battle-cruisers, and the German vessels bombarding Lowestoft were the bait. The trick has been tried before, and while it has so far failed in its object, it has proved excessively costly, since two German armoured cruisers have been lost, and three German battle-cruisers badly damaged.

The psychological factor is indicated by the fact that the raid synchronised with the Irish outbreak and Zeppelin raids. With what the Germans would call "a good Press" in this country, and a few noisy M.P.'s to help with "a good platform," these incidents of terrorism produce an effect out of all proportion to their military importance. The seat of Government is in the midst of this Press and platform turmoil, and it is hoped that the balance of judgment will be upset and eyes turned inwards to internal defensive measures instead of to the vigorous prosecution of the offensive which will win the war.

Still better if the naval plans can be upset. It is one of the inherent disadvantages of the situation, from the German point of view, that the chief British naval bases are entirely removed from the susceptible centres of population, while, except for such force as can be accommodated at Heligoland, the German naval personnel at Kiel, Wilhelmshaven, Cuxhaven, and Emden is always in contact with the civil population living on rations. It is not a little significant that our one alleged naval failure all through this war has been the air and anti-aircraft service, and this lack of naval efficiency is localised to those parts in close contact with the civil population.



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Strategical chart of the North Sea. The relative positions of places are given correctly with the distances (in sea miles) as the crow flies. It will be seen from the chart how much easier it is to intercept a fast squadron operating against Hartlepool, say, than one attacking Yarmouth. The Germans only stopped twenty minutes at Yarmouth and Lowestoft.

German Psychology and British Resolve

The German General Staff realises that it is only by British public opinion working on Whitehall that they can disorganise the naval and military plans which press against her. They cannot warp the judgment of the silent, watchful men in the North, who, by means of every kind of craft from Dreadnoughts to mere motor-boats, are carrying out the most absolute blockade in the world's history so far as the Navy is concerned. Every ship is intercepted, and if any go through, it is by the leave of the Foreign Office.

For Whitehall to be able to do its duty by those men it must have in authority resolute statesmen, few in numbers, to whom the public will look with such confidence that it will scorn the idea of trooping off to Albert Halls for the purpose of constraining their line of action.

So far as we know, the German squadron has not suffered by its raid on Lowestoft. If precedent is followed, it will try next time farther north, as it did before against Hartlepool, Whitby, and Scarborough, when it escaped a naval action through the mist. The Hartlepool raid came six weeks after the Yarmouth one, and both bombardments took place in the early morning.

I am not suggesting that the Admiralty can be blindly and implicitly trusted in these matters. In its plans before the war, and subsequently, it has not always realised that the only condition on which the strategical plan to hold both exits of the North Sea with our main forces could be made to work, so as to give the greatest safety to this country and relief to the army, coast defences, and anti-aircraft arrangements, was a most perfect system of acquiring information.

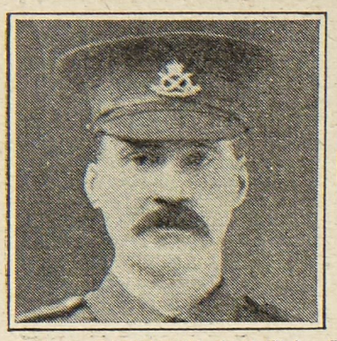
Where Zeppelins Count

For this purpose we should have denied the waters, by means of mines, as much as possible to our enemy, while acquiring them for ourselves. A few rigid airships associated with floating craft would have been more than a match for twice as many Zeppelins and a weaker force of floating craft. We had no such airships, and consequently, in such weather as the end of April, the Germans had far the best of the information. Our material output was handled by men ignorant of history, and consequently, was largely wasted. As shown in a letter read recently in the House of Commons by Mr. Pemberton-Billing, after twenty months of war some patrol boats were still without guns and wireless. It is surely the case that this has been rectified since, and it is noteworthy about a certain class of revelation—which ought never to be made until private representations have been tried—that they have a way of coming in this very dramatic manner precisely when the Government are about to remedy the defects. In any case, these North Sea lines of patrol are in the direct path of the German raids on our coasts and shipping, whether from floating craft, Zeppelins, or submarines. Consequently, they are an important factor in preventing the Germans getting information, while acquiring it for ourselves. Without information, it is the experience of war that tells us that few care to embark on hostile acts, and as Dundonald well said, "There is no security equal to that which may be obtained by putting it out of the power of an enemy to execute hostile intentions."

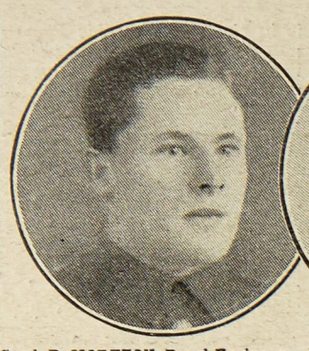
This is expecially true of Zeppelins. When they come towards our coast they have great difficulty in ascertaining their position, even from a lightship, unless a submarine signals to them. The patrol should wireless their approach, force them by gun fire to fly high, and hunt for the co-operating submarines.

The raids by fast battle-cruisers have no such justification. The ships, if lost, cannot be replaced in this war; and in a raid they may be sunk, like the Blücher, in an operation of no naval value. If Germany chooses to use her very best and fastest ships for such a purpose, we have no cause to quarrel with her, and the very poverty of our North Sea arrangements in the past may stand us in good stead if they tempt her once too often.

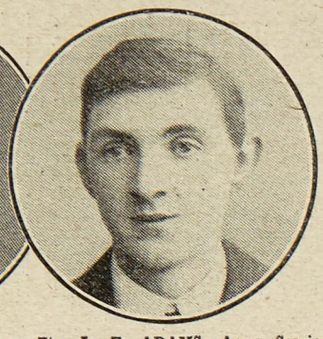
Decorated for Valour: More of Britain's Bravest



L.-Corpl. HATHAWAY, South Staffordshire Regt., who was awarded the D.C.M. for courageous work in action at Loos.

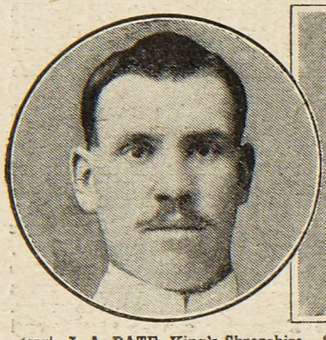


Corpl. R. MORETON, Royal Engineers (T.F.). Awarded D.C.M. for bravery in taking charge of a section under heavy fire, and attending wounded.

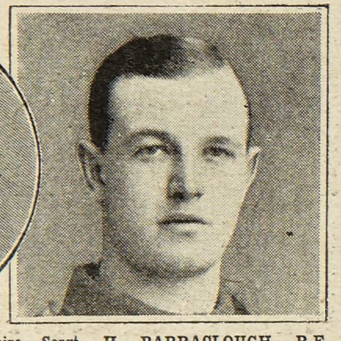


Pte. L. E. ADAMS, Army Service Corps. Gained D.C.M. for rescuing wounded under heavy shell fire and saving his ambulance car.

L.-Corpl. W. A. GOODE, Royal Engineers. Awarded D.C.M. for his bravery in repairing telephone wires under fierce fire.

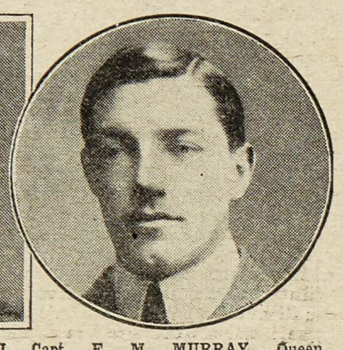


Sergt. J. A. BATE, King's Shropshire L.I. Awarded D.C.M. for his gallant conduct in action with a machine-gun section.

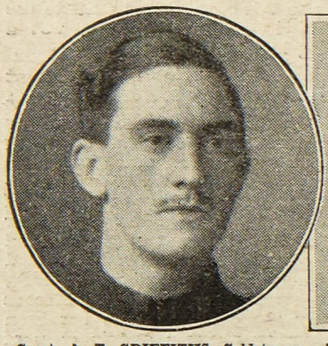


Sergt. H. BARRACLOUGH, R.E. Awarded D.C.M. for bravery in the field. Enlisting at the beginning of the war, he rapidly gained promotion.

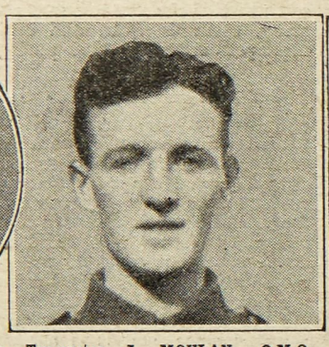
Sergt. J. W. COXON, Somerset L.I. Awarded D.C.M. for raiding an enemy trench, shooting two Germans, and capturing a third.



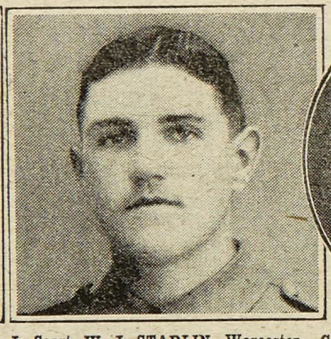
Capt. E. M. MURRAY, Queen Victoria's Own Corps of Guides (I.A.), attached R.F.C. Awarded Military Cross for daring flying.



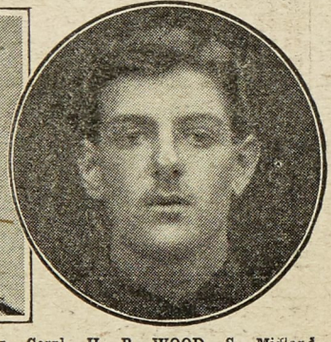
Sergt. A. T. GRIFFITHS, Coldstream Guards. Gained D.C.M. for gallantly rescuing a wounded officer under heavy fire.



Trumpeter J. MOYLAN, Q.M.O. Hussars. Gained D.C.M. (twice recommended) and Croix de Guerre for stretcher-work.



L.-Sergt. W. J. STARLIN, Worcester Regt. Awarded D.C.M. for tending wounded for a night and day, although his battalion had been withdrawn.

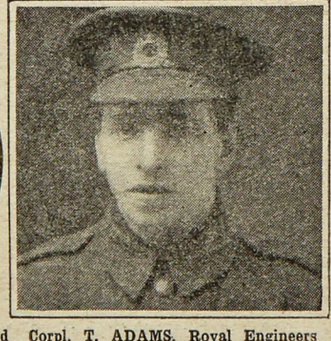


Corpl. H. P. WOOD, S. Midland Division. Awarded D.C.M. for the cheerful, energetic, and fearless way in which he performed his duties.

Sergt.-Maj. S. POSTON, Notts and Derby Regt. Awarded D.C.M. for gallantry in the field. He also served through the South African War.

Chief P.-O. M. S. KEOGH, H.M.S. Ark Royal. Awarded the Albert Medal for attempting to save the late Capt. Collet, D.S.O., from a blazing aeroplane.

Gunner R. COOMBES, Royal Field Artillery (T.F.). Awarded D.C.M. for brave telephone work at an observation post under fire.



Corpl. T. ADAMS, Royal Engineers (T.F.). Awarded D.C.M. for repairing a trench within forty yards of the enemy.

Four Splendid Hussars Fight Two Hundred Huns

Though little news reaches us from the Balkan centre of hostilities, spirited individual engagements are frequently taking place. Such an affair as that graphically illustrated above is by no means unusual, and proves the dash and vigour of the French cavalry, in spite of forced inaction due to trench warfare. A French mounted patrol was surprised near Pateres, south of Lake Doiran, by a force of two hundred Germans. Two of the party were killed and two seriously wounded, but the four survivors dashed through the two hundred Germans, cutting many down with their sabres, and managed to regain the French lines.

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENTS IN THE WAR

XVI.—The Cameronians, or Scottish Rifles

NEUVE CHAPELLE—March 10th, 11th, 12th, 1915—was the first of that new and terrible kind of battle with which the Great War has made us familiar. In the good old days the two armies met on a more or less level piece of ground, such as Naseby Field or Lutzen, Leipzig or Waterloo, and went for each other on fairly equal terms, and this was so even as recently as the Battle of the Marne. Then came a total change; a war of entrenchments began. The two sides dug trenches, real underground dwellings, not just ditches scraped hastily out of Mother Earth, and in front of these they put up defences of all kinds, barbed-wire entanglements and every sort of obstacle that human ingenuity could devise. Nor was this all. All over the place they hid machine-guns, and they kept their whereabouts secret to the very last minute; behind these were bigger guns, also cunningly hidden away, and in the trenches were men with rifles, peering through peepholes and periscopes—watching for the enemy. These and all the other preparations having been made, the only thing to do was to wait and see.

"The struggle lasted four hours. By that time the Cameronians were reduced nearly to their last flask of powder; but their spirit never flagged. . . . Then the drums struck up; the victorious Puritans threw their caps into the air, raised, with one voice, a psalm of triumph and thanksgiving, and waved their colours, colours which were on that day unfurled for the first time in the face of an enemy."—MACAULAY'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

New Method of Attack

In a war of this kind, it is as certain as anything can be that the side which attacks will lose far more than the side which just sits still and shoots, and generals thought twice before attacking in such conditions. Very soon, however, someone suggested a way out of the difficulty, and this was tried by the British at Neuve Chapelle. It was to fire high-explosive shells in enormous quantities, their object being not so much to kill men as to blow into smithereens parapets, barbed-wire fences, and everything else in front of the enemy's trenches. This done, the infantry could advance, and the fight would be the old one of man to man, the best man to win.

Neuve Chapelle

At Neuve Chapelle the British artillery began the battle at 7.30 on the morning of Wednesday, March 10th. Four shells to the yard was the allowance served out to the gunners, and for over half an hour the sound was deafening, our men's ears being almost burst as they crouched in the trenches and waited while the terrible missiles went over them on their journey. The whole earth vibrated as if one of the gods, Thor or Vulcan, was striking it with a hammer, and the German parapets and entanglements disappeared in a cloud of dust, while the trenches, too, were destroyed, and the whole place flattened out. Then, at five minutes past eight, the infantry leapt out and dashed forward.

To the north of the village of Neuve Chapelle the battalions chosen to make the attack were the four belonging to the 23rd Brigade, and one of these was the 2nd Cameronians, who were at Malta when the war began. They rushed forward as gaily as the rest, but a dreadful experience met them before they reached the German trenches. The barbed-wire entanglements, the trenches, the machine-guns, everything was there just as if there had been no bombardment. As they tore with their naked hands at the wire, the Germans shot them down in scores. Their officers did all they could to get forward, but soon the colonel and fourteen of them had been killed and most of the others wounded.

A Costly Miscalculation

The reason for this failure to destroy the German positions as they had been destroyed elsewhere along the line is as follows: Just where the Cameronians attacked, the German trenches were in a slight hollow, and the shells missed this and burst beyond. For this error the Cameronians paid a terrible price—several hundreds of young and gallant lives.

To return to the story. In that terrible moment, with the barbed-wire intact in front, and officers and men dropping not one by one, but ten by ten, the battalion did not break, and that fact deserves to be recorded in every story of the Great War. A wounded officer, Major G. T. C. Carter-Campbell, took over the command, and the survivors were ordered to lie down in the open and take what cover they could find. They obeyed, and lay there for some time, until the British guns again got to work—on the right spot this time. Soon a gap had been made in the German defences, and a company which had escaped the worst of the slaughter was sent against it. The men got through this time, and soon the remnant of the battalion had joined up with the others behind the enemy's lines. On the evening of March 12th, two days later, this success was followed up, and under Lieutenant Somervail the Cameronians took part in another attack. On the 14th the same officer, by then the only one left, led the survivors out of action.

Heroes in the Ranks

Those awful days revealed many heroes in the ranks of the Cameronians. The first of them to dash into the German trenches was Private H. R. Cannon, while another private, W. Tongs, at a very critical moment rushed up his machine-gun and soon accounted for a German gun which was doing a lot of damage. Sergeant Mayo, after all his officers had been killed or wounded, collected the men together and led them forward against the Germans.

These Cameronians belong to a regiment first raised, as Macaulay tells us, in 1689. The original Cameronians were stout Protestants, but with no conscientious objections to fighting in defence of their liberties, and they were glad enough, therefore, to help William of Orange against James II. and his Roman Catholic friends. At Dunkeld, on August 4th, 1689, they beat back a desperate attack made by the Highlanders, and since then they have served honourably every British King and Queen.

A Private in Command

Enrolled in the Regular Army as the 26th Regiment of the Line, the Cameronians served under Dutch William in Flanders, and fought in Marlborough's four great battles—Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudinarde, and Malplaquet. The 2nd Battalion of the regiment—the old 90th—was raised in 1794, and fought with honour in Egypt and at Corunna. Later it was in South Africa; in the Crimea the battalion took part in the assault on the Redan, and in India it marched with Havelock to relieve Lucknow. The regiment also fought in Abyssinia and Zululand, and through the Boer War.

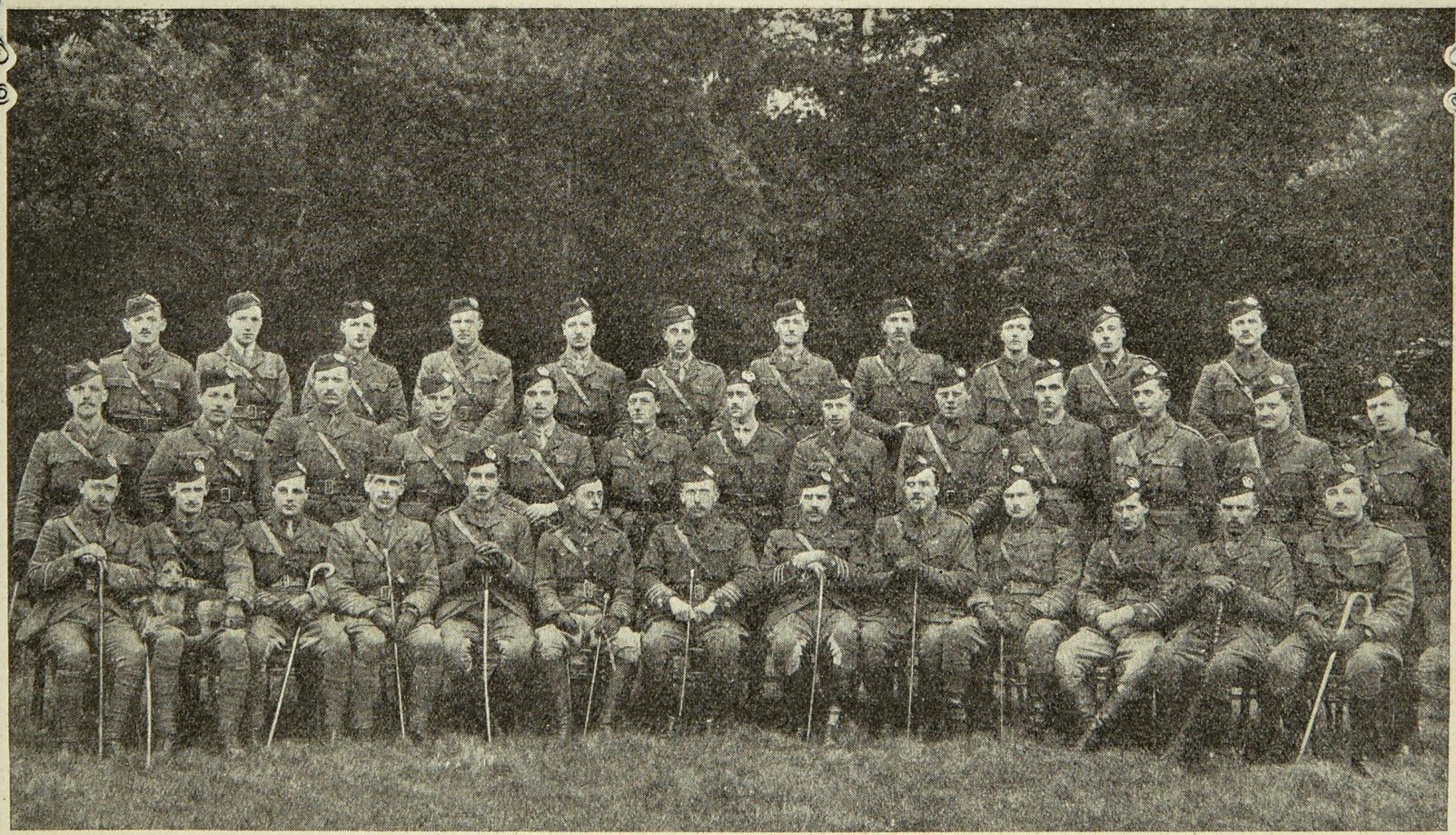
In November, 1914, the 2nd Battalion of this regiment went to France, and, as related, took part in the Battle of Neuve Chapelle. The 1st Battalion was already there, being one of those sent out to guard the lines of communication. During the retreat from Mons it was hurried up to the front, and in the succeeding weeks the men saw a good deal of fighting. On October 22nd, for instance, at the beginning of the First Battle of Ypres, some of them were in a very tight place, but under a private, W. Cairns, all the officers having been either killed or wounded, they fought a gallant rearguard action, and throughout the winter many other deeds of bravery were recorded of Cameronians.

New Armies in the Field

Quite early in the war the Cameronians had a Territorial battalion at the front. This was the 5th, under Lieut.-Col. R. T. Douglas, and it did good service during the Battle of Ypres in October, 1914, and throughout the following winter. The 6th—another Territorial battalion—showed great gallantry in an attack on some German trenches made on June 15th. Across open ground the Scots rushed on; the trenches were captured, but we were unable to hold them.

The service battalions, the men of Lord Kitchener's army, were the next to arrive at the front, and several of these won great glory at the Battle of Loos. One to do so was the 10th Cameronians. They were part of the 15th Division, one marked off to seize Loos itself. This they did, the Cameronians and the rest of the 46th Brigade sweeping round from the north and then, not content with this success, they made for "Hill 70" beyond. As at Neuve Chapelle, they did all that brave men could do, and the long list of dead on the regimental roll proves them worthy of those stark Scots warriors who died around King James at Flodden, or those who fell with Wauchope at Magersfontein.

A. W. Holland



[Photo by Gale & Polden, Ltd.

SOME OFFICERS OF THE SCOTTISH RIFLES

Back row (left to right): Sec.-Lieut. E. J. T. Thompson, Sec.-Lieut. W. D. Roger, Lieut. J. D. Stewart, Sec.-Lieut. A. H. Steedman, Sec.-Lieut. C. W. Hardie, Sec.-Lieut. W. D. Hume, Lieut. J. C. Montgomery, Sec.-Lieut. E. H. Smith, Sec.-Lieut. J. Carnaghan, Lieut. K. D. L. Macfarlane, Lieut. D. McL. Oman. Centre row: Sec.-Lieut. G. Menary, Sec.-Lieut. F. B. Munro, Sec.-Lieut. D. B. Warren, Sec.-Lieut. W. Doull, Sec.-Lieut. J. A. McGlashan, Sec.-Lieut. H. J. Robison, Sec.-Lieut. R. C. P. Philp, Sec.-Lieut. R. Muirie, Lieut. H. G. Caldwell, Sec.-Lieut. E. G. H. Lyon, Sec.-Lieut. I. S. Torrance, Sec.-Lieut. D. Mathieson, Rev. W. White Anderson. Front row: Lieut. H. Brown, Capt. R. R. Ritchie, Capt. H. W. Samson, Capt. J. Rodgers, Capt. H. P. Coles, Major C. T. Martin, Lieut.-Col. A. Gillon, Major C. E. Northcott, Sec.-Lieut. and Adjt. H. Broadhurst, Capt. T. G. Sheppard, Capt. J. C. Sharp, Capt. T. A. Tatton, Lieut. G. C. Smith.

More German Fictions

Notes on War News

Hadji Mahomet Guilliamo

AT Church House, Bishop Stileman told some quaint stories of the fictions the Germans have disseminated among the people in Mohammedan lands with a view to enlisting the support of the entire Moslem world against ourselves and our Allies, with some 126 million Mohammedans between us. One legend was that when the Kaiser was at Mecca he spent three days and nights prostrate before the great shrine, seeking to know God's will, and that a voice from heaven came to him distinctly, enjoining him, as the envoy of the Lord, the sword of the Lord, and the saviour of Islam, to "arise and fight." Having made the pilgrimage to Mecca, the Kaiser was called Hadji, and Hadji Mahomet Guilliamo was now the name under which he was referred to among the Mohammedan peoples. Hadji Mahomet Guilliamo has also informed them that he and his forebears, his uncles, his cousins, and his aunts—the entire family of Hohenzollerns indeed—were descended from the sister of Mahomet, and that therefore all good Mohammedans ought to rally round the Iron Cross. The descent is not mentioned in the "Almanach de Gotha," and the statement sounds rather like a libel on the sister of Mahomet; but, wild as it is, Bishop Stileman says it has a real and dangerous effect upon the people, who, it must not be forgotten, are as brave as they are ignorant. Perhaps the Aga Khan could do something effectual in the way of a counterblast to the Hadji.

The "Arabian Nights" Outdone

A CRAFTIER lie which the Germans have circulated among credulous Mohammedans is that one object the British had in waging the present war was that, as they had the bones of some of the Pharaohs in the British Museum, they wanted to enrich the collection by rifling the Prophet Mahomet's tomb and bringing his bones to Bloomsbury. But the biscuit should go to them for a really amazing invention, so wild that it seems impossible that they could expect it to gain any currency. It is that the Germans have a giant aeroplane with a powerful magnet, which has visited Petrograd, Paris, and London, and succeeded in drawing up the Tsar, the President of the French Republic, and King George V., and borne them all off to Berlin! The magic carpet of the "Arabian Nights" must be folded up and put away after that!

Cadorna on Spectacular Courage

GENERAL CADORNA objects to spectacular officers who risk their own lives and the lives of their men out of sheer bravado. A story is current that Gabriele d'Annunzio recommended Peppino Garibaldi for a commission in the Italian Army. He had served under the French flag in the earlier part of the war, and won a reputation for reckless courage. "He is one of our bravest," d'Annunzio said, but found the general unresponsive. "He sings and laughs under a hail of enemy explosives." The general was not enthusiastic. "At the mere sight of him his men are seized with an enthusiasm that leads them to rush joyfully to death in an intoxication of holy ardour." The general was positively gloomy, and the poet asked what qualities in an officer did appeal to him. "He should be taught first of all," Cadorna answered, "not to get killed himself, and not to expose his men without need. An officer who is worthy of his position does not fear death, but he does not despise life. He must be cool, methodical, and serious."

An English Variant

THE story doubtless has many true variants. A friend of mine in command of a company got a wigging from his colonel because so many of his men were getting sniped in a far advanced trench which they were holding in France. "Sheer carelessness!" the colonel said. "It has got to stop." The young officer was depressed by the sternness of the reprimand and, back in his dug-out, sent an order along the trench that the men were not to expose themselves needlessly. To his servant, a cheery little Cockney from Shoreditch with some reputation as a puncher, who showed some concern at his master's evident depression, he confided that he had been carpeted by the colonel, and what for. "I'll fix it, sir," the man said, and a few minutes later my friend heard him translating his colonel's remarks into the vernacular. His words cannot be reported literally, but the concluding words were: "If any blighter gets killed to-day I'll knock his bally head off!" And the threat was effectual. The "carelessness" stopped.

"One of the Least of These"

RATHER a pretty little story comes from Paris of a lady, hard hit by the war, going home late one night after a long day's work and seeing a tired soldier with a scarcely healed wound sitting dejectedly under a tree. Asked why he was sitting there so late, the man replied that he was going to sleep there; he was used to sleeping in the open. Pressed further, he explained that he was on his way home to the south on leave, and had no friends in Paris. The lady took him home, made up a bed for him on a sofa, and sent him off next morning a little more cheerful. When his leave was over he came back to Paris, and brought his hostess of the week before a little basket of apples. She ate one, but when she showed no inclination to begin another, the man said quite sadly, "It is because you do not like them that you eat no more." So she had to go on eating during the remainder of his visit. When he said good-bye he told her, "In the summer you will receive some flowers from my home." It is a very simple little anecdote, of unaffected and spontaneous kindliness on the one hand, and of ingenuous and native gratitude on the other, but it has its moral for us in England, too. "Not what he would but what he can, Is all that God requires of man," somebody has said somewhere. A kind word and a night's lodging for a tired soldier, and a basket of apples or a bunch of flowers "from home," are, we are sure, a very acceptable sacrifice.

A Daughter of France

ONE of the most remarkable examples of French heroism is the way in which families cling to their homesteads in defiance of German shells and all the other horrors that the enemy have let loose in their homicidal fury. A touching story is told of an old French woman who arrived recently at the Gare de L'Est with a number of refugees. Since the beginning of the war she and her husband had tended their little farm in the environs of Rheims. One by one their sons had fallen for the glory of France. At regular intervals the historic city was bombarded, but the old couple stayed in the environment dear to them with the memories of a lifetime. One day a German shell struck their little cottage to the ground, and killed the old man. With a pannier of personal belongings, the brave French widow went up to Paris to be cared for and consoled by her daughter, her sole remaining relative. In spite of many bereavements, suffering, and anxiety, she could not be prevailed upon to live in the metropolis, and one morning she showed her papers to the astonished official at the Gare de L'Est, and went back to the cave at Rheims—"to look after the potatoes," as she put it, with a poignant mixture of humour and pathos.

A Word in Season

READERS of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED can greatly assist the publishers in conforming with the Government restrictions as to the consumption of paper by ordering this journal to be supplied weekly by their regular newsagents, instead of buying it casually. In this way it is possible for the publishers more accurately to judge their weekly printing order, and thus avoid wastage as well as prevent disappointment.

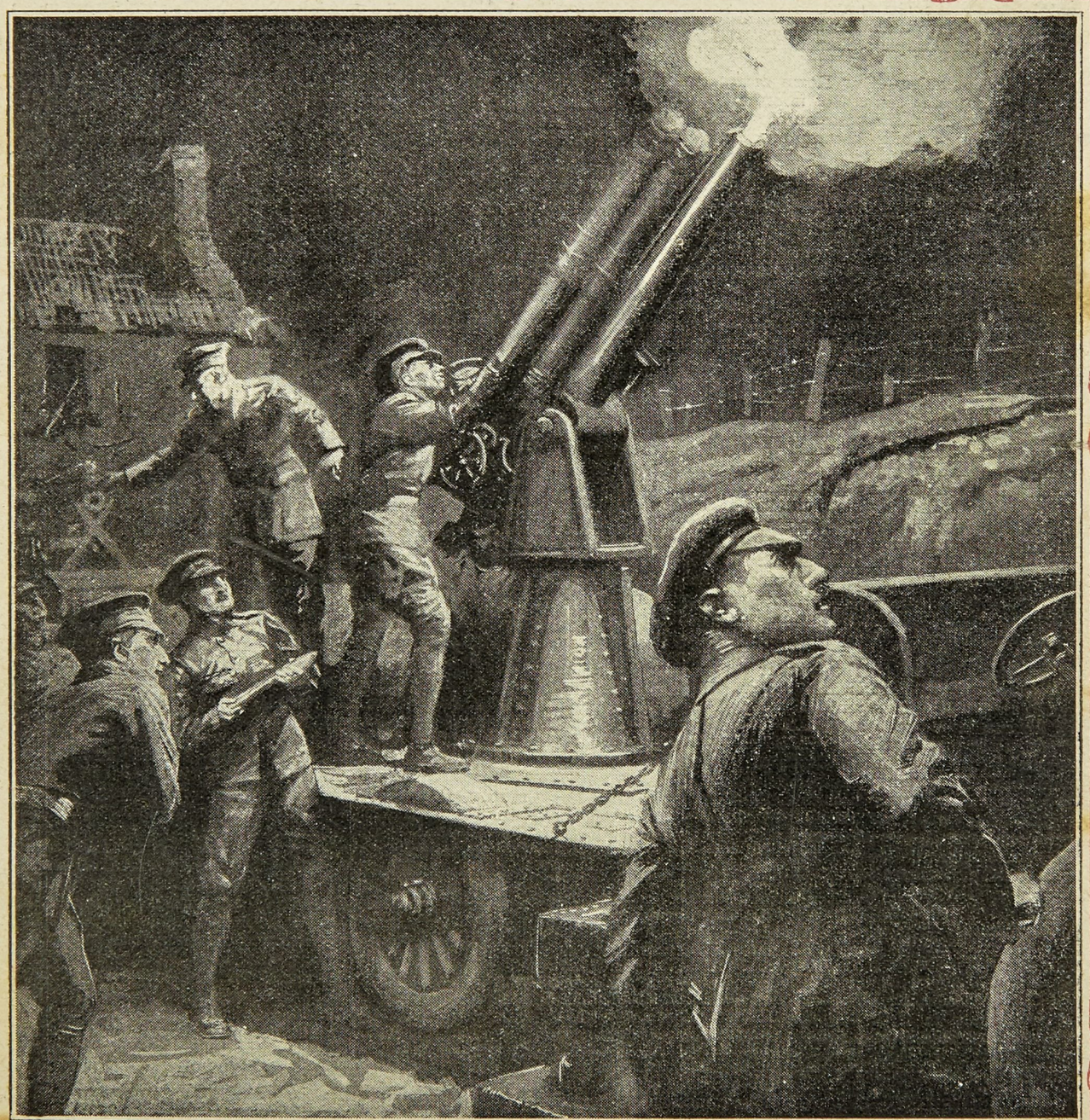
Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
48 Inland 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free. N

The War Illustrated, May 27th, 1916. *Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

Does Germany Want Peace? By F. A. McKenzie

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly



Vol. 4 **No. 93**

Hostile Aeroplane Sighted! Anti-Aircraft Gun in Action in France

At the Sign of the Dove and Olive Branch

HERR KARL BERNSTEIN and Herr Albrecht Zettel are the president and secretary respectively of the German Humanity League. The first intimation of their existence and of the existence of the organisation with the paradoxical name reaches us from Rotterdam—where bulbs come from. It is in the form of a translation of a circular issued by the German Humanity League to their comrades in Europe, and the document seems so likely to be unpalatable to the German militarist party that we are inclined to believe that it is both genuine and sincere. It begins with the simple statement of what we suppose must be a fact :

"Dear Comrades,—Our Rome correspondent, who has access to accurate sources of information at the Vatican, informs us that on the occasion of the Easter Festival the Kaiser sent by an aide-de-camp an autograph letter to the Sovereign Pontiff, 'bewailing the darkened clouds which engulfed the world, and deploring the sufferings caused to European homes by the ferocious prosecution of the unhappy and devastating conflict so cruelly forced upon Europe by the enemies of culture.'" Neither the president nor the secretary of the German Humanity League make any comment on the Kaiser's way of stating the case. It is, of course, merely "guff," part of the patter, and we do not suppose that his Imperial Majesty expected his Holiness to attach any importance to it one way or the other. Nevertheless, it is quite true that the enemies of culture did force this war upon the world.

THE circular proceeds : "The Kaiser expressed 'his earnest and consuming hope that the Holy Father, in concert with the King of Spain, may be able, as the supreme and authorised protector of the ideals of Christendom and civilisation, which are so dear to the heart of his Holiness, to construct a scheme with the object of bringing together, under the auspicious emblem of the dove and olive branch, a conference of belligerents for the consideration of an immediate armistice in the fervent hope of securing an early peace without detriment to the legitimate aspirations of nationalities.'" There, of course, is the rub ; but on this paragraph, too, the president and secretary of the German Humanity League refrain from offering any comment, and this time we will imitate them in their reserve.

THE real interest of the circular lies in the concluding paragraphs : "'It is known that the failure of Germany's arms in France and the stupendous sacrifice of life at Verdun have made a distinct impression at the Papal Court, and some significance is attached to the arrival in Rome of envoys from the Kings of Bavaria and Saxony, who have had prolonged audiences with Cardinal Gasparri. We are confident from these indications, and also from the restlessness which has manifested itself with increasing volume during the past month in Stuttgart, Mannheim, Leipzig, Dresden, Magdeburg, Hanover, Breslau and Frankfort, that these things are symptomatic of the demands of the deceived proletariat throughout Germany that the horrors of war shall cease by the act of the German Government."

AS we have intimated, we have never heard before of the German Humanity League, and we have not the faintest idea whether these two signatories are men of any weight either in their official or their private capacity. We are interested in their statement (as of a generally known fact) of manifestations of restlessness in the many towns they name ; we approve of the frankness with which they speak of "the deceived proletariat," and we honestly like the freedom from rhetorical verbiage which distinguishes their letter from all other documents proceeding from Germany that we have seen. They give us an impression of sanity that surprises us, and they almost encourage us to hope that at last two men have appeared to whom it may be possible to expound our view of the case with some expectation that they really will understand what we mean and that we mean it.

"SIR," we should like to say to them, severally and jointly, "if you hit a man in the stomach when he isn't looking, you are a bit of a muff if you don't knock the wind out of him. If he recovers his wind you are more than a bit of an ass if you expect him to refrain from knocking you down merely because you yell 'Pax!' In either case, of course, you are no gentleman, but that perhaps you can't help, and, anyhow, it is rather beside the point. The point is that you did hit us in the wind when we weren't looking, and now that we have got our wind back it is entirely useless for you to yell 'Pax!' because we mean to give you a good and proper licking. And that is all there is to it. And neither his Holiness the Pope nor the King of Spain is going to get us under any dove and olive branch with you until we have made you so unhappy that we know you will never do it again—know it, mind you, not take your word for it."

THAT much we should like to say to these men, not lightly or flippantly, but yet with a freedom from passion that more than anything else would convince them of our inexorable purpose and of the utter futility of their pleading to be let off. And when we perceived that they were brought to full realisation of the gravity of their position, perfectly understood that they "had got to go through with it," we should like to say something more. We would say that for offenders who have submitted to punishment for their wrong-doing there can be forgiveness after restitution has been made, and restoration after penitence. But while mercy is elastic, justice is rigid and exact, and something yet remains for them, and us, to do.

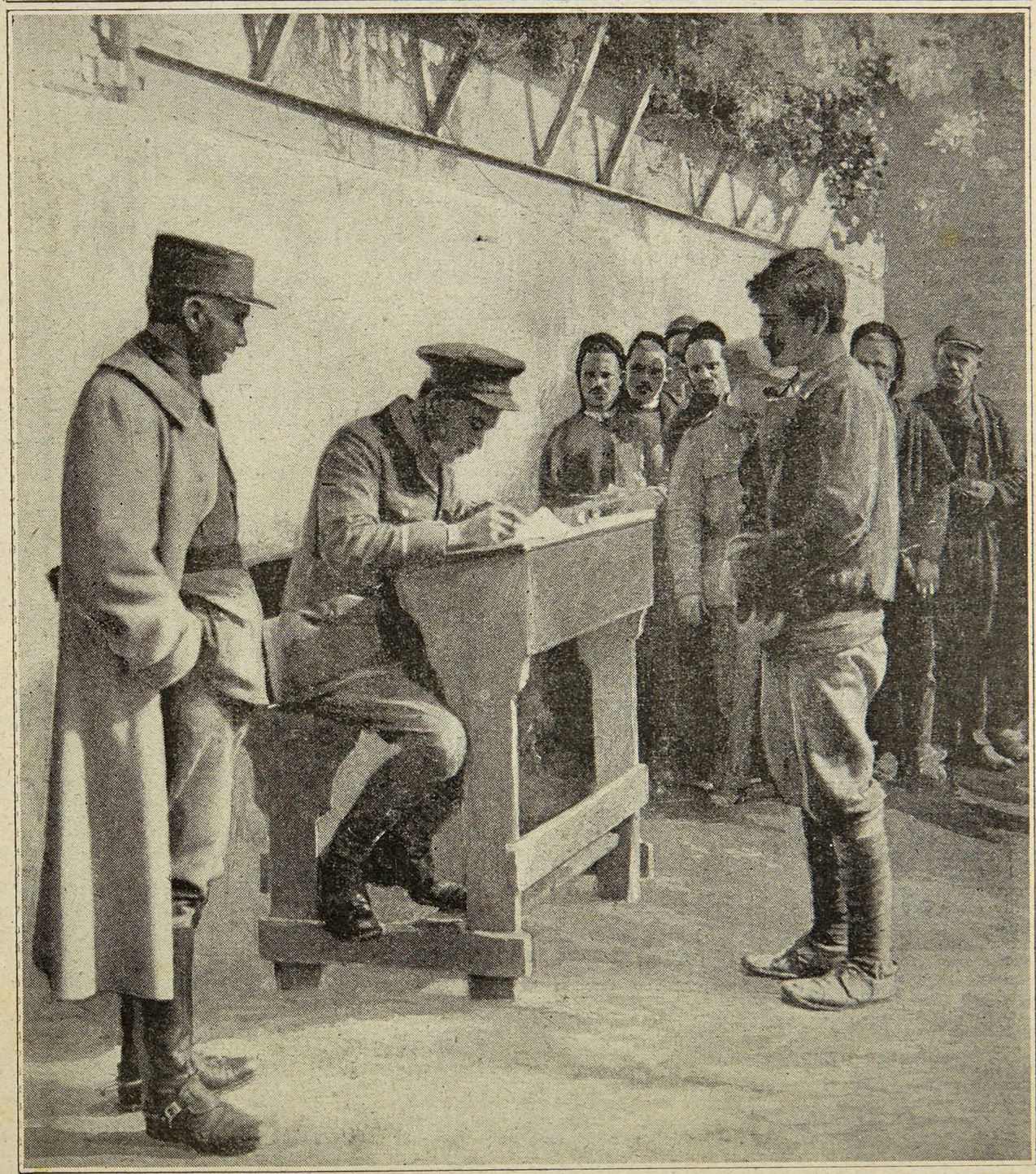
"THAT residue of your people," we would say to these representatives of the German Humanity League, "that purges itself of the moral poison that has corrupted and vitiated its existence for so many years may hope some day to be received again into the family of the nations. But for those of you who are responsible for the crimes that have shocked the world and cry to high heaven for vengeance—for the outraged and murdered women and children in Louvain and Senlis and hundreds of other villages in Belgium and France, Poland and Serbia, wherever German troops have set their cruel feet, for the murdered women and children and non-combatant men sunk beneath the waves, for the soldiers crucified and the soldiers bayoneted while writhing in the agony inflicted by the deadly gas conceived by devilish minds in quiet hours and launched deliberately against men all unprepared for it, for all the hellish warfare that was unimaginable until these great ones of your councils gave it damnable reality—for those of you there is no forgiveness. The first proof of your repentance must be your surrender of these men to meet and proper retribution. Not until you have given them up to the execution that is only the temporal part of the punishment awaiting them, not until the system that produced them and the order of things they designed to establish are made for ever impossible, shall you be aught but pariahs, unclean beasts not to be admitted amongst the habitations of men. Tell your people to choose. And remind them of what they know now—that they are a beaten as well as a deceived proletariat."

C. M.

27th May, 1916. No. 93. Vol. 4.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON



Official Photograph—Crown Copyright Reserved.

PERMITS FOR THE WAR ZONE.—Inhabitants of a village in the sector occupied by the allied armies in the Balkans procuring a permit to travel on the roads used exclusively by the military. Such passes are provisionally granted to Greeks, Turks, and Jews.

Mme. Millerand.

WAR WORK of the WOMEN of FRANCE

By MARC LOGE and H. du TAILLIS

It is the women of France who are winning the war for General Joffre. Without their labour and fortitude, our ally might have succumbed to the greater physical and mechanical force of the Central Empires. From midinette to marquise these wonderful Latins have formed themselves into a national sisterhood, working for France in every phase of endeavour, ever inspired, and no less zealous for victory than the menfolk who are so truly worthy of them. The Editor of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *is pleased to be able to offer his readers the following absorbing article on this subject by Mmes. du Taillis and Marc Loge, two eminent French women writers.*

ON those memorable first days of August, 1914, the women of France accompanied their dear ones to the town or village station, and waved them good-bye with a brave smile, belied by the tears which blinded them. Then, when the train had started, amidst cheers and hurrahs, they returned to their solitary homes whence the man—their man—had departed. And they all suddenly experienced a vague but very ardent desire to help to do their "bit" for the common cause; this desire has become even more intensified with the passing of months.

The women of France—of France rejuvenated by the heroism of its soldiers—have all adapted themselves without a murmur to the task, often arduous and painful, which war imposed upon them. The excessively narrow code of convention, which before the war had so frequently encompassed them, each in her particular social sphere, had been abruptly suppressed. They took a far broader view of what they could do—of what they would do. War, by inflicting upon them all indiscriminately, whatever might be their rank or age, the same excruciating pain of self-sacrifice, has revealed to them in all its truth the glorious meaning of the motto of generous-hearted France: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

And, for more than eighteen months, not one of these French women, having voluntarily assumed a task, responsibility, or duty, has ever for a moment thought of renouncing it, in order to be more free to sorrow and regret.

Ambulance Work

In France few women of the aristocracy and bourgeoisie do munition work; but they consecrate both their time and means to the wounded, and to the innumerable "oeuvres" war has necessarily given birth to. Of a truth a marvellous transformation seems to have come over many society women, who in those remote times which preceded war were wont to devote themselves with incredible fervour to the most futile pastimes. Bridge and tango experts have now become the most devoted nurses, and the golden book of feminine heroism already numbers many pages which could be indefinitely multiplied if, side by side with the heroic actions officially consecrated by special mentions and citations, were noted all the sublime deeds of charity, devotion and courage accomplished since the beginning of the war by the women of France.

Amongst those whose energetic leadership and initiative have been the most precious encouragement and example figures the Duchesse de Rohan. Her son, the deputy, has been wounded. But, overcoming her personal anxiety, the duchess transformed her marvellous dwelling in the Boulevard des Invalides into a hospital. The unique art collections which adorned the reception-rooms are at present stored away in the garrets, in large padlocked cases. They are replaced by rows of white beds, around which the duchess devotes herself. Seeing her thus tenderly ministering to the wants of some poor sufferer, who would recognise in her the great lady who, before the war, cultivated poetry with enthusiasm, and whose keenest pleasure was to group around her great, and obscure, poets! Now, however, the poets of yesterday are busy winning far more durable laurels, and the duchess-poet is merely a nurse.

Madame Adolphe Brisson, daughter of the famous dramatic critic Francisque Sarcey (better known to the Parisian literary set by the nickname of "Uncle Sarcey"), and wife of the dramatic critic of "Le Temps," has spared neither her time nor her energy since the beginning of the war. She is always to be seen in her white nurse's blouse, circulating between the ambulance of the University of "Les Annales," the famous literary weekly edited by her husband, and the University itself. Although she has been cruelly afflicted by the deaths of her brother and of one of her sons-in-law, both killed in action, she has not failed a single day to carry on the double management of the hospital and University. And, by a delicate attention for "nos alliés les anglais," Madame Brisson has taken care to provide the 1915-16 programme of the University with a course of English literature, in a series of delightful lectures delivered by the poet Jean Richepin.

Mme. Daniel Lesueur. Mlle. Valentine Thompson. Madame Le Verrier.

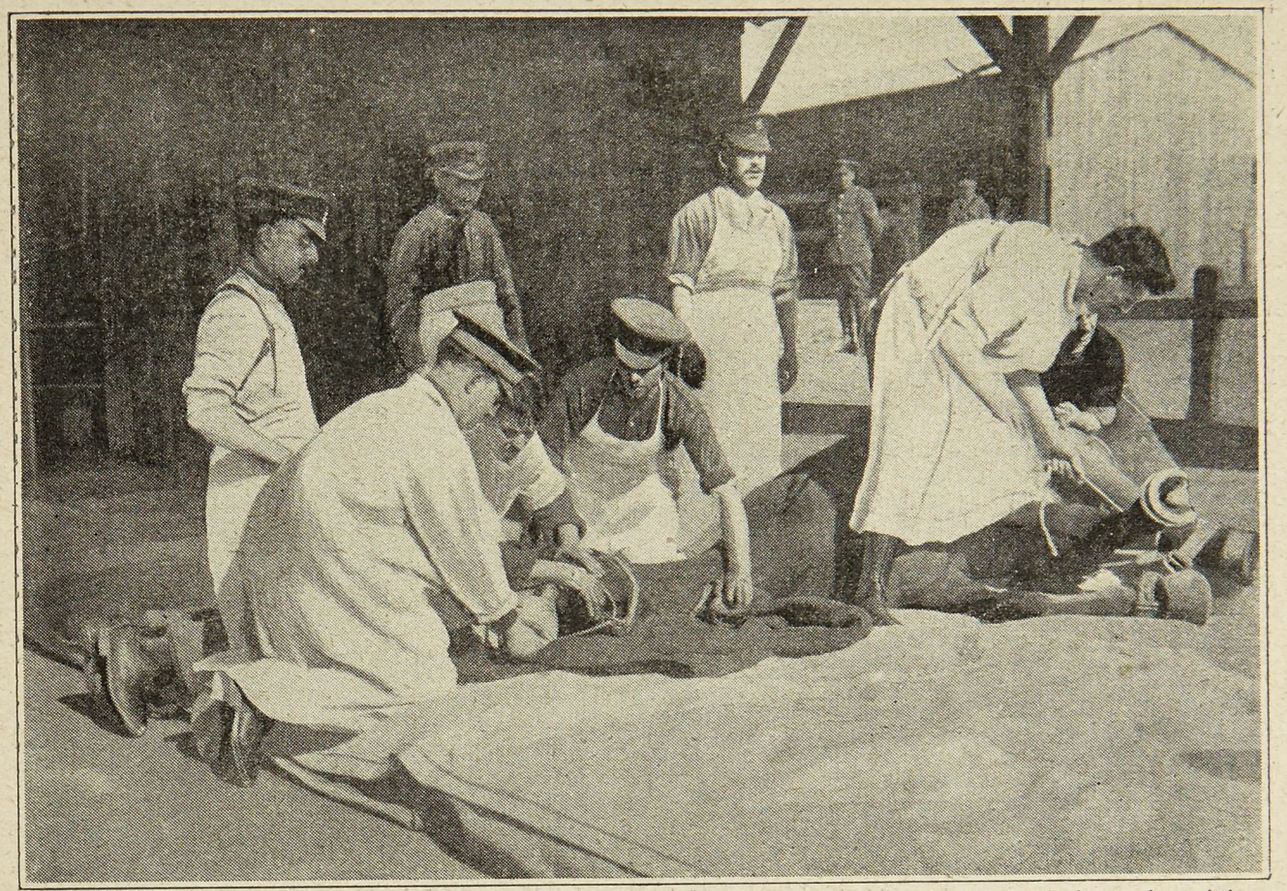
Mlle. Stanislas Meunier. Mme. Adolphe Brisson. Mme. la Duchesse de Rohan.

A Literary Nurse

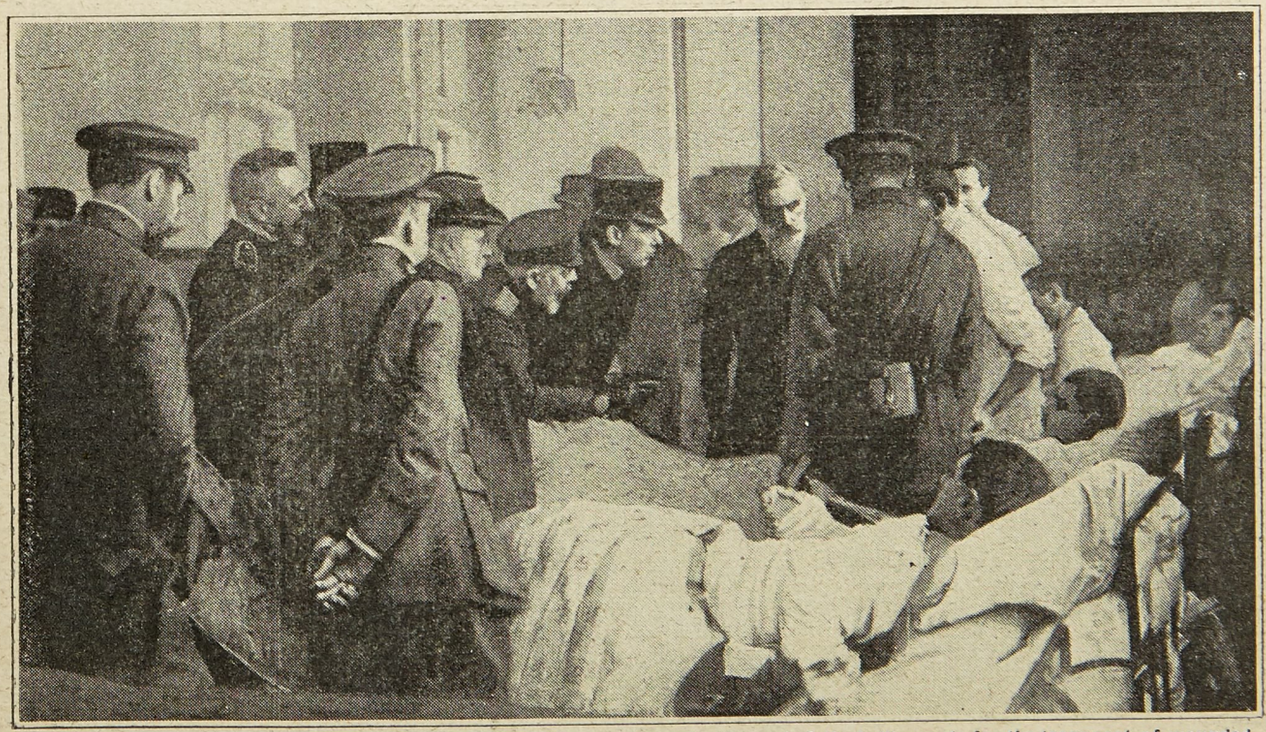
A perfect personification of an accomplished pupil of the University des Annales, which for some ten years or more has ministered so zealously to the intellectual wants of the young girls of Parisian society, is Mlle. Stanislas Meunier. She is the daughter of M. Stanislas Meunier, professor at the Museum, author of "Intelligence des Betes," and other works as delightful as they are instructive. Mlle. Meunier is the type of the modern French girl, frank, keen, direct. Simple, yet elegant, she is an accomplished musician, and possesses a very fine voice. Before the war she lived a refined, intellectual life by the side of her mother, who has written several very agreeable novels. Bellona, however, has transformed her into a humble, devoted

(*Continued on page 340.*)

Ceaseless Medical Aid for Man and Beast



Every care is taken of wounded horses at the various veterinary hospitals in France. This photograph shows a horse being chloroformed prior to being operated upon by the doctors.



A joint commission of the Allies has been inquiring into the means at the disposal of the belligerents for the transport of wounded from hospitals at the front to the base. In this illustration members are seen in discussion with a Red Cross doctor.

WAR WORK OF WOMEN OF FRANCE

(Continued from page 338.)

handmaiden of wounded soldiers. Since 1914 she has been at the Ambulance Bossuet, in Paris, which she helped to create. At first she accepted the most humble tasks. To-day, however, she is "infirmière-major" (head-nurse), and continues to give an example of noble perseverance.

Madame Daniel Lesueur, the well-known novelist, who has also translated Byron into French, thus already revealing her deep sympathy for England and all things English, created, a few days after the outbreak of the war, the "Aid for the Wives of Combatants," which has been working ever since. Canteens were established in different quarters of Paris, and the total number of meals distributed gratis exceeds 350,000. Madame Daniel Lesueur added a Clothing Bureau for Refugees, which does great good.

Adventure of a Scarf

Besides these "œuvres," which she directs with splendid competence and abnegation, Madame Daniel Lesueur finds time when at home to knit for the soldiers.

And while her husband, Henry Lapauze, curator of the Petit Palais, and editor of the review "La Renaissance Politique et Littéraire," discusses with her the trend of the next number of the review, Madame Daniel Lesueur knits those long woollen scarves which bring so much comfort on the front. One of these scarves has had a most heroic adventure. She had given it to a young airman, from whom she recently received a letter, in which he told her that her scarf had just had its "baptism of fire." While attacking three German aeroplanes the young airman's machine was fairly riddled by shrapnel. He himself had his jaw broken, as well as several teeth. And the "scarf is quite red with blood, as if wounded also!"

[*Courtesy of Mme. Clara, Rivesaltes.*

General and Madame Joffre. The Generalissimo's wife is among the most strenuous workers for soldiers' welfare.

The last time I had the pleasure of seeing Madame Lesueur she was busy knitting a new muffler to send to her young friend as soon as he can recommence his brilliant exploits.

Madame Millerand, wife of the former Minister of War, created the Blue Cross, of English origin, and unknown in France until the sufferings and needs of those dumb heroes, the war horses, had been brought home to us in letters from the front.

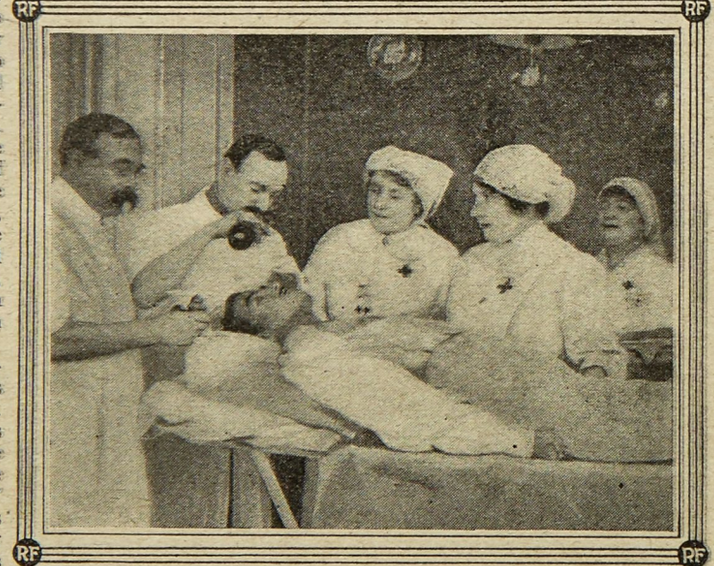
Children have also appealed to the kind hearts of the women of France. Madame Frank Puaux has been for many years the devoted president of the "Colonies des Vacances," those holiday colonies where so many tired or sickly little children of Paris find the health they now enjoy. Madame Puaux deems, as did Michelet, that the "human flower is of all flowers the one that needs most sun." When war broke out, the "Colonies" opened wide their gates to welcome not only the little Parisians who yearly visited them for a month, but also the children chased from their homes by the cruel invaders, as well as little Belgian refugees. Thanks to Madame Puaux's untiring zeal, five thousand eight-hundred and thirty-six town children have benefited since August, 1914, by long sojourns in the pure country air.

Having no doubt inquired into the state of the sanitary organisation at the front, the Générale Michel started a Soldiers' Towel Service, which provided towels for the men in the trenches. Madame de Broutelles, directress of the "Mode Pratique," very logically thought of creating the "Sou-a-Day" Fund, to provide for the trousseaux of refugees, and to prepare linen for the thousands of little homes which will have to be completely reorganised and reconstructed after the war. Madame Viviani, wife of the ex-Prime Minister, directs the "Pouponnière" at the Hotel Biron, which is also the dwelling of Rodin.

Mme. Joffre's Great Effort

Of course, Madame Joffre, the beloved wife of the General-in-Chief, is amongst the most strenuous and untiring workers in behalf of her husband's glorious soldiers. She presides over at least ten different "Relief Funds" and "Aid Associations," and her private house is littered with piles of cigarettes, provisions, and woollen articles. These are repacked, under her supervision, into small parcels, and sent to the men in the trenches.

Mademoiselle Valentine Thompson, whose father has been Minister of Commerce and of the Marine in different French Cabinets, is in peace time a very successful writer. A few years ago she brought out a book on the great actress, Madame Rachel, which met with keen appreciation. Since the war, however, the wounded have claimed all her attention, and she has started the "Fédération des Jouets," which depends directly on the "Vie Féminine," of which she is the head. This Federation of Toys has been formed in aid of the mutilated soldiers of France, who can be taught toy-making, and thus provide themselves with a means of living when their injuries prevent them from resuming their former trades. Madame Charles le Verrier has proved of great help to Mlle. Thompson in this undertaking. With the fine spirit which is certainly one of the characteristic traits of the resolute women of France, she did not hesitate to cross the Atlantic and plead the cause of the "Fédération des Jouets" in New York. She carried with her some specimens of the toys made by the wounded, which were exhibited at the "Knickerbocker Club," and attracted much sympathetic attention.

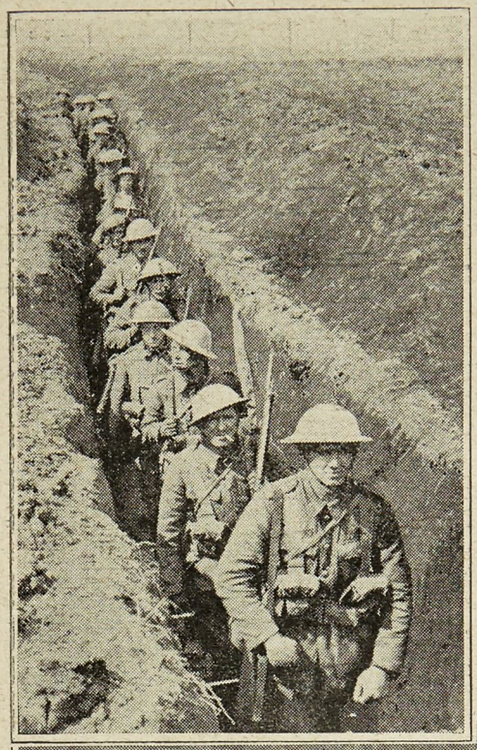


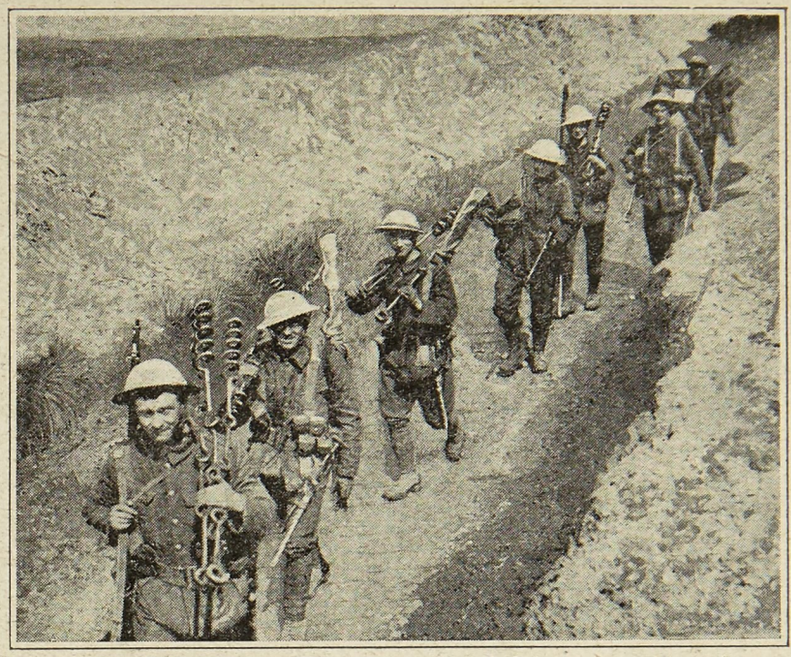
Madame Adolphe Brisson, daughter of the famous dramatic critic, Francisque Sarcey, with Madame Lavedan, at their hospital duties.

Thus are the women of France doing their best to help and be useful. Their tireless efforts have already achieved fruition. No doubt the juvenile and alert appearance which Paris still preserves, though less animated than of yore, is in great part due to the impression of intense feminine activity which strikes one continually. Everything gets done, and it is the women who do it who are the worthy associates of the men who are fighting in the sodden trenches.

MARC LOGE AND H. DU TAILLIS.

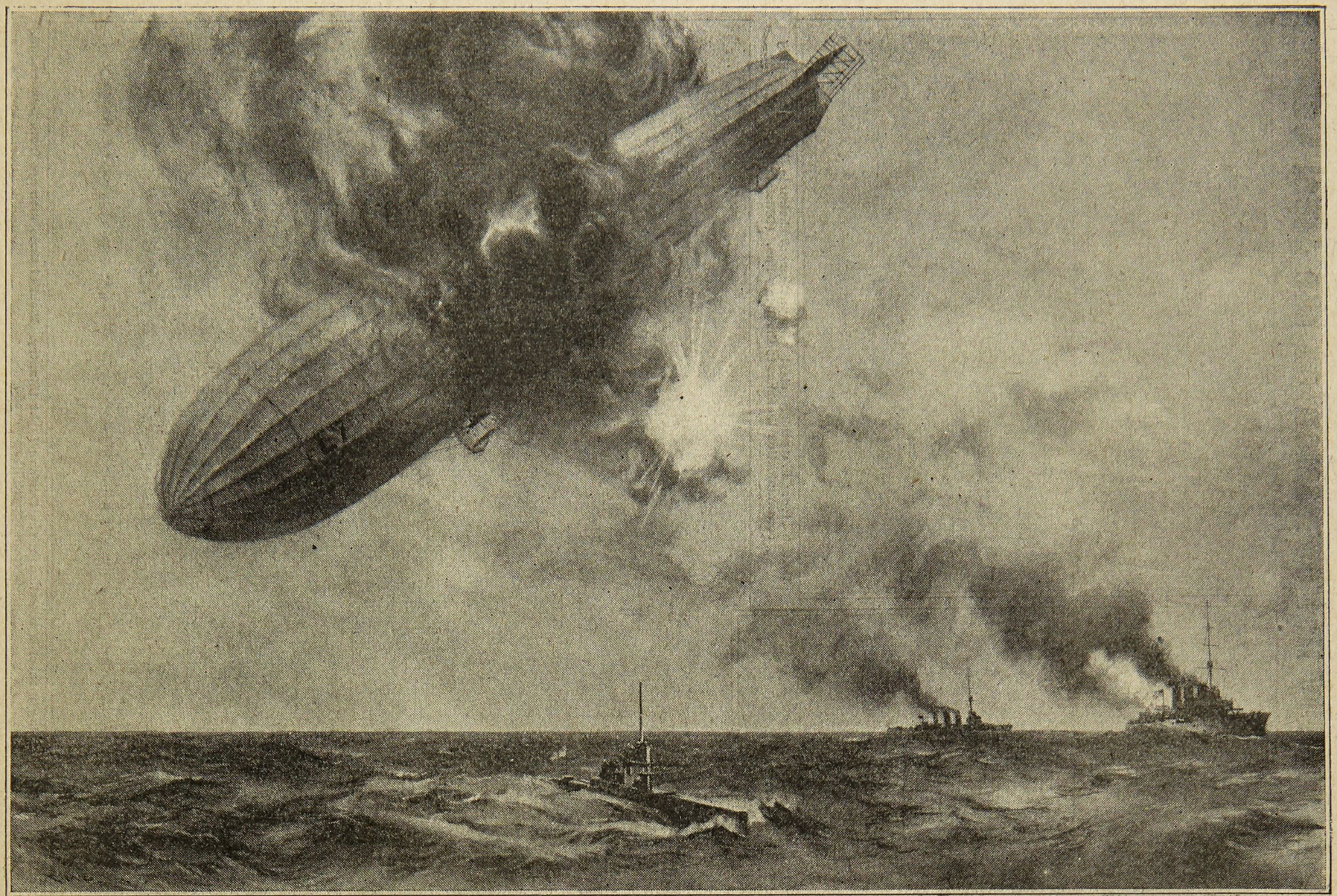
Britons Happy in Possession of the Steel Casque





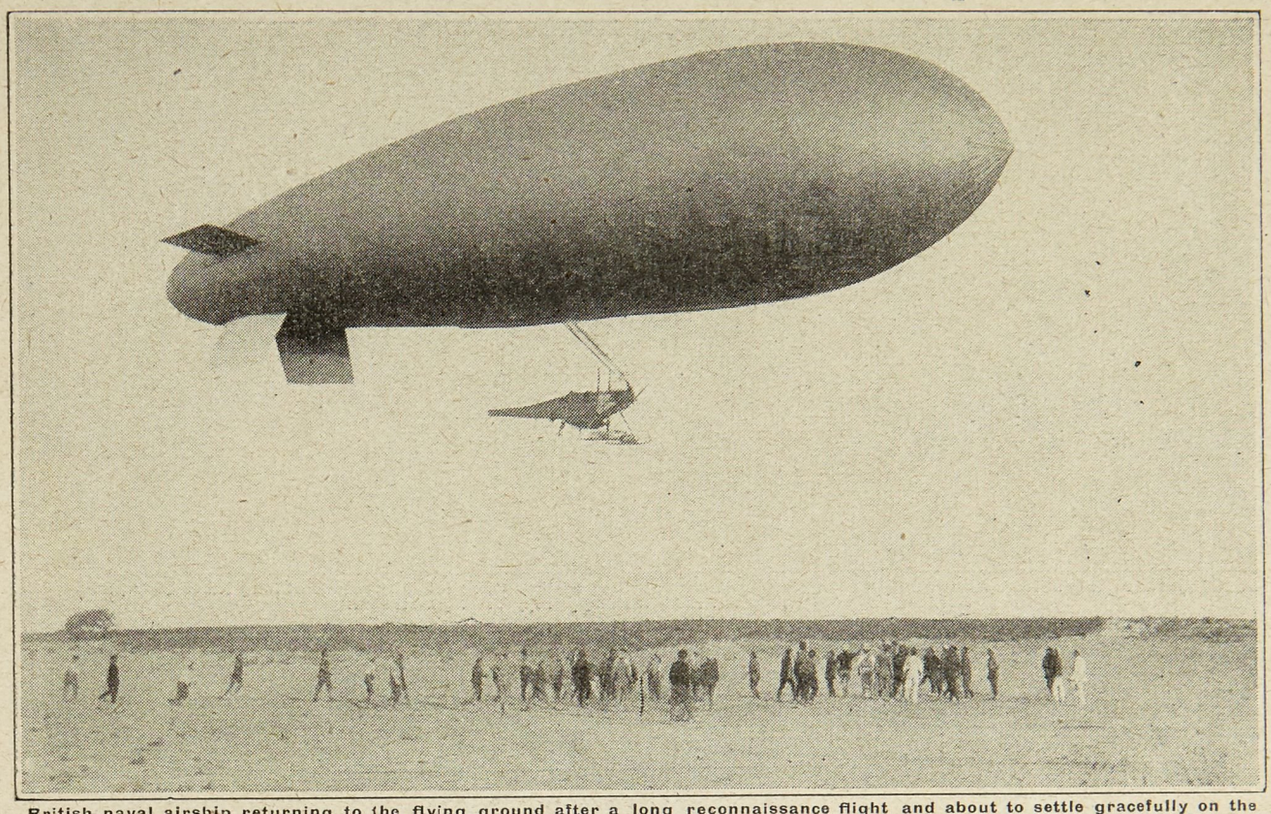
British troops wearing steel shrapnel-proof helmets marching along communication trenches to the firing-line. (Official photograph.)

The spirit of victory. Cheering men of a battalion of the Durham Light Infantry. Most of these men are from Sunderland.
(Crown copyright reserved.)

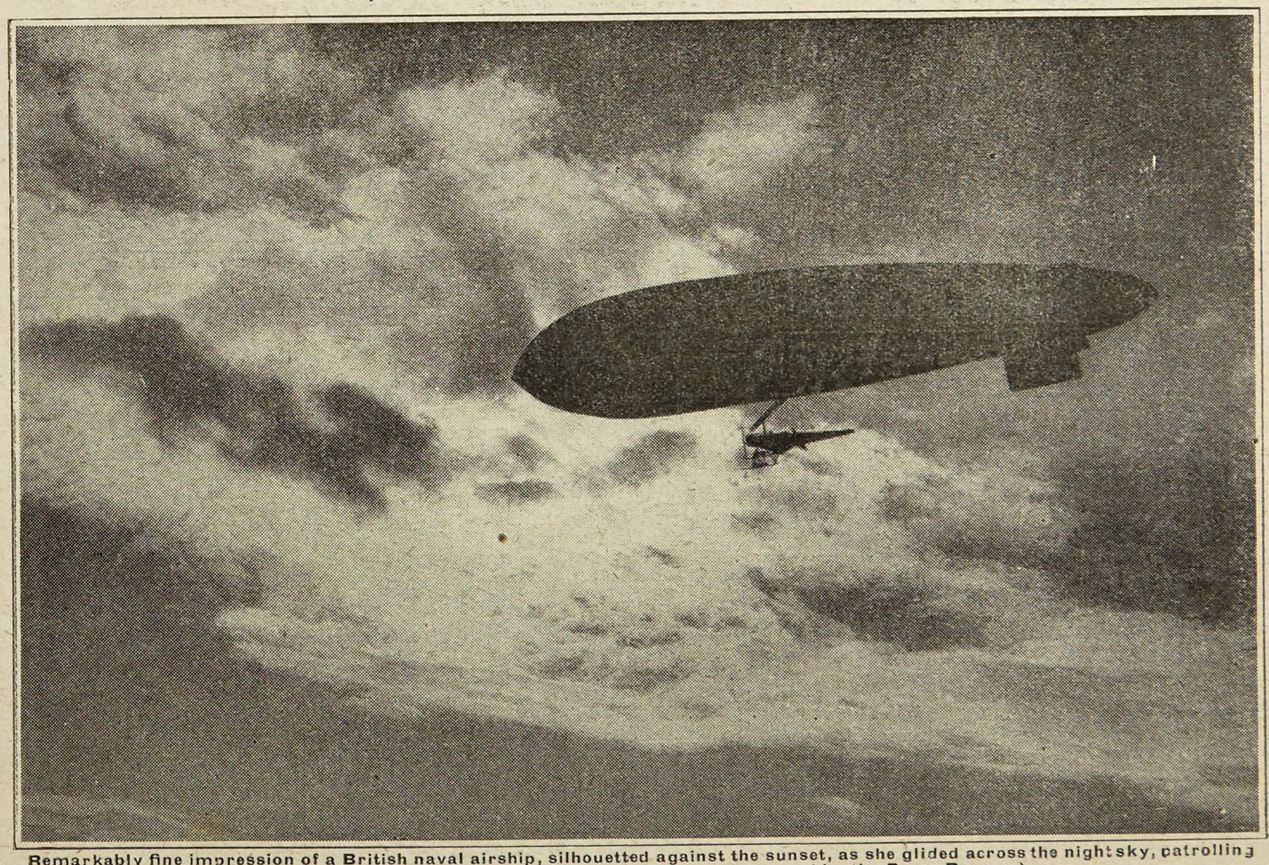


DEATH-PLUNGE OF ZEPPELIN L7.—British submarine ready to give the "coup de grace" to the L7 after the airship had been shot down by two British cruisers—H.M.S. Galatea and Phaeton—off the German coast on May 4th, 1916. After the Zeppelin had been wrecked by fire from the cruisers, the British submarine appeared on the surface and completed the work of destruction by gun fire. Subsequently a German cruiser came on the scene, stood by the wrecked "gasbag," and hotly attacked the submarine. The E boat submerged, and returned to port with seven of the Zeppelin's crew. More would have been saved but for the fact that the German cruiser fired on the rescuers.

Sentinels of the Skies : Naval Airships on Patrol



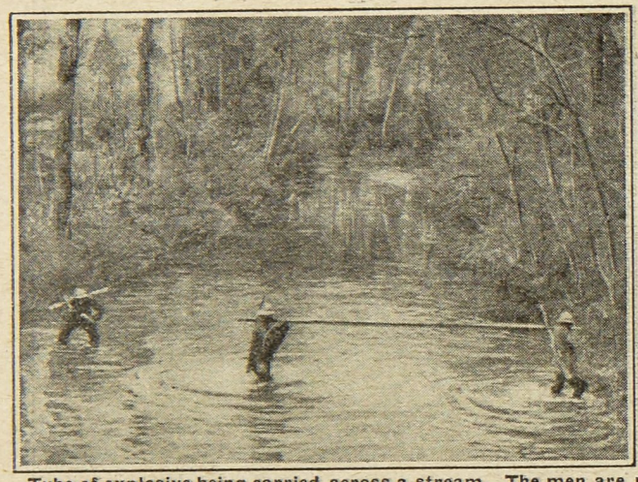
British naval airship returning to the flying ground after a long reconnaissance flight and about to settle gracefully on the earth. A rope thrown down from the car is being held by a number of British soldiers.

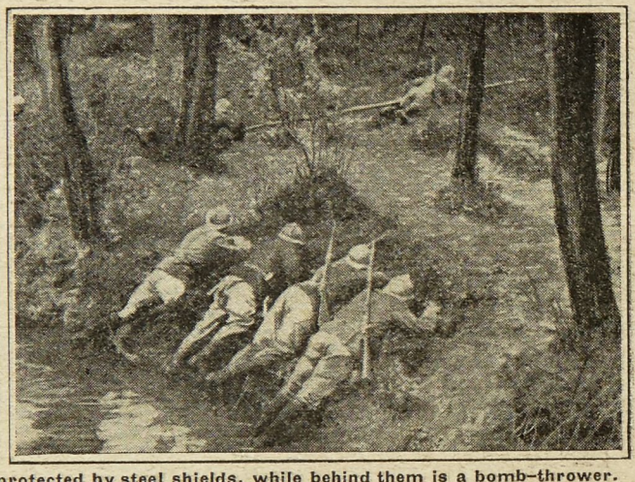


Remarkably fine impression of a British naval airship, silhouetted against the sunset, as she glided across the night sky, patrolling the broad highway of the air. (Official photographs issued by the Press Bureau.)

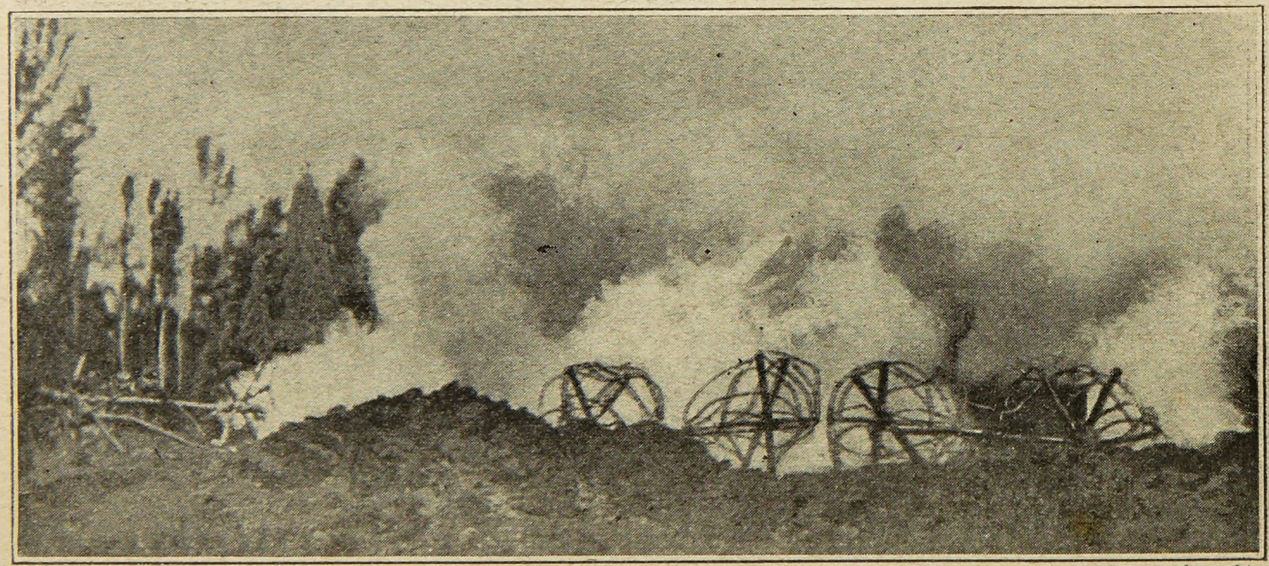
The Tube of Death : Vivid Italian Battle Scenes

The Italians have originated a novel method of mining Austrian trenches on the Isonzo front by means of long tubes of explosives. Bomb-throwers, who guard the attacking party, fording a stream.





Tube of explosive being carried across a stream. The men are protected by steel shields, while behind them is a bomb-thrower. Right : Safely across the stream, the mining party are seen taking the tube of death carefully through the undergrowth.



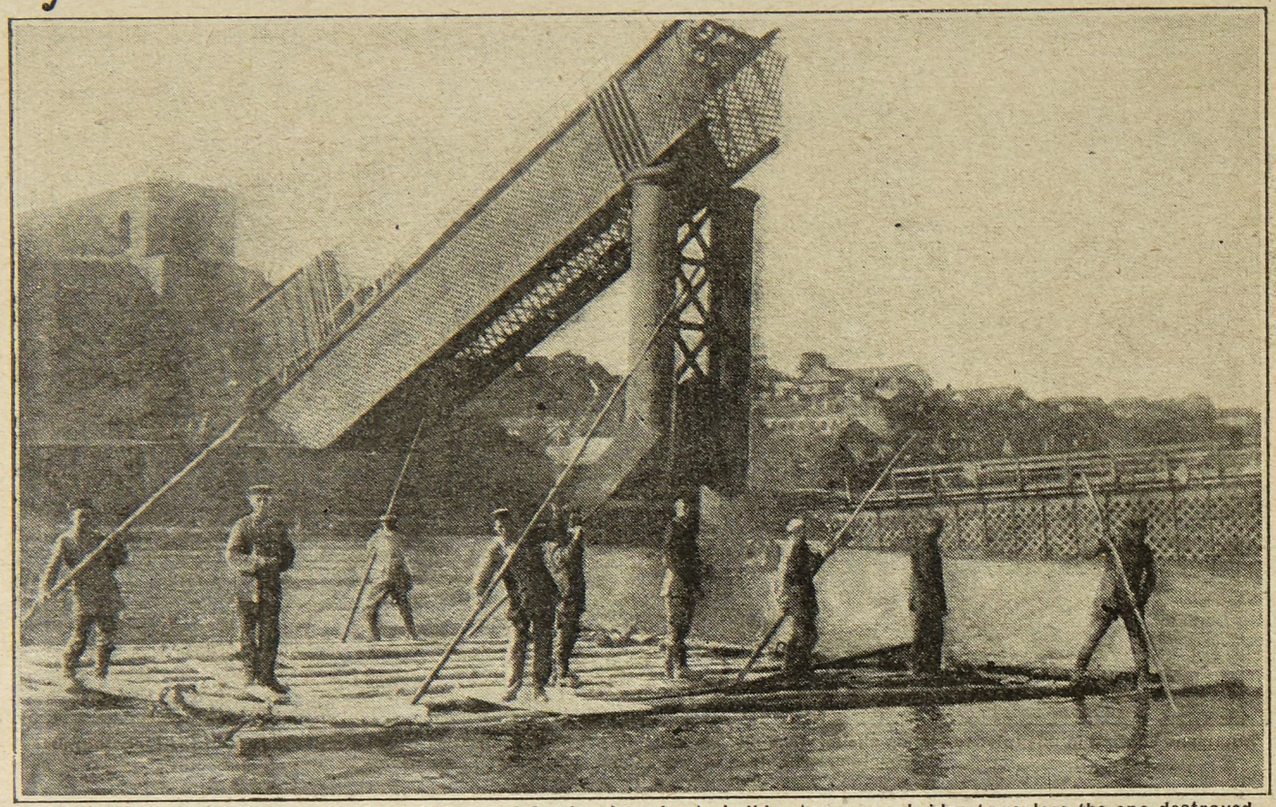
The explosion of the tube, causing destruction in an Austrian trench. This new method of mining enemy positions is fraught with extreme peril to the attacking party, who carry the tube of explosive right up to the enemy trench.

Faulty Shells and Spies on the Isonzo Front

Austrians hauling in unexploded Italian shells. The size and weight of these projectiles may be gathered from the large number of soldiers required to move them even a short distance.

Two men suspected of spying in an Italian camp are being led in to the commandant for court-martial. Hand in hand they are going down the mountain side to know their fate, a sure and quick death if the charge is proved against them.

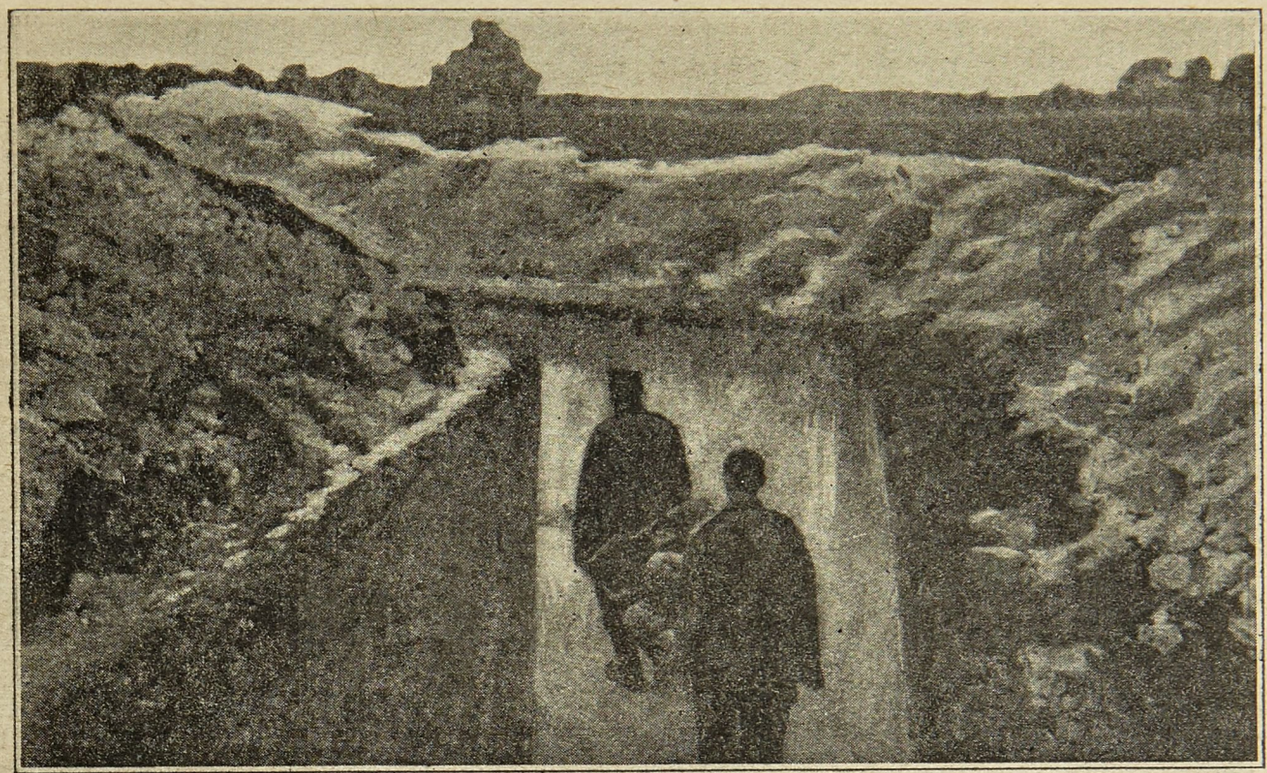
By River & Road Near the Russo-German Front



Germans rafting timber across the River Niemen, at Grodno, in order to build a temporary bridge to replace the one destroyed by Russian troops retiring from the Warsaw salient.

Russian woman and her two little children who, since their home was wrecked by the Germans, have lived in a crude shelter built of earth and wood against the remaining wall of their ruined home.

Prisoner-Pawns & the Crown Prince Near Verdun

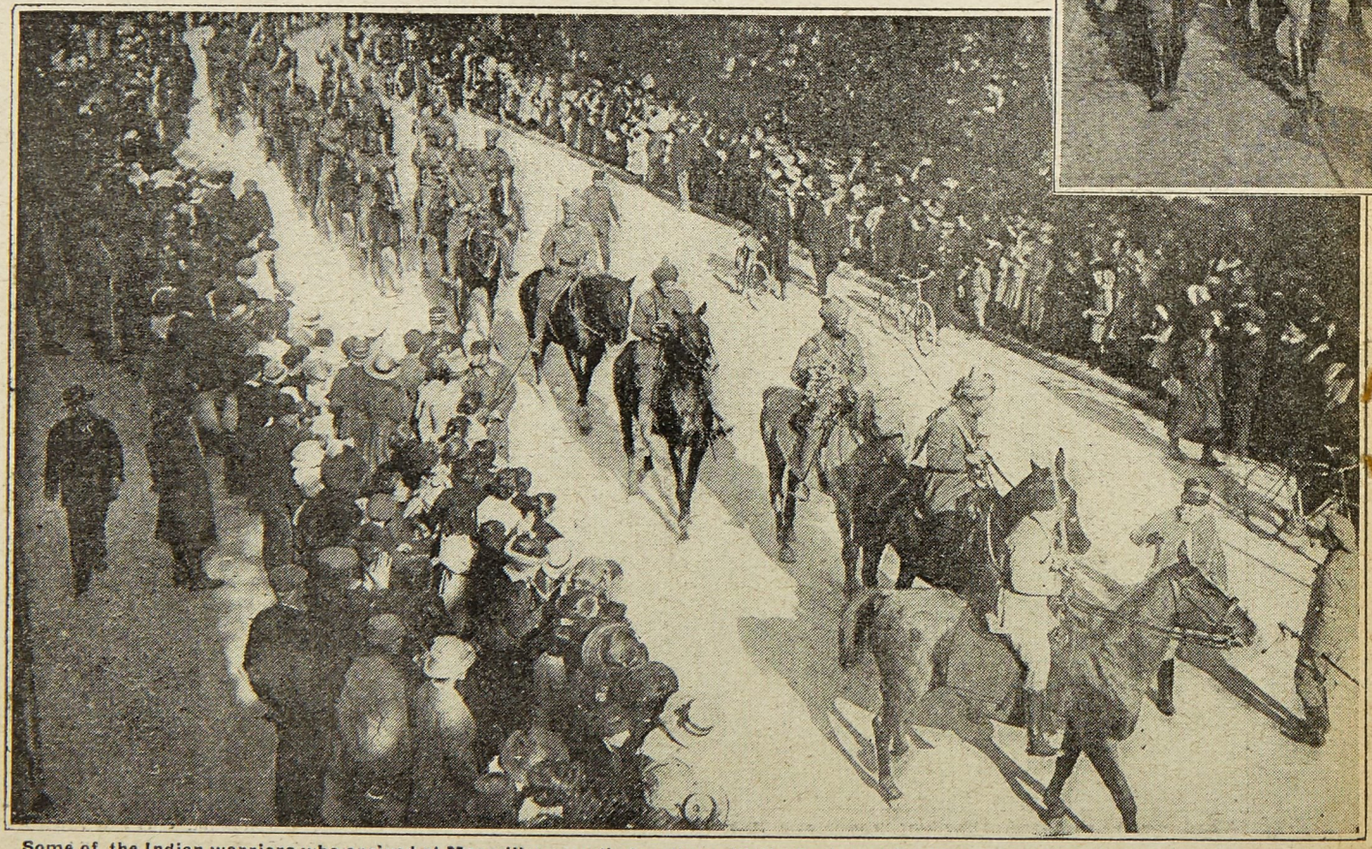


Deep enemy trenches in the Meuse sector and two captured Germans carrying one of their wounded through a communication after an attack on the French lines near Verdun.

The German figurehead at Verdun. The Crown Prince riding with Staff officers behind the German positions. It was reported recently that the Crown Prince narrowly escaped death through the bursting of a shell from a long-range French gun.

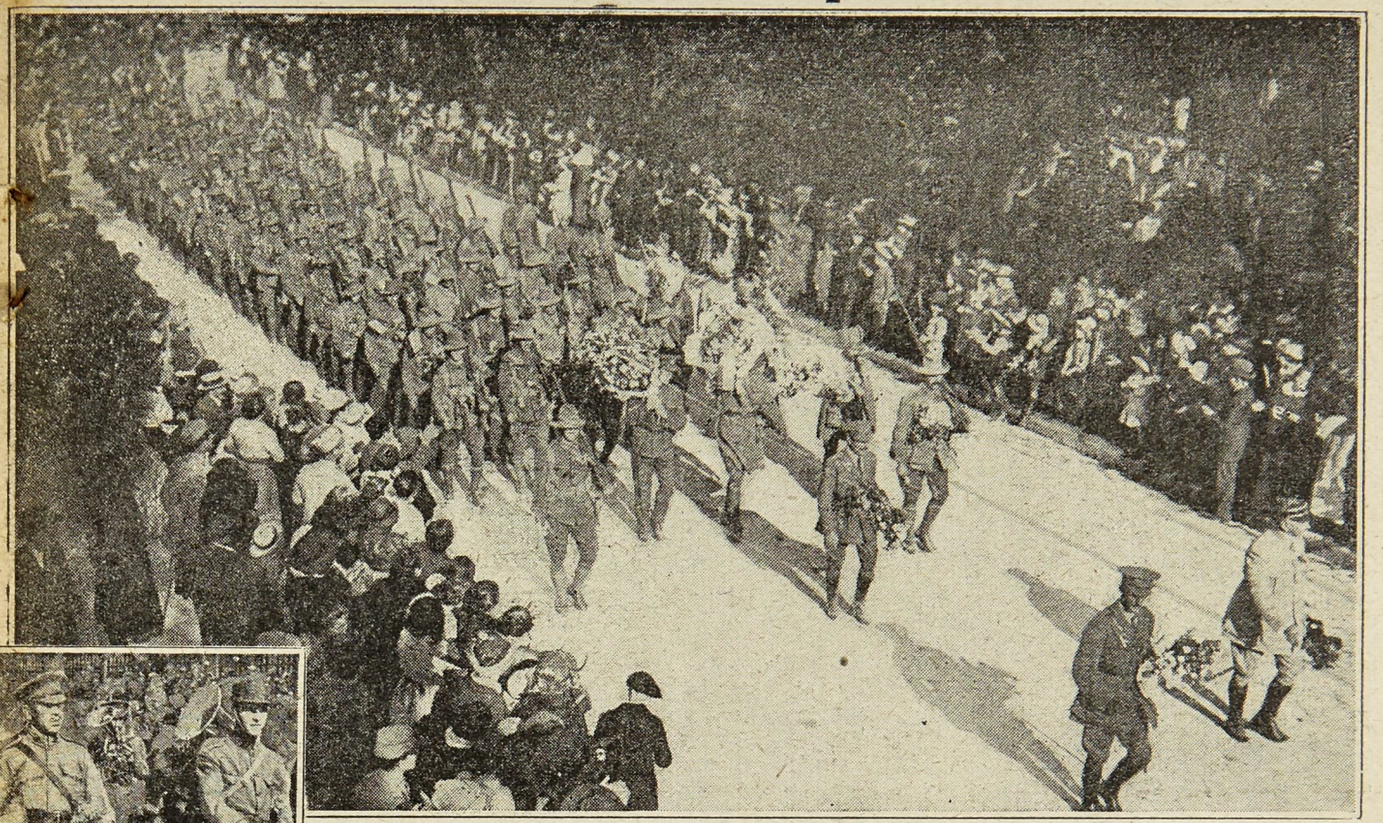
To The Fighting Line via Marseilles: Scottish

A contingent of British troops disembarked at Marseilles on May 8th, among whom were a number of Scottish soldiers, who marched to the music of the pipes.



Some of the Indian warriors who arrived at Marseilles recently together with the Scots and Australians. The centre photograph shows the band of the new allied troops who are to aid in the deliverance of France.

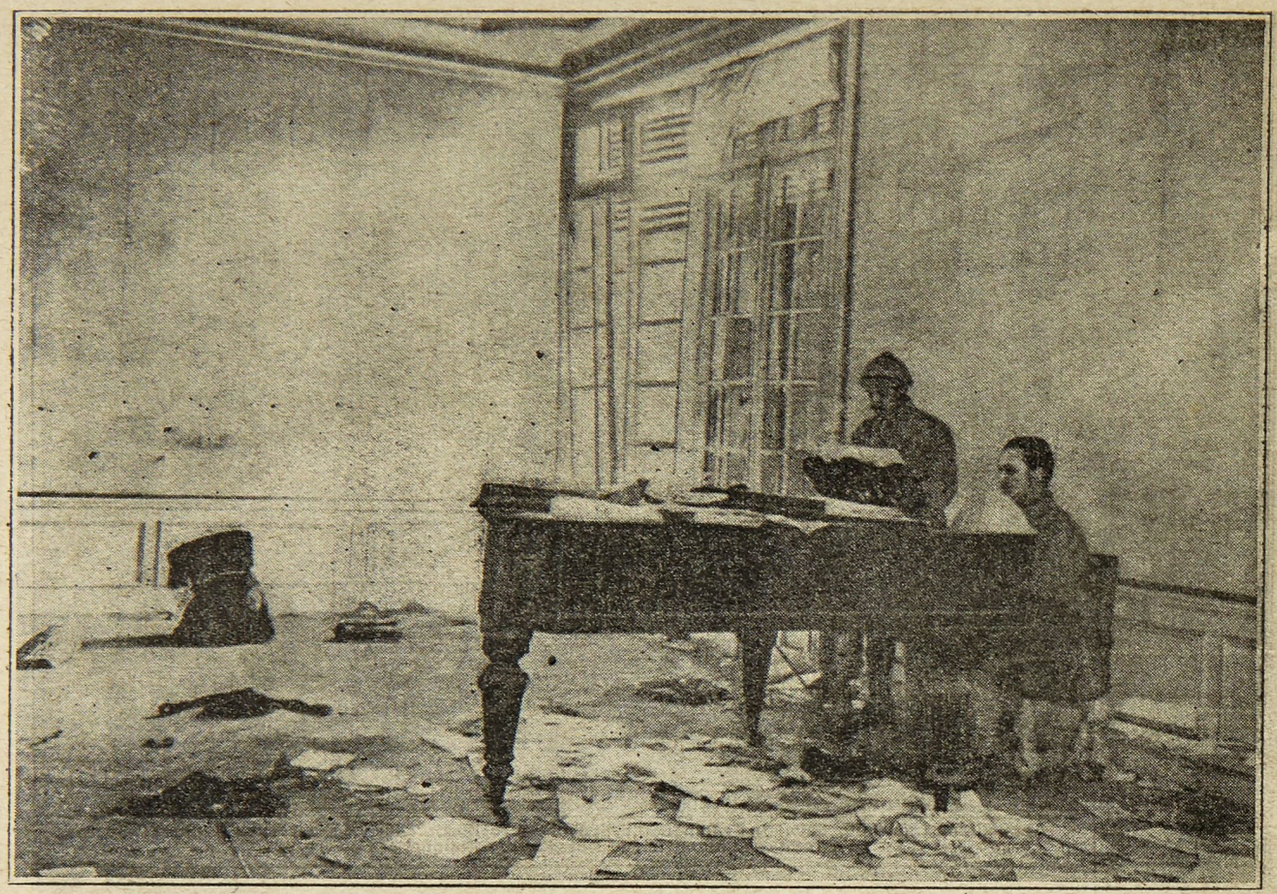
n, Australian and Indian Troops Enter France



Australians marching down the main boulevard of Marseilles. They were accorded a great welcome, and each man was presented with a bouquet of flowers.

Scenes of great enthusiasm on the part of the French populace were witnessed in the Avenue du Prado as the Scottish, Australian, and Indian contingent passed through the city on their way to the front.

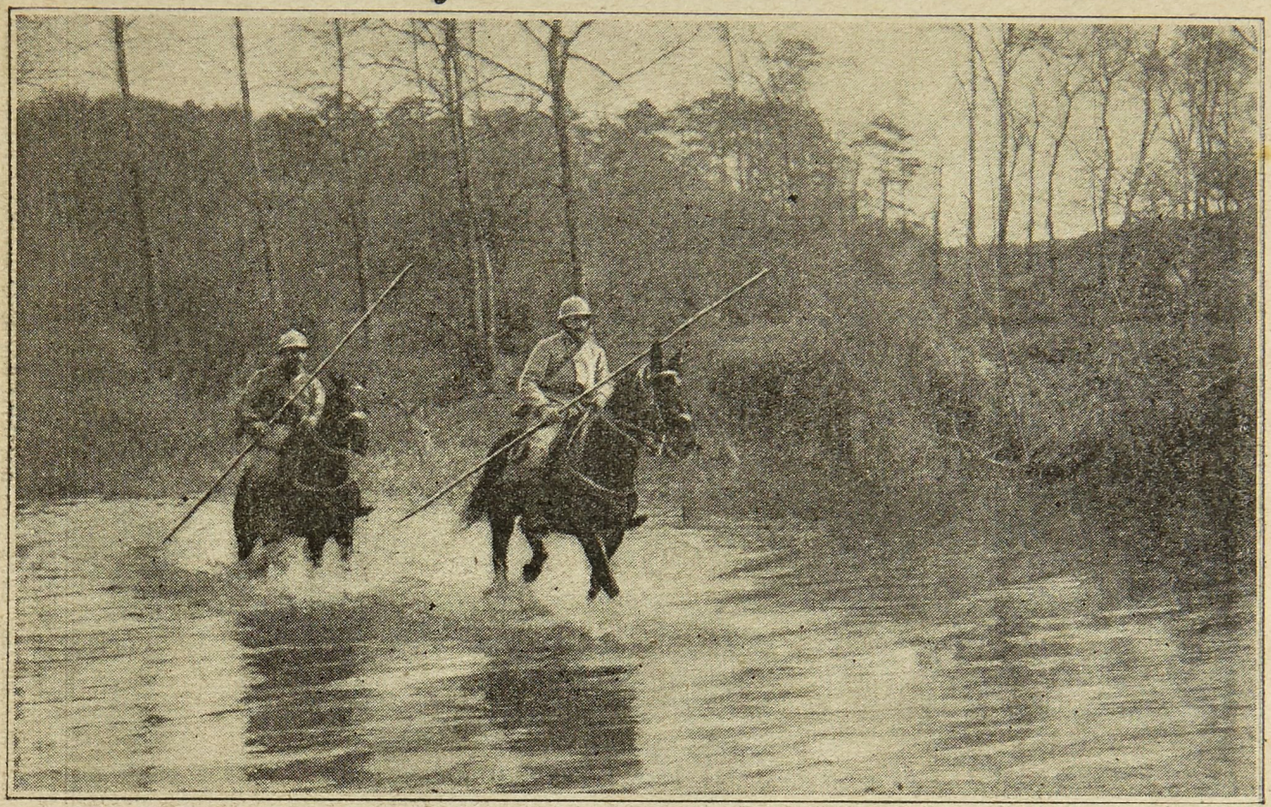
Music and Menu Amid the Débris of Battle



Scene in the music-room of a French chateau, stripped by the enemy of every ornament and piece of furniture save the piano, which was left intact. One of the French officers is going through a solo, while his comrade is studying a book of music.

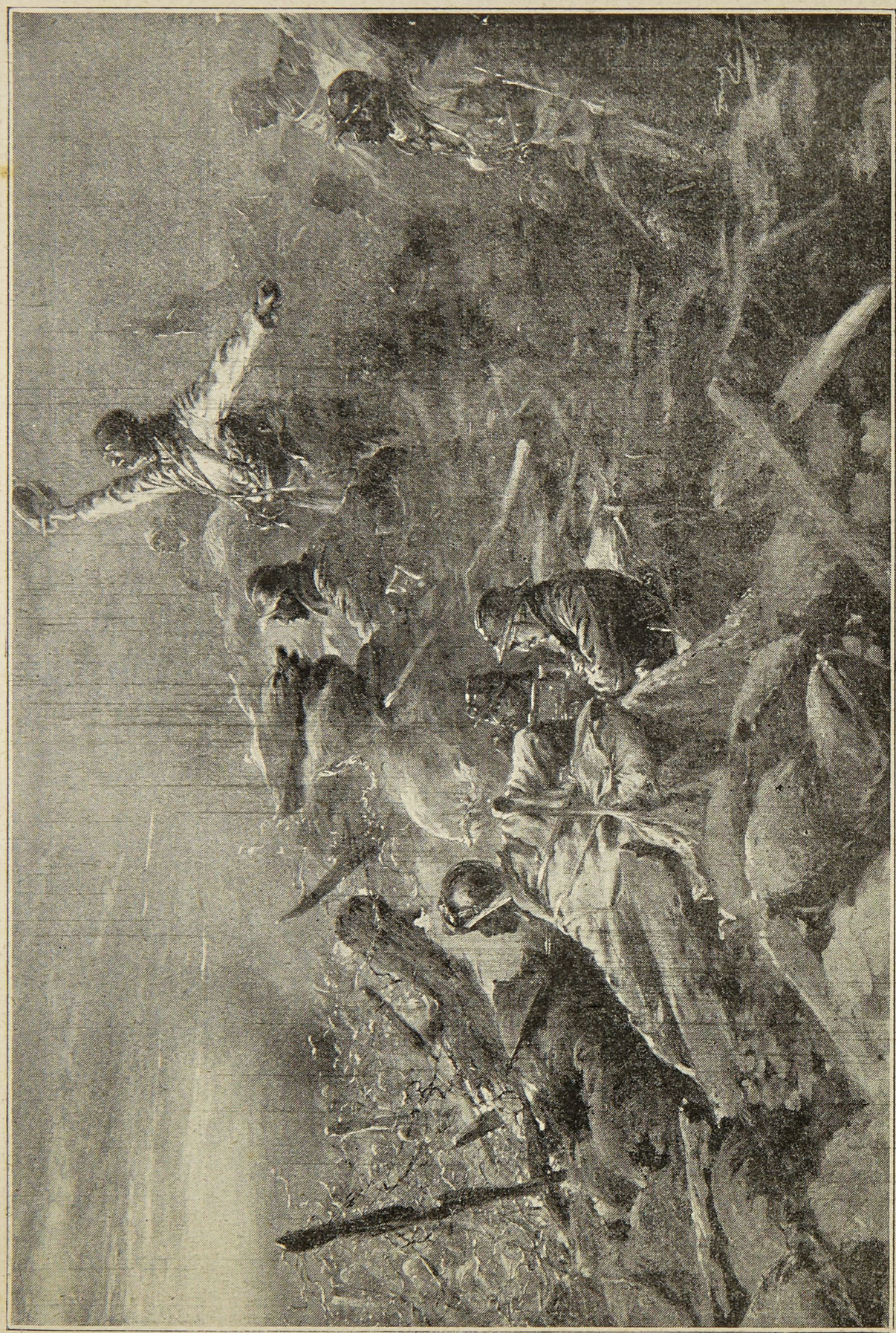
The ravenous hunger of Mars. Poilus on leave from the trenches attack their rations with conspicuous determination. Scene in a retreat just behind the foremost lines, where the French are holding back the enemy.

In France by Rivulet and Silver Birch



French dragoons on patrol duty. With the reconnoitring lancers suggesting a picturesque aspect of war, and the landscape typical of Nature's allurements in Northern France, the camera has succeeded in capturing a scene that might be from the brush of a painter.

Scouting party of steel-capped French cavalrymen halting on the edge of a wood in the North of France to water their horses in a sunlit pond by the wayside after a long and dusty ride during reconnoitring duty.



DAWN IN THE FRENCH LINE.—As the first touch of red in the sky heralds the dawn over the battlefield an indescribable scene of enthusiasm takes place in the foremost French line. The steel-capped warriors who have been on guard throughout the night, sleepless, resolute, and ever looking across the gloom of the neutral plain towards the foe, cannot govern an impulse to jump the parapet and shout for joy that the enemy is still held back. Irrespective of the danger in exposing themselves, these heroes of France stand up to salute the birth of another day, waving their steel casques, and singing a line from the "Marseillaise," and hoping that the Huns will be swept out of their beloved land.

Does Germany Want Peace?

By Our War Correspondent F. A. McKENZIE

THERE has been during the past few weeks a revival of peace talk. Germany has intimated, in indirect fashion, that she would welcome peace negotiations —on her own terms. German statesmen recognise that they have little hope of a decisive victory. Each month in which negotiations are delayed may make conditions worse for them. Peace talk will, at the worst, they believe, help to make them friends in America. It may do more.

The German terms are understood to be as follows: Germany will evacuate Northern France and Belgium, and will assist in the rebuilding of Belgium. Poland—it is not clear if this means Russian Poland or the whole ancient Polish kingdom—is to be made into an autonomous State, virtually under German suzerainty. Britain is to restore the lost colonies to Germany, but Japan will be allowed to retain Kiao-Chau. Serbia and Montenegro are to recover their former territory. Constantinople is to remain in Turkish hands. For the rest, everything is to be as before the war.

Dangers of Inconclusive Peace

These terms are, of course, impossible, even as a basis for negotiation. They would mean that we had practically thrown away all our work and all our sacrifices, and that the issue of European unrest remained as before. Peace on such terms would involve another European war within twenty years. I have over my desk an extract from a speech made by a famous American divine at a peace meeting in the United States. The extract represents what I believe to be the fundamental demand of Great Britain and her friends: "We do not want the war stopped until peace can be established on a basis of justice."

We want peace, but we want a permanent peace. Better a longer struggle now and a definite settlement at the end than a half settlement soon and further trouble later on.

What, then, are the likely conditions of peace from the point of view of the Allies? Here are some of the probable demands.

BRITAIN.—The essential British requirement is that the peace of Europe shall be guaranteed. The German Navy must be limited, and the race for armaments which precipitated the war ended. Some definite arrangement must be reached about submarines and Zeppelins, possibly along the lines of a common world pact forbidding any Power to construct or own fighting aircraft or underwater boats. This will be one of the most difficult points of settlement, but it is essential from our point of view that Germany should not be allowed, when peace comes, to prepare a vast submarine and Zeppelin fleet to launch on us when she pleased. Australia will probably demand the retention of the German Pacific colonies, and South Africa will never consent to the return of German South-West Africa. We may demand the neutralisation of Heligoland and of the Kiel Canal, and we will take guarantees against Germany entering into hostile economic arrangements against our trade.

No Indemnity from Germany

These terms, apart from the neutralisation of the Kiel Canal, will probably be found to be the British minimum, so far as we ourselves are concerned. It will be noticed that they do not include many things which have been freely mentioned. I believe it unlikely that we will secure an indemnity from Germany for ourselves. It would cost more to get it than it would be worth, and whatever indemnities Germany can pay will be needed for other smaller and poorer nations. It is unlikely that we will seek to interfere with the German Imperial House or dictate in any way the internal reform of Germany. We are not trying to crush the German people. Nationality cannot be crushed.

BELGIUM.—The terms for Belgium are simple and unalterable—the restoration of the Belgian territory and the liberal compensation of her people. Our honour is pledged to this, and I know no one responsible statesman in this country who would hesitate to advocate fighting three years longer if necessary to secure justice for Belgium.

FRANCE.—France asks the evacuation of her territories, the cession of Alsace and Lorraine, and an indemnity. If France had to choose between the recovery of her lost provinces and an indemnity, she would choose Alsace and Lorraine.

ITALY.—Italy's primary demand is for the recovery of the adjoining districts, "Italia Irredenta," which she feels properly and historically belong to her. The Italian people would further greatly appreciate, in the resettlement of Europe, the gift by France of the strip of territory to the east of Monaco. There is some conflict between the claims of Italy and of Serbia to the east, each desiring the Trentino, but these have been probably already adjusted in the diplomatic negotiations between the Allies.

Problems of Poland and Balkania

POLAND.—There is a general agreement that the kingdom of Poland must be reconstituted. Poland as a separate country was destroyed with a stroke of the pen by Napoleon. It is to be restored in the twentieth century. It will consist of Russian Poland, Galicia, and the country to the north-west of Russian Poland which Germany took for her share of the Napoleonic spoils. It will have its own constitution, use its own language, and cultivate its own national institutions. This new State, or old State revived, will be under the protection of Russia. But it is yet to be decided whether it will or will not be a non-military State, a buffer between two Great Powers, with its integrity guaranteed by all. The revival of Poland is in many ways the most interesting of the developments of Europe that will follow the war.

SERBIA.—Serbia has great dreams of her future. She asks for nothing less than the union of the Serbs, the Croats, and the Slovenes in one common kingdom, declaring that these are by blood, language, and tradition, no less than by economic and political conditions, one homogeneous nation. This would create a kingdom spreading from the Rumanian, Bulgarian, and Albanian boundaries on the one side to the boundaries of Italy on the other, and would include Serbia, Montenegro, Bosnia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, and other parts. This was a programme formulated by the Serbian Skupshtina (Parliament) in November, 1914. It is a programme which inspires the Jugoslavs, as they call themselves, to-day.

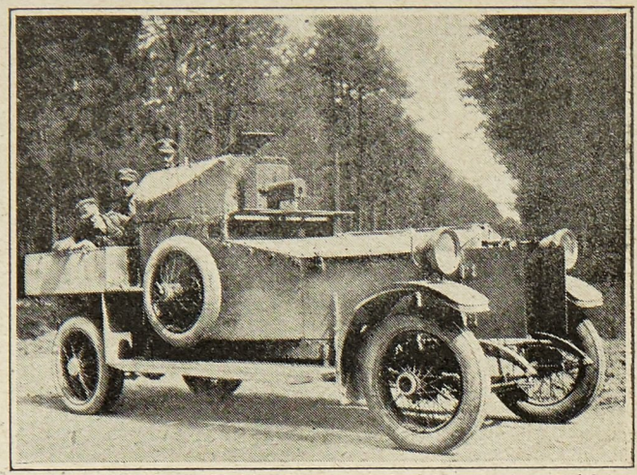
RUSSIA.—The main demand of Russia is for free outlet into the Mediterranean through the Dardanelles. This means in effect the neutralisation of Constantinople, or the occupation of Constantinople and the Gallipoli Peninsula by the Russians themselves. Quite secondarily to this is the problem of the settlement of Persia, which is already satisfactorily adjusting itself by the operations of war.

Future of the Ottoman Empire

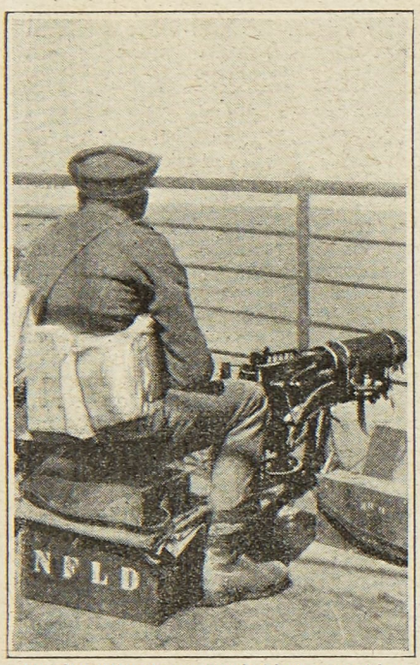
One country that will suffer most severely in the making of peace is Turkey, unless some very marked changes occur in the Turkish situation during the next few months. If Turkey persists in her present course, she will find not only her European possessions taken from her, but large parts of Asia Minor also. Palestine will be given a chance of developing apart from Turkish mismanagement.

Things can never be the same as they were, any more than Europe could remain the same after the end of the Napoleonic wars. Vast changes are inevitable. The fact that Germany asks for what is practically a restoration of the *status quo* means that Germany doubts her ability to carry out her first plans. The original German plans included the creation of a great Central European kingdom from the coasts of the Channel on the one side to the Black Sea on the other, and with the German Emperor as supreme ruler over all. Our serious plans never have and never will include any such ambitious schemes. The fundamental principles upon which peace terms will be settled will be justice and compensation for the small nations that were attacked and overrun, the restoration of nationalities, and, above all, the protection of Europe from the possibility of the recurrence of world war and untold misery at the behest of a few ambitious Continental statesmen and rulers.

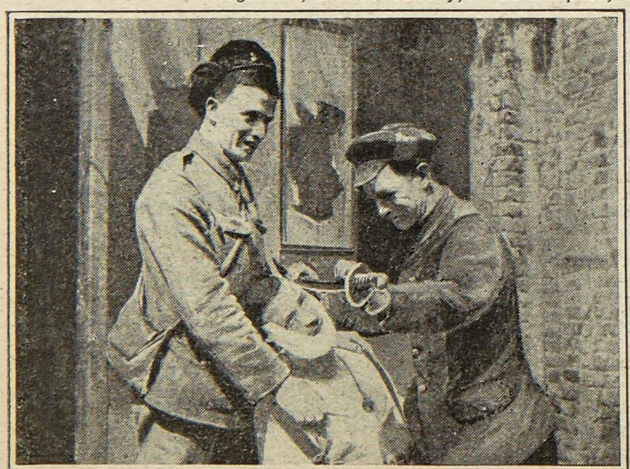
By-the-Way Impressions from the British Front

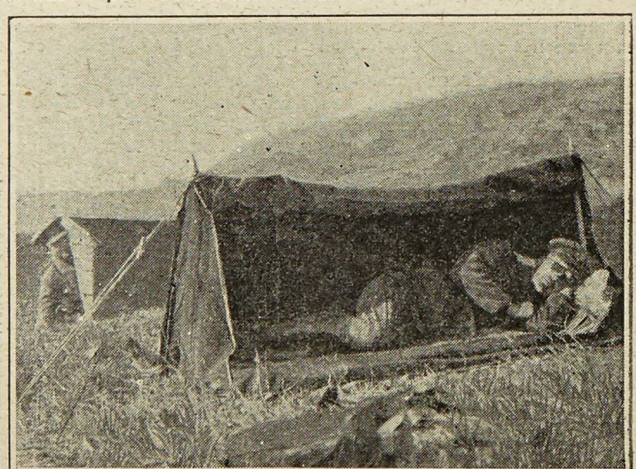


On the roof of a shell-swept cottage: A happy snapshot from the British line. Right: An ironclad of the roads. British armoured motor-car at the front.



Newfoundlander ready behind a machine-gun to give a U boat a warm reception. Centre: Private R. Woodcock, Royal West Kent Regiment, who made a daring escape from Germany, and told his adventures to the King. Right: Private Cameron, Middlesex Regiment, with the canary, found in Ypres, that was his pet for ten months in the trenches.



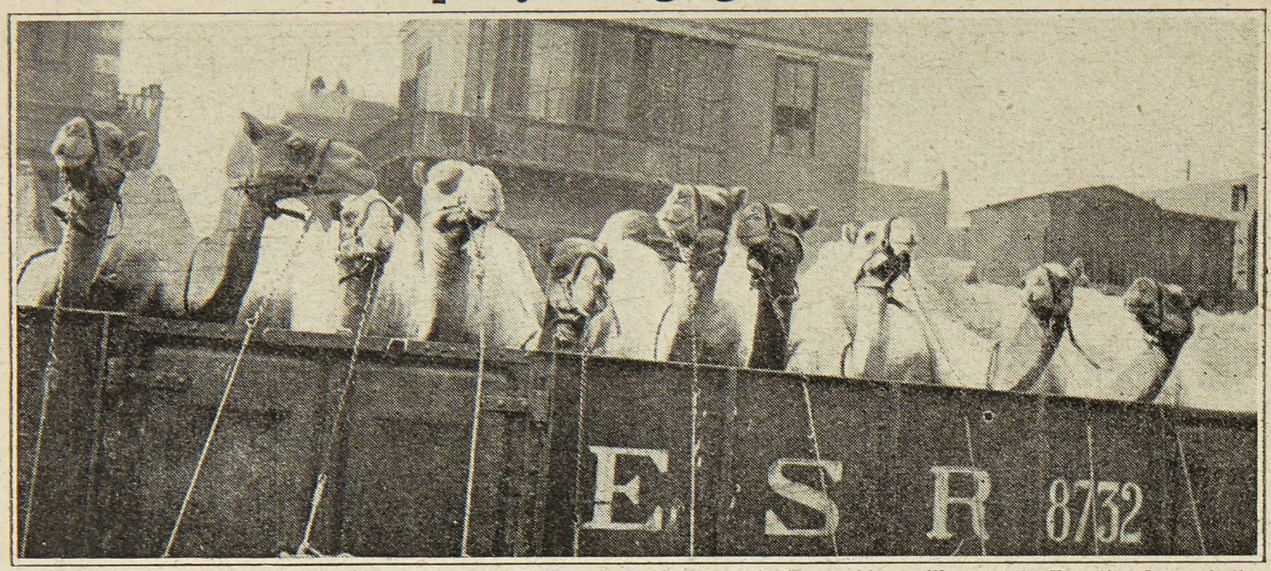


Shaving under difficulties somewhere behind the British lines in France. A sword is being substituted for the razor! Right: Headquarters of a British frontier patrol at Salonika. (Official photographs issued by the Press Bureau.)

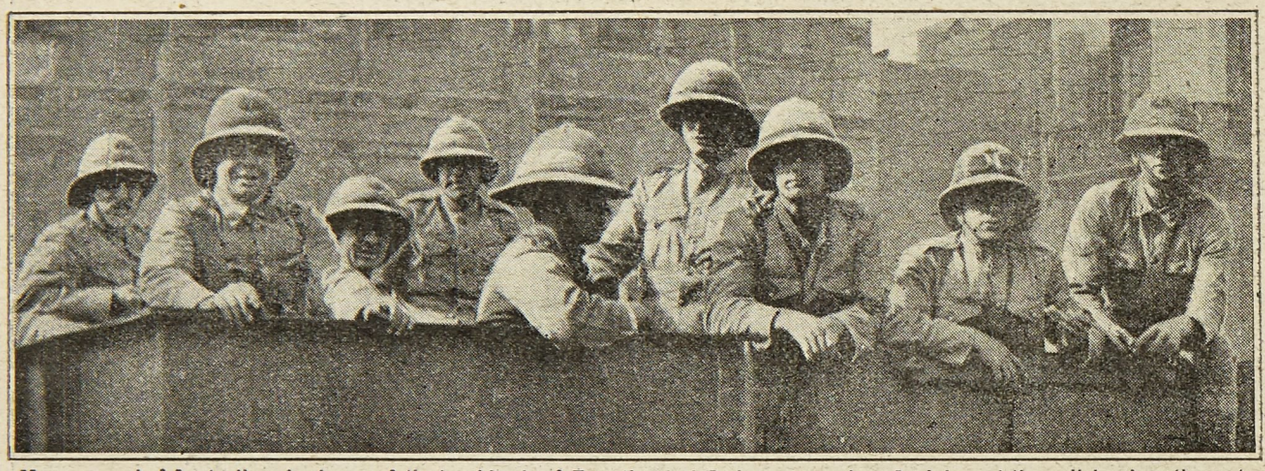
Three Grenadiers: Civilisation at Lowest Ebb

By various deeds has Germany forfeited her claim to be regarded as civilised, but perhaps the most poignant expression of her barbarity is the ugliness with which she hopes to frighten her enemies into submission. Poison gas, Germany's great surprise, has given her every opportunity to look thoroughly monstrous. One wonders what a human being of A.D. 2016 will think of the nation whose fighting men looked as sinister as these specimen grenade-throwers in the German lines.

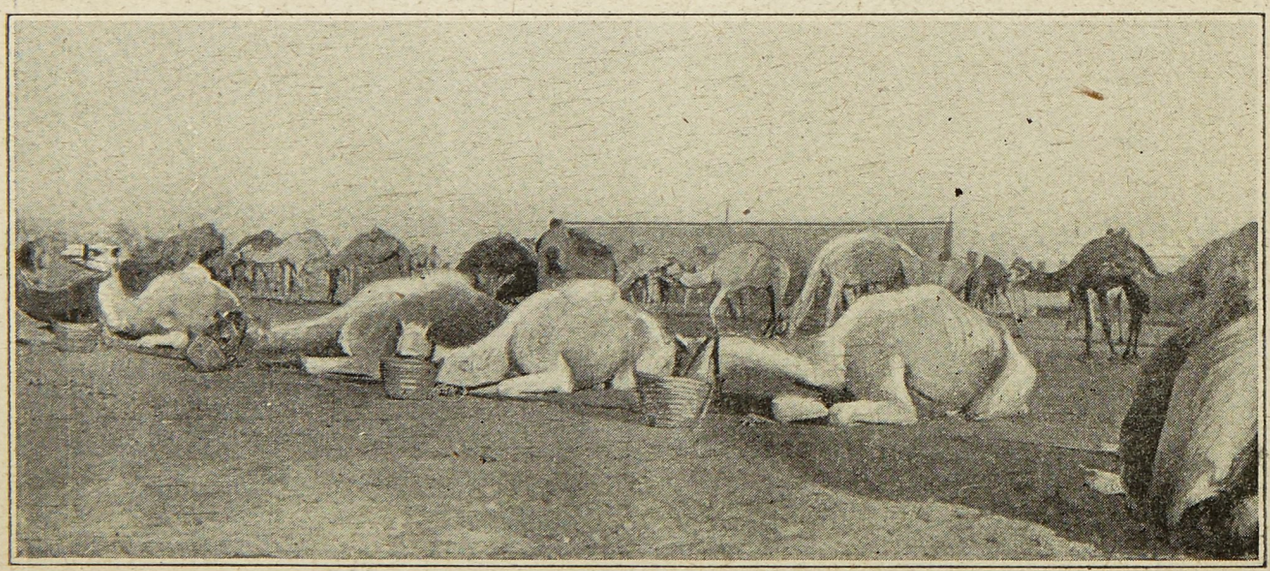
Beasts of Antiquity Engaged in Armageddon



Camel train about to leave Cairo for the frontier. The camel has proved an indispensable auxiliary to the Egyptian Army, both as a "cavalry" mount and as a beast of burden.

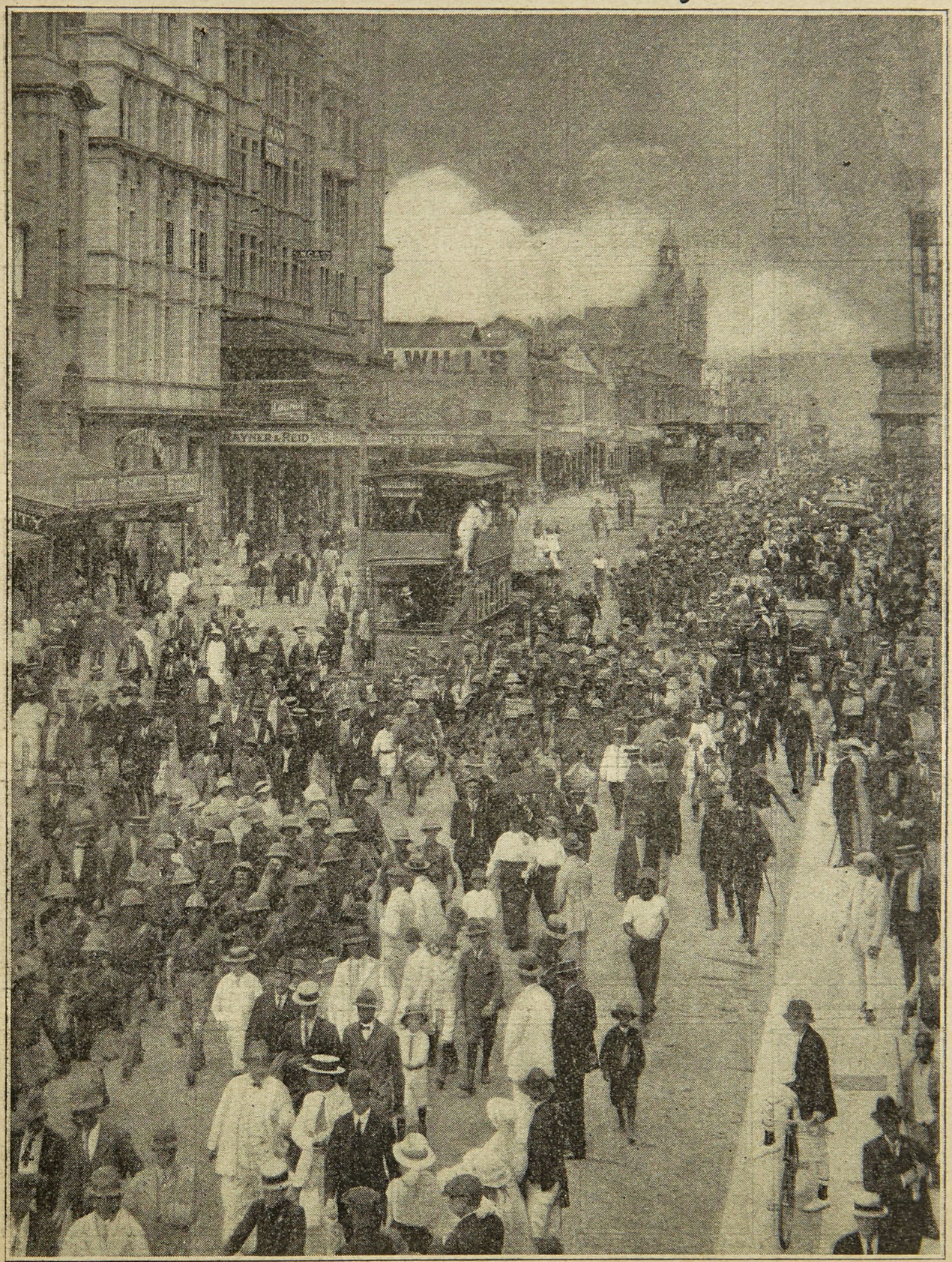


Merry crowd of Australians in charge of the truckloads of Egyptian and Sudanese camels. Arriving at the rail-head on the east or west frontier, the camels thence set off on their desert marches to the front.

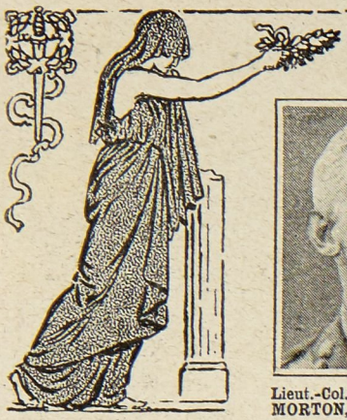


Meal-time at the camel camp in Cairo. "Ships of the desert" leisurely partaking of their evening meal before entraining for the front with the troops in Egypt. In addition to their transport work, camels are used for reconnoitring across the sandy wastes.

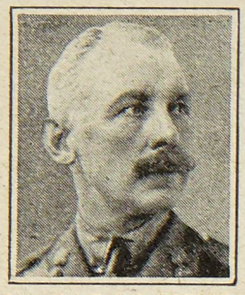
The Martial Parade in Sunny Durban



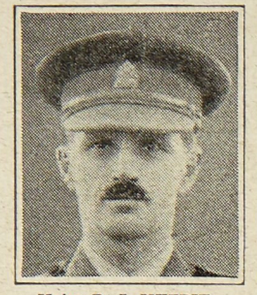
South African Infantry marching through the streets of Durban on their way to embark for East Africa. The men of South Africa have rallied splendidly to the Flag, to serve under the command of Lieut.-General Smuts and help to conquer the Germans' last "place in the sun." It is interesting to note that General Smuts' force is composed of representatives from all corners of the British Empire.



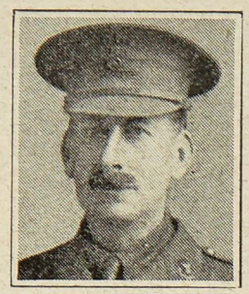
Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead



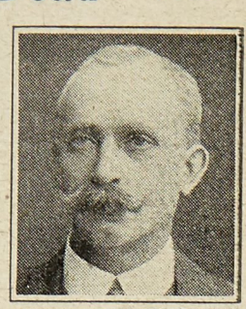
Lieut.-Col. R. C. B. THROCKMORTON, R. Welsh Fusiliers.



Major R. J. MUTRIE, Canadian Mounted Rifles.

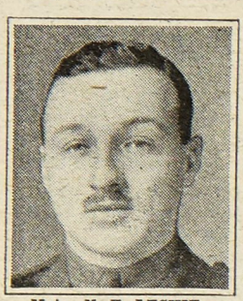


Maj. H. C. VAUGHAN-HARRISON, Royal Field Artillery.



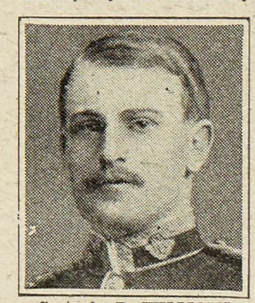
Lieut.-Col. H. HARINGTON, Punjabis, Indian Army.

Capt. A. F. WHITESIDE, Canadian Infantry



Major N. E. LECKIE, Canadian Infantry.

Capt. A. G. COWIE, Seaforth Highlanders.



Capt. A. P. WILLIAMS-FREEMAN, Lincolnshire Regt

Capt. H. D. BROUGHTON, Cheshire Regt.

Capt. A. TEMPLE, Canadian Mounted Rifles.

Lieut.-Col. R. C. Brabazon Throckmorton, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, attached Wiltshire Regiment, entered the Service in 1887, served at Malta from 1894 to 1896, and at Aden from 1896 to 1897. He was engaged throughout the South African War, and was present at the Relief of Ladysmith. He fought at Colenso, on the Tugela Heights, in the Transvaal, and the Orange River Colony. Colonel Throckmorton was decorated with the Queen's and the King's Medals with seven clasps.

Captain A. G. Cowie, Seaforth Highlanders, was the younger son of Brigadier-General and Mrs. A. H. Cowie. He entered the Seaforths in December, 1911, when in his twenty-third year. Captain Cowie was a fine cricketer, and got his Blue for Cambridge.

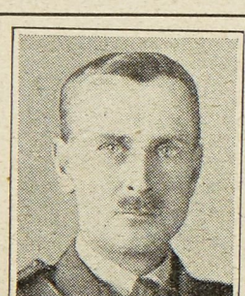
Lieut. Viscount Quenington, Royal Gloucestershire Hussars (Yeomanry), was Member of Parliament for the Tewkesbury Division. Lord Quenington was the only son of the first Earl St. Aldwyn, who died shortly after Lord Quenington was killed. Lord Quenington had recently suffered bereavement by the death of his wife, the daughter of Mr. H. D. Brocklehurst, of Sudeley Castle, Gloucestershire, and left a son, the present Earl St. Aldwyn, who is four years of age, and a daughter of six.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *invites relatives of officers killed in action or dead from wounds to lend photographs, with brief biographical notes of these heroes, for inclusion in "Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead." Address:* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *Fleetway House, London, E.C.*

Capt. J. N. INGLIS, Black Watch.

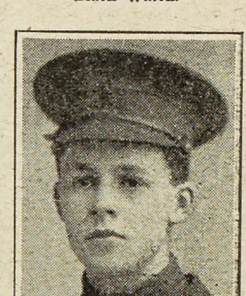
Lieut. C. R. GODWIN, Canadian Field Artillery.

Lt.-Com. L. P. FREYBERG, R.N., H.M.S. Russell.



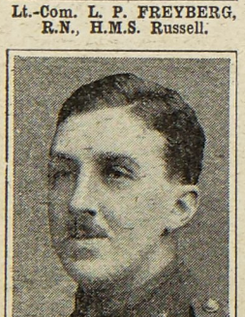
Lieut. A. B. IRVINE, Canadian Infantry.

Sec.-Lieut. P. C. BURTON, East Yorkshire Regiment.



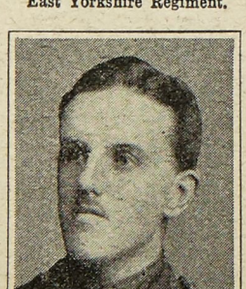
Lieut. W. M. DOBIE, Royal West Kent Regt.

Lt. Viscount QUENINGTON, R. Gloucester Hussars (Yeo.).

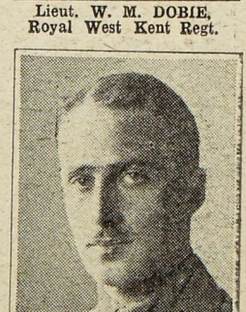


Sec.-Lieut. A. F. BENTLEY, Sherwood Foresters.

Sec.-Lieut. C. P. A. HERSEE, Royal Fusiliers.



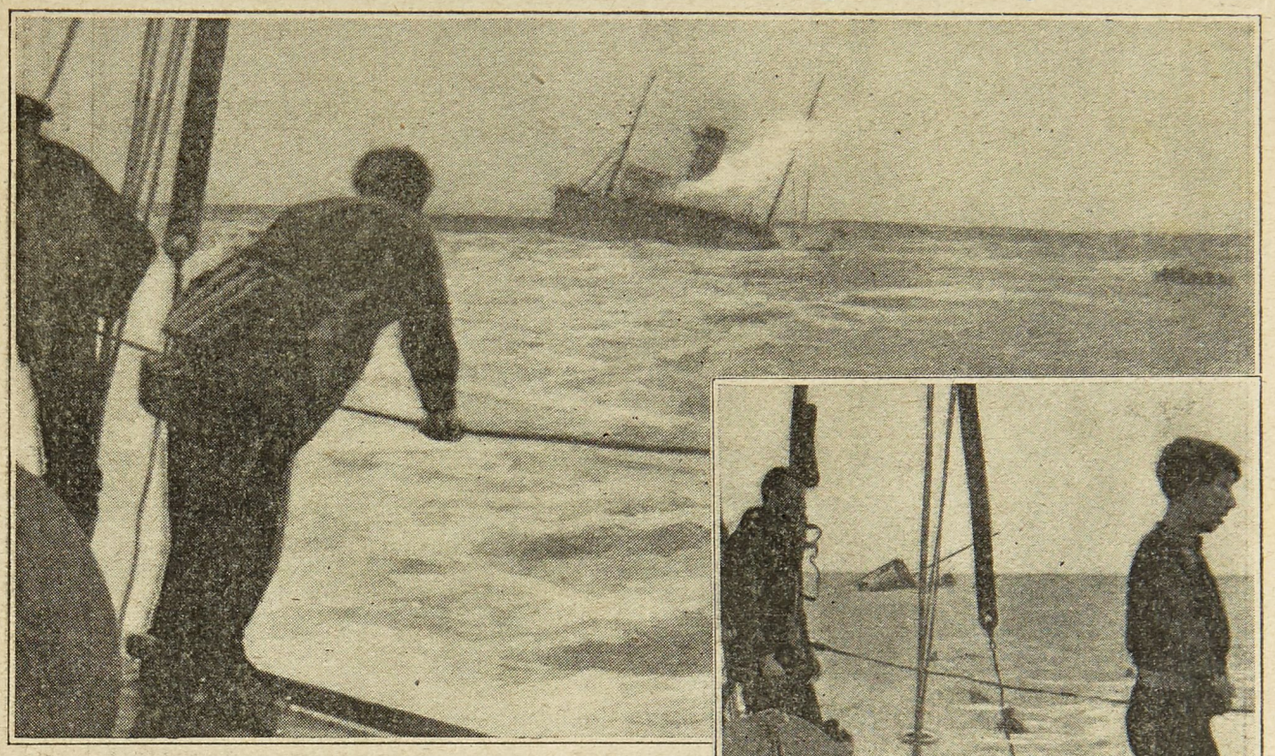
Sec.-Lieut. J. E. BINNS, Wiltshire Regt.



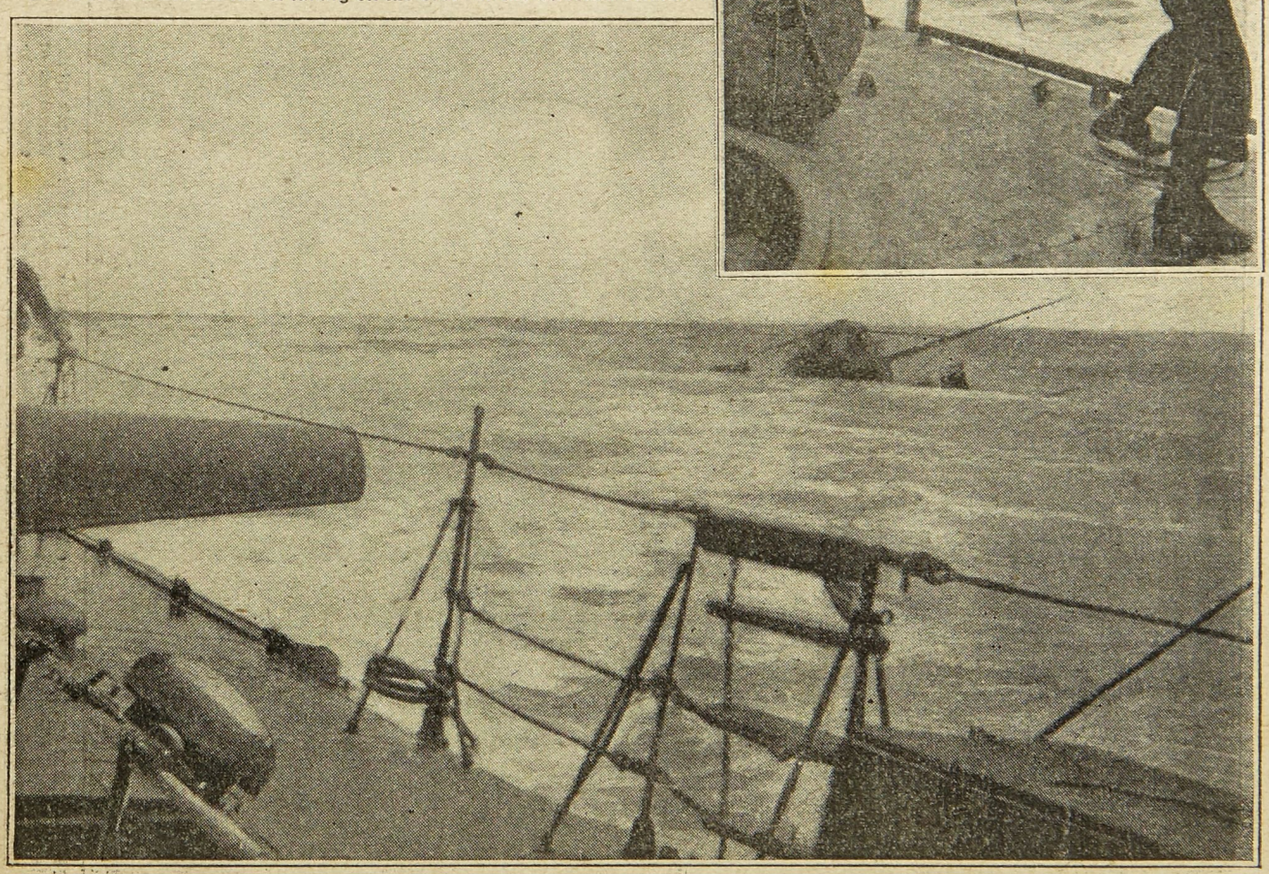
Sec.-Lieut. R. G. PEOK, Cameronians (Scottish Rifles).

Portraits by Barnett, Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Lambert Weston, Swaine, Watson.

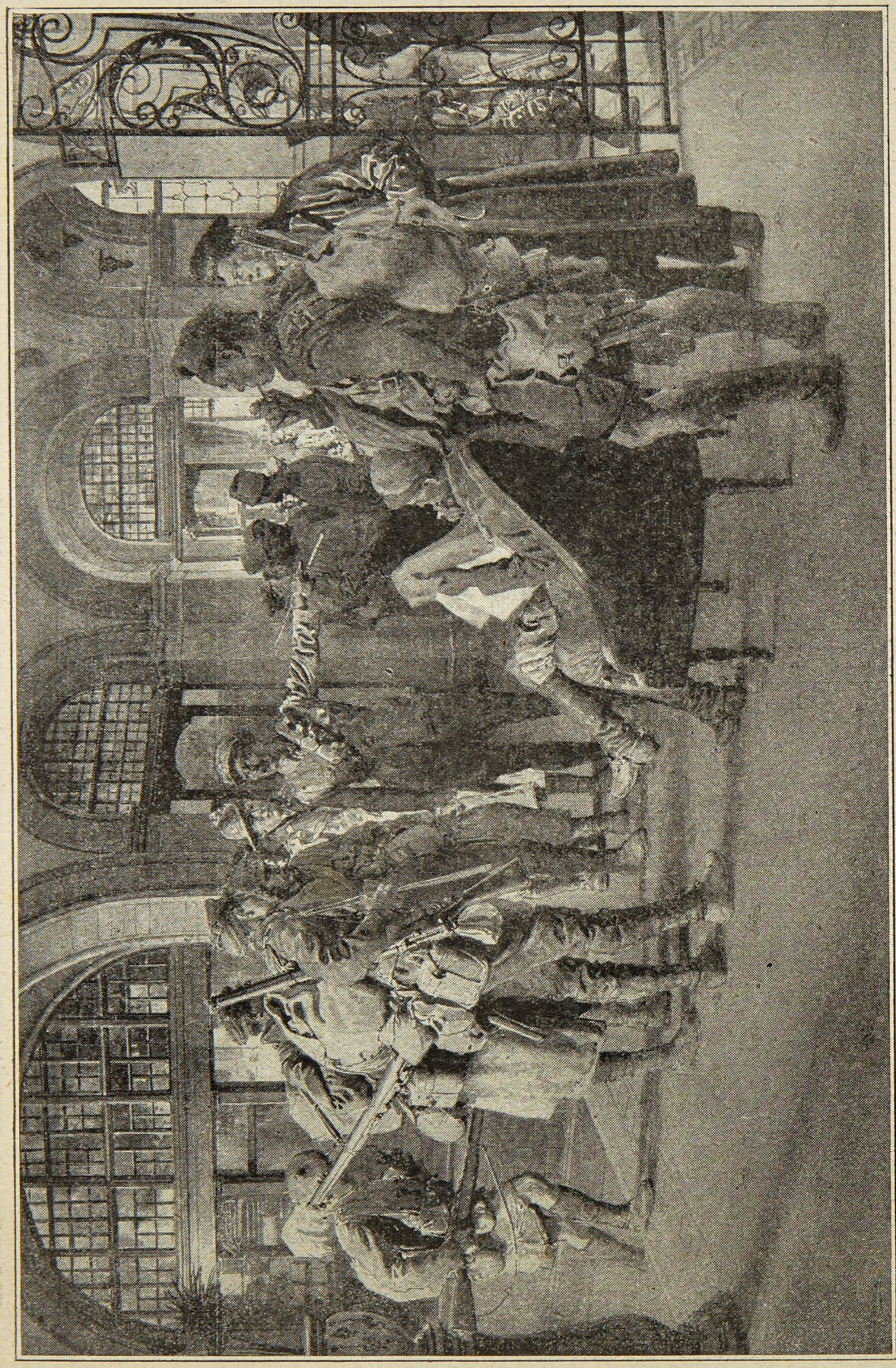
Germany's Piratical Crimes Exposed by Camera



Striking photographs of a torpedoed neutral ship sinking in the North Sea. Boats from a British vessel taking off the crew of the stricken steamer.



The victim of the U pirates just before she sank. Inset: Some of the torpedoed ship's crew swimming to the British vessel that stood by to rescue them. These photographs form a cynical commentary on Germany's professed concession to America's protests.



BACK FROM THE FRONT TO CLUBLAND.—Entrance-hall of the Union Jack Club, near Waterloo Station, immediately after the arrival of a "trench-train." Numbers of battle-weary soldiers, tired, hungry, and mud-stained, just as they left the trenches, or sailors newly ashore from a battleship or destroyer, congregate here. Some are booking bed-rooms—keen to enjoy the luxury of cool white sheets—others searching the letter-racks. Then, a visit to the handsome dining-hall, there to enjoy a menu somewhat different from that of the trenches or the Fleet, and afterwards to adjourn downstairs to smoke and rest in the comfortable lounge or play billiards in the saloon.

[Photo by Gale & Polden, Ltd.

SOME OFFICERS OF THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY

Back row (left to right): Lieut. and Quartermaster R. A. Robinson, Lieut. C. R. McGowan, Lieut. H. T. Thomas, Sec.-Lieut. R. Mytton, Capt. T. C. Bower, Sec.-Lieut. C. J. Byron, Sec.-Lieut. M. C. Bluett. Centre row: Sec.-Lieut. J. B. Monk, Sec.-Lieut. L. P. Humphreys, Sec.-Lieut. E. B. Woollan, Sec.-Lieut. E. F. H. Murray, Sec.-Lieut. L. Burton, Sec.-Lieut. R. Spicer, Lieut. R. J. Drury, Sec.-Lieut. R. S. B. Porter, Sec.-Lieut. B. Cartwright. Front row: Capt. W. A. Blake, Capt. H. W. Perkins, Major C. F. Nesham, Colonel Lionel R. C. Boyle, M.V.O., Major P. C. Cooper, Capt. E. J. Amoore, Capt. J. G. Gibson.

Wagner Up-to-Date

Notes on War News

A Comedy of Tragedy

SOME sprite seems to haunt the Germans and contrive to add a touch of the ridiculous to everything they do. A German opera company visited Holland lately to give performances of Wagner's operas, and, as the "ghost" declined to walk, they retraced their steps to their own delightful land. More than for music, however, Germans yearn for fat, and what they had earned by their singing together these stars of the morning spent on a cargo of bacon, butter, fat, margarine, with flour and other stores, including—we note with amazement—some soap. At Zevenaar the train was stopped by the Dutch Customs officials, and in the company's baggage van they found the dragon Fafnir with his belly full of bags of flour. Greatly intrigued, the Dutchmen prosecuted their investigation. Like another Sigurd, one of them ripped up Brynhild's corslet and found fat indeed, but not the lady's own adipose tissue. Deserting her for Gudrun, as the opera requires, he discovered that heroine's petticoats packed with commodities more practical than poetical. And so with the rest. Gods, heroes, heroines, dragons—all were found to be smugglers, and Valhalla was like a pork-butcher's shop. Hence, as Dr. Brewer says, "an Iliad of woes." Of which the worst was that the baggage-waggon was detached and impounded, and, deeply lamenting, these lights of the opera were sent much lighter away.

When a Cat Looks at a Burgomaster

A CAT may look at a king, and no harm done; but when a dead cat confronts a burgomaster it spells trouble for the burgomaster. When the women of Rheydt, a town in the Rhine Province, went to market a week or two ago they found that no potatoes were to be had, and they expressed their dissatisfaction with such vigour that the police had to be called in to quiet the "minor riot." Next morning a dead cat was found hanging to the door of the Burgomaster with a paper round its neck on which was written: "If you don't see that we get potatoes, you will share the fate of this cat." The position seems sufficiently serious, but we don't see what the burgomaster can do. We can only suggest that he should call upon Professor Mehner to produce synthetic potatoes.

Say "Guten Tag" and Not "Adieu"

WE hear that notices are now appearing in the Berlin shops asking the public to greet one another exclusively in the German language. They are asked to say "Guten Morgen" (good-morning), "Guten Tag" (good-day), "Guten Abend" (good-evening), and "Auf wiedersehen" (till we meet again). Especially are Berliners urged not to use the word "adieu." Is this pure patriotism run mad, that resents the use of any hated foreign word, or can it mean that the good Berliners are tired of their Kaiser's familiar habit of taking God's name in vain?

Advancing Australia

WE are not surprised to learn from Mr. Prevost Battersby that the arrival of the Australian troops on the western front has excited immense interest among both the friendly population and the enemy. Their hats have introduced a picturesque relief into the monotony of the war, and what is under the hats is going to introduce a lot more variety into the situation. They are "frightfully bucked" at getting in front of the Germans at last, for they feel that they are at the heart of things now. But although happy, they are restless at the temporary inactivity. "The boys will be getting on to that bit of hill one morning," one of their officers remarked; and he nodded towards the German line. They will; and quite apart from the practical result, it will be enormously interesting to see what happens when a born soldier like the Australian gets to grips with a manufactured soldier like the Prussian. Meantime, they are vastly popular with the indigenous population of the district, among whom they are spending their money with a prodigality unknown to those thrifty souls.

That France May Live

IN France, where equality of sacrifice has been the law of the country for generations, every citizen is ready and anxious to offer himself for service. Such is proved by the ardent desire of young France to step into line on reaching the regulation age. There all classes and conditions of men are enrolled in one veritable fraternity, the most democratic and devoted community among modern nations. Professors, students, aristocrats, workmen, all are ready to shoulder the rifle in defence of France during the critical hour. In the, alas! too comprehensive, list of French casualties many celebrated men, and many of great promise, have fallen for France. To take those members of the Dramatic Authors Society, at least thirty, including the accomplished Viscount Robert d'Humières, one of the men who introduced Kipling to our French friends. He was at one time manager of the Théatre des Arts. Guy de Cassagnac and Pierre Ginisty, two of the younger generation of dramatists, have died together, with many a lesser intellect, that France may survive. Alberic Maynard, that gifted, if eccentric, composer, was burnt in his house by the Germans during the Marne battles.

How You Can Help to Win the War

FEW people realise how much even the smallest sum lent to the Government can help to win the war. In these days of munition work and overtime there must be few who cannot spare 15s. 6d. to buy a War Savings Certificate, and 15s. 6d. can purchase 124 cartridges. Yet how many people realise as they take a War Savings Certificate that they may be enabling some soldier in the trenches to have another 124 shots at the Germans! Most people have heard of the deadly nature of those hand-grenades that our cricket-loving Tommies make such good practice with. One grenade can kill four or five men, so that given luck, a fine day, a good bomber and plenty of Germans, six grenades may account for thirty of the enemy. Yet six grenades only cost 15s. 6d. Think of that when you draw your money this week and see how many 15s. 6d.'s you can lend. Each 15s. 6d. becomes £1 in five years; you can get your money back in full at any time if you need it, and don't forget the Germans you may have helped to put out of action. If you cannot afford to put in 15s. 6d. at once, you can get a card at any post-office on which you stick sixpenny stamps until you have saved 15s. 6d. If you want to help your country in this way you can get full particulars at any post-office.

Where the Germans Have Failed

CRITICISM, like competition, stimulates enterprise, skill, resolution. Without criticism a laxity must inevitably prevail, a false sense of perfection, which would be vitally dangerous. We have heard much of the shortcomings of our own war leaders, and principally through sound criticism Britain's conduct of the war is better and more determined than it would otherwise have been. Perhaps because it is an essentially British trait to depreciate British effort and extol that of other nations, we have not considered the colossal blunders of the Germans in true perspective. That our enemies have made mistakes which affect the whole course of the war is unquestionable. In the next three issues of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED three well-known writers of to-day, Mr. Sidney Low, M.A., Major Redway, and Commander Bellairs, R.N., M.P., will deal respectively with the diplomatic, military, and naval blunders of the enemy.

A Word to Our Readers

READERS of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED can greatly assist the publishers in conforming with the Government restrictions as to the consumption of paper by ordering this journal to be supplied weekly by their regular newsagents, instead of buying it casually. In this way it is possible for the publishers more accurately to judge their weekly printing order, and thus avoid wastage as well as prevent disappointment.

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

The War Illustrated, June 3rd, 1916. *Regd. as Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

Blunders of the German Staff. By Major Redway

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly

Vol. 4 First on the Parapet! Dramatic Incident During a British Charge on a German Position **No. 94**

Plain English from Sir Edward Grey

PLAIN English is an uncommonly invigorating thing. One of Sir Edward Grey's great claims upon the gratitude of his country is that he invariably uses it when he talks at all. Another is that he never talks for the sake of talking. The consequence is that when he says anything there is no uncertainty about his meaning, and extra weight is given to his infrequent remarks by his habitual reticence. He has broken his silence lately, and his clear utterance has gone round the world, heartening everyone whose sympathy is with our side, whose spokesman he is, and leaving the others no possibility of uncertainty as to when and how we will allow this war to end.

WE in our degree claim to have stated our opinion of the Teuton in unmistakable terms. If we have refrained from calling him a beast—quite short, like that—it has only been because our little knowledge of natural history satisfied us that in doing so we should have libelled the brute creation. But while we loathe him for what he is and what he does, we have never under-rated what may be called the virtues of his vices. For sheer persistency he is a very weasel, and having had opportunities of observing that creature in its natural environment, we know that the only way to defeat its persistency is to make an end of the weasel. Without any beating about the bush, that is precisely how we desire to deal with the Teuton.

WE think, too, that we have made unmistakable our confidence in our ultimate complete success in this war, and also our interpretation of the peace rumours floated from Berlin with their varying suggestions of terms to serve as a basis for negotiation. These were, of course, all tentative and unauthorised, certain to be followed, when repudiated, by official disclaimers; they were at best only symptomatic of fatigue, not evidence of general consciousness of defeat. But we confess that we have felt uneasy sometimes about the effect they might have upon the minority which must exist—for there always is a minority—and we have wished that some cold, deliberate, decisive rejoinder might be forthcoming from authority to dissipate the mists of impatience, sprung from faint hope, and uneasiness bred of ignorance, and even mistrust sown by the "enemy." We are unfeignedly glad that that rejoinder has been made, and especially that it has been made by Sir Edward Grey, whose English is plain English—the best kind there is.

THERE is great virtue in words of one syllable. For sheer force the "thus saith the Lord" style is unequalled. And that is the style of Sir Edward's statement of the views and intentions of the Powers allied to shatter Prussia's dream of empire. "The pledges given by Mr. Asquith as regards the restoration of Belgium and Serbia shall be kept. We have signed a pact to make peace only in concert with our Allies; this pact we shall honour, strictly and to the end." "Shall" has a fine ring to it. "The injustice done by this war has got to be set right." "Nobody wants peace more than we want it. But we want a peace that does justice and a peace that re-establishes respect for the public law of the world. Germany would like neutrals to think we are applying pressure to keep France, Russia, and Italy in the war. We are not." One does not require much of a dictionary to understand straight talk like that.

THEN on the insidious suggestions craftily circulated by Germany—they have been persistent and more obtrusive of late: "There are two statements that come from German sources. One is that we are preventing the Allies from making peace—that goes to the address of neutrals. The other is that we are meditating separate peace with Germany and intend to abandon our Allies—that goes to the address of one or other of the Allies. Each statement is absolutely untrue." There is no forked tongue about that. And on yet another German misrepresentation: "Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg affirms that Great Britain wants to destroy 'united and free Germany.' We never were smitten with such madness. We want nothing of the sort, and Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg knows that we want nothing of the sort. We should be glad to see the German people free, as we ourselves want to be free, and as we want the other nationalities of Europe and of the world to be free. It belongs to the rudiments of political science, it is abundantly taught by history, that you cannot enslave a people and make a success of the job—that you cannot kill a people's soul by foreign despotism and brutality. We aspire to embark upon no such course of folly and futility towards another nation."

THIS war will have been waged in vain, Sir Edward Grey added, unless mankind learns from it to avoid war. At all stages of history there have been men who dreamt of a condition of things in which there should be no war; but always they have been recalled to a world of hard fact by abrupt reminders of "human nature." Yet is it impossible to set up a court of international arbitration with power to enforce its awards? As outlined by Sir Edward Grey in his clear, one-syllabled words, it seems quite practicable. Long ago he hoped for a league of nations that would be united, quick and instant to prevent and, if need be, to punish violation of international treaties, of public right, of national independence. To nations that came forward with claims or grievances this league would say: "Put them before an impartial tribunal. Subject your claims to the test of law or the judgment of impartial men. If you can win at this bar, you shall get what you want; if you cannot, you shall not have what you want; and if you attempt to start a war we shall adjudge you the common enemy of humanity and treat you accordingly. As footpads, safe-breakers, burglars, and incendiaries are suppressed in nations, so those who would commit these crimes, and incalculably more than these crimes, will be suppressed among nations." In the name of common-sense, why not?

MEANTIME, the air is cleared by the clean spirit of this authoritative statement by the spokesman of the Empire. We want peace, but not a pause. And the fact has emerged, for all the world to see, that no such peace is possible until Prussian militarism has been broken. Until that is done the world will be under perpetual menace, a state of things that cannot be endured. France says the same. On the same day that Sir Edward Grey spoke, President Poincaré spoke, too: "We do not desire a peace which would leave Imperial Germany in a position to recommence war, and which would hold Europe under an eternal menace. We desire a peace which, through the re-establishment of right, shall obtain solid guarantees of balance and stability. So long as this peace is not assured, so long as our enemies do not recognise their defeat, so long shall we continue to fight."

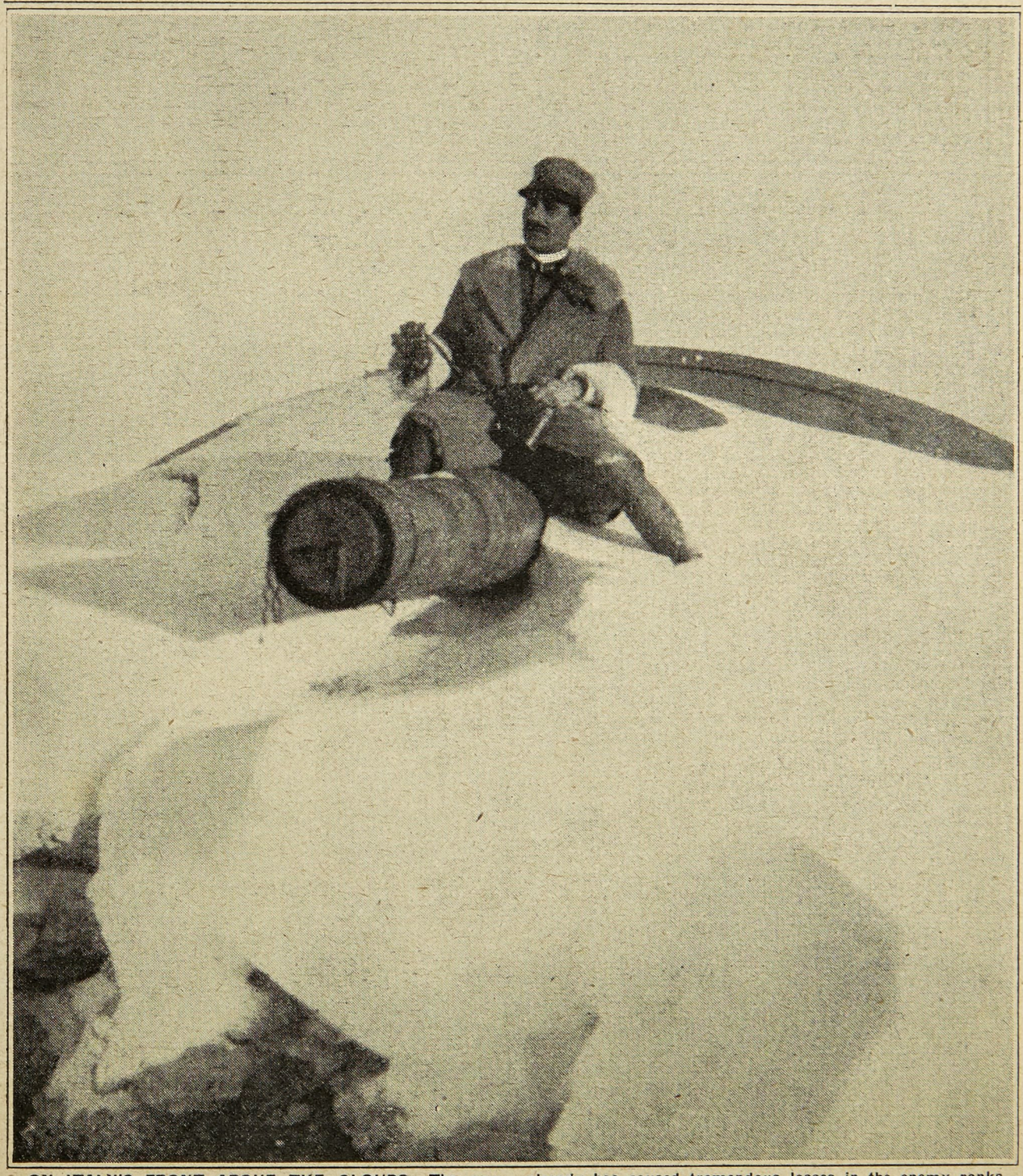
It should be plain now, surely, even to the most cocksure Prussian, even to a visionary like Mr. Ford, that there will only be one end to the war. If they cannot understand—or, understanding, will not believe—Sir Edward Grey's words in one syllable, they must be more mad even than we think. But mad or sane, we are going on. Our pledges shall be kept.

C. M.

3rd June, 1916. No. 94. Vol. 4.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON



ON ITALY'S FRONT ABOVE THE CLOUDS.—The new Austrian offensive against Italy is likely to be met with as strenuous a resistance as the German effort for Verdun. Italian artillery is among the finest to be found on any front, and already has caused tremendous losses in the enemy ranks. This impressive photograph shows a powerful Italian gun and cupola still enshrouded in the snow and belonging to a battery commanding an advanced position of considerable altitude.

THE BLUNDERS OF THE GERMANS

It is a very salutary and essential function of criticism to expose to us the shortcomings of our own war leaders, so that in a democratic country such as ours the national will to win may be successfully imposed upon the authorities who are, with us, instruments in effecting that national will, and not, as with the Germans, irresponsible dictators. The force of public criticism has already done much to put our house in order, the blunders of those in authority have been rigorously laid bare, so far as the exceptional circumstances of the time have permitted, and to-day the cause for which the whole Empire is fighting is the more hopeful as a result of this cleansing process.

At the same time, it is not unprofitable that we British people, with whom this habit of self-criticism exists in greater degree than with any other race, should remember that our leaders are not the only ones who have blundered. If the German Grand Staff, of whose precision in organisation and strategy we have heard so much, had been as nearly perfect as we have been led to believe, the war would have been finished long ago and the Allies thoroughly beaten! The truth of the matter is that the Germans have blundered quite as seriously as the Allies. But for their blunders, Paris might have been in their possession eighteen months ago, Calais and Boulogne also, and their efforts against Great Britain would have been much more deadly in consequence.

It has occurred to me, therefore, that the readers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED will be interested in a set of three articles dealing with these blunders of the Germans. I have asked three expert writers to show us in what respects our enemies have gone wrong, and how we have profited by their errors. Mr. Sidney Low, M.A., the well-known publicist, will discuss the blunders of their diplomacy; Major Redway, the eminent military critic, the mistakes of the German Grand Staff; and Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P., will deal with the naval futilities of the enemy. —EDITOR.

How German Military Plans Have Failed

By Major George W. Redway

The Eminent Military Critic

FIVE generations of Prussians have been bred to arms. Their leaders in war and teachers of the military art are world-renowned. For fifty years the genius of Moltke was dedicated to the service of the Prussian Army, and he with Roon, the War Minister, and Bismarck, the master of policy, formed the triumvirate that crushed in turn Austria and France what time the present ruler of Germany was a schoolboy.

Forty years of peace were then devoted to preparation for the next war; the growth of Krupp's gun factory was watched with fond eyes by the military caste, and the Prussian Military System became the last word in centralisation; for the Kaiser, as legal head of the Army, disposes of the Military Cabinet, the Ministry of War, the General Staff, and the Corps Commanders. Like another Louis XIV. or Napoleon, this absolute monarch seemed to have the world at his feet, but in character he is an "impulsif," according to his former Chief of Staff, Von Schlieffen, and in the opinion of another close observer, General Bonnal, he is a "velléitaire," whose volition is constitutionally defective.

Now it is a precept in war that policy and strategy should keep step, and when Austria and Germany had agreed to assail Russia and France it was the obvious policy of the Central Powers to keep Great Britain out of the field, a stroke easily managed by avoiding Belgian territory.

The Primary and Capital Error

This was not done. Strategy overruled policy on the plea of military necessity, stating on August 4th, 1914, that the German Army was "exposed to French attack across Belgium" and that it was for Germany "a question of life or death to prevent a French advance." Yet France had given assurance on this head a week before, and it was evident that a defensive organisation of the German frontier between Aix-la-Chapelle and Thionville would have checked any such enterprise. Moreover, a French invasion of Belgium would have invited attack in the rear from King Albert's Army. Actually, the French commander made no move northwards until the direction of the German advance had disclosed the Kaiser's plan, and even then his first efforts were directed against Alsace-Lorraine. So their western campaign opened with a military blunder of the first magnitude on the part of the German Staff.

The French were beaten in Alsace on August 7th, and a fortnight later were defeated in Lorraine. Why, then, did we not see a deployment of the German main army on the line selected by Moltke in 1870? There are a score of first-class roads between Switzerland and Luxemburg, besides the Rhine-Rhone and the Rhine-Marne canals, and even across the Vosges between the Donon and the Hartmannsweilerkopf are half a dozen mountain railways. The front extends from Longwy to Delle for one hundred and fifty miles, and a strategical deployment screened by the Vosges, protected by the fortresses of Strassburg and Metz with the Rhine as a lateral communication, could hardly be bettered.

Now the Germans put into the field between August 2nd and October 4th no fewer than fifty-two corps and ten cavalry divisions, and such a force concentrated in Alsace-Lorraine our neighbours would have found it hard to withstand, in the absence of that moral support which was afforded by the vanguard of the British Army, and lacking the breathing space which Belgium's gallant defence afforded them. It was Moltke's saying that "mistakes in the original massing of the armies can hardly be retrieved in the whole course of a campaign," and the resolve of the Kaiser to assemble his main army in Belgium was the first step towards his undoing. Nor was this capital error redeemed by the subsequent proceedings.

Lost Chance to Annihilate France

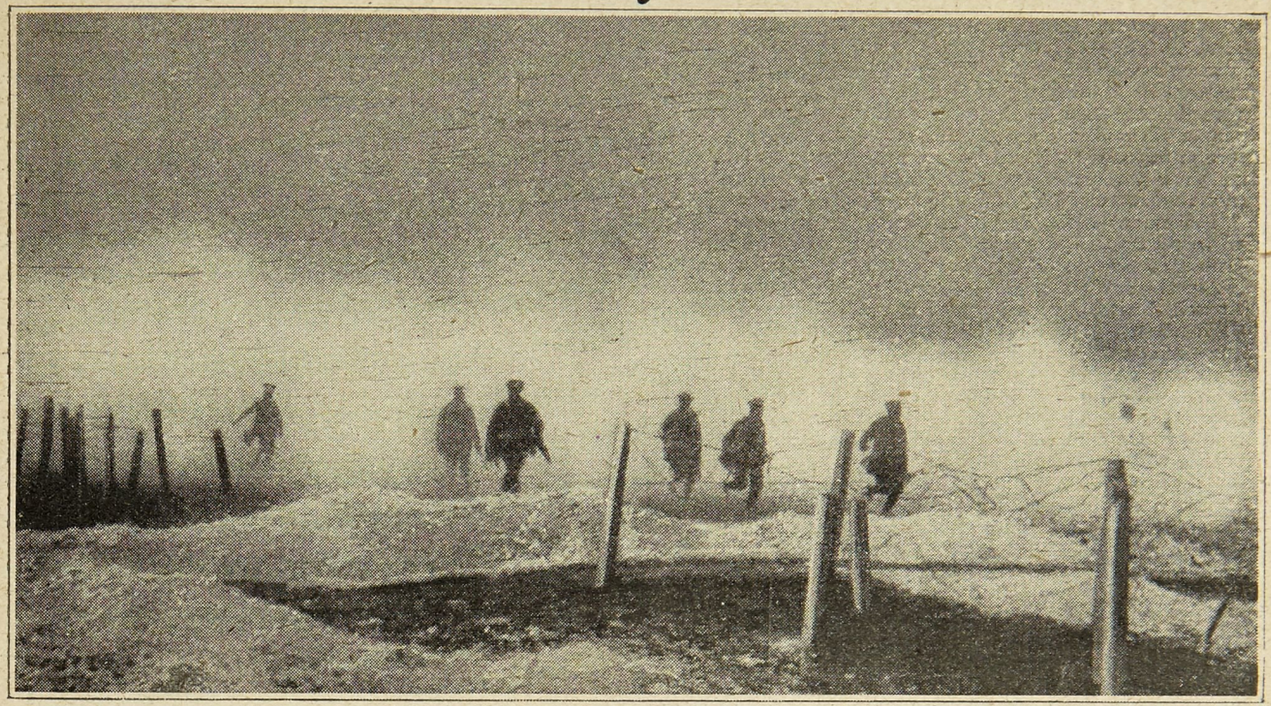
Napoleon's maxim for invaders still holds good: "The primary objective against which we must direct all our efforts is the enemy's main army." Indeed, Goltz calls this "the first principle of the modern conduct of war." General Joffre's forces at the end of August were distributed in three groups—the right wing was near Nancy, still sore from the trouncing it had received at the Battle of Morchingen; the central mass (ten corps) was north of Verdun across the Meuse; and a third group, the left wing, stood on the line Condé-Mons-Charleroi on both sides of the Sambre. But the gaps between these armies were enormous, and, moreover, they were in échelon—that is to say, the left wing was seventy-five miles north-west and the right wing fifty miles south-east of the centre.

Never was such an opportunity for destroying piecemeal the parts of a divided front. Moreover, the French generalissimo on August 20th had ordered his centre and left to go forward and attack. Their lack of real offensive power is indicated by General Joffre's objurgations upon "divisions ill engaged, rash deployments, and precipitate retreats, a premature waste of men, and, finally, the inadequacy of certain of our troops and their leaders." He removed two of the three army commanders concerned. We can imagine how Napoleon would have manœuvred against these forces to keep them in position, or draw them on by a feigned retreat as at Austerlitz, the better to smash them on gaining their flank or rear, and so finish the campaign at a stroke.

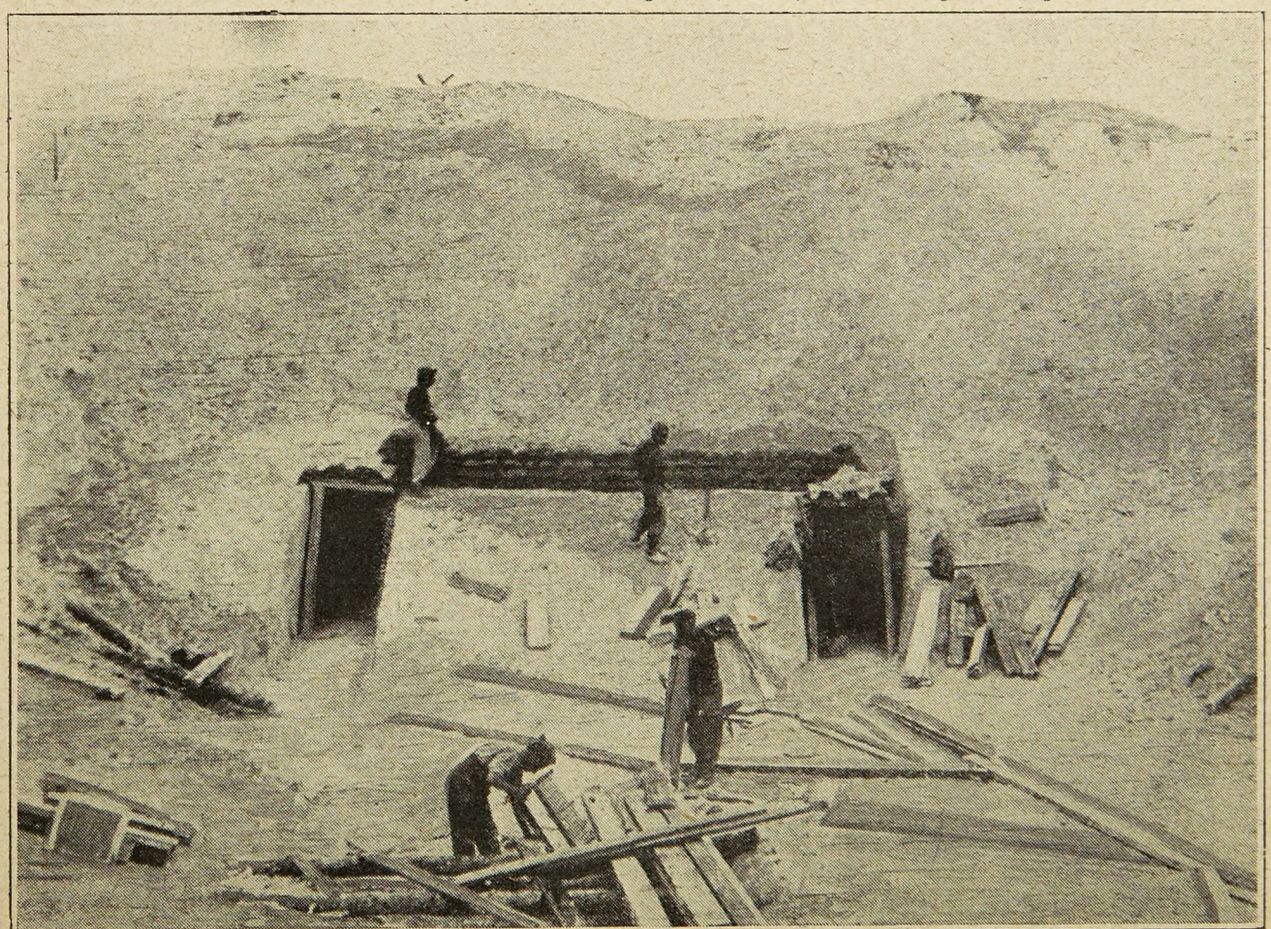
But the German commander—the "impulsif"—rushed the discomfited Allies off the field as if to pursue an enemy before he had beaten him. General Joffre's four armies thus escaped to the Seine, where the strategic reserves became available. Marshal Hindenburg bungled matters in the same fashion in Poland when the Grand Duke was nearly enveloped, and so did Marshal Mackensen in Serbia.

[*Continued on page* 364.

Allied Action with Bayonet, Bomb and Mine



This is one of the most thrilling photographs ever taken from a first-line British trench. It depicts our infantry dashing forward to attack a German trench with the bayonet after throwing smoke-bombs, and so forming a covering white cloud.



Inside a captured mine crater, giving a graphic idea of the amount of earth displaced by the explosion of a land mine. Directly a crater is occupied by the infantry and cleared of the debris of battle, it is fortified and transformed into a strong trench, while sappers commence fresh mining operations, as shown in this photograph.

BLUNDERS OF THE GERMANS

(Contd. from page 362.)

Indeed, the German leaders seem incapable of any finesse, they possess no military tact, and fail to understand that without it "the enemy's main army" cannot be brought to book. The late Marshal von der Goltz alone has effected a strategic coup: it is the author of "The Conduct of War" whom we have to thank for General Townshend's "Sedan." In rapid sequence to these two military blunders in the opening campaign came a third one—namely, the Kaiser's decision to fortify the line between the Meuse and the Oise, and thus renounce the field operations in which a real general with a real army finds the means of decisive victory.

"Movement is the law of strategy," says General Foch, and to resort to the spade within 75 miles of Paris was a German confession of weakness which put new heart into the Allies. At first, no doubt, the intention was to make the entrenched force a pivot of manœuvre for other operations to the north and west of Paris. But part of the Kaiser's army—about three corps—was still involved in the Belgian adventure, and it became necessary to strip the Alsace-Lorraine theatre of the troops of the Prince of Bavaria. These attempted at the end of September, 1914, between Arras and Compiègne, to secure Amiens, but the German advance was again arrested, and again the spade was called into service. Meanwhile, the army of occupation in Belgium had allowed King Albert's forces and the British marine division to slip through its fingers and block the line of the Yser.

Germans Resort to Diabolical Aid

The Duke of Würtemberg's army was now brought from the Meuse and, together with that of the Prince of Bavaria and General von Fabeck's three corps, began what was called by the German Press the "Battle of Calais." Their attack died away at Ypres after desperate fighting, and the operation demonstrated that, unit for unit, the Allies had the whip-hand of their opponents. The spade was once more requisitioned. In this manner the flower of the German Army, the product of half a century's preparation, and directed by a General Staff which on a peace footing numbered five hundred picked officers, found its level in the west. Upon the whole we may say that it fared little better in the east, but reticence at Russian Headquarters prevents any useful discussion of the campaigns in Poland.

The "brain" of the German Army having failed to evolve an effective strategy in the Meuse campaign, and German tactics proving inadequate at the first Battle of Flanders, the Kaiser's evil genius prompted him to exploit the resources of chemical science in aid of gun and howitzer, bayonet and bullet. For the vaunted skill of his generals he substituted the humble talent of a professor in pneumatics. Simple forms of gas producers were constructed during the winter of 1914-15 behind the German lines, and so well was the secret kept that towards the end of April, near Ypres, the Emperor William was able to witness a four-mile breach in the French defences made without firing a shot. Asphyxiating gas had been pumped into the trenches of the Turcos and Zouaves in order to suffocate or poison them; and those who contrived to escape to the rear were found gasping for breath, and vainly trying to gain relief by vomiting.

Kluck Fails on the Aisne

By this abominable device the Germans secured an opportunity to acquire the Pas de Calais—the Department which includes the ports of Boulogne, Calais, and Dunkirk—to hem King Albert's Army against the coast, compel his surrender, and then annex Belgium. For such an occasion at least twenty corps, including four of cavalry, had been assigned to the Flanders front by the German Staff—more than double the force employed by Moltke to defeat Bazaine—and yet nothing was accomplished. History will ask the reason why. Meanwhile, the various units of the Allies which stepped into the gap at the critical moment—notably the Canadian division on the right of the French—may plume themselves on having inspired in the aggressors a wholesome fear of treatment not less efficacious though more soldierly than that which had quite literally opened the road to Calais—to Calais in three easy marches! So near and yet so far.

Meanwhile, the French Army on the Aisne had launched an attack upon the enemy holding a plateau to the north-east of Soissons between Crouy and Vregny. It was one of those local enterprises of which the Allies have been perhaps a little too fond, and on this occasion the counter-attack was promptly delivered. In the course of the fighting a flood carried away all the bridges save one, and the French on the north bank, cut off from support for several days, should have become the prize of the enemy whom fortune had so signally favoured. But to the astonishment of the French Staff, the redoubtable Von Kluck took no steps to exploit the situation, and eventually General Castelnau's troops recrossed the river with the loss of a few guns, a mile of ground, and, of course, the casualties due to a week's hard fighting. The town of Soissons remained in French hands, as well as the bridge at Venizal.

Indecision at Loos and Verdun

Another fair field for German enterprise presented itself at the end of September, 1915, when the Allies had spent themselves in a series of violent assaults at Loos and Souchez in Artois, and at Souain in Champagne. At this juncture the German Staff had no higher tactical inspiration than to meet the shock by a local counter-attack, which recovered only a portion of the lost ground at a prodigious cost. But it is by the application of force to the points where the enemy is feeble that great victories are won, and on this occasion the German Staff, after locating our concentration, had the advantage which is held by the second hand at cards.

It is perhaps early to pronounce upon the Kaiser's New Year enterprise at Verdun, but after two months of secret preparation and sixteen weeks' fighting, his gain is not great in territory, and his operations have been least successful on the left, or west, bank of the Meuse, where alone any strategic advantage could be reaped. However, it is not too late for the German Staff to retrieve the error in their original dispositions, which has resulted in colossal losses and a waste of time which General Pétain has doubtless turned to profit. The fantastic statement of the "Berliner Tageblatt"—that twenty-five German divisions have been opposed by fifty-one French divisions at Verdun—would, if true, convict the German Staff of incredible folly in venturing to attack a fortress with a force fifty per cent. weaker than the garrison.

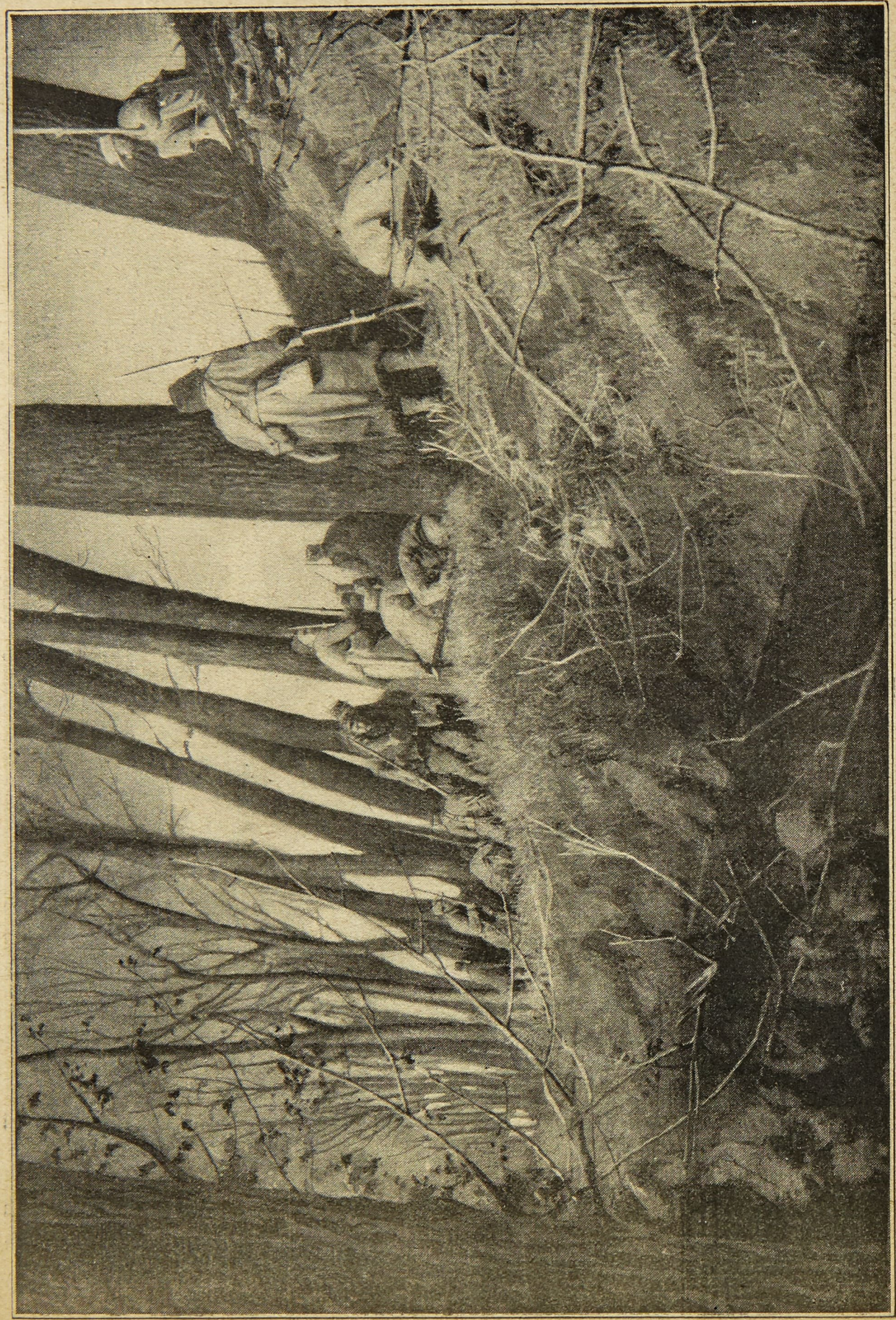
Miscalculation and False Supposition

The militarists used to tell us that a standing army was maintained as the instrument of the national will, to perform certain technical services of which the civilian has no knowledge or for which he is otherwise unfitted. We were assured that the *metier* of trained soldiers was to settle a national dispute promptly by force of arms, to convince the enemy of the futility of further resistance, and end the war while their compatriots got on with their work in the world. But we shall listen to no such doctrine in future. The Prussian Staff, adopting the theories of Bernhardi, plunged into war on the supposition that the Army of France would be lacking in discipline, that the Army of Great Britain was a negligible quantity, and that the Army of Russia was infected with sedition. The German troops employed to vindicate these opinions had lost one and three-quarter million men—exclusive of a million "slightly wounded"—at the end of April, 1916.

The German Army has completely discredited the profession of arms, since it attained no permanent success when at its maximum of efficiency, and then, having sought out many inventions, was hoist with its own petard. It was the failure of the German Army and Prussian Staff to achieve the aims of the Kaiser that brought into the field the German "nation in arms" and its sympathisers, and this development has compelled the Allies to oppose them with every fit man of military age. And there the matter stands to-day. Taken in bulk, all the armies are now citizen armies—improvised soldiers—and man for man, perhaps, as snipers, bomb-throwers and what-not, they do as well as one another. But the "nation in arms" is hampered already by fighting at a distance from its own frontiers, and will experience month by month the graver disabilities arising from a diminished trade and—unless our statistics are at fault—a depleted treasury and a decline in man-power. Moreover, it has yet to feel the worst effects of awakening, in the twenty-second month of the war, the fighting spirit of its most formidable antagonist.

Brave Munsters Reply to German Insults

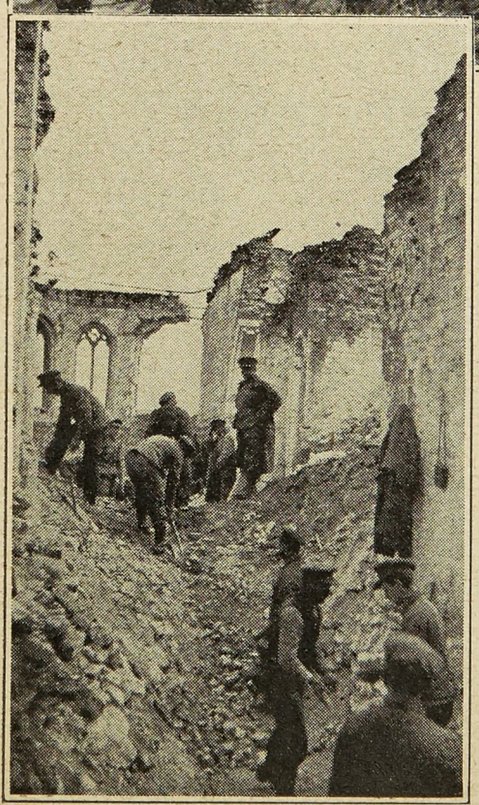
Immediately after the news of the Dublin rebellion reached the German lines, placards appeared in the enemy trenches opposite the Munsters bearing taunting messages to the effect that English soldiers were shooting Irish women in Dublin. The insult so enraged the Munsters that a nocturnal raid on the placards was organised. The first attempt was discovered by searchlights, and several brave Irishmen were shot down by machine-guns. The Munsters, however, were not to be denied; they made a second dash, scattered the Germans right and left, and brought the placards back in triumph.



BAYONETS GLITTER ALONG THE YSER CANAL.—The Yser Canal will go down to posterity as the scene of some of the most ghastly fighting in the great war. Frequently during the terrific German bids for Calais the waters of this Belgian dyke were red with blood and choked with the slain. This intensely dramatic picture was secured during an attack by Zouaves on a German trench. With bayonets fixed the men stand ready to charge. Note the wounded man who is being carried out of danger by a comrade.

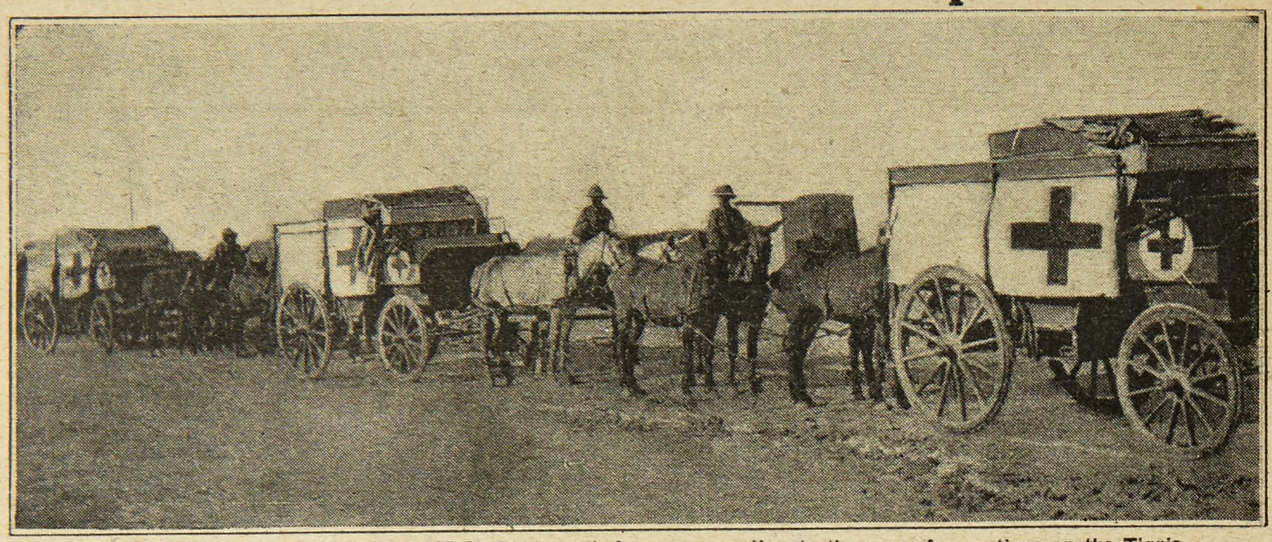
Some Facial Expressions of Fighting Men

Heroes all! Party of British soldiers who posed before the camera immediately after they had made a successful bayonet attack on a German trench. Two men have German helmets as trophies of the fight, and another has an enemy revolver. They all look very determined, ready to do their "bit" again.

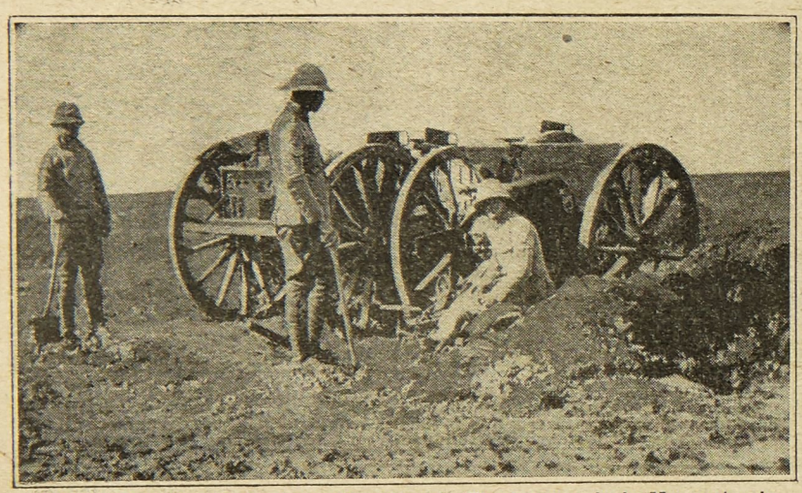


Entrenching the ruins of a Flemish church that had been wrecked by German shell fire. Right: British sentry in a first-line trench using an improvised periscope—a small mirror on the end of a stick.

Slav and Briton Meet in Mesopotamia:



With the Red Cross in the Orient. Mule-drawn ambulances proceeding to the zone of operations on the Tigris.



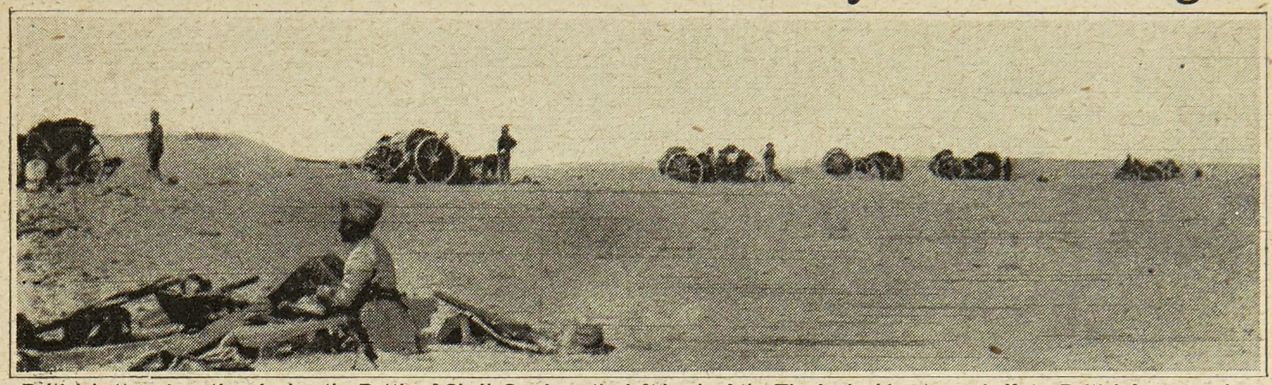
Battery of heavy guns in the sodden desert. The heavy rain in Mesopotamia greatly impeded British transport.

THE tremendous power and resource of the European Coalition against the Central Empires have been proved by recent events of great significance. The entry of the Russians into the western field and the meeting of Russian cavalry with the Indo-British troops in Mesopotamia have given the German General Staff cause for considerable unrest. Previous news of the Russian troops reported them to be as far away as Khanikin, eighty-five miles north-east of Bagdad, and the rapidity with which the horsemen gained General Gorringe's camp demonstrates the strength and speed of the Grand Duke's advance. The Ottoman people have never been enthusiastic about the war, and an allied coup in Mesopotamia might bring about a secession of the Turkish Empire from the cause of Kaiserism.

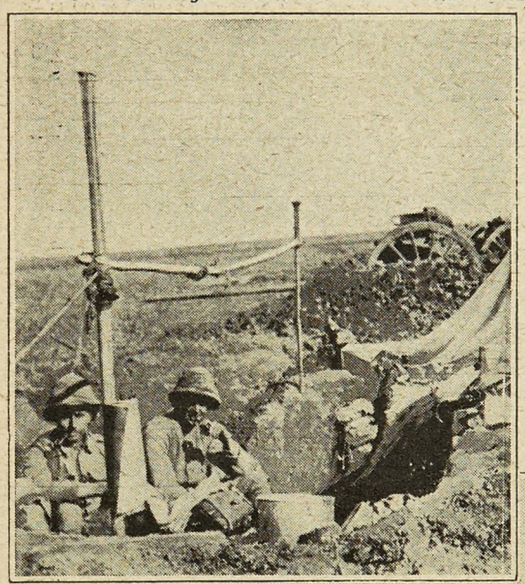
On May 20th General Lake reported that the Turks on the south bank of the Tigris had fallen back as far as the Shat-el-Hai, and that the British armies on this bank had advanced to within five miles of Kut.

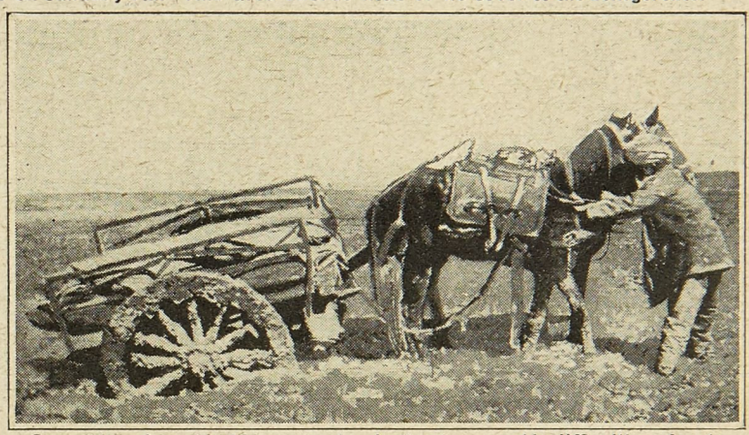
Turkish prisoners captured at Sheik Saad on their way to draw water in a motley collection of vessels—petrol tins, an Oriental pitcher, and a military flask. They are under guard of some of the Indians who have fought so heroically for the Empire, under perhaps the most trying conditions that any fighting men had to endure.

Strenuous Effort in the Valley of the Tigris

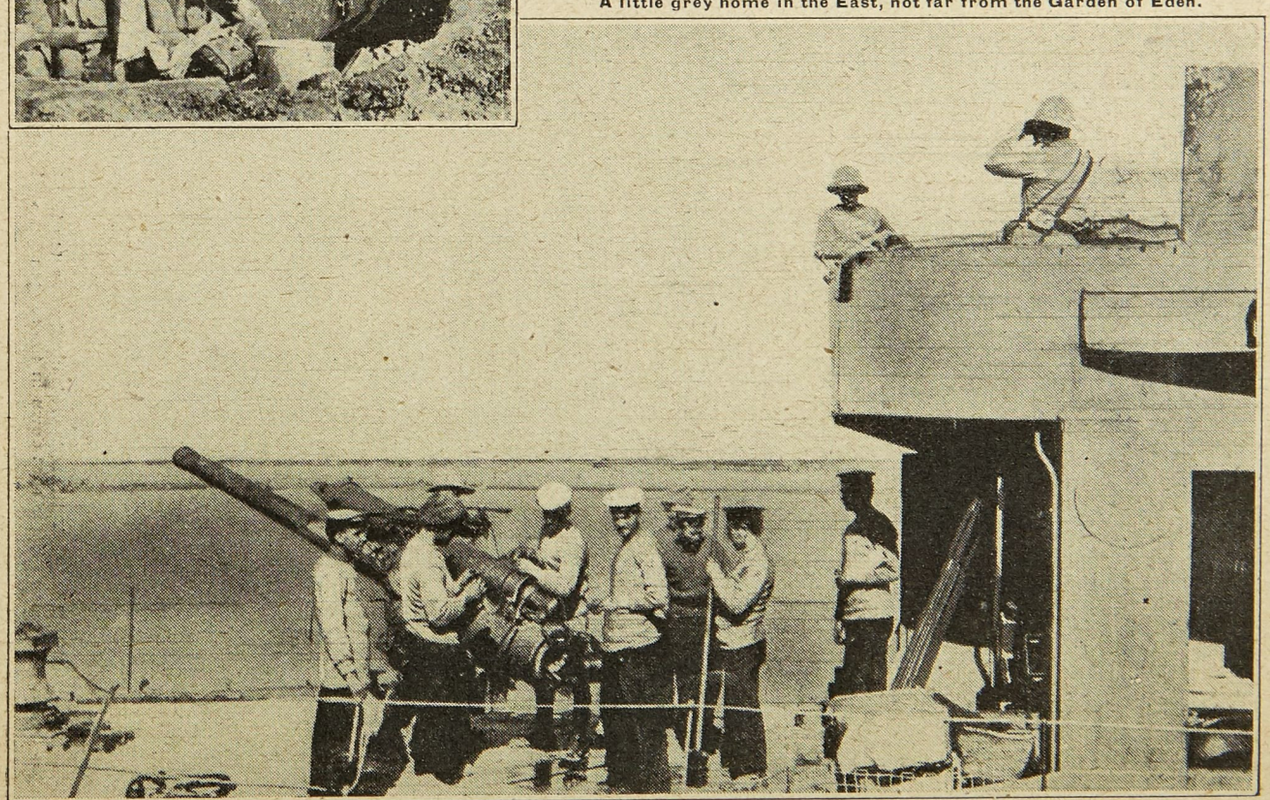


British battery in action during the Battle of Sheik Saad, on the left bank of the Tigris, looking towards Kut. British forces under General Gorringe made a determined attack here on January 7th. This area affords little or no cover to the belligerents.

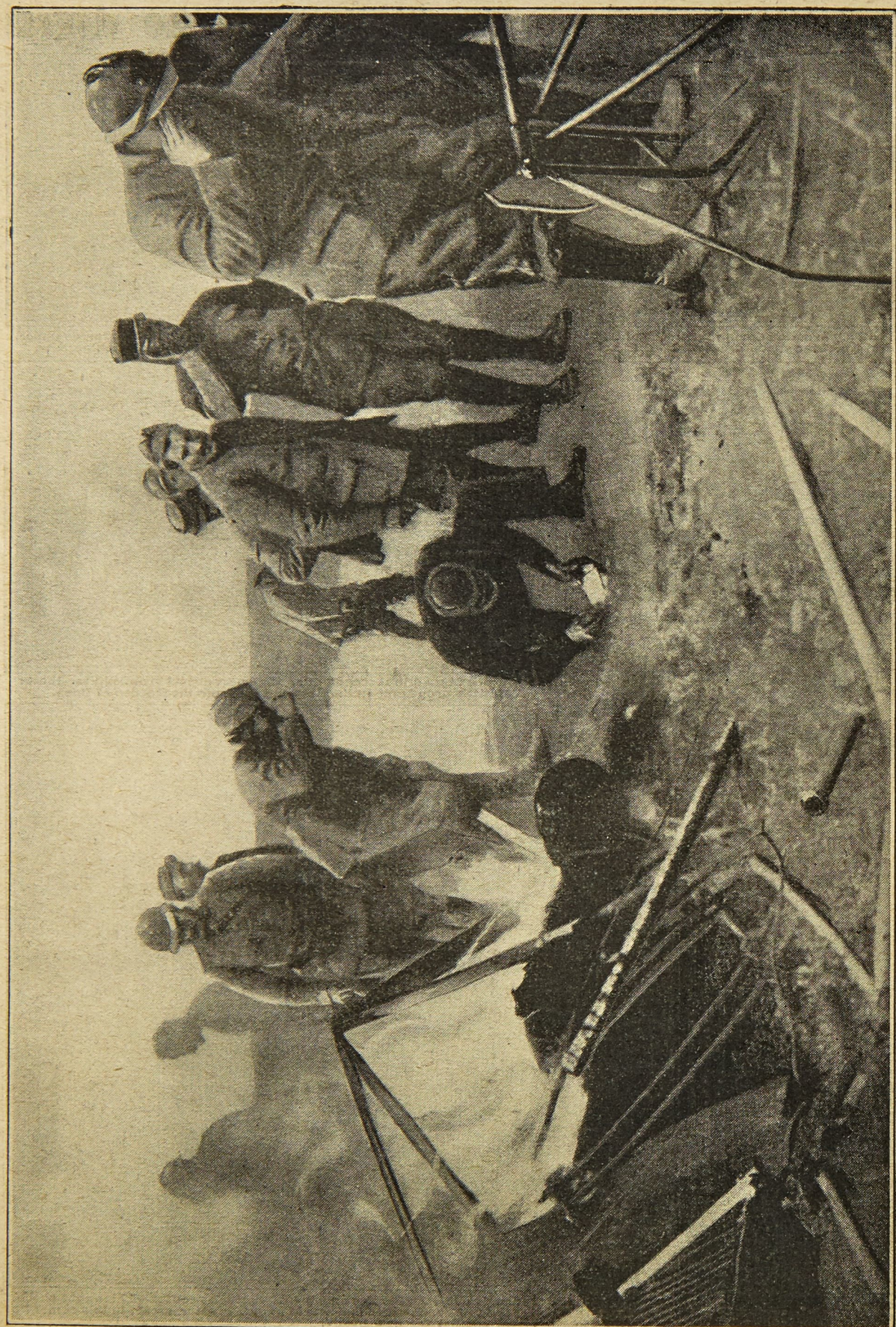




Some idea of mud in Mesopotamia. Indian transport in difficulties. Inset: A little grey home in the East, not far from the Garden of Eden.



Sea-power in the desert. Gun aboard a monitor, sweeping the Tigris, about to fire on Turkish batteries concealed along the shore. The report of the meeting of the Russian and British troops in Mesopotamia is a herald of still greater events in this romantic old-world scene of conflict for new ideals.



GHASTLY END OF AN ENEMY PILOT.—This illustration, terribly tragic in its realism, shows the last of a German aviator shot down in the French lines. The aeroplane was blazing furiously long before it reached the earth, and the pilot, imprisoned in his car, was burnt to death. His blackened body is distinctly seen, and a number of French officers are protecting their faces from the heat of the fire. One is stooping down examining a book which probably fell from the aviator's pocket as the machine struck the ground.

Poignant Pictures from the Furnace of Verdun

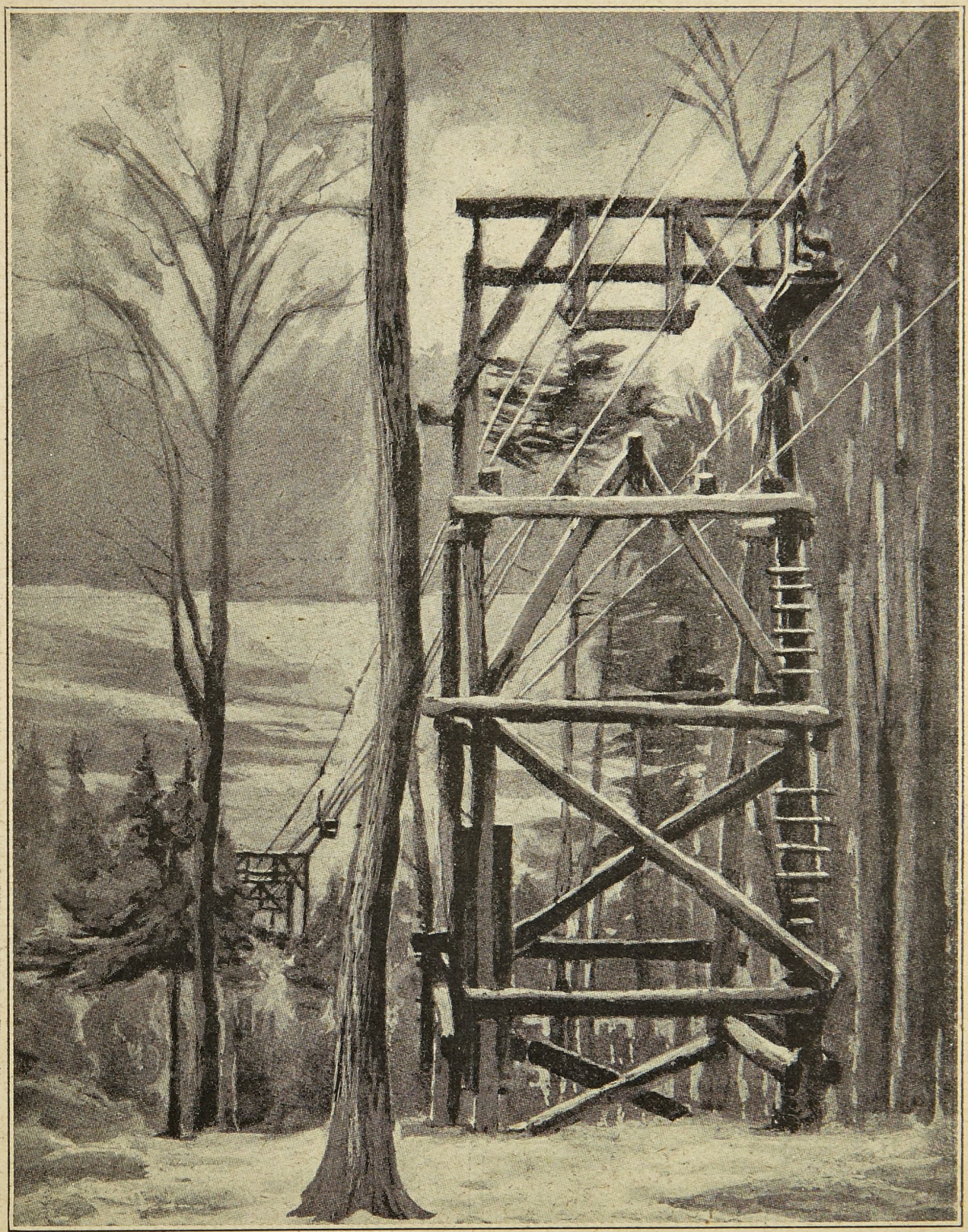
Squad of French prisoners captured by the Germans in one of their assaults against Verdun. Judging by the distinctly miserable expressions of the German soldiers, one would be inclined to think that they were the prisoners and our allies were the captors.

Ashes to ashes. Scene in a war-stricken corner of France. Military funeral procession consisting of a two-horsed waggon, two French infantrymen, and the village priest. The cortege is passing through a village shattered by gun fire.

Austrian Alpine Soldiers Amid the Dolomites

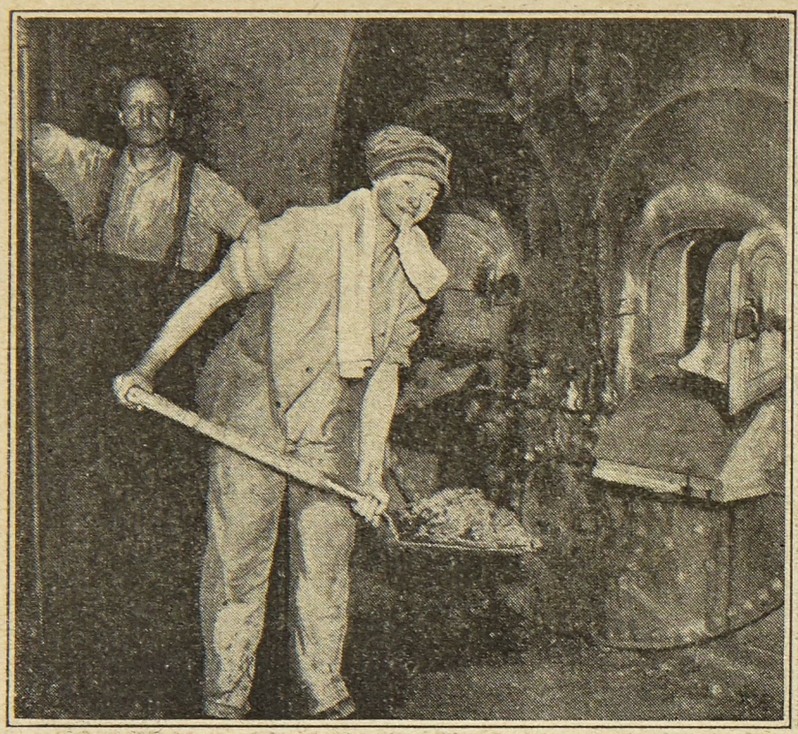
Some idea of the exceptional peril of campaigning in the Dolomites may be gathered from this illustration from an enemy paper. An Austro-Hungarian night patrol is seen proceeding on a reconnaissance among the snow-capped peaks. Each man is equipped with an alpenstock, and the whole troop are linked together by ropes. Men on this exciting duty have to be skilled mountaineers, for their battle with the forces of Nature is as frequently fraught with danger as the struggle with the enemy.

To the War by Wire in the Snowy Vosges

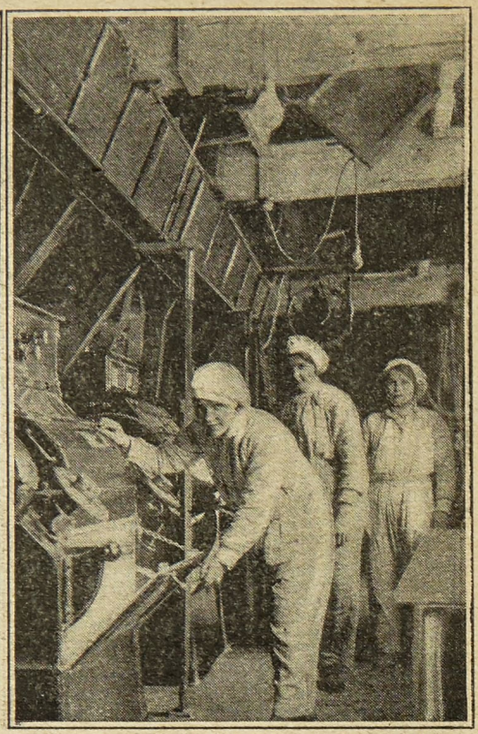


During a great war necessity is more than ever the prolific mother of invention, and it is doubtful if any period has produced so many innovations as that of the last two years. In the Vosges, where mountainous country makes rail transport an impossibility, the enemy erected a wire railway, and this illustration, reproduced from a German paper, shows the novel means of communication in working order near Hartmannsweilerkopf.

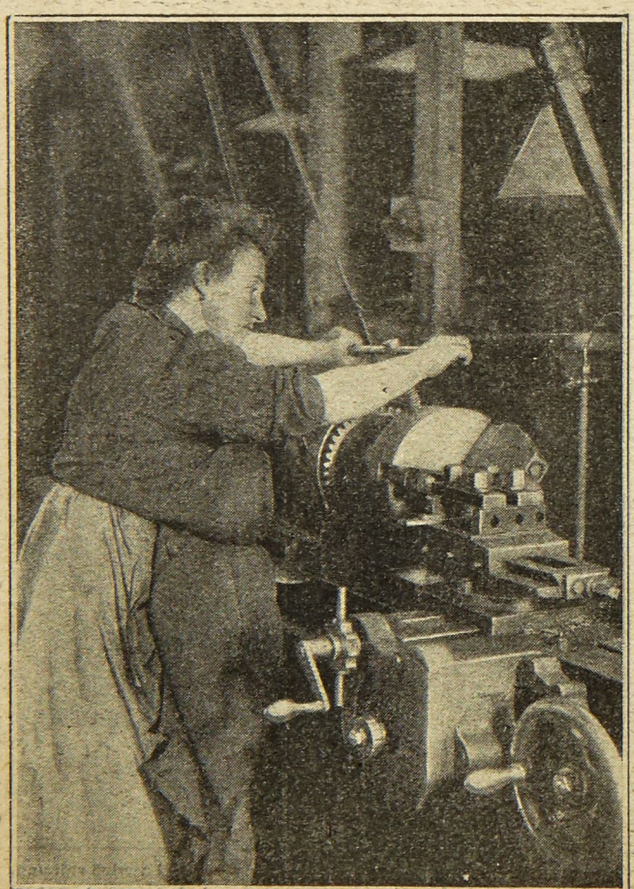
Women of the Allied Nations on War Work



The most strenuous of all toil. Woman stoker working at a furnace in one of the large factories in South London.



Girl workers in a Nottingham mill attending to the machinery.

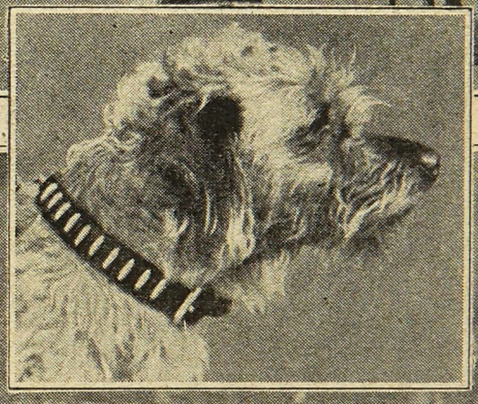


Woman worker at a lathe in a French munition factory. Thus are the women of France doing their best for the great cause.

Girl military tailor at work in a French uniform depository. In France women have replaced men in every trade.

French Dogs of War Decorated for Field Service

Serbian boy and his war dog, Flock, with the French officer who saved them in Serbia. Right: Canine heroes about to be decorated with gold collars.



Some of the French war dogs that were mentioned in despatches for their services in finding the wounded and acting as scouts and publicly decorated with gold collars. Inset: Laustic, one of the splendid war dogs which won the "Collier d'Honneur."

TRENTINO
ALPS
ORTLER ALPS
DOLOMITE ALPS
BOLZANO
MERANO
TRENTO
ROVERETO
VERONA
VICENZA
BASSANO
Brixen
Brunecken
Muhlbach
St Lorenzen
Chiusa
Franzensfeste
Sarntheim
Mals
Glorenza
Stelvio
STELVIO PASS
Ortler
Gr. Zebru
Sulden
Cevedale
Mt Cevedale
Pa S. Matteo
Similaun
Hochwild
Weiss K!
Hintereis P.
Hoch P.
Niederjoch P.
Schnalser Val
Matsch Val
Mastaun Sp.
Schluderns
Spondinig
Slandro
Adige R.
Naturns
Marling
Lana
Upper Lana
S. Pancrazio
Burgstall
Villapiana
Lengmoos
Sous
Waidbruck
St Ulderico
Sterzo
Corvara
Tret
Blumau
Mazzin
Ca Valbruna
Fassa V.
Mt Marmolada
Vallaccia Pta
Bocche Ca
Vezzana Ca
Pala di S. Martino
Fiera
Mezzano
Cismone R.
Vette di Feltre
Feltre
Fonzaso
Primolano
Cismone R.
Ca d. Bari
Mt Magari
Ca Dodici
Mt Verena
Asiago
Asiago Valstagna
Mt Grappa
Solagna
Marostica
Loria
Rosu
Thiene
Breganze
Schio
Castelfranco
Cittadella
Arsiero
Mt Pasubio
Ca Maggio
Costa d'Agra
Piazza
Valdagno
Recoaro
Torrebelvicino
Mt Baffelan
Fugazza P.
Ca Posta
Ala
Serravalle
Colsanto
Mt Tierno
Altissimo
Tremalzo Ca
Ledro
Ledro L.
Riva
Arco
Lavarone
Folgaria
Caliano
Cavedine L.
Toblino L.
Caldonazzo L.
Levico L.
Levico
Armentera
Borgo
Strigno
Mt Pavione
Mt Toppolo
Ospedaletto
Roncegno
Pergine
Civezzano
Vezzano
Lavis
Cembra
Cembra V.
Avisio R.
Salubio
Caoria
Canale S. Bovo
Molina
Cavalese
Egna
Termeno
Cortina
Saforno
Deano
Tovel L.
Molveno L.
Mezolombardo
Ca Tresanella
Mt Mandrone
Mt Adamello
Mt Fumo
Cno Breguzzo
Tonale Pass
Albiole Pta
Mt Castello
Mt Rima
Mt Stino
Guardra Ca
Gargnano
Mt Zingla
Mt Maggiore
Salo
Caprino
Bardolino
Calvagese
Lazise
Pastrengo
Desenzano
Peschiera
Monteforte
Grezzana
Arzignano
Tregnago
S. Pietro
Montecchio
Chiampo
Tornedo
Selva
Valdagno
Lessini
Ca Val Dritta
Ca Posta
Mt Baffelan
Mt Chante
Mt Verena
Asiago
Mt Grappa
Monte Baldo
Garda L.
Garda
Adige R.
Sarca R.
Chiese R.
Giudicarie V.
Rendena V.
Genova V.
Sarca V.
Non V.
Sole V.
Val Rendena
Val Lagarina
Val Sugana
Val Terragnolo
Val Posina
Val Astico
Val Arsa
Val Frenzela
Val Nosellari
Val Sugana
Val Lagarina

Germany's New War Plan

By Our War Correspondent F. A. McKENZIE

THE military situation along the different fronts is, at the moment of writing, of the greatest possible interest. Events have not gone as either side expected, but the development of the unexpected is well worth our most careful attention.

The past six weeks have once more illustrated the strongest side of the German system of war. Many writers have dwelt on the marvellous preparations of Germany before the war, and on the great advantages which she obtained over the Allies by being ready when we were not. But Germany has shown a far greater quality than this—the power of being able to revise plans, to scrap methods, and to adjust herself to new conditions. Her first plan, that was to have finished the war in six weeks, failed utterly and irretrievably. At the moment when the German Emperor, according to his own time-table, should have been feasting his victorious commanders in Paris, his soldiers were fighting for bare existence on the Marne. But the first scheme having failed, Germany promptly produced another.

Three months ago Germany had a great new plan. When I was at the front in February I could not fail to notice one characteristic in all the German prisoners. They were bubbling over with confidence. The war was going to finish in the spring, with one knock-out blow from the Kaiser's armies! "We are sorry for you," one German soldier said. "Our plans are almost completed. Our generals can take Paris when they please. In a few weeks your army will be all prisoners." Recently I visited Ireland. I found that among the Sinn Feiners who had been in touch with Germany the same confidence had existed. During this spring there would be a knock-out blow.

German Delusions in the Spring

How was this blow to be delivered? We can judge how by recent events. The French were to be crumpled up at Verdun, and the road cut clear through to Paris; our own armies and our own national life were to be paralysed by a relentless submarine war; the Irish rebellion was to be a running wound that drained our own life-blood away; and there was to be an invasion of England. Incidentally, the date fixed for the invasion was April 24th.

Verdun has not fallen; the Irish rebellion has been a fiasco; it was impossible even to attempt the invasion; and fear of America has prevented Germany from carrying her submarine methods to their logical conclusion. Our own armies have easily beaten back all German attacks on their front. France, fighting with splendid vigour and élan, has held up Germany all along her front.

In other words, the spring plan has failed. But it has no sooner failed than the German General Staff brings another scheme out of its pigeon-holes and immediately puts it into operation. Everyone anticipated that Germany would launch her main armies against Russia. Germany promptly proceeds, as usual, to do the unexpected. A big offensive is begun, not against Russia but against Italy, and the offensive upon the western front is renewed with fresh forces and reborn energy.

The Enemy Pressed for Time

The revised German plan will fail, I believe, as the earlier plans have failed. The great attack on Italy may do our southern ally good rather than harm. Of Italy, it has been said, as it was said of Britain six months ago, that she has not yet quite realised the war in the same way that France and Russia have. A fierce attack that threatens the invasion of the Plain of Lombardy may serve as a further impetus to bring out the full fighting strength of the Italian nation; but the Italians can claim that, at the end of a year of war, they alone of our Continental allies have carried the war on all fronts into enemy territory.

The very fact that Germany is obliged to produce scheme after scheme of new offensives, while it is a real proof of the alertness of her General Staff, is also a proof of the urgency of the situation to her. Germany cannot afford to wait. Every message telling of her social conditions emphasises this. The famine in meat grows daily throughout the Empire. The regulation supply of butter in Berlin is now reduced to 3½ oz. a week, if one can get it; but usually one cannot get it. Butter, lard, and grease have almost disappeared from many of the large towns. The German population has stood the strain with wonderful loyalty to the national cause. I do not see why I should not admit it. The sufferings of many of the people have been severe. The grumbling and rioting have been, considering all the circumstances of the case, comparatively small. But I have no doubt that no one knows better than the rulers of Germany itself that they are to-day on the edge of a precipice. The people have stood much and stood it well. How much more will they stand? How much further can the Government call on the loyalty of its people? And how much further can it trade on their enthusiasm? The fact that the German military authorities are attempting offensive after offensive shows best how afraid they are that the limit has been nearly reached.

Hardship and Sacrifice Before Victory

What is coming on our side? Has the fighting at Verdun, with its heavy losses to both sides, paralysed the proposed spring offensive? I believe that those who think this will find themselves mistaken. The events of the past fortnight would seem clearly to show that great events are pending. In the south-east, around Salonika, for instance, evidence points to a big spring campaign. It looks as though a big blow might be struck there. How, where, or when, it is not for me to say. On the western front it looks as though Germany were forcing the pace. But while Germany is making the great surface show, we are heaping up more men and more shells.

The tendency of a great war is to grow harder and harder as it goes on. The first generous enthusiasm dies away. The burden of the cost becomes heavier and heavier, and the limitations of life, endured gladly for a few months, become more galling. Men get impatient, and perhaps naturally so, and want the whole thing ended at once.

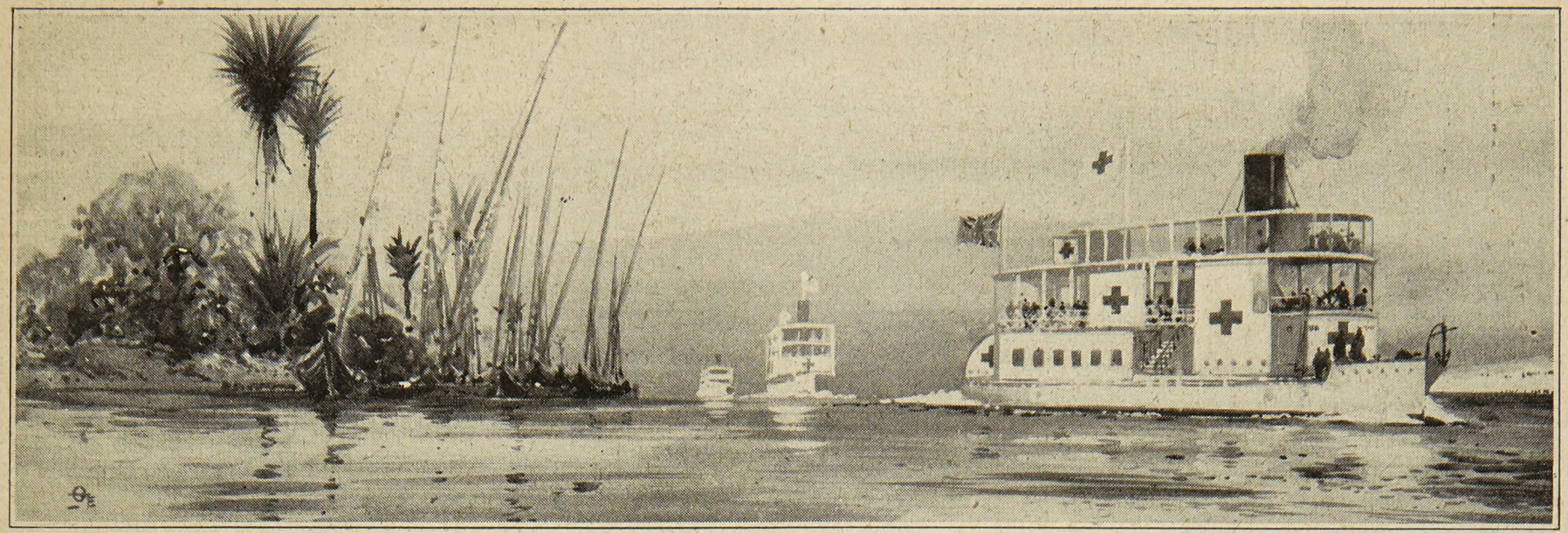
Now this war is going to get harder and harder still. Most of us feel its burden to-day as we did not feel it a year ago. Conscription, necessary as it was, means a tremendous further sacrifice for a large proportion of our families. These things are hard, and it is useless to deny them. If I were a prophet of smooth things, seeking the popularity of my readers, I would preach a certain, early, and triumphant peace. I would draw from the troubles of Germany the moral that Germany cannot go on much longer.

Character the Quality of Success

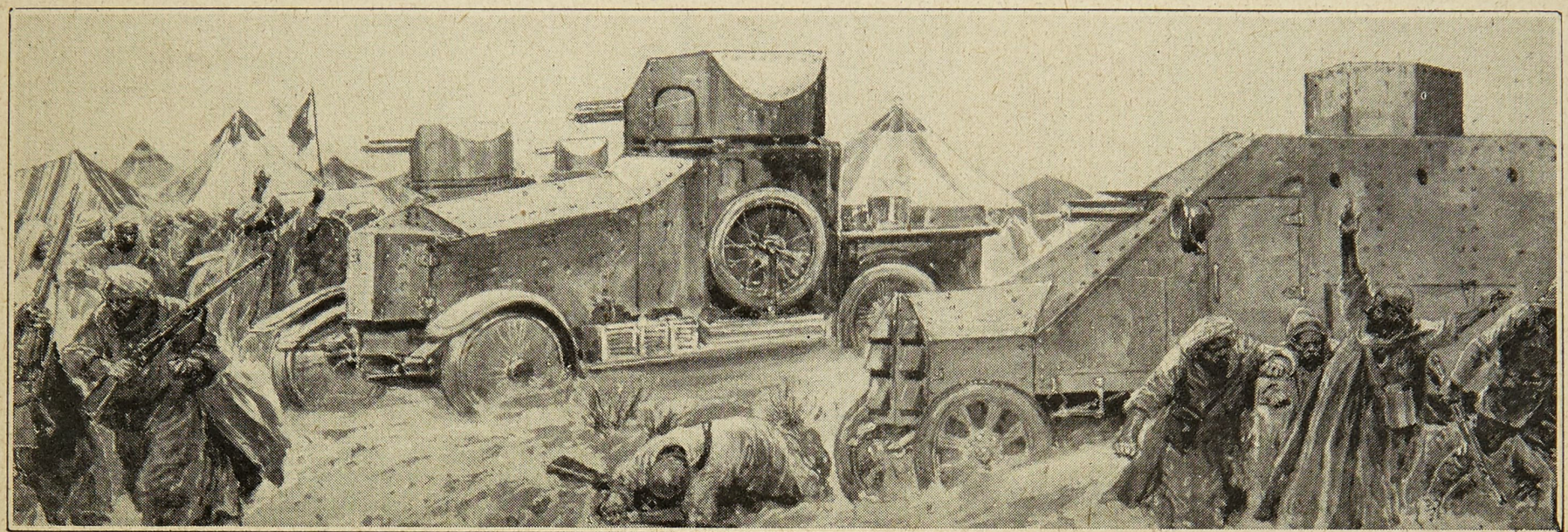
But I do not read the facts this way. Germany will go on and on for some time yet. For us the burden will seem heavier and heavier. There may even come moments when people in this country will be inclined almost to despair, saying that nothing has been done and nothing can be done. But it is endurance of hardship, willingness to bear our burdens, cheerfulness under sacrifice, that are going to decide this war. For ultimately this war is a test, not of guns, but of character. The nation that has the strongest character is going to win out. It is because I believe our nation to be strong enough to look steadily ahead through dark times and hard times that I write as I do. For Britain will endure; she has the reserves of strength to endure, and the spirit to endure; and Britain will win.

OUR GREAT NEW FEATURE

On page 362 of this issue appears the first of a series of notable articles on German blunders, and Major Redway's admirable account of the failures of the much-vaunted German General Staff will be read with a distinctly heartening effect. In our next issue Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P., the eminent naval critic, whose articles have been a feature of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, will deal with the miscalculations of the enemy naval authorities.

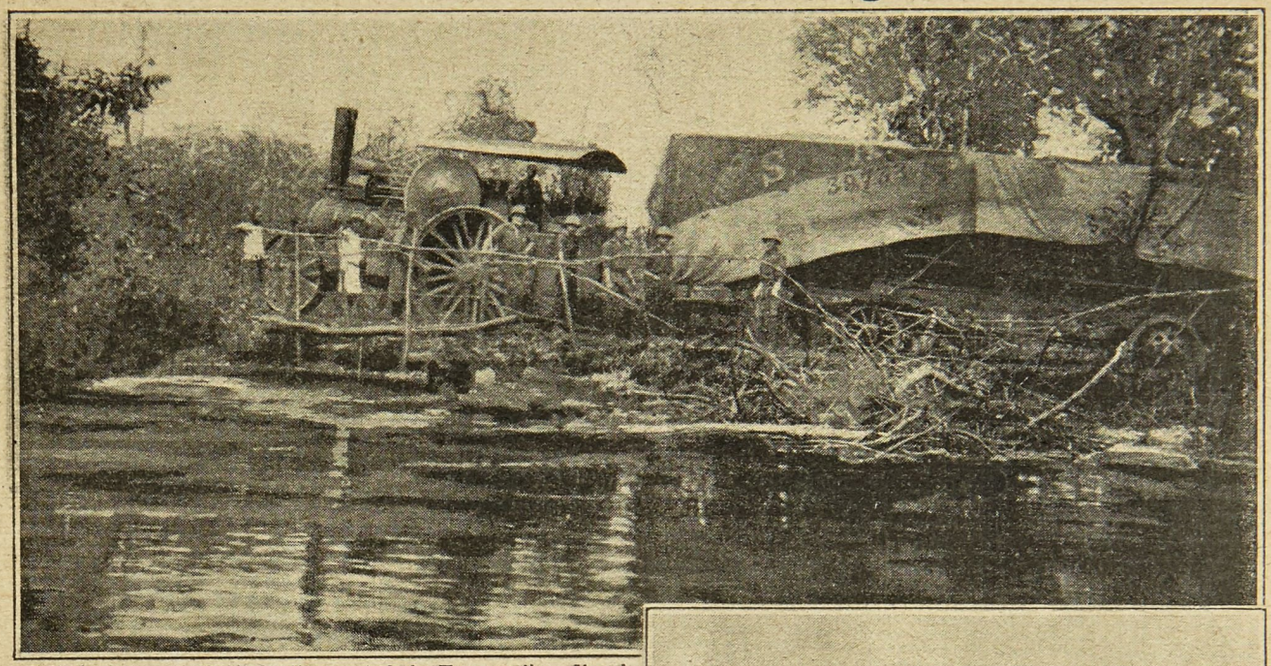


Cook's pleasure steamers, which have carried so many happy tourists along the Nile, are now on war service. These familiar vessels ply up and down the river bearing the universal emblem of sympathy, the Red Cross, carrying wounded men from the Levantine fields of war to recuperate in the Land of the Pharaohs.

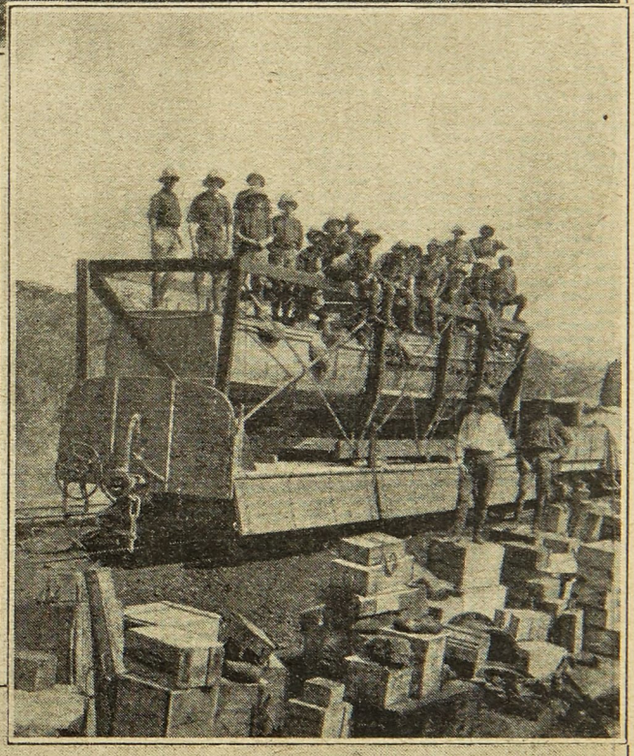


A NIGHTMARE FOR THE SENUSSI.—One can well imagine the terror of the superstitious Senussi as the powerful, throbbing armoured-cars under command of the Duke of Westminster dashed into their camp at Birwar. The Senussi scattered right and left before the new machines of war, and the enemy casualties amounted to fifty killed.

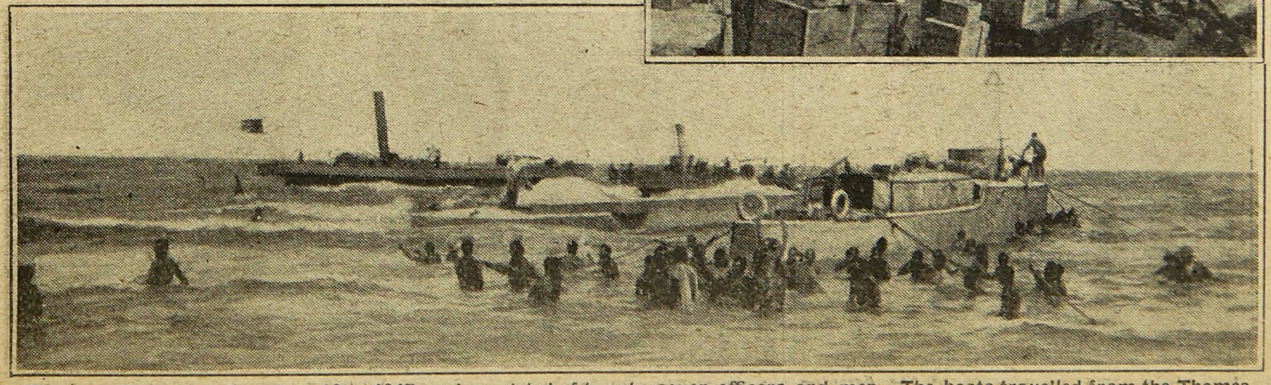
Motor-Boats' Record Trek Through African Bush



British nava expedition on its way to Lake Tanganyika Novel sight of a traction-engine hauling one of the armed motor-boats Mimi and Tou Tou across a river in Central Africa.



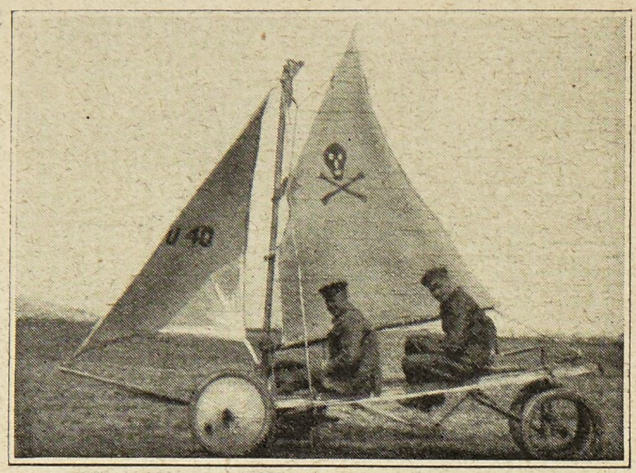
One of the motor-boats on Lake Tanganyika preparing for action. Right: How she appeared aboard a rail truck.



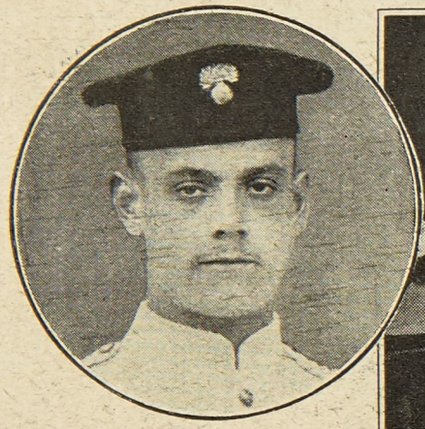
The expedition started on June 12th, 1915, and consisted of twenty-seven officers and men. The boats travelled from the Thames to Cape Town, thence by rail to Fungurumee. The remainder of the journey was trekked through the bush with the aid of traction-engines. This photograph shows the Netta, a Belgian boat, which broke from her moorings on the lake, being held by natives.

Topsy-Turveydom in Sport and Service

Walking on water, by means of the hydro-ski, an invention of an Italian, which has many possibilities.



Sailing on sand: Members of the R.N.A.S. on service in the Mediterranean islands taking a trip in their sand-yacht.

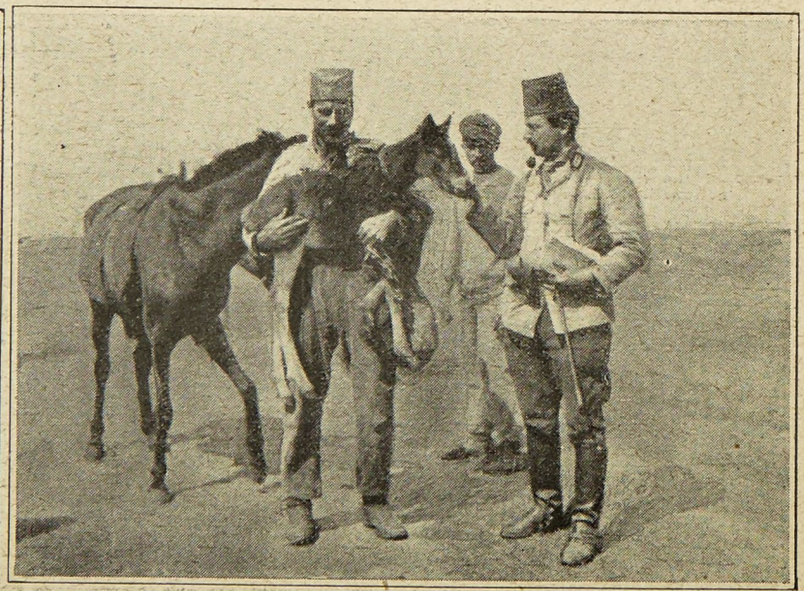


Recommended for the V.C. by the Earl of Cavan: Private James Grundy, Grenadier Guards, who evinced remarkable courage in repairing telephone wires under fire and within a few yards of the enemy.

Two members of a Pierrot troupe entertaining their comrades with a duet at Salonika.

Frank Slavin, the well-known pugilist, former heavy-weight champion, although fifty-four, has left Western Columbia to get in his blow at the enemy. He is a private in the Canadian Contingent and training hard.

The twelve-year-old mascot of the Russian troops in France, with a French officer.



Colt born on the transport conveying refitted Serbian troops from Corfu to Salonika. A French cavalry leader is caressing the animal.

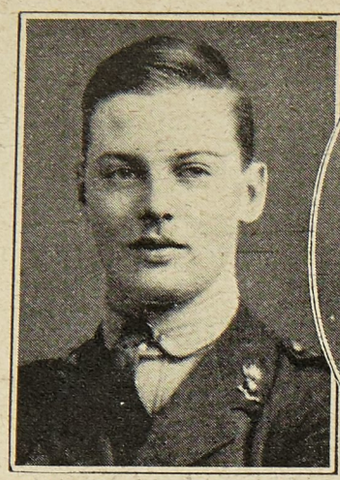
The Arab Patrol on the Tigris Flood

There is little atmosphere of modern warfare about this picturesque scene on the Tigris. These two Arabs in their graceful gondola are patrols on the look-out for Turks, and as far as their appearance and craft are concerned might have taken part in Assyrian or Babylonian wars, or witnessed the Turkish hosts annihilate the armies of the Persian Fire Worshippers at Ctesiphon.

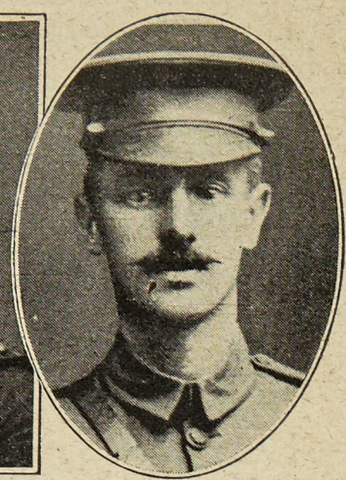
Decorated for Valour: More of Britain's Bravest

Lieut. J. H. HOGSHAW, Northumberland Fus. Awarded Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry and ability in handling his machine-guns.

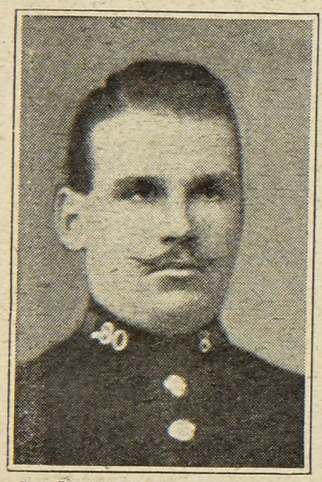
Capt. H. V. COMBS, Oxford and Bucks L.I. Awarded Military Cross for gallantry when in command of a patrol which was heavily attacked.



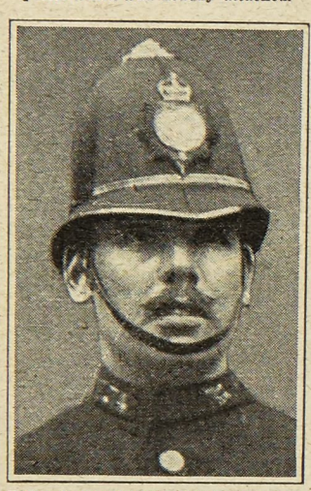
Lieut. S. M. de HERIZ WHATTON, R.F.A. Awarded Military Cross for his conspicuous ability and devotion to duty as adjutant.



Sergt.-Maj. A. HASSALL, South African Contingent. Awarded D.C.M. for bravery in bringing up ammunition in East Africa.

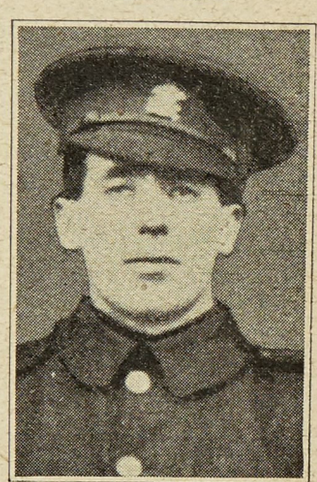


Coy.-Sergt.-Maj. G. BEESLEY, R. Berks Regt. Awarded D.C.M. after being recommended three times for his bravery in action.



Police-Constable EDWARDS. Awarded the D.C.M. for his bravery in action at the front. The presentation was made by Sir Edward Henry.

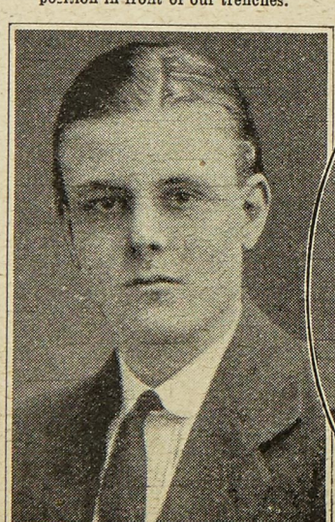
Lieut. A. L. MILLER, the Black Watch. Awarded the Military Cross for rescuing two miners from an exposed position in front of our trenches.



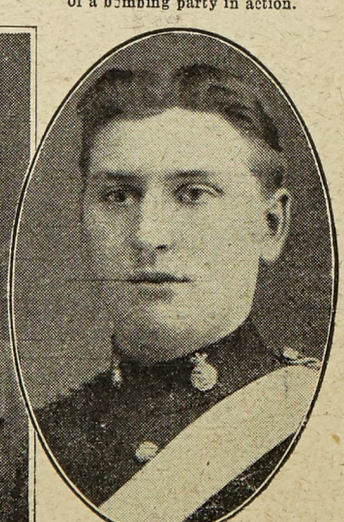
Corpl. A. S. WIDLAKE, The Welsh Regt. (T.F.). Awarded D.C.M. for conspicuous gallantry when in charge of a bombing party in action.

Capt. H. V. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY, Suffolk Regt. and R.F.C. Awarded Military Cross for attacking five German aeroplanes single-handed.

Sec.-Lieut. W. J. C. KENNEDY-COCHRAN-PATRICK, Rifle Brigade and R.F.C. Awarded Military Cross for forcing down a German aeroplane.



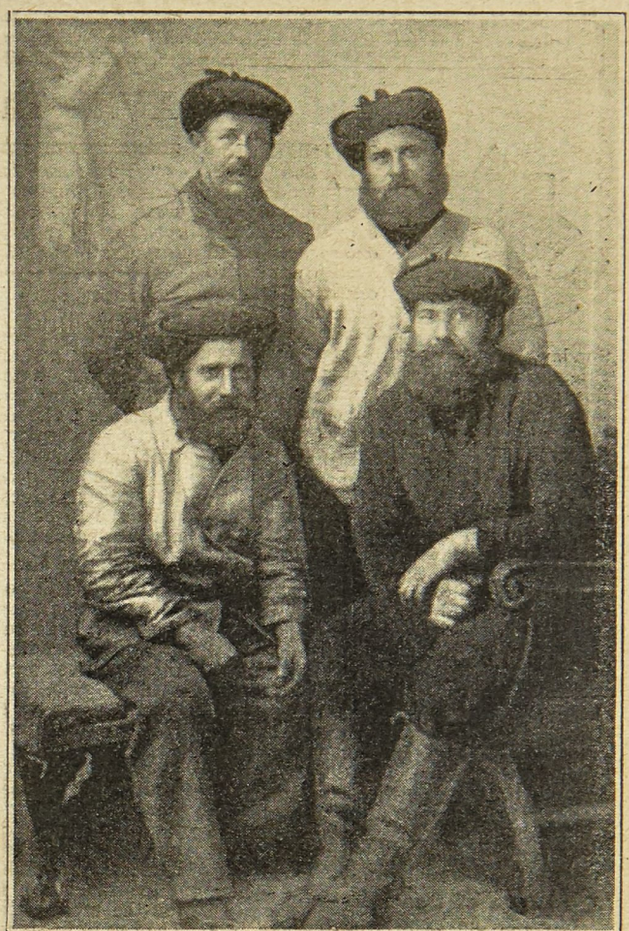
Sec.-Lieut. C. A. RIDLEY, Royal Fus. and R.F.C. Awarded Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry during Zeppelin raids.



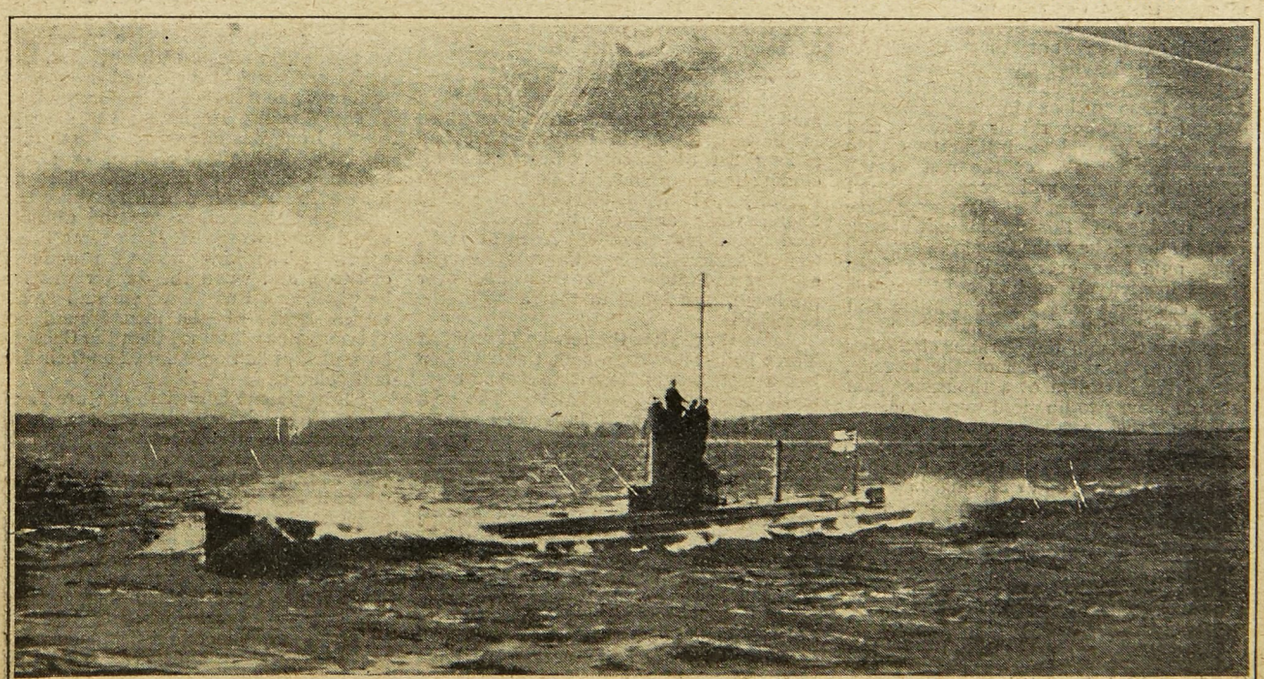
Sergt. H. WAREHAM, Dragoon Gds., with Duke of Westminster's armoured cars in Egypt. Awarded D.C.M. and bar for bravery in France and Egypt.

A 'Sea Change' and Lost German Submarine

Four of the crew of a trawler photographed together before leaving six months ago for operations in the North Sea.



The same men after six months' active service. Three have grown beards, and resemble one another exactly.



German submarine UC5, which was sunk on April 27th. This was one of the new improved U boats. During the month of April the Germans claim to have sunk no fewer than ninety-six merchant vessels.

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENTS IN THE WAR

XVII.—The Cheshires

LIKE the Gordon Highlanders and the Munster Fusiliers, the Cheshires experienced a sad and unmerited disaster at the opening of the Great War. On Sunday, August 23rd, 1914, the 15th Brigade, to which the 1st Battalion of this regiment belonged, was in reserve, some little way behind the canal between Mons and Condé. As far as they were concerned, the day passed away without any considerable excitement or loss, but on the Monday it was very different.

The British retreat, as everyone knows, was ordered to begin after nightfall, and early on Monday morning the Second Corps, General Smith-Dorrien's, was marching steadily away. The Germans were hurrying rapidly round the west, or exposed end of the corps, their object being to drive our men into each other in hopeless confusion, to cut them off from their supplies and supports, and then to wait for their surrender. It was quite a sound plan; but, fortunately for us, Smith-Dorrien was too old a soldier to be caught in this way. The Cheshires were ordered to prevent the Germans from carrying out their scheme by keeping them back while those battalions which had taken a more active part in the fighting at Mons got safely away.

The Ridge of Death

Near the village of Eloges there is a slight ridge, and there Colonel Boger decided to post his men. During the morning they did as they were told to do, they kept back the Germans by their well-aimed fire; but they themselves were losing heavily, and, moreover, the Germans were soon almost all round them. About three o'clock in the afternoon Colonel Boger got rather anxious, and sent to the general for instructions. No answer came back, for the rest of the brigade had gone, and "none appeared in sight but enemies." A bayonet charge was tried, but this could not break through the ranks of the Germans, growing more numerous every minute as fresh troops hurried up, and in a little while those Cheshires who were not killed had surrendered. Some did, indeed, make their way through the German circle and manage to join the rest of the brigade, but of the battalion of a thousand men all save some two hundred were gone.

When the casualty lists reached England, these Cheshires — eighteen officers and a large number of men — were merely returned as missing, but that was not the full tale. Many had been killed and more wounded, and gradually the news filtered through—one return, for instance, mentioning that one of the eighteen missing officers was dead, while five others were wounded prisoners.

Fresh Blood for the Regiment

In spite of this heavy loss, the 1st Cheshires kept their place in the army, and were soon reinforced by drafts from home. About one of these drafts an interesting story is told. One evening, a certain general had made all his plans for an attack, when there was a knock at the door, and an officer, having entered and saluted, stated that he had arrived with two hundred fresh men for the Cheshires. The difficulty was that this officer was senior in rank to the officer then commanding the battalion, the one to whom the general had given his instructions; so consequently the whole plan had to be discussed over again and new arrangements made.

"But as the day increased, so our men decreased; and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies."—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

From the Aisne to Lille

A good deal could be said about the deeds of the Cheshires at the Battle of the Aisne, in September, 1914, after which of all their officers who had been at Mons Captain Frost was the only one left. The 15th Brigade, to which they belonged, crossed the river on rafts between Missy and Venizel, and then stuck grimly to positions around the village of St. Marguerite until they got orders to move nearer to the sea. There in October they were first of all fighting their way towards Lille, and then doggedly standing fast and preventing the German hordes from reaching Calais.

In this latter fighting the Cheshires, for the second time, had serious losses. They were in trenches near the village of Violaines, in front of Festubert, when on October 22nd the enemy attacked in great force. The trenches were stormed and the Cheshires, contesting every inch of the ground, were forced slowly back.

Fighting on Hill 60

At length the German rush was checked and the remnant of the battalion rallied in Festubert. Again the regiment had a long list of missing officers, this including four captains, W. S. Rich, L. A. Forster, H. I. St. J. Hartford, and J. L. Shore, while another, F. H. Mahony, died from his wounds. A little later, Gerard Anderson, one of the most brilliant scholars and athletes that Oxford has ever produced, was killed in the ranks of the Cheshires.

For a time, after the terrific fighting at Ypres had come to an end, the battalion had a rest, but in May it was once more in the forefront of the battle. The men were on Hill 60, and there they fought desperately when the Germans with their gas attacked it on the 5th. It was at this time that their colonel, Lieut.-Col. A. de C. Scott, was killed.

Not far from this 1st Battalion was the 2nd Battalion of this regiment, and at the front, too, was a Territorial battalion, the 5th, which also had a share in defending Ypres. The 2nd Battalion had come from India early in the year, and in February had had an experience of trench warfare in Flanders, an unwelcome change from the warm climate from which the men had come. They were in the 84th Brigade, and day after day they resisted the torrent of shot and shell poured upon them, and to them belongs some of the glory for the incomparable defence of Ypres.

Amazing Bombing Feat

The summer passed away, and then came the Battle of Loos. On the first days of October, just after our big attack, the 2nd Cheshires were holding some trenches near Vermelles, and there they were violently attacked. Bombs were the weapons chiefly used, and by means of them some Germans penetrated into our lines. They did not get there easily, however. In one company of the Cheshires a certain Private Nixon threw bombs among them for a day and a night, until he was the only man left, and in another company Captain Freeman won the Military Cross for gallantry equally conspicuous.

The Battle of Loos brought honour, also, to another battalion of the Cheshires, the 9th, composed of men of the New Army. With other battalions their business on September 5th, the day of the big push, was to keep the Germans near Festubert very busy, and so to prevent them from sending men to resist our main attack at Loos. They advanced in good style, and having achieved their purpose, fell back.

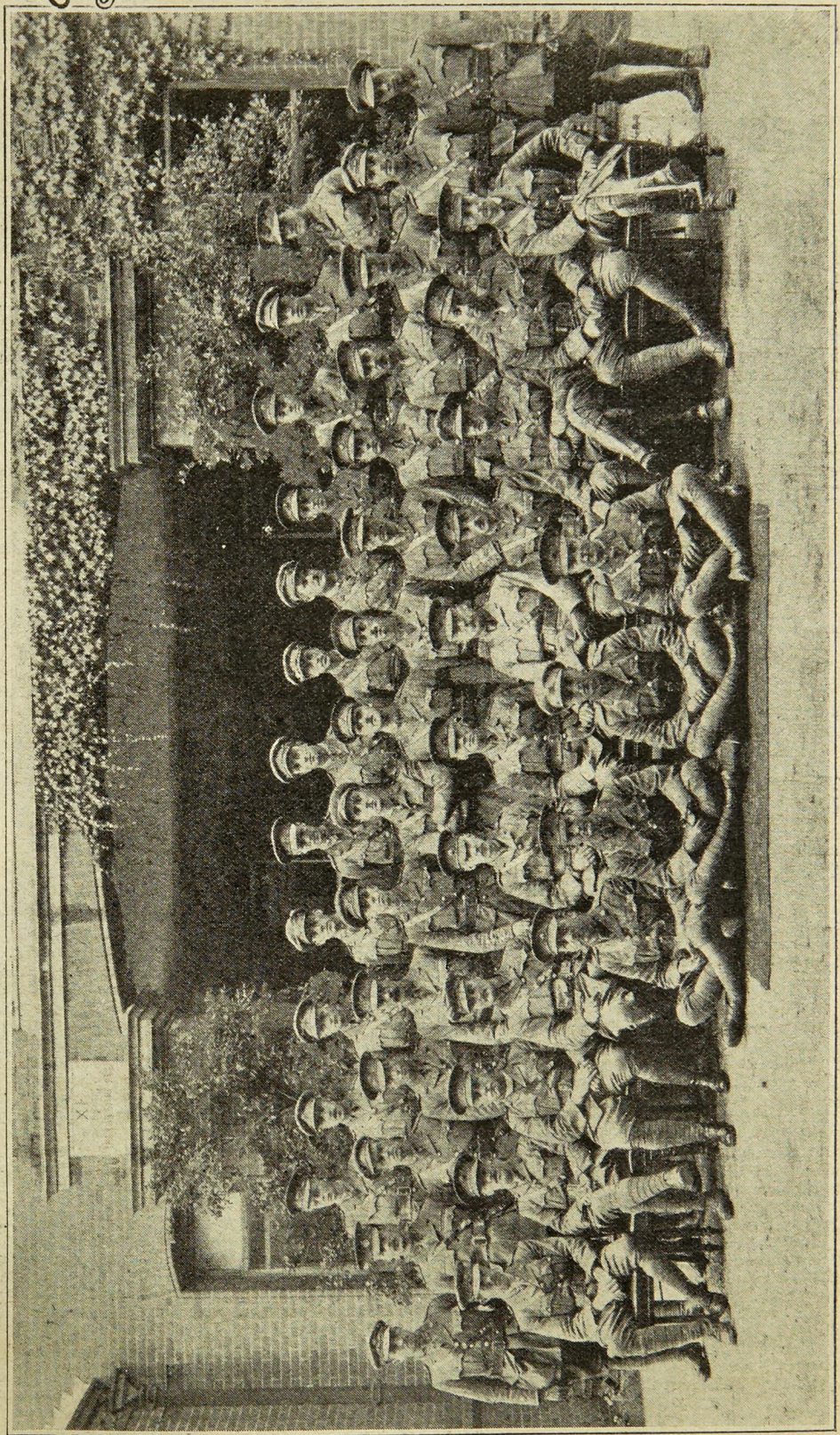
A Royal Oak-leaf

Finally, in December last, the Cheshires, like many other battalions, sent out bombing parties, which did a good deal of damage. For instance, on the night of the 6th, the 1st Battalion sent out one under Second-Lieut. G. P. Harding. One of the greatest difficulties was the tremendous amount of mud through which the men had to wade; but they got to the enemy's trenches and accounted for several of their foes. Three weeks later, on the 29th, the new 13th Battalion had a turn, for a party of them made a successful raid on some trenches at Le Touquet.

The Cheshire Regiment, the old 22nd of the Line, was one of those first raised in 1689, just after William of Orange became King of England. The men fought in Ireland, and fifty years later were at Dettingen, where the Cheshires saved King George II. from some French cavalry. The king was then under an oak-tree, and when the danger was over he plucked a leaf therefrom and gave it to the leader of the men around him. This explains why since then the Cheshires have always had an oak-leaf on their dress and colours.

The regiment helped to capture Louisburg from France in 1758, and was afterwards in the West Indies and the East Indies. It was in Jamaica in 1831, and a little later was again in India, where it won great glory under Sir Charles Napier. At Meance, the Cheshires were the only Britons in Napier's little army, and then they obeyed their leader's order to die rather than let the enemy get through. At Hyderabad their gallantry was equally conspicuous, and largely to them is due the fact that Scinde is to-day part of the British Empire. Their later services include campaigns in Burma and a share in the South African War.

A. W. Holland.



[*Photo by Gale & Polden, Ltd.*

SOME OFFICERS OF THE CHESHIRE REGIMENT

Back row (left to right) : Sec.-Lieut. A. Hancock, Capt. E. C. Hughes, Lieut. R. le B. Nicholson, Sec.-Lieut. W. S. Syme, Sec.-Lieut. H. D. Kay, Sec.-Lieut. A. Tickler, Sec.-Lieut. H. F. Dewar, Sec.-Lieut. A. W. Pocock, Sec.-Lieut. R. R. Worrall, Sec.-Lieut. G. F. Brock, Sec.-Lieut. M. F. Dames, Sec.-Lieut. P. P. Mallinson. Third row : Sec.-Lieut. R. Stephenson, Sec.-Lieut. C. Saunders (Rifle Brigade), Sec.-Lieut. O. Lloyd, Lieut. and Quartermaster A. Haxworth, Lieut. K. G. H. Ford, Sec.-Lieut. J. Sweet, Lieut. S. W. Vickers, Sec.-Lieut. L. L. B. Dunlop, Sec.-Lieut. R. P. Bush, Sec.-Lieut. S. H. Thrift, Lieut. G. E. Martin, Sec.-Lieut. E. S. Lacey, Sec.-Lieut. W. R. Exley, Lieut. E. G. Gibbs, R.A.M.C. Second row : Lieut. E. R. Brittain, Capt. J. Batson, Rev. F. J. Walker, C.F., 25th Division, Capt. and Adjt. J. L. W. H. Abell, Lieut.-Col. Beauchamp, Col. J. R. Dyas, Major Eaton Hall, Capt. T. Murray, Capt. V. L. Yates, Lieut. G. V. Lewis (transport officer), Lieut. J. L. J. Hughes. Front row : Sec.-Lieut. W. E. A. Clayton, Sec.-Lieut. G. G. Bushe, Sec.-Lieut. S. O. Lowry, Sec.-Lieut. A. F. Dames.

Letters from the Trenches

Notes on War News

The Eye of the Artist

THE literature of every country in the world is being enriched by letters from the trenches on every front. Written in the very face of death, direct to hearts at home, without a thought that any strange eye may see them, these letters contain the true human interest of the war, and many of them will win a place among the classics. The real note rings in these extracts from the letter of a young Canadian in the firing-line :

For the last few days the orchestra of war has been in full swing ; even yet the ring of it is in my ears. The sharp "bang, bang" of the "whiz-bang" batteries close behind our lines—they have been playing havoc with the German front line across from us. Then there is the roar of the big guns farther back ; these break up defences, bridges, and houses. Then there is the hum of the deadly trench-mortars and the switch-whiz of the terrifying rifle-grenades, and the steam-hammer, riveting-machine noise of the sweeping machine-guns—crack, crack. Oh, yes ! A fellow often wishes he was safely back on the shores of dear old Georgian Bay.

To-night all the stars are out as clear as can be, and everything is serene and quiet, and a pair of loons are calling across Lake ——, and there are flying ducks, a south wind, and green grass all bedecked with dew, and but for the occasional crack of the watchful sentry's rifle one would never know there was a war on. Whiz-bang ! Stretcher-bearers on the double. But it really is grand after all.

The Soul of the Soldier

IN that passage one sees the artist that every man is in some degree when set in the big spaces and face to face with the big things. Here is the soul of the soldier, and a soldier who may be killed but can never be beaten. And he is only one out of how many hundreds of thousands—millions, now—whom we thank God for having blessed our Empire with.

When out of the front line of trenches I meet someone I know from home nearly every day, and it makes it more like being at home. The pencil has run away on me to-night, but, big as I am, I feel a bit homesick right now.

Five months in the trenches and still going strong ; scenes of horror and hardships and still can smile ; eating bread and cheese and meat which always has mud and sandbag threads in it ; drinking tea which looks like tea but tastes only of chlorine, which is used to purify the water, and still I cannot get indigestion, and with all the wet feet I cannot take a cold. So is it any wonder that with all the long hours of lonely guard and the heavy work of fatigue parties I smile and laugh and grow fat ? There is nothing to worry about !

To Save Daylight

THE decision of Parliament, one undoubtedly supported by public opinion, to save daylight by putting forward the clock by one hour recalls to mind the much bigger change made in 1752. The calendar had, in the course of years, got somewhat out of gear ; it did not quite tally with the movements of the sun. In 1582 Pope Gregory VIII. made a change, and his method of reckoning time was known as the Gregorian Calendar. Protestant England was not at all willing to copy an idea from the Pope, and the older method of reckoning time remained in force here until 1752. Then an Act was passed "for regulating the commencement of the year, and for correcting the calendar now in use." To make things right it was decided that eleven days should be omitted after September 2nd, 1752, so that the ensuing day should be the 14th and not the 3rd. A good many ignorant people imagined that they had been done out of eleven days of their lives, and they showed their discontent in abusing the Government, so that the cry "Give us back our eleven days !" became quite a popular one. On the present occasion, however, we can reflect that if we lose an hour in May we shall recover it in October.

Strange Bedfellows

FORTUNE makes strange bedfellows. Jeremy Taylor, William Willett, and William II.—(Hoch, der Kaiser !)—are three names that no one would think of linking together. Yet here they are. In a beautiful passage in his "Holy Living" Jeremy Taylor enjoined men to be "sometimes curious to see the preparation which the sun makes when he is coming forth from his chambers of the east," knowing full well the uplift of the soul that the splendid spectacle gives. William Willett has got half the world out of bed an hour sooner than it ever rose before, and as even he was no Joshua to alter the arrangements of the sun, many a man will see a sort of rising sun that he never saw before. And the Kaiser, who clamoured for a place in the sun—what of him ? Here is the unsolicited testimonial of a London "special," hoicked out of bed in the middle of the night by a Zeppelin "warning," and toddling home, tired but cheery, just as the dawn is breaking : "I'll say this for the Kaiser, anyhow ; I should have missed some gorgeous sunrises had it not been for him." Verily, verily, even the worst man living may do good unwittingly !

"Not for an Age"

SHAKESPEARE, as we all know, spoke to all the generations and on all subjects of human interest. Quite recently an ingenious writer has put together, in a clever fashion, certain references of his which are applicable to the Great War. And very applicable some of them are, too. Sir John Jellicoe, for instance, is "a great sea-mark standing every flaw," and Sir Douglas Haig "a tried and valiant soldier," one "whose spirit lends a fire even to the dullest peasant in his camp." Turning to the other side, Von Tirpitz is a "salt-water thief," and Houston Stewart Chamberlain "a recreant and most degenerate traitor." But perhaps the best is the phrase applied to Bernhardi, "a gallant militarist that has the whole theorick of war in the knot of his scarf." Turning from persons to things, we find the familiar trench warfare described in the metaphor of "two spent swimmers, that do cling together and choke their art." Finally, the airman is admirably described in the following passage :

> A winged messenger of heaven
> Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
> Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him
> When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
> And sails upon the bosom of the air.

What 15s. 6d. Will Do

FEW people realise how much even the smallest sum lent to the Government can help to win the war. In these days of munition work and overtime there must be few who cannot spare 15s. 6d. to buy a War Savings Certificate, and 15s. 6d. can purchase 124 cartridges. Yet how many people realise as they take a War Savings Certificate that they may be enabling some soldier in the trenches to have another 124 shots at the Germans ! Most people have heard of the deadly nature of those hand-grenades that our cricket-loving Tommies make such good practice with. One grenade can kill four or five men, so that given luck, a fine day, a good bomber and plenty of Germans, six grenades may account for thirty of the enemy. Yet six grenades only cost 15s. 6d. Think of that when you draw your money this week and see how many 15s. 6d.'s you can lend. Each 15s. 6d. becomes £1 in five years ; you can get your money back in full at any time if you need it, and don't forget the Germans you may have helped to put out of action. If you cannot afford to put in 15s. 6d. at once, you can get a card at any post-office on which you stick sixpenny stamps until you have saved 15s. 6d. If you want to help your country in this way you can get full particulars at any post-office.

How You May Help

READERS of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED can greatly assist the publishers in conforming with the Government restrictions as to the consumption of paper by ordering this journal to be supplied weekly by their regular newsagents, instead of buying it casually. In this way it is possible for the publishers more accurately to judge their weekly printing order, and thus avoid wastage as well as prevent disappointment.

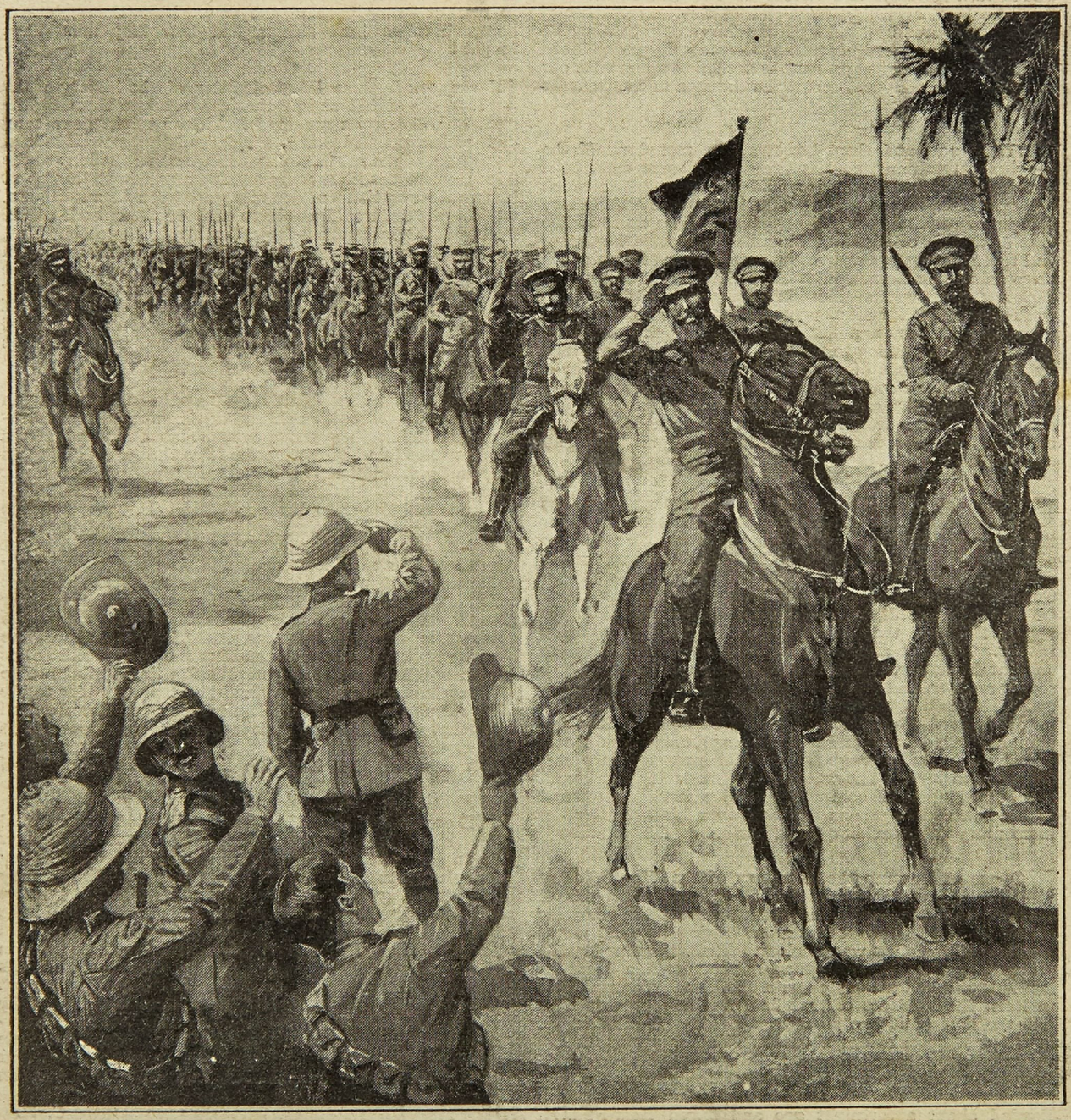
Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand ; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa ; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

The War Illustrated, June 10th, 1916. *Regd. as a Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

German Naval Blunders. By Commander Bellairs, M.P.

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly



Vol. 4 Modern Empires Unite in Ancient Scenes: Slav and Briton Join Hands in Mesopotamia **No. 95**

The Ride of Baratoff's Men

NOT flagging interest but sheer inability to comprehend the vital importance of facts that, relatively, seem to be trivial is the explanation of the undeniable increasing weariness with which people at home in Britain open their morning newspapers and attempt to follow the progress of the war. Often we find it hard to believe it does progress. A certain activity develops into a lively bombardment, and this in turn increases to a terrific cannonade, and the next thing we hear is that we have gained a certain number of yards. Measured by the length of the casualty lists, which we do understand, the gain seems to be scarcely proportioned to the cost, and dogged patience is needed to go on with our daily job as steadily and stoutly as the men in the trenches go on with theirs.

EVERY now and then, however, the monotony of the official communiqués is broken by some curt, brief announcement which suddenly shatters the murk in which the operations are shrouded, and gives us a momentary glimpse of something really happening. The effect is like that of a flash of lightning illuminating a wide landscape and revealing in the far distance some moving figure which gives an intense human interest to what until then was a dark and silent waste. The vision is gone almost before it was realised, but the effect upon ourselves is magical. The silent darkness is not annihilation's waste, as, despondently, we were almost coming to believe; it is the darkness spread by the storm-clouds of war; and could our eyes pierce it we should see the deeds of which we want to hear actually in the doing. At once our imagination is kindled, our enthusiasm burns bright again, and we turn to our own inglorious but necessary work with new vigour and fresh resolution.

ON the day that these words are written that magic has been wrought. From the East word has come over thin wires or, hardly more miraculously, borne on the waves of the air, but sure and true, to thrill us with energy and to shock our foes with alarm. "A Russian force has joined General Gorringe, after a bold and adventurous ride." Of all the hundreds of thousands of words printed in the papers this day, that baker's dozen are all that seem to matter. Here, at any rate, and for the moment, they are all that do matter. More news in greater detail will come sooner or later, and the event, with all that has led up to it and all to which it tends, will be dealt with by experts for our full enlightenment. It is only in respect of its effect upon our imagination and in what may be called its moral aspect, that the message is brought properly into our Observation Post. The watchman there is in duty bound to wheel round to his comrades and with hand outstretched to the East, lost again in darkness even blacker after the momentary flash, exclaim, "Did you see? Did you see?"

NO one will accuse the Secretary of the War Office of erring on the side of lyrical ecstasy in his official announcements; yet even he cannot prevent the romantic nature of this historical fact from tinging his cold words with something of its warm colour. That is the inalienable property of fine actions: they communicate a thrill as inevitably as evil actions cause a shudder. We must wait to learn the incidents of that bold and adventurous ride, but the fact of it has stirred us already. And already, in the first speculations about it, glamour surrounds the very words that have to be used. Who were these cavalry? Almost certainly, part of General Baratoff's column which, advancing from Kerind, made a dash down the road to Bagdad about a fortnight ago and seized Kasr-i-Shirin, near the Turkish frontier. And by what road did they come? The "Times" hazards a guess—from Kermanshah, in Persia, over the mountains of Luristan; it rings like the opening lines of a great ballad; or perhaps through the desert from Khanikin—and still minstrels are quivering to begin upon it. But over the mountains or through the desert, the track ran for two hundred miles, and the Kurdish hillmen were there, crafty and keen and cruel, to contest every yard of the way. How those Russian horsemen must have ridden, and how they must have fought!

IN very truth these latest chapters of the history of the East are as full as any that came before them of the stuff of which epics are made. Homer might have sung of that last march towards Bagdad, of that new Battle of Ctesiphon, of the retreat to Kut-el-Amara in the loop of the Tigris, where the little army sat down and kept the foe at bay until starvation had done its work upon them. Homer, we feel certain, would not have omitted the episode of the mule which the butcher three times refused to slaughter, although the men were starving, because it had been through three campaigns with them and bore the same trophies on its saddlery. And who could have sung better than Homer of the great box-kites, veritable machines of the gods, that hovered over the invested town and dropped words of encouragement and gifts of food from the skies upon the beleaguered men?

BUT most of all, we think, Homer would have seized upon the episode of this bold and adventurous ride of horsemen from the north, spurring over the mountains and across the desert to join hands with the force that was fighting its way to the relief of that beleaguered army. He would not have counted it loss that they came too late. With the vision that belongs to the poet he would have seen the episode in proper relation to the full scheme of the epic, as a little piece of the great world-war, but a most significant one. For it is not in Mesopotamia that the foe is finally to be vanquished, but in Europe, where at the moment millions of men are lying within a few yards of one another along lines that run for hundreds of miles. Making no progress, we complain sometimes. And even while we were choking back the murmur, men were riding from none of us yet know where to help to complete the ring destined to be set round the arch-enemy of civilisation, preparatory to the slow, simultaneous, irresistible advance upon him from all sides that will drive him back to his own dominions, to his own capital, and not be stayed until it has strangled his power and trampled his pride in the dust of its myriad feet.

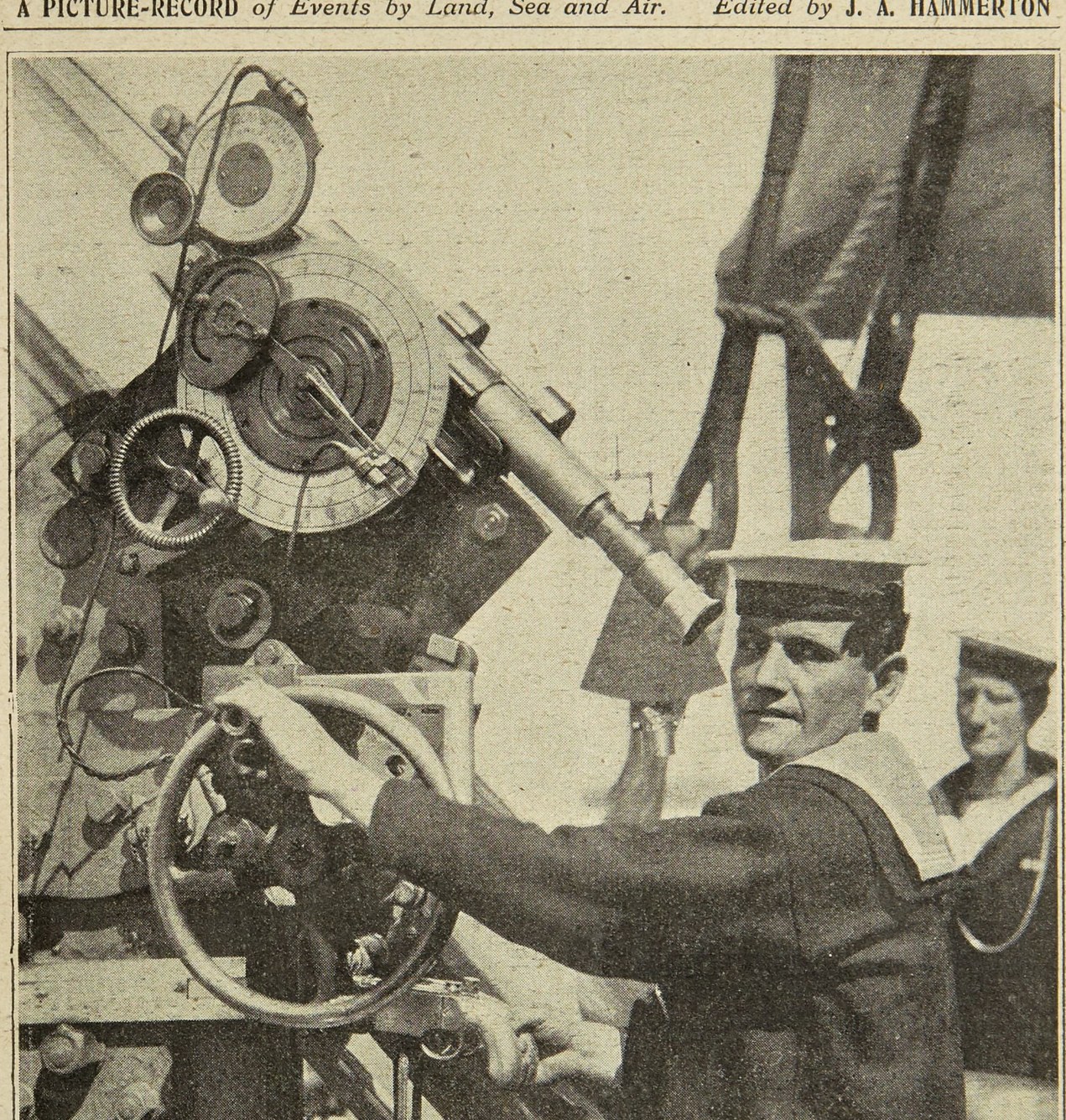
WE are quite ready to believe that Baratoff's men would be profoundly astonished if they were told that their ride to join forces with Gorringe's men had excited any particular attention in Britain. To many of them it may have been a gay as well as a bold adventure. But we retract nothing of what we have said in admiration of the exploit. What its military value may be we do not pretend to be able to assess. But its moral value to those of us in Britain who feel depression creeping over us sometimes because we do not see the end of the war beginning, is vast. We realise that Russia is with us to some purpose. Only the other day Russians rose miraculously from the snow-drifts round Erzerum, and Erzerum fell and Constantinople trembled. Now they have appeared from nowhere, near Bagdad, and Berlin will shake. And when Berlin shakes Germany will fall.

C. M.

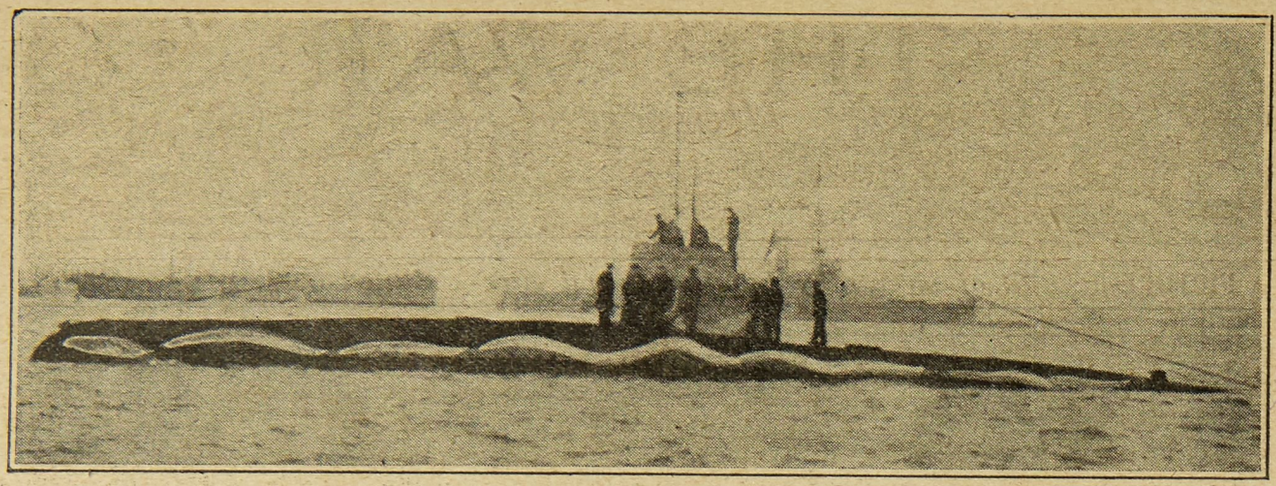
10th June, 1916. No. 95. Vol. 4.

THE WAR *Illustrated*

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON



"GOOD SHOT, SIR!"—The Senior Service adds another laurel to its glory. The gun-layer (an able seaman) who sighted the anti-aircraft gun and fired the shot which destroyed the Zeppelin L20 at Salonika. (Official photograph. Crown copyright reserved.)



The craft that works in the dark. Ingenious method of disguising the appearance of German submarines. It will be seen that the hull is painted in such a way as to be scarcely distinguishable from the waves.

BLUNDERS OF GERMAN NAVAL POLICY

How the Allies have Gained on Land Through the Enemy's Inaction at Sea

By Commander CARLYON BELLAIRS, R.N., M.P., Our Naval Expert.

IF an American were asked to write this article, I think he would do so very tersely by saying that the Germans attempted to bite off more than they could chew, and that had Bismarck been in the saddle this would never have happened. Prussia had made all her conquests without naval power. Her statesmen were the keenest students of history in the world. Three facts stand out in history:

1. The economic difficulty of combining vast land armies with the expenditure required for attaining sea supremacy.
2. The jealousy of Great Britain for any Power that attempts to rival her on the sea.
3. That Great Britain's strength resides not merely in the power of her Navy but in the military rivalries of the Continent, and when the latter were absent—in the War of American Independence—Great Britain was virtually defeated.

About 1896 a pushing officer of the name of Von Tirpitz, from the China station, obtained the ear of the Kaiser. He played upon his desire for aggrandisement, sea-power, and empire. He was chosen to effect these things. This could not be done secretly, for the German people had to be educated so as to grant the Navy Bills, and the foreign policy had to create situations in which the "tyranny" of British sea-power could be demonstrated. The educational crusade was of the most blatant character, especially in regard to the official Navy League of over one million members. At every point it flew in the face of a famous caution of a famous statesman, the great Chatham, who enjoined an ambassador in words somewhat as follows: "Above all other things, not to mention the British Navy, and so avoid giving cause for every hireling pen in Europe to inveigh against the maritime pretensions of this country." The country which a few years before had coaxed Heligoland out of us, entered upon a course of policy destined to drive us into the arms of Germany's chief military rivals.

Non-success Equivalent to Disaster

Such a policy could only be justified by success—that is, by the creation of a navy capable of defeating us on that sea which has never tolerated more than one master. On the land an inferior army can hold up a superior one, and the nation can pursue its manifold activities behind the security thus afforded. Such a situation is unthinkable on the sea. Consequently, a naval policy which spends several hundreds of millions and misses success is in itself a disastrous failure for a great military nation. This is now well understood by the Germans themselves, for above all other things they worship the military doctrine of concentration. If they had anticipated the possibility of failure on the sea, they would certainly have concentrated the expenditure on increasing the great military machine on shore. It is equally true that until the military rivalries of the Continent had been put down, the drain of expensive colonies abroad was also an extravagance, for transmarine colonies fall like ripe fruit into the hands of the Power with the command of the sea.

In other words, Germany was bound to lose her colonies and the troops and stores in them. It does not follow from this that all naval expenditure as against Britain was folly. In addition, Germany necessarily required such a fleet as could secure her the control of the Baltic against Russia. The point for Germany to have fixed her mind on was that until she had eliminated the drain of military rivalries on the Continent she could not hope to rival Great Britain on the sea. On the other hand, the latter's life-blood is her shipping, and without any of the elements of ostentatious rivalry a war against British shipping could have been prepared which, in the circumstances actually existing in 1914, would have left us in a very crippled position. The overweening ambitions of Von Tirpitz and the Kaiser were their own undoing, and the British Empire was saved in spite of its rulers.

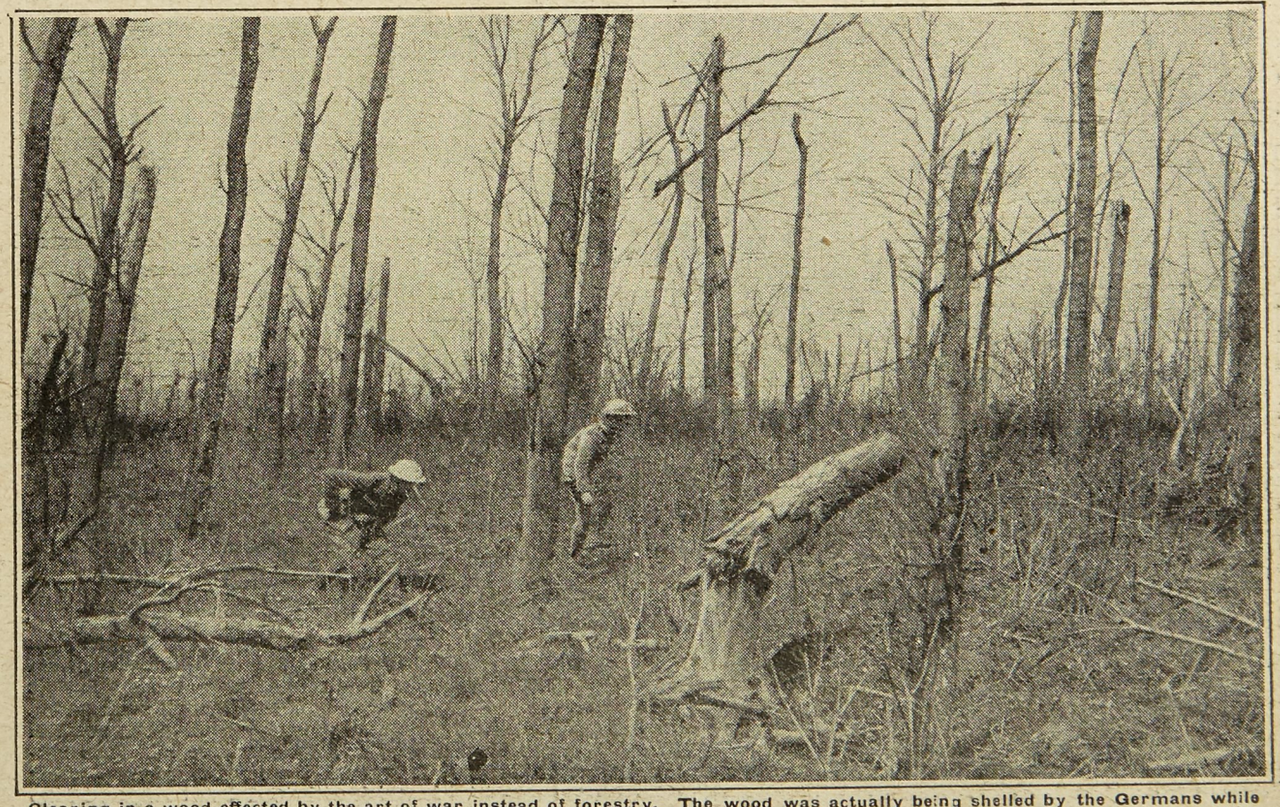
Mutual Misunderstanding

The second great mistake of Germany was in the military mind which fails to understand democratic diplomacy. It failed to understand the shock the invasion of Belgium would be to this country. It interpreted Sir Edward Grey's assurance that the First Fleet was at Portland instead of being at its war base, and that we had no intention of calling out the reserves, as a positive proof that we would not go to war, and consequently Von Tirpitz failed to prepare for the eventuality which took Germany by surprise. Both Russia and France realised and strenuously represented that only unmistakable naval and military preparations on Great Britain's part would prevent war. It was a genuine misunderstanding on both sides. We did not understand military diplomacy, and Germany did not show any comprehension of democratic diplomacy. In any case, Germany's policy being what it was, the war could only have been postponed. The capital result for us is that Germany had not more than ten war vessels and a number of mercantile auxiliaries abroad. She failed to strike, except with mine-fields, before the

[*Continued on page* 388

Rest and Recreation Amid the Glades of War

Australians enjoying a spell of leisure behind their trenches somewhere in France. The poplars snapped by shells attest the close proximity of these imperturbable fighting men to the enemy whom they chiefly desired to meet. (Official photograph issued by the Press Bureau.)



Clearing in a wood effected by the art of war instead of forestry. The wood was actually being shelled by the Germans while this photograph was being taken.

BLUNDERS OF GERMAN NAVAL POLICY

(Cont. from page 386.)

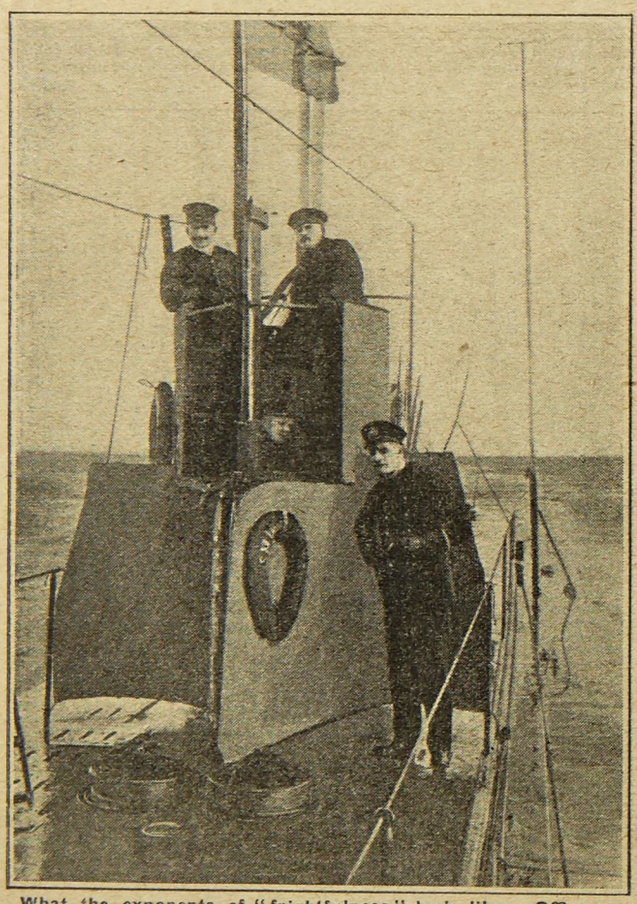
declaration of war, and so missed the use of her favourite stroke, "the bolt from the blue." England, "which is famous for negligence," as Marlborough said, was given time to spread her net, and Germany has, so far as our Foreign Office will allow, been enmeshed in it ever since.

There was, however, one direction in which similar tactics would have been equally effective whether Great Britain was in the war or not. The war was at Germany's chosen moment, and she would certainly get possession of the French industrial districts where lay the bulk of the coal and iron supplies. It would be essential in case of a war with France and Russia to invade the trade routes to prevent replacement of supplies while the whole French Navy was busy safeguarding the passage of French troops in the Mediterranean. Against Great Britain the central facts were:

1. Her absolute dependence on her shipping and sea-borne supplies.
2. The 1904 scrapping of our cruisers without replacement.
3. The 1904-14 policy of cutting down our cruiser strength abroad.
4. The mistaken 1904-9 Admiralty view that small cruisers were of little use, and, consequently, armed merchant vessels still more useless.

Had these facts been understood by the German Admiralty, they would have scattered every cruiser and mercantile auxiliary to the distant trade routes during the period of crisis from July 23rd to August 4th, 1914. As a matter of fact, not a single armed vessel moved outwards. The Emden's successes were really like the bitter fruit of the tree of knowledge, for they taught only of the lost opportunities which, owing to British negligence, were offered in profusion.

The German military mind is incapable of any graduations of method suited to adverse circumstances. With a magnificent military machine on shore, it has made frightfulness an undoubtedly successful policy. It tries the same methods at sea and expects similar results. The hope is futile, for the same reason that all German frightfulness on shore will recoil on her the moment the military machine begins to fail. Had Germany been a model of correct conduct in her sea campaign, every neutral would have been nagging furiously at Great Britain and endeavouring to defeat her blockade. Once Germany provokes the United States, under the submarine policy, definitely against her, Great Britain will have little difficulty in dealing with the illicit trade by Holland, Denmark, and even Sweden.



What the exponents of "frightfulness" look like. Officer and members of the crew of a U boat.

Incidental work in the Grand Fleet. British sailors greasing and coiling up a wire hawser.

An idea seems to be held in many quarters that the Germans seldom make mistakes in regard to mechanism, and this idea has been fostered by Mr. Lloyd George in debates on munitions. As a matter of fact, the preparedness of the Germans in military matters was simply achieved by the profusion of expenditure on all weapons. If they had to choose, as every nation must when not preparing for its own selected moment, they would have been forced to concentrate on what they held to be most vital. This is exactly what they had to do in naval matters. Take the destroyer, one of the most common of naval craft. Great Britain pinned her faith to the gun, Germany to the torpedo. Indeed, in the destroyer, Great Britain was more nearly right on every point so far as design was concerned. In every one of the classes of ships we adopted the correct principle of the heavier armament. Except for the naval mine and the Zeppelin, I do not know of a single case where Germany was right in the adoption of the weapon at the same time as we were wrong. Our mines were of a useless design because we made the limit one of cost; and we did not build any Zeppelins.

Lack of a Great Directing Intelligence

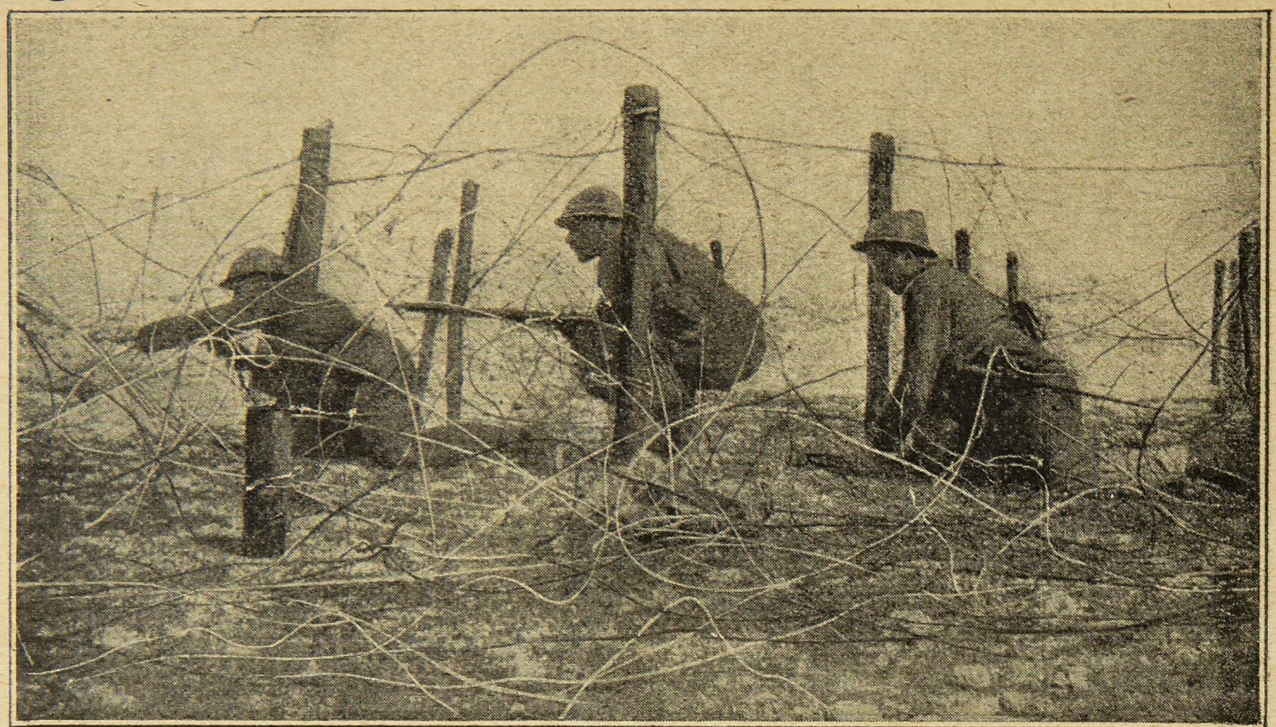
The comparative failure of Germany arose from the simple fact that she had to compromise in regard to naval expenditure so as to get what she thought would give the best results out of a limited expenditure; but even so, we should always remember that these preparations were all directed to reach fruition at Germany's chosen moment. She was again right in her large reserve of guns and in the provision of armaments for merchant vessels, and we were wrong to neglect those things, but on a broad survey it is impossible to find evidence of any great brain directing affairs, and the only conclusion one can come to is that Von Tirpitz has been simply a dead-weight to German policy; that the German Navy's correct function was to help to win domination in Europe, leaving the overthrow of British naval supremacy to a future date, when the industrial resources of Europe or a greatly enlarged Germany could be thrown into the scale. It would have been far wiser to appoint a military leader like Von der Goltz rather than Von Tirpitz to be head of the German Navy. He would have understood how to subordinate its actions to the object in view, and a statesman like Bismarck, who kept the military element in subjection to the political purposes to be achieved, might even have lulled the suspicions of Great Britain until the time came for dealing with the sea-girt isle which withstood Charlemagne, Philip of Spain, Louis XIV. and Napoleon.

Along the Avenue to the Shell-swept Plain

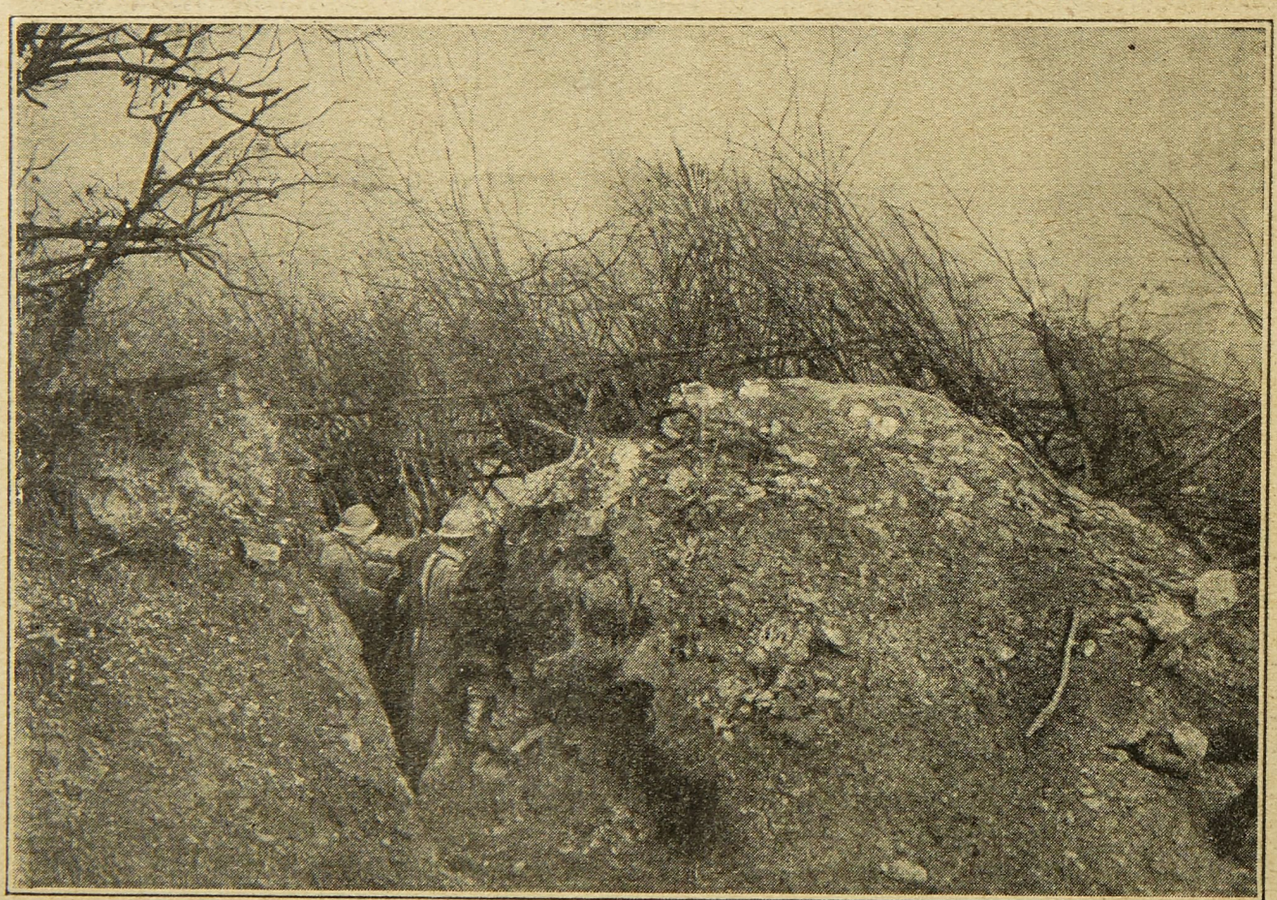
Company of French infantry on its way from camp to the trenches. Realisation that men are marching into the presence of death invests them with such commanding dignity and interest that, even in the war area where they are a familiar daily sight, wayfarers paused and labourers stayed their toil to watch them passing to their glorious service.

German howitzer shell bursting behind the western lines. (The latest official photograph from the battle zone in France. Crown copyright reserved.)

Against the Foe Through Wire and Wattles

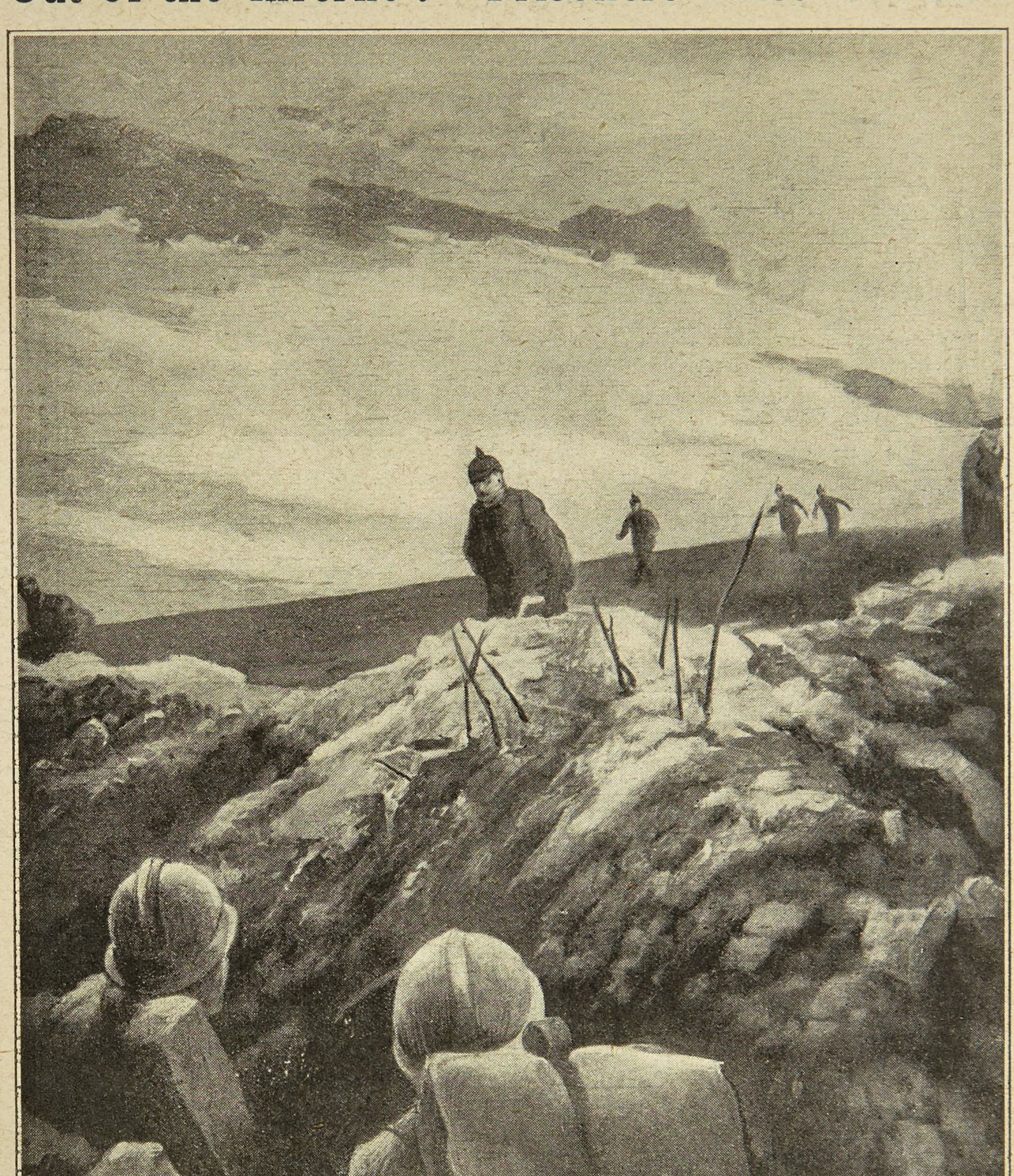


Frenchmen cautiously cutting their way through enemy entanglements. Thousands of miles of wicked wires are twisted across Europe, and no man can tell whether any one is not a communication cord, to sever which will signal his presence to the foe.

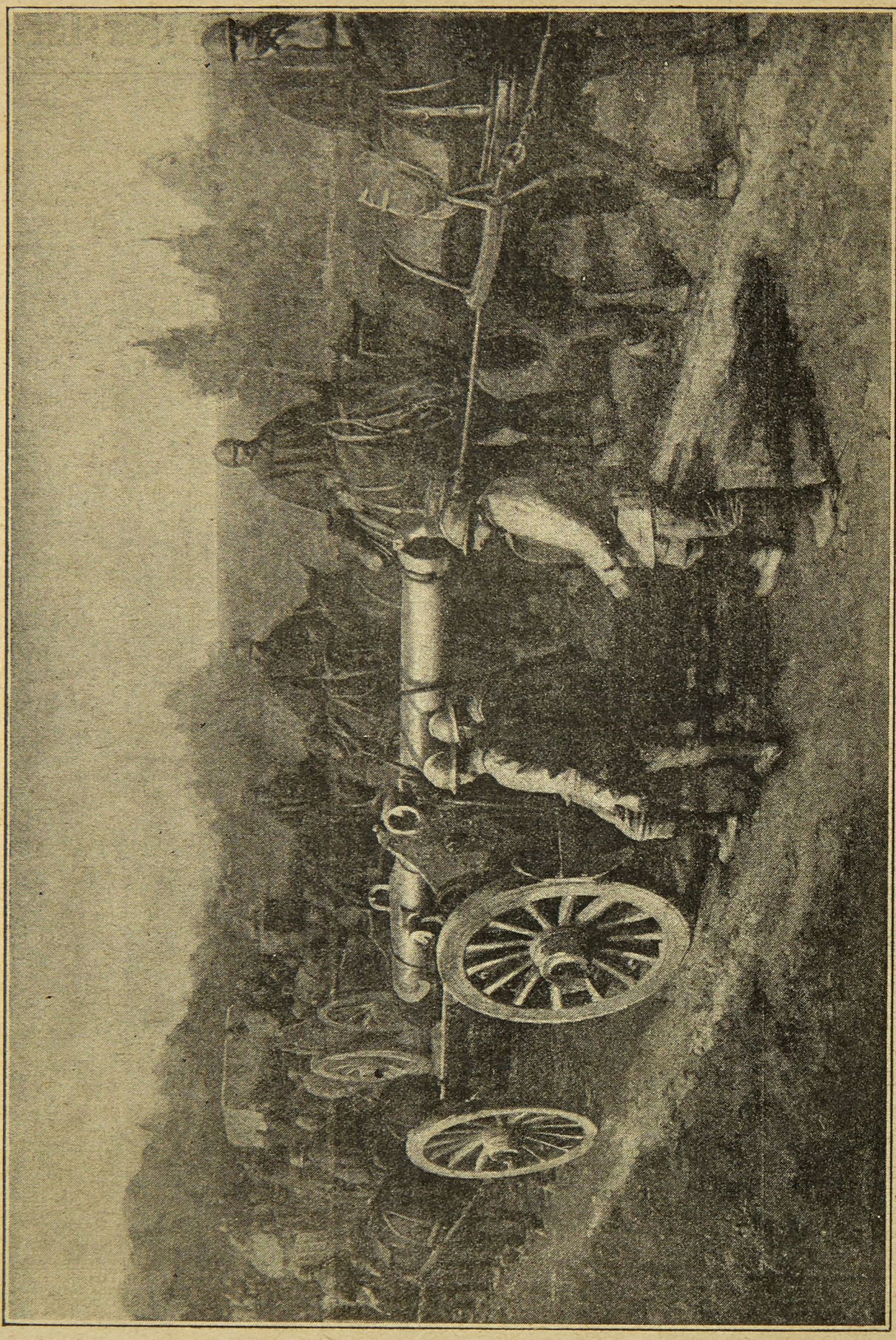


A French advanced look-out post on the top of a hill, a pinnacle of peril where the tiniest faggot is a friendly shelter, and the smallest loophole through which the eye can peer may be a gate for death to enter.

Out of the Inferno! Prisoners Race for Life



In view of the terrific expenditure of shells, innumerable grenades, clouds of poison-gas, aeroplane bombs—not to mention the forests of barbed-wire and baycnets, it is nothing short of a miracle than any of the attackers or attacked near Verdun survive. Withal, both sides have taken many unscathed prisoners. This photograph actually shows some Germans who escaped the fury of a French assault, obeying the instinct of self-preservation, hurrying towards our ally's trenches—from which the attack began—to surrender. In the foreground two steel-helmeted Frenchmen await to arrest their enemies.



BOUND FOR THE HILL OF DEATH.—French artillerymen have proved their superiority over the German gunners, and the whole world admires the perfection of their ordnance and the accuracy of their shooting. This illustration shows French heavy guns being moved to fresh positions in the neighbourhood of Dead Man Hill, near Verdun, a height whose appropriate name will never be forgotten by Germany, since thousands of her dead sons have strewn its blood-soaked slopes.

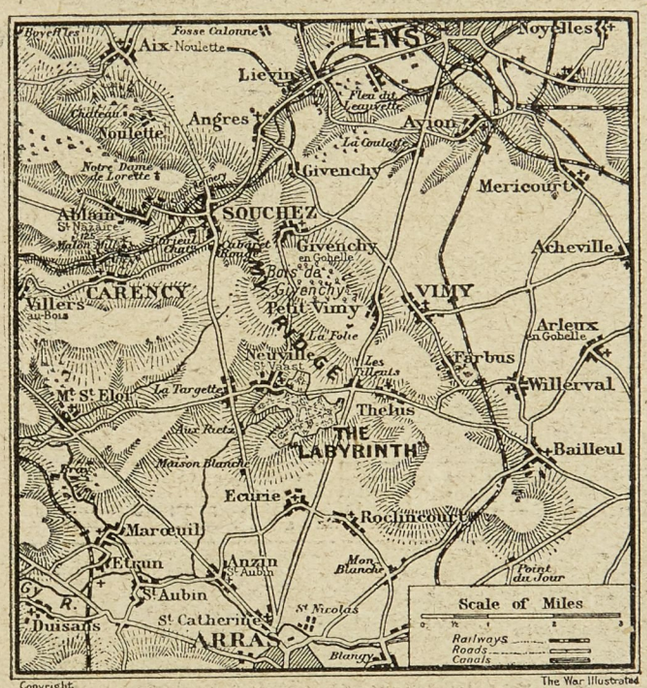
Germany's Aim at Verdun

By Our War Correspondent F. A. McKENZIE

I AM writing this article on the eve of the hundredth day of the German attack on Verdun. It is impossible to speak of the series of engagements around the French eastern frontier fortress as a battle. It is a great campaign in itself, more costly in life and in treasure than was many a great war in olden days.

Let us attempt to understand the German purpose. It is mere foolishness, when studying the progress of this war, to start on the assumption that your opponents are fools. It is mere waste of energy to describe the Verdun campaign as due to the insensate ambition of the Crown Prince. The advance was begun not by any one German commander, even the Crown Prince. It was the deliberate, carefully-thought-out plan of the German Great General Staff. It has been maintained with a relentlessness and determination greater than anything this war has seen before. One fact may illustrate this. The German losses in killed and wounded before Verdun during these hundred days are quite fifty per cent. more than our losses during the Gallipoli campaign.

The Germans aimed to take Verdun. The capture of this city would be worth half a million of men; not so much because of the value of the forts and houses of Verdun itself, but because of the great gain in strategic position and the enormous increase in prestige in obtaining possession of the premier eastern frontier fortress of France. They believe that the capture of Verdun would be as great a gain to Germany as the capture of Metz would be to France.



The region of Vimy Ridge in the Arras sector of the British line, where extremely heavy fighting has proceeded since May 16th.

But the capture of Verdun itself was not the only purpose of Germany in striking when she did. A very illuminating explanation of the German scheme was recently issued in an official summary from Berlin. Here is the German explanation.

The Germans declare that their primary purpose was to stop the spring offensive of the allied armies. There was to be a great forward movement which would strike the Germans on all sides at once and penetrate their line of defences. The Allies were to take the initiative, and felt certain of victory. "The German armies, however, anticipated them, and threw all their well-matured plan topsy-turvy," says the explanation.

The Germans further urge—and this is a point I have repeatedly put forward in my articles—that the offensive policy is necessary to maintain to the full the moral and the high courage of an army. "A German spring offensive has come instead of an offensive planned by the enemy. What this means in its effect upon the moral of the troops can only be fully comprehended by a man who has himself taken part in this fighting. The words 'We are advancing' act like a magic charm over the German troops; they throw a spell over every branch of the gigantic organism of our army. 'We are going to attack.' And every man feels proud and happy to do his share, even though his own section be assigned to mere defensive duty."

So much for the Germans' own explanation, an explanation in which there is undoubtedly a great deal of truth. It was necessary if the spirits of the German people and the temper of the German Army were to be kept right that an offensive should be tried, and tried it was.

But there is even a deeper purpose which the Germans themselves do not at present admit, but which is undoubtedly influencing their action. Our enemy has profoundly studied the psychology of war. Many of the big German moves, such as the dramatic entry into Brussels, have been undertaken not as purely military measures, but for their effect on the minds of nations, or on public opinion in the world. Our tendency is to ignore psychological effects. The Germans study them.

Now, Germany at the present moment is attempting to produce one effect upon the mind of France—a feeling of horror, weariness, and disgust at the cost in the best life-blood of the nation of this war. It will be noticed that all the big German blows during the past few weeks have been on the French front. Our own armies have been kept busy, and fighting has gone on along our front which in other wars would have been called exceedingly heavy. But our fighting has been as nothing to that on the Meuse and around Verdun.

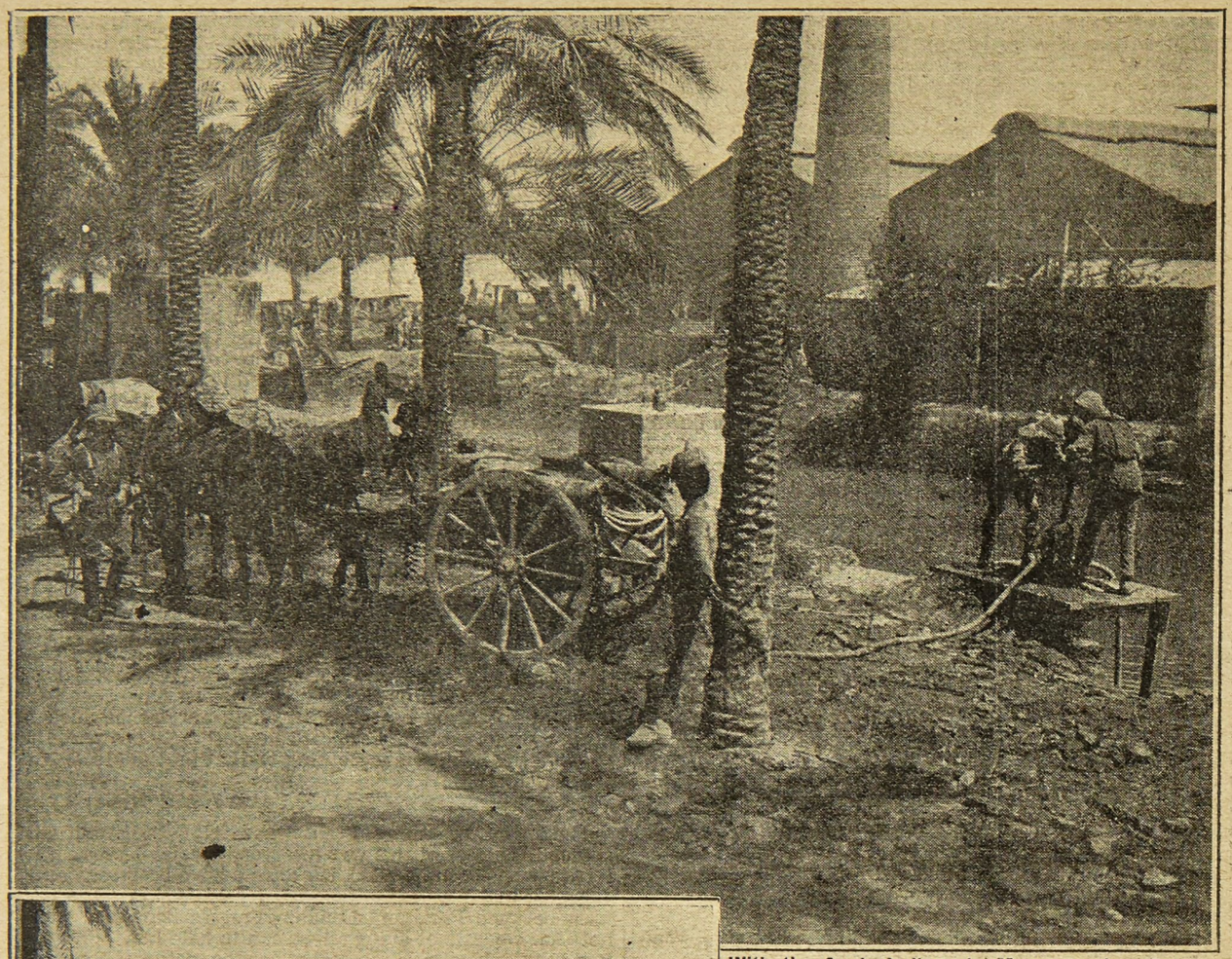
France will Never Yield

From the beginning France has felt the strain and suffered the cost of this war in a very special degree. Her territory has been invaded, her armies have been constantly engaged, and her losses have been very heavy. The contrast between Paris and London is an amazing one. It is not that we are not doing all we can to help her. We are. Her geographical position makes her the victim of the worst blows. Every French town is a town of mourning. Large parts of the richest districts in France lie under the occupation of the enemy.

Now comes Germany, with her attacks, willing to slay hundreds of thousands of her own men if in doing so she can slay hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen also. She hopes by increasing slaughter to make France willing to come to terms.

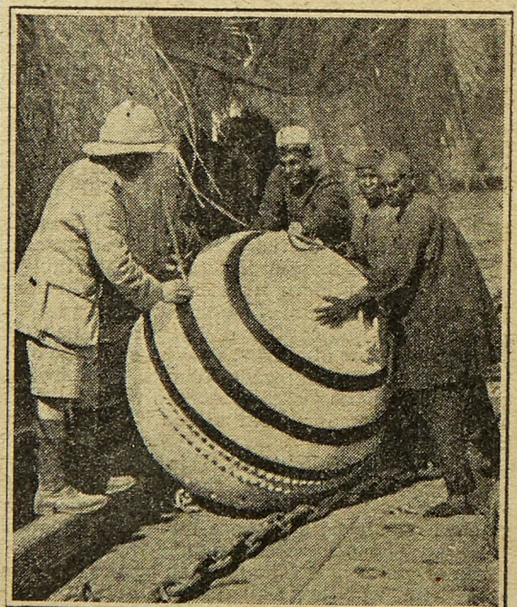
German psychology has proved strikingly wrong during the past few months. Is it going to prove wrong again? I am convinced that it will. The mass of French people know too well what an inconclusive peace would mean for them to be willing to enter into it. France has sacrificed so much and has fought so magnificently that even Verdun will not weaken her resolution. But—a very important but—the German purpose makes it more necessary that we should, by vigorous counter offensives, spoil Germany's aim. I say that we have stood by our ally France as best we could. Our Fleets have guarded her shores. Our enormous armies on the western front are fighting beside her own, holding part of the French line. We have recently lengthened our front in France. But in war it is useless to talk of mutual efforts in terms of comparison. It is useless to measure what we are going to do by what others have done. There can only be one measure in this war for all the Allies—the utmost. All we have, **all** we can raise, all we can give, has to be flung into the common fund and used for the common purpose. That is what Great Britain is going to do more and more in the days right ahead. That is what conscription means. That is what the willing sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of the best of our nation proclaims.

The Flame of War in the Palm Groves of Eden



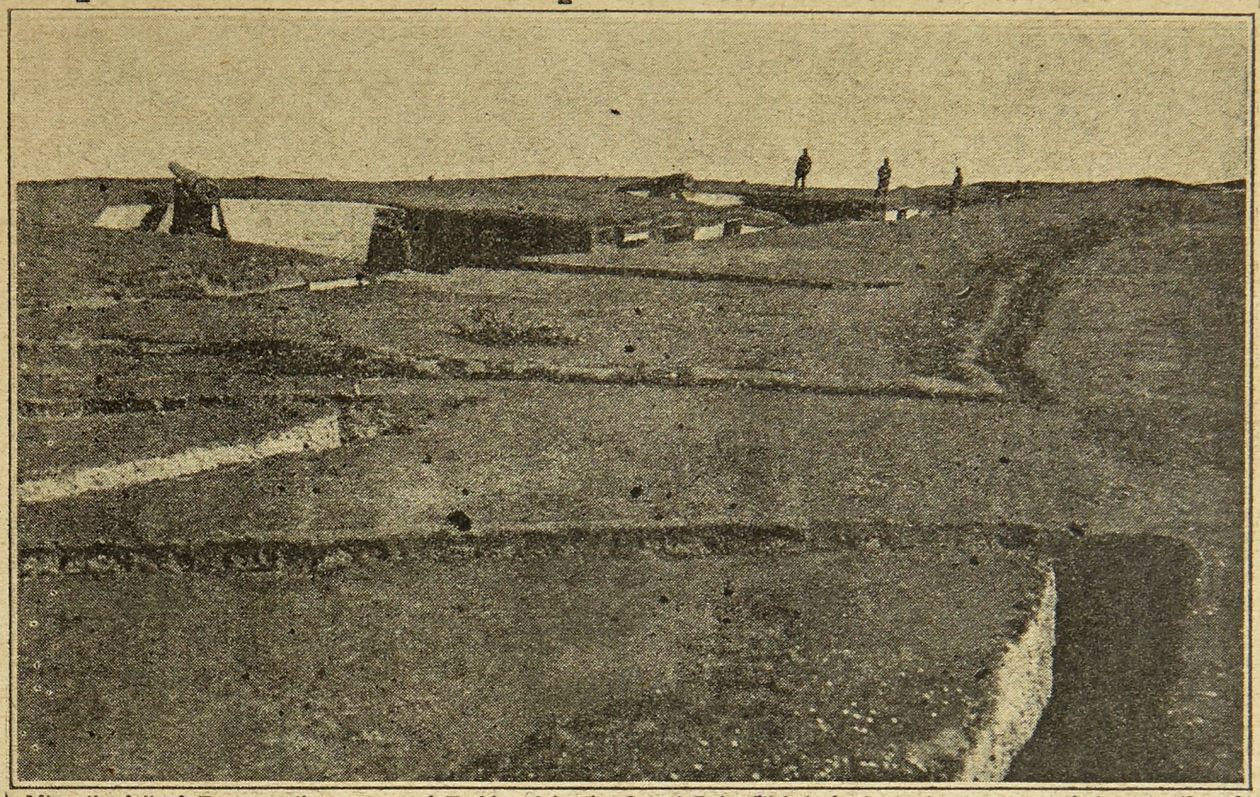
With the Anglo-Indians in Mesopotamia. Palm-shaded oasis on the banks of the Tigris, and two British soldiers in the act of pumping drinking water into a filter cart.

Indian transport en route to the base through a date grove. A picturesque impression from the land between the rivers.

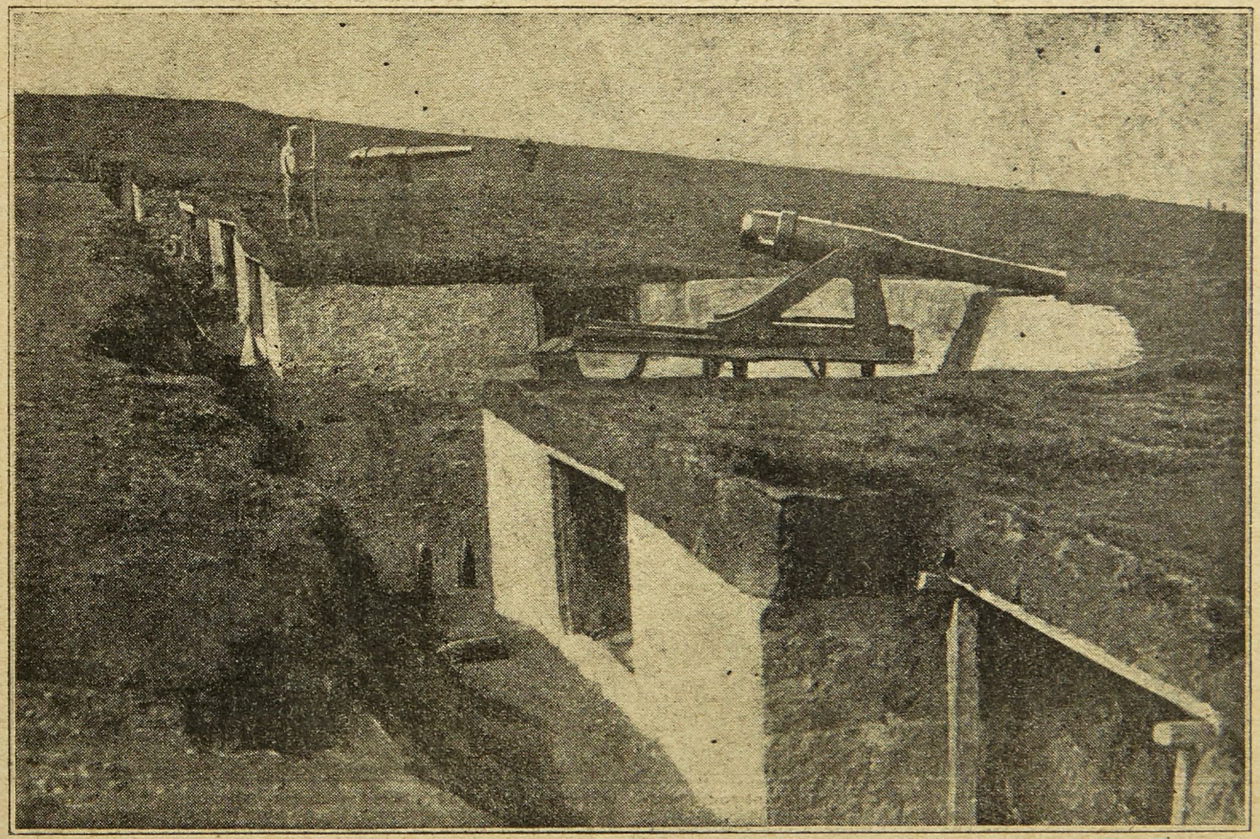


Novel use for "frightfulness." German mine which was converted into a Tigris buoy.

Imperial Russia Keeps Guard Over Trebizond



After the fall of Erzerum, the capture of Trebizond by the Grand Duke Nicholas's Caucasian army was but a question of weeks. This historic citadel on the shore of the Black Sea is the terminus of one of the great routes between Europe and Asia. The illustration shows the network of trenches and some of the Turkish guns before Trebizond.

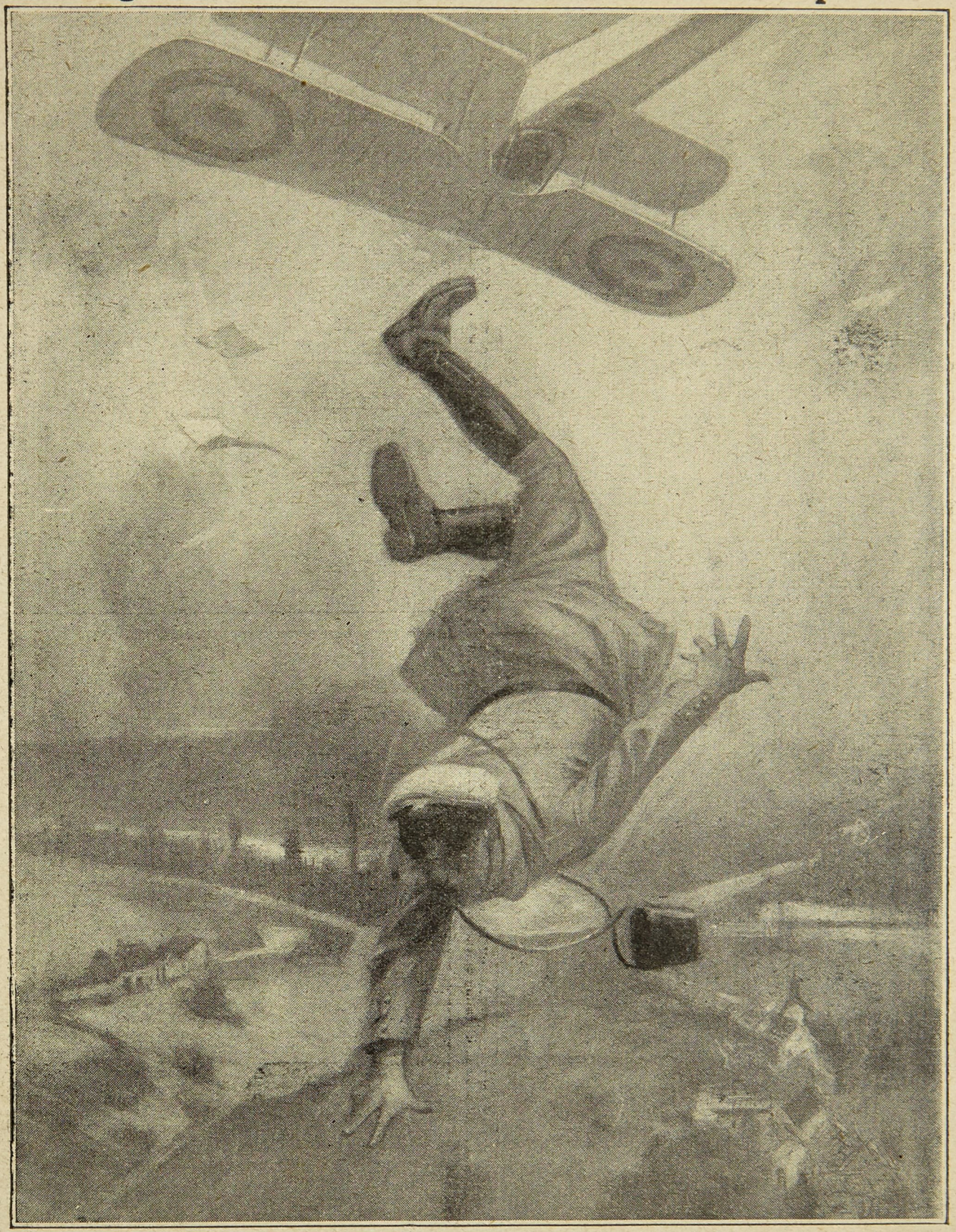


Captured forts of Trebizond under Russian guard. It was at Trebizond that Xenophon and his comrades the Ten Thousand Greeks who had lost their way campaigning in the Valley of the Euphrates, came upon the sea with the immortal shout of jubilation, "Thalatta! Thalatta!"—meaning "The Sea! The Sea!"

Golden Laurels for Gallant Londoners

A particularly gallant exploit of a London regiment composed almost entirely of City men won the admiration of its brigadier-general. The section of the line they held was subjected to an intense bombardment, fifty thousand shells bursting over it in fifty minutes, and absolutely shattering their trenches. But when the Germans launched an attack, believing that no one could be left capable of resistance, the London men sprang on to their parapet with bayonets fixed. "Come on, Fritz!" they shouted defiantly; but the disconcerted Germans dared not come to grips with them, and scuttled back to their own trenches.

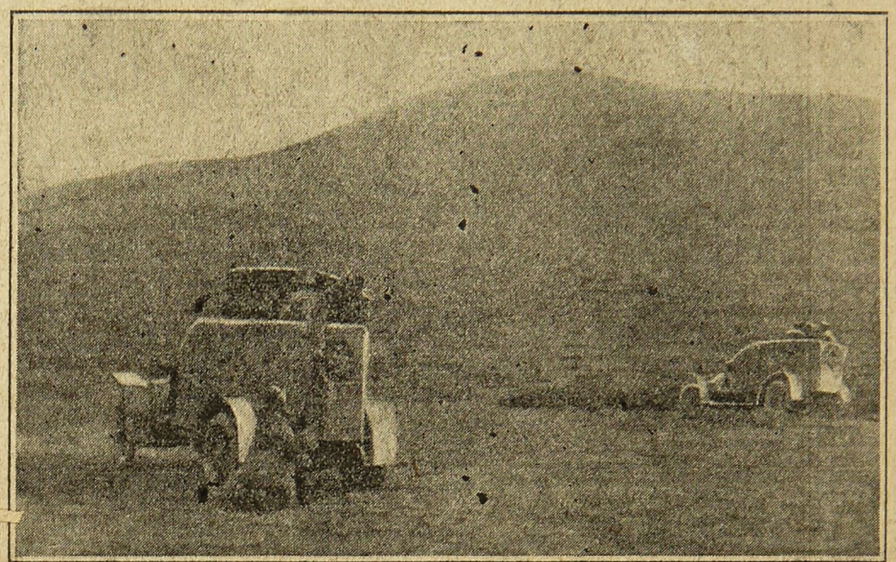
Letting Him Down: French Pilot's Expedient



Resourcefulness sometimes introduces an element of humour into the most perilous situation. A French airman, losing his way in a fog, came down to find himself in enemy hands. The German officer got into the machine and holding a pistol to the head of the airman ordered him to reconnoitre over the French trenches. The Frenchman perforce complied, but when over his own lines he suddenly proceeded to "loop the loop," with the result that the German officer, who was not strapped in, was tipped out, while the resourceful French airman flew cheerfully home, to be mentioned in despatches and decorated.

MODERN TRENCH ARCHITECTURE.—Building a sand-bag villa on the hills. British troops at work in the Balkans consolidating defences. With the advent into the Balkan field of the re-equipped Serbian Army another 150,000 sturdy veterans have been added to the allied forces in this theatre of the war. (Official photograph issued by Press Bureau.)

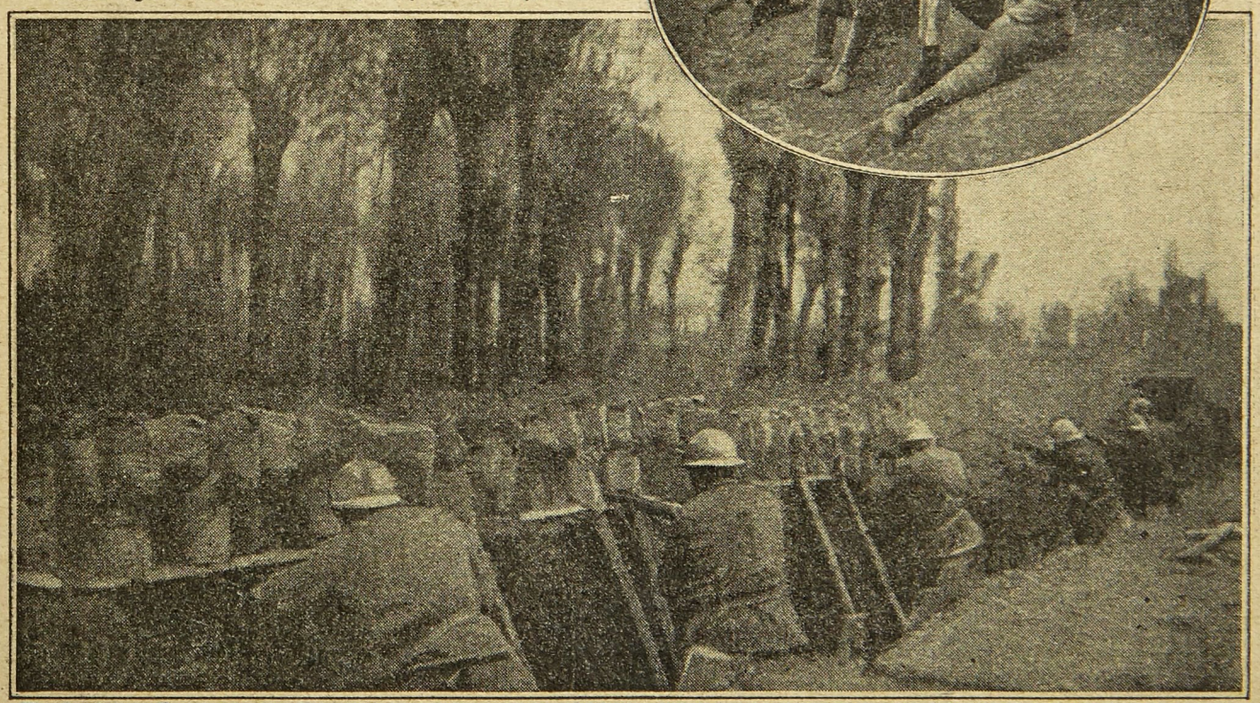
GETTING INTO POSITION.—British artillery on the frontier. A long column is seen winding over the hill somewhere in Macedonia. (Official photograph.)



On the right: The most exciting of all branches of war. French armoured cars about to raid the enemy positions along a range of hills in Macedonia.

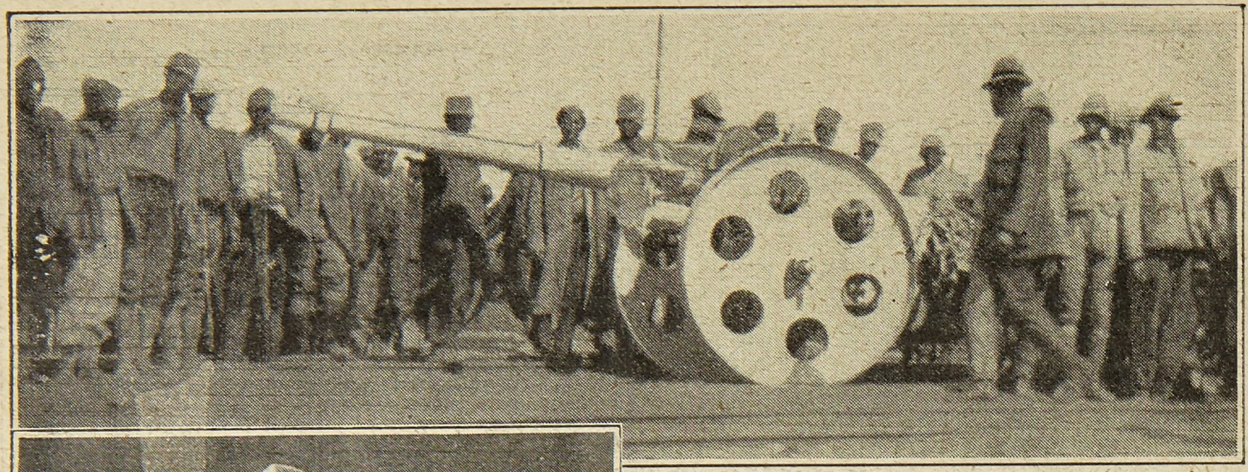
Facing the Austrian Onslaught in the Trentino

It is not generally known that trench warfare is in vogue on the Alpine front, and this photograph is one of the few secured in this region since our Italian ally adopted the casque.

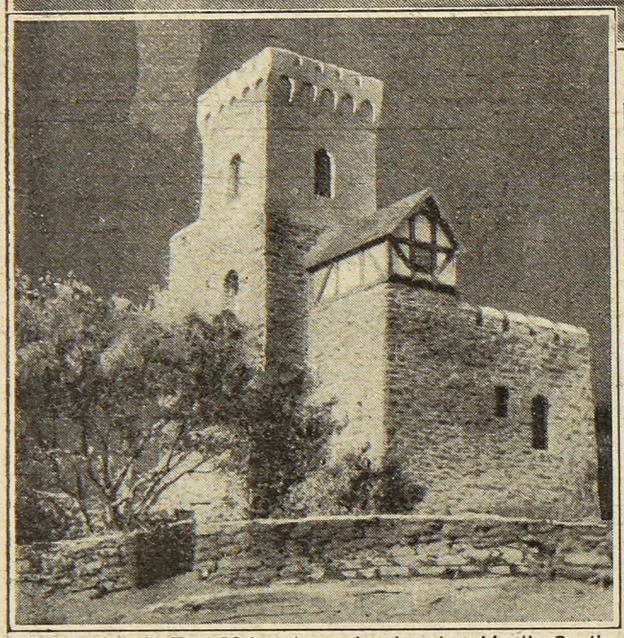


The Austrian offensive in the Trentino extends over a front of fifty miles between the Brenta and Lake Garda, and is being carried out with an overwhelming supply of men and artillery. The above photograph is a scene from behind the Italian trenches, while the centre illustration depicts a cheery group of bombers.

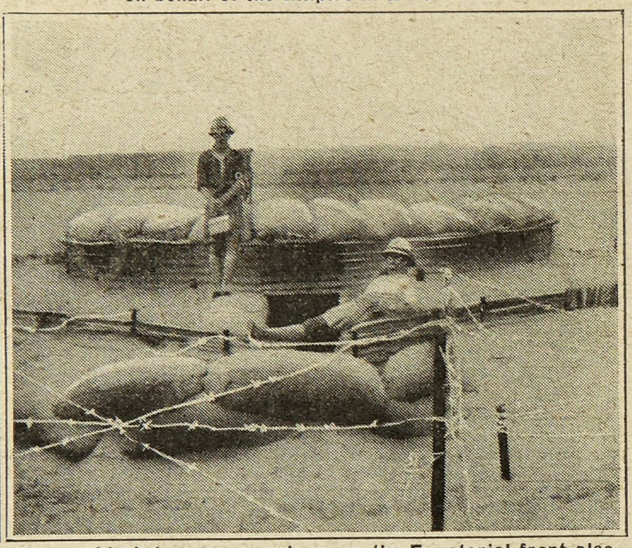
British Drive into German East Africa



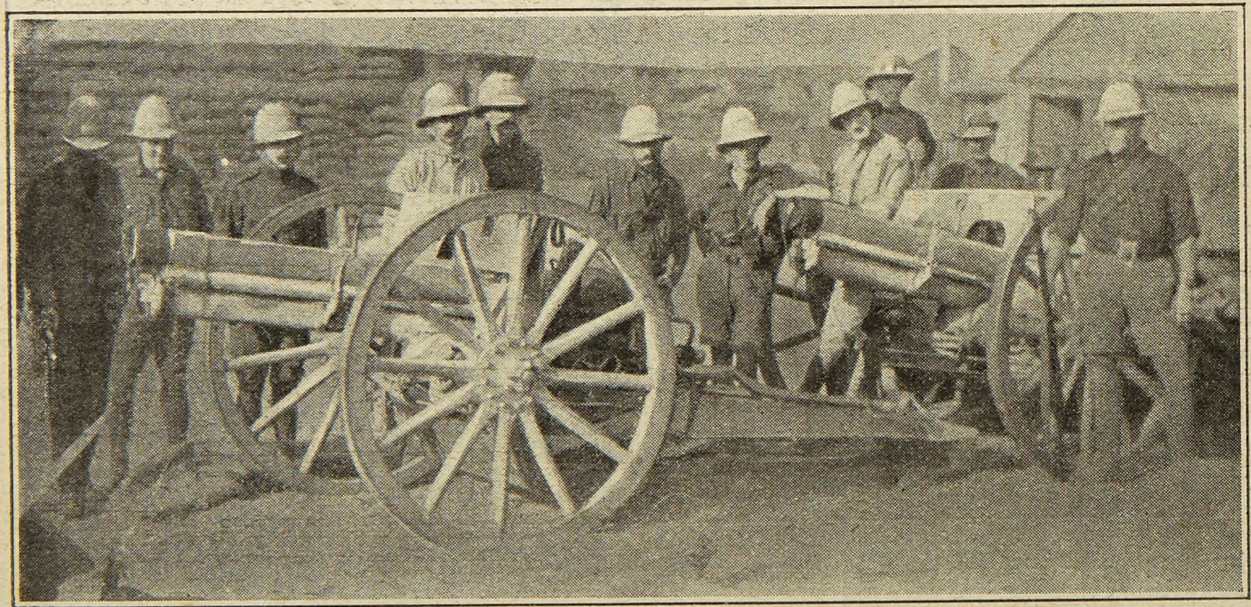
Something to surprise the natives. British naval gun arrives on behalf of the Empire in East Africa.



German fort in East Africa stormed and captured by the South African troops under command of General Smuts.

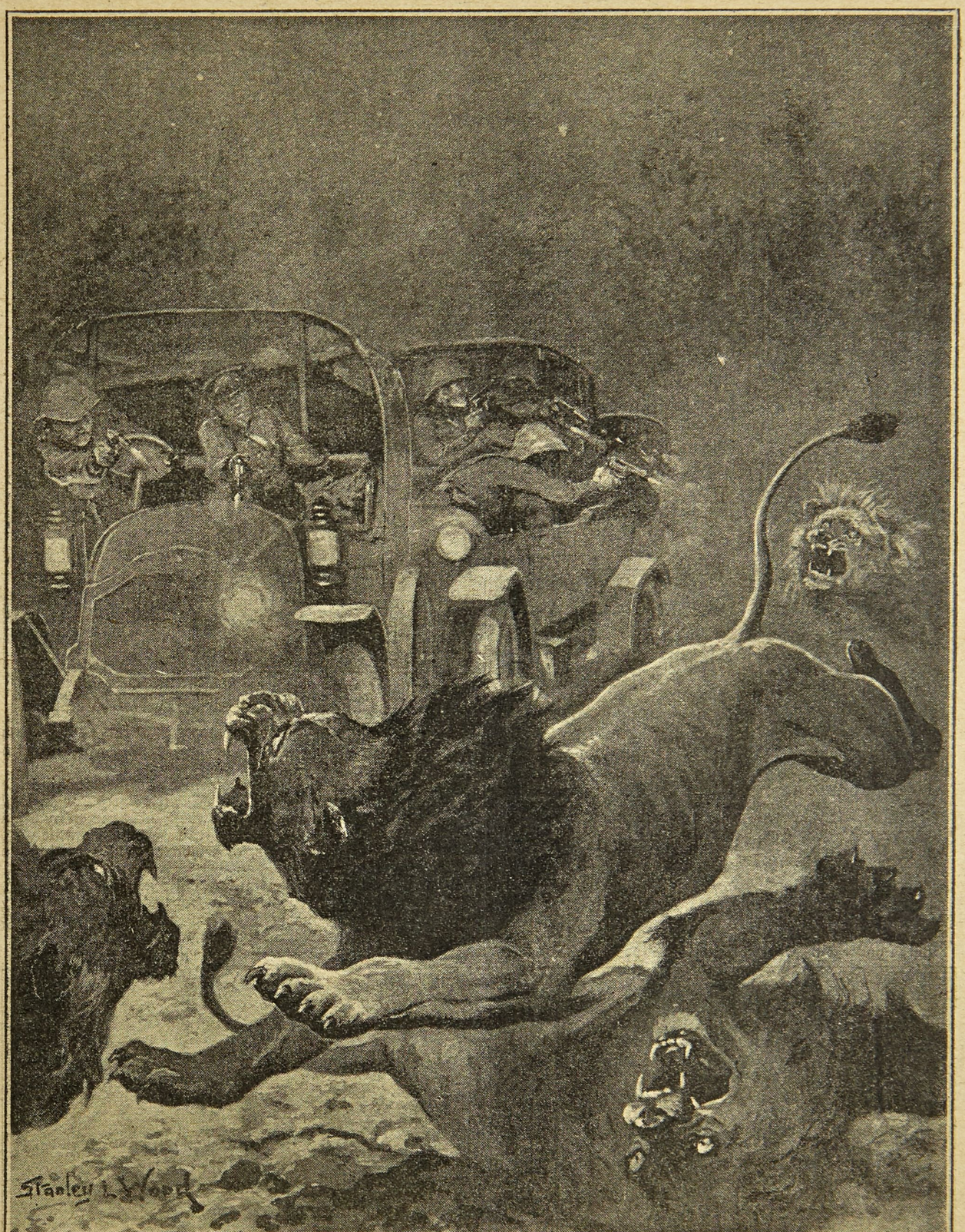


Enemy block-house somewhere on the Equatorial front also taken by the advancing Colonial troops.



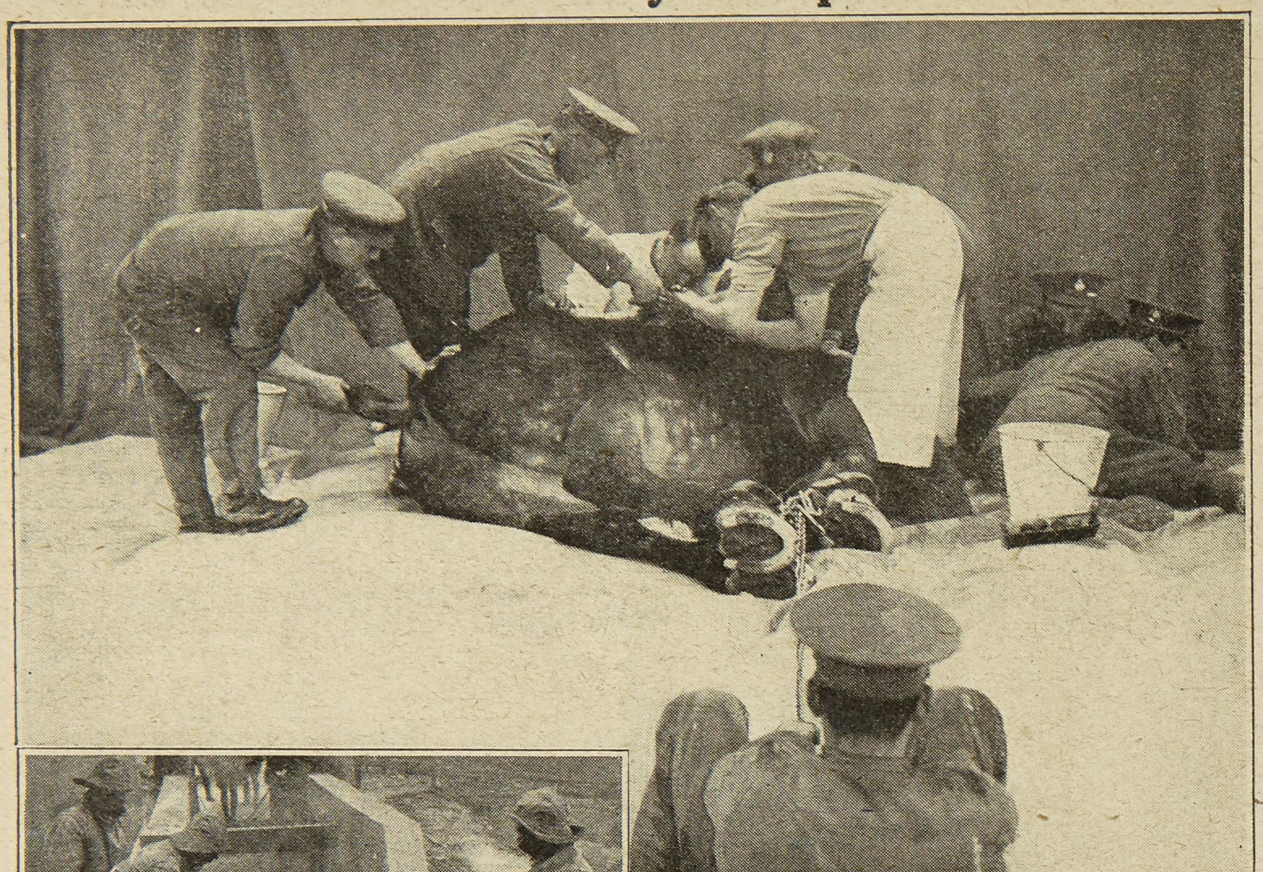
Guns which were abandoned by the Germans in retreating before the South Africans. On May 25th General Northey, working on the borders of Rhodesia and Nyassaland, advanced twenty miles into German territory, the enemy retiring to Ipiana.

Fighting the King of Beasts in African Jungle

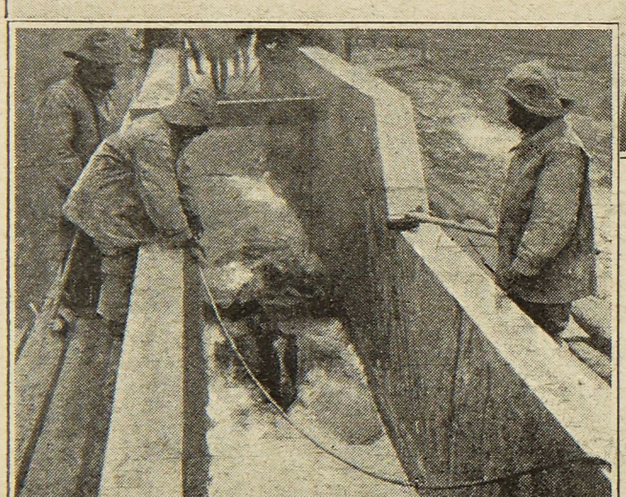


In addition to the hardships of campaigning in tropical and sometimes waterless country, across miles of jungle, British troops in East Africa are subject to attacks by wild beasts. A strangely exciting experience is recorded by a correspondent with General Smuts' forces in this Equatorial region of the world-war. A squad of motor-vehicles, in one of which General Smuts and his Staff were travelling, was attacked by lions near Kilimanjaro. To hold the infuriated beasts at bay a belt of revolver fire was kept up through the long hours of the night, and the lions eventually slunk away into the forest.

At a British Veterinary Hospital in France



Operating on a wounded horse at a British veterinary hospital in France. The animal, though chloroformed, is being held securely by members of the Army Veterinary Corps.



Horse undergoing warm bath treatment for skin disease.

LOVERS of animals will rejoice that every effort is made to mitigate the suffering of horses working with the British armies in France.

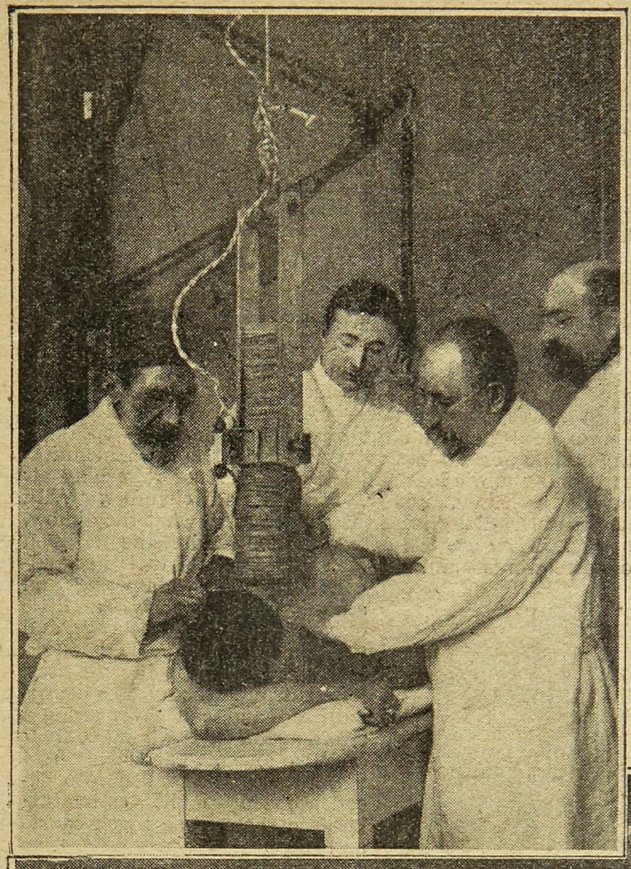
There are several excellent veterinary hospitals behind the lines, and these are usually filled with cases for special treatment. For the most part, owing to the forced inaction of cavalry, the "patients" are transport horses which are injured by shell fragments, or which break down through overstrain or other causes.

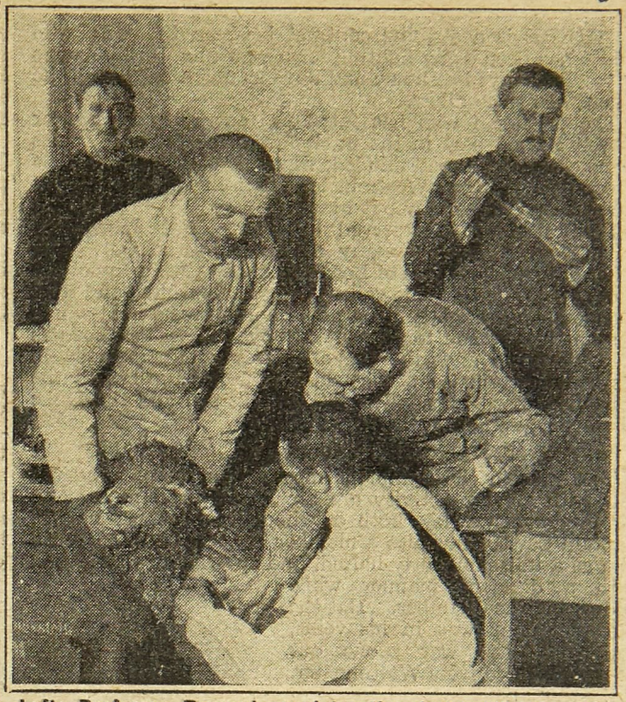
In spite of the fact that automobiles are used to so large an extent in modern warfare, it has been found necessary to tap the horse markets of the world to procure the animals indispensable for service in the war.

A.V.C. men scrubbing down a skin disease case after the animal had been through the disinfecting trough.

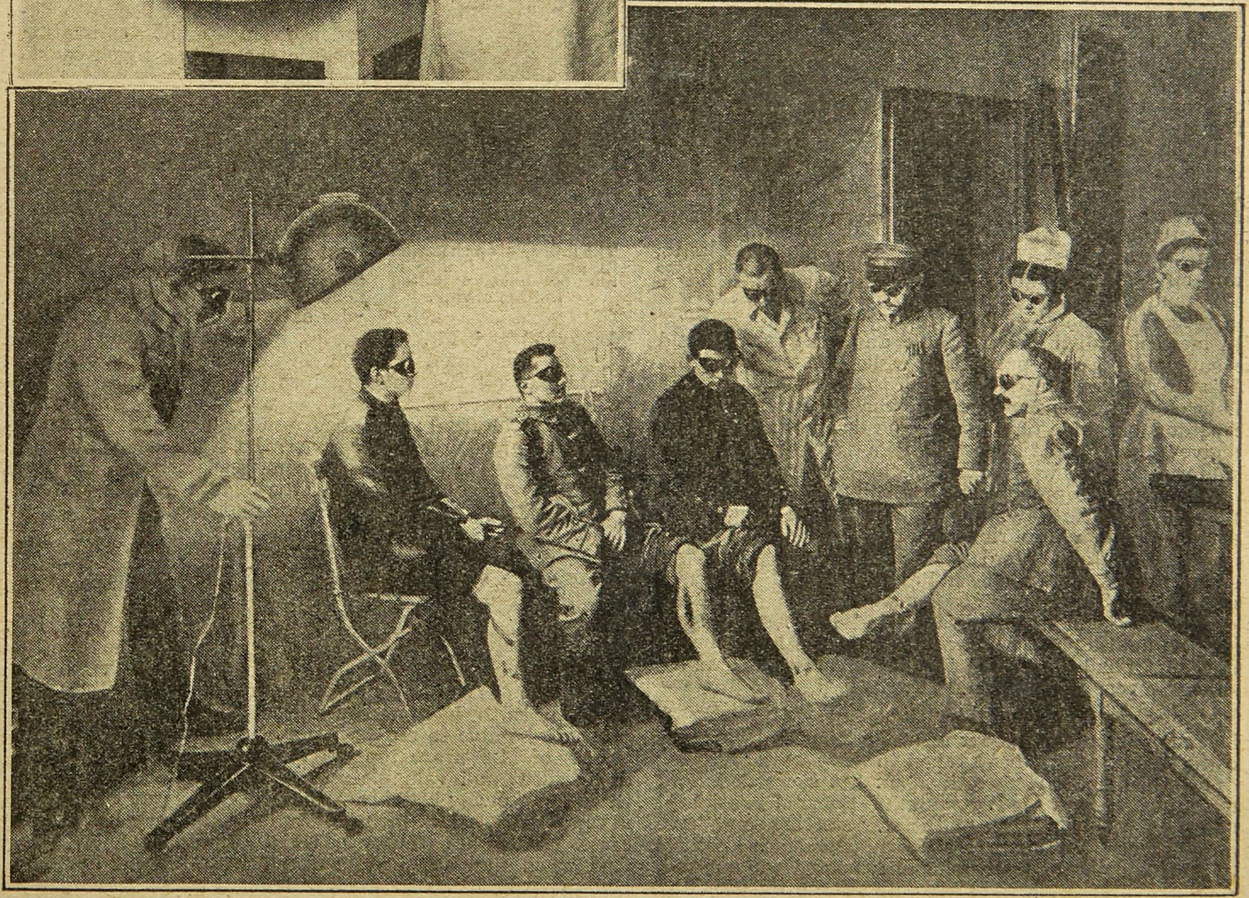
Fit and strong again, these three "patients" are about to leave the hospital for a further spell of duty. (Official photographs.)

The Hand of Science in the Cause of Humanity





Left: Professor Bergonie applying the electro-vibrator, of which he is the inventor, to locate a shell-splinter in a man's neck. Above: German bacteriologists taking serum from sheep.



Wounded Germans receiving special electric-light treatment in a hospital at the base. Surely the gods must laugh when they see men so industriously using science to repair the harm they have caused by their own misuse of science!

The Men of War and the Men of Words

A Parliamentary Contrast by JOHN FOSTER FRASER

THERE is a striking contrast between the M.P. who has been away fighting for a year and the M.P. who has stayed at home and done as much talking as the other M.P.'s will allow.

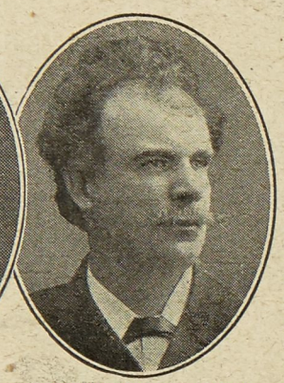
The politician who has faced the enemy in France, or played a good part in the noble failure of Gallipoli, comes home clean and broad-minded, while his colleague who has never got far from Westminster has still the cobwebs of partisanship hanging about him.

Politics is not a reserved industry. Both Houses of Parliament have sent many members to the war. The other day, in the House of Lords, I noticed that many of the peeresses in the thin side gallery were in mourning, and then I remembered there is not a noble house in the land which has not had reason to grieve. My eye fell on the Marquis of Lansdowne and the Duke of Devonshire engaged in pleasant conversation. The duke is the son-in-law of the marquis. Lord Lansdowne has lost his son and the Duke of Devonshire his brother.

The Toll of War at St. Stephen's

Two men in the Commons most ardent in pressing the war with greater activity are Sir Frederick Banbury and Sir Frederick Cawley, both of whom have lost their sons. Captain Cawley was also a member of the House. I recall him as a tall, slim, curly-haired, and spectacled young man with a diffident manner while addressing the Chamber. But the sap of valour was in his veins, and when the war broke out he disappeared from Westminster, and the next we heard of him was that he had been killed on the heights of Gallipoli. There was Mr. Agar-Robartes, a breezy lad with his silk hat always at the back of his head and a posy of violets in his buttonhole, having Mr. Neil Primrose as his crony, and ever brimful of sport. There was "Tommy" Mills, one of the favourites of fortune, it seemed, heir to a peerage, a fortune, and a jolly good time—which he liked. There was Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart, dark and grave, asking solemn questions. There was young Mr. Gladstone, grandson of the "Grand Old Man," something of a recluse, speaking seldom but with increasing distinction. These and others have paid the supreme price of patriotism, while one or two other M.P.'s are prisoners in the hands of the Germans.

CAPT. SIR HERBERT RAPHAEL.
The millionaire M.P., who joined the Sportsmen's Battalion as a private.



LIEUT.-COL. JOHN WARD, M.P.
The navvy's spokesman in peace and leader of his stalwart battalion in time of war.

Lots of politicians have donned khaki. At first it was the pardonable pride of men to come down to Parliament and give friends a treat by letting them have a look at them in uniform. There was the millionaire baronet Sir Herbert Raphael, who was proud of his uniform as a private, and there was John Ward, the navvy's M.P., in the full panoply of a colonel, with a bit of ribbon on his breast, for in his pre-political days John Ward was a "Tommy" and was amongst those who ate hot sand at the back of Suakin in the 'eighties. There is no stouter champion of the Army to-day than Colonel John Ward—and less than a year before the fighting began he was the leader of the cry in the Commons, "Shall the Army or Parliament rule the land?" And he was very much down on the Army!

Party Men Join Issue Under the Flag

Liberals, Unionists, Labour men, Nationalists have gone into the Army. Some have taken to Navy work, but they are few, though Sir Hedworth Meux has succeeded Lord Beresford as member for Portsmouth. Some M.P.'s joined the Colours within a week of the war starting, and have never darkened the doors of Westminster since. Others have Staff appointments at home and, booted and spurred, pay flying visits to their old haunt. Those on the Staff look well in their crimson-decked tunics. There are the men with their commands, like General Seely and, for a time, Colonel Churchill, who can generally manage to get leave and return to St. Stephen's when there comes up any matter of debate on which they believe they can provide enlightenment.

A few months at the front is like a tonic to most M.P.'s. They have been away from the artificial atmosphere of party politics and are conscious of the emptiness of the old squabbling. They have been living in the open, they have been mixing with men with different outlooks, they are conscious of the mighty job they have in hand. Life is very real and earnest, and they return with vision extended, muscles strengthened, and their minds have been scoured of the smallnesses of a politician's ambition.

A Breath of Fresh Air

To hear one of these men returned from the front, it may be General Seely—who made rather a mess of things when he was War Minister—or Captain "Willie" Redmond—who used to be an obstreperous Nationalist—speak in the middle of a Parliamentary wrangle, has the same effect as opening a window and letting a gust of refreshing air invade a heavy, musty, ill-ventilated chamber. With no art of the dialectician they speak forth what they know, boldly. They are the men of action, addressing the men of mere words—and the men of words feel their insignificance. Or a whimpering and anæmic pacifist shows a little quiver of unwarrior courage, and Captain Campbell—like Alan Breck, "a bonnie fechter"—rises, kilt-clad, and though one arm is withered and can never swing a sword again, he is willing to fight any two anæmic pacifists.

Parliament has fallen into decadence in public estimation because there is so much cackle and such little progress. The member who has spent six months with his unit in front of the Germans, and has a plain tale to tell, is listened to with attention. Oratory is at a discount. The man with the purple peroration is of no measure alongside the man who took part in the storming of enemy trenches.

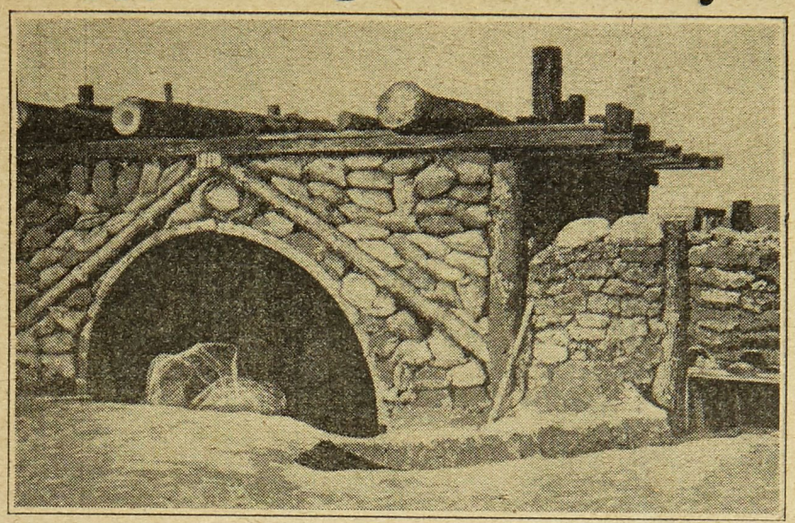
There used to be two men who sat side by side, Mr. Josiah Wedgwood and Mr. Outhwaite, both cranks, who shared a bee in the bonnet between them—that owners of land should pay all the taxes and then the rest of us could be happy. On the first crack of war "Josh" Wedgwood was off to the front; and, being an engineer, he was soon driving an armoured motor-car at the front, as reckless in action as he had formerly been in assertion. He got wounded. Then he shifted into the regular Army and went off to the Dardanelles and got wounded again.

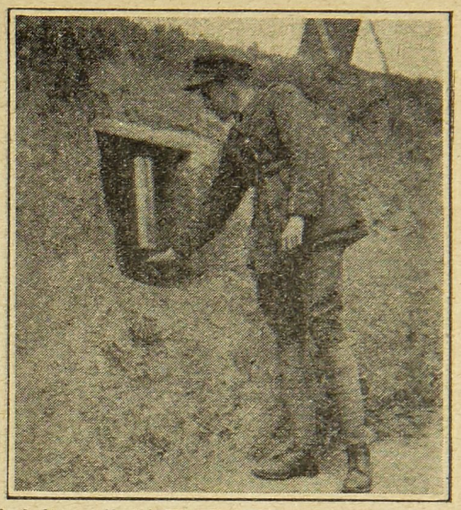
Plain Words from the Man of Deeds

But "Josh" Wedgwood is always a bit of a hero when he comes marching up the gangway, finds his old seat, and then, suddenly rising, pours a cargo of things he knows into the sleek and pursy gentlemen who gently put their fingers together, feel that nothing ought to be done until after careful and full inquiry, and who believe the best way is to have a committee of inquiry which will probably be able to report in six or eight months.

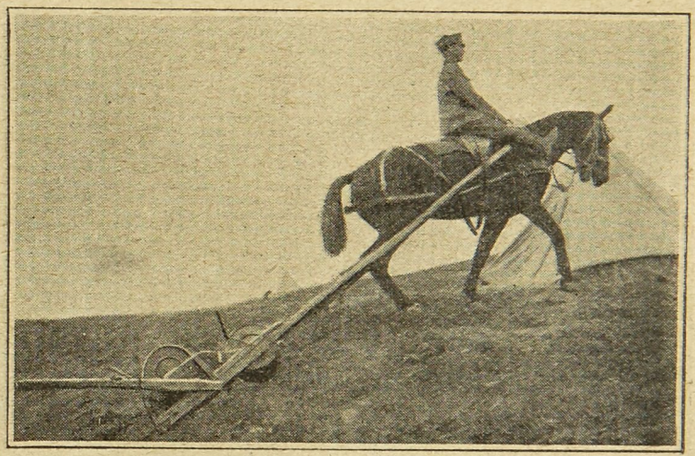
Lots of M.P.'s are too old to fight. Lots of them are doing silent and valuable service for their country. But there is a growing belief that there are too many chatterers in the House. The men of words know they have lost caste. They are rather envious of the men of war. And when they sip their hot milk before going home to bed they wonder what their Parliamentary future is going to be?

Happy Thoughts of Handy Men in Emergency

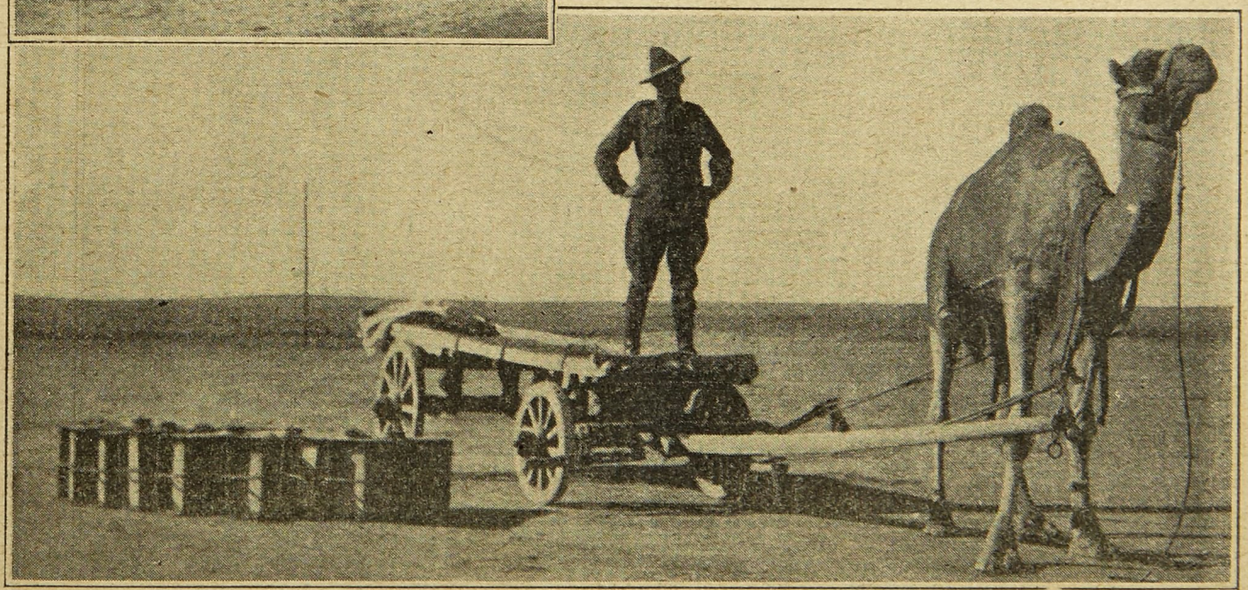




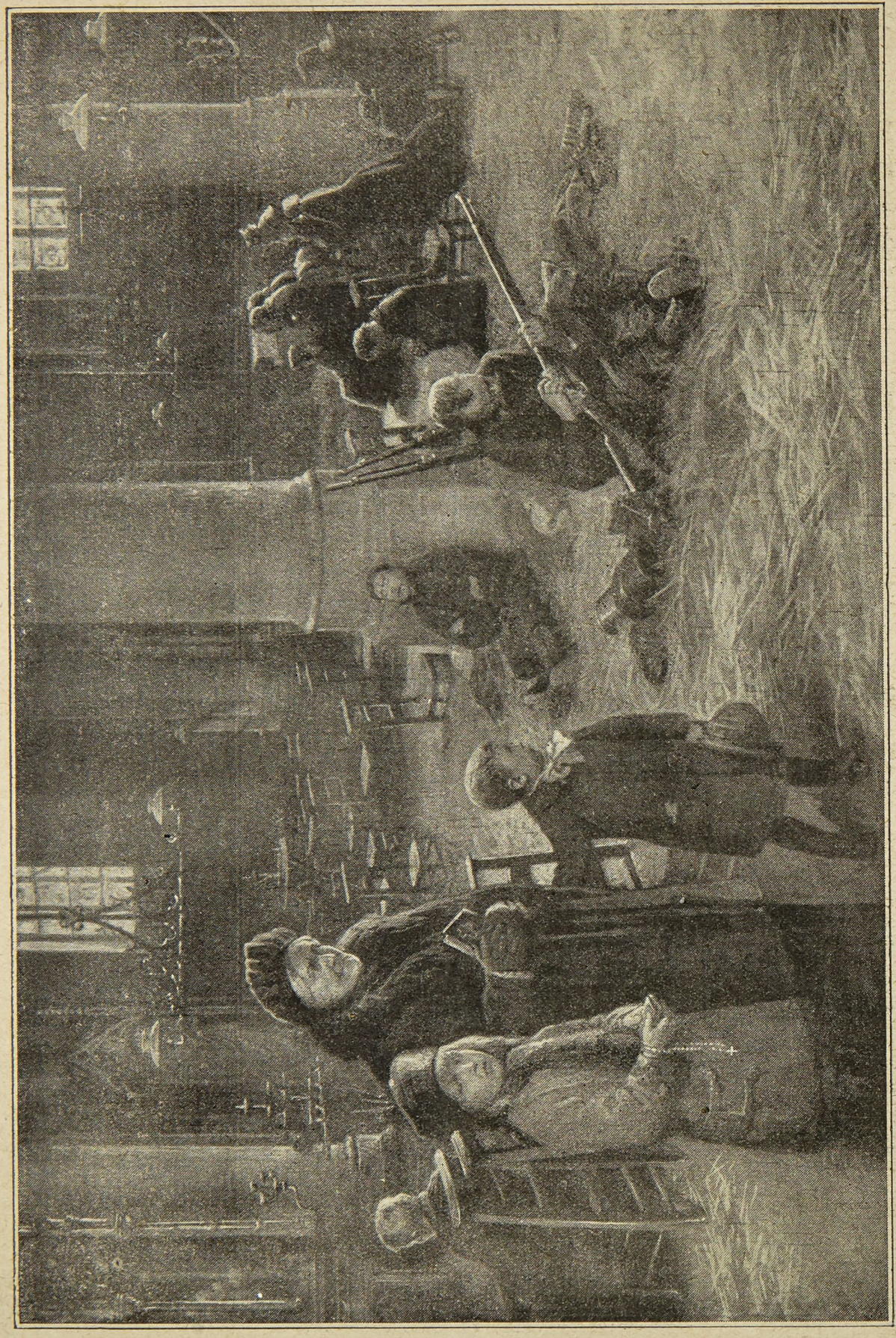
Picturesque architecture in the trenches on the western front. Novel bomb-proof shelter called "The Tube" by our men and "Metro" by the French soldiers. Right: Dinner-gong made out of a shell-casing at Salonika.



Ingenious method of laying field telephone wire over rugged hills adopted by the Signal Corps at Salonika. Left: A prisoner on the Egyptian western front put to useful work at Morea Matruh.

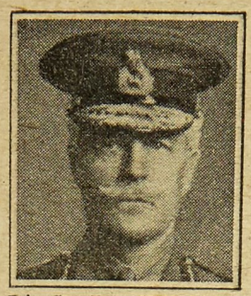


Native water-cart in use on the Egyptian western front, with an Australian in charge. To European eyes the vehicle seems ill-proportioned to the height of the draught animal, but the supercilious camel is proof against criticism.

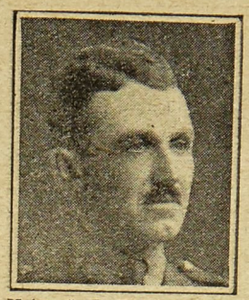


TO THE PLACE OF PEACE.—Everywhere near the front the churches have again become, what they were in mediæval times, places to which all may turn to rest their tired bodies and refresh their weary souls. In this Belgian church exhausted soldiers are sleeping, a little lad gravely watches another cleaning his rifle, civilians are rapt in prayer and meditation, and an old lady moves away, her sweet expression showing that she has been "to where beyond these voices there is peace."

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead



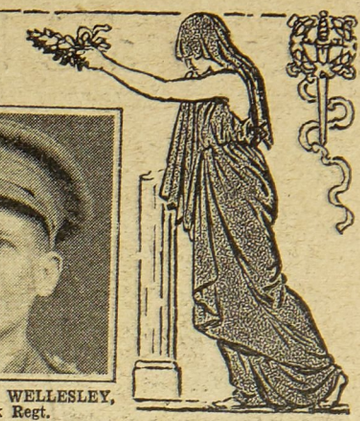
Brig.-Gen. F. J. HEYWORTH, C.B., D.S.O.



Major G. E. VANSITTART, Canadian Field Artillery.

Capt. H. D. BROUGHTON, Cheshire Regt.

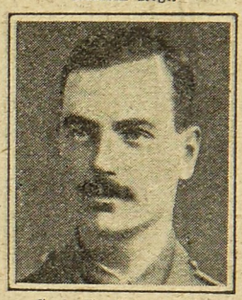
Capt. E. E. C. WELLESLEY, Norfolk Regt.



Capt. I. A. G. FERGUSON, Royal Scots.

Capt. J. E. ROSS, King's (Liverpool Regt.).

Capt. A. C. BURNELL, Rifle Brigade.



Capt. G. Y. GROSS, Royal West Kent.

Capt. F. E. GANE, Canadian Infantry.

Capt. C. J. HUGHES, Connaught Rangers.

Captain I. A. G. Ferguson, of the Royal Scots, was only eighteen years of age, having received his commission in September, 1914.

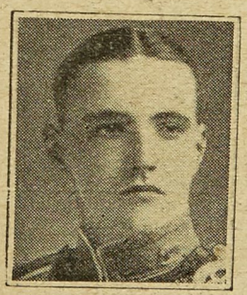
Lieut. Cyril Charles Henry, Worcestershire Regiment, who fell in action on the memorable night of the Loos advance, September 26th, 1915, was the only child of Sir Charles and Lady Henry. On the outbreak of war Lieut. Henry was a second-lieutenant in the Hussars, and attached to the Worcestershire Regiment.

Lieut. Bryce Stewart, Seaforth Highlanders, came of a military stock, his father being Col. Bryce Stewart, D.S.O. Obtaining his first commission in September, 1913, he was promoted to a lieutenancy in November, 1914.

Lieut. Douglas Tweedy-Smith, R.F.C., died at Netley Red Cross Hospital from illness contracted in the pursuance of his duties at the front. Member of the London University O.T.C., he received a commission in the Middlesex Regiment, and subsequently transferred to the R.F.C., doing technical aviation work, such as inspecting aeroplanes at Farnborough. Later he went to France, and met with the fatal accident which brought about his untimely death.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *invites relatives of officers killed in action or dead from wounds to lend photographs, with brief biographical notes of these heroes, for inclusion in "Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead." Address:* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *Fleetway House, London, E.C.*

Lieut. C. C. HENRY, Worcestershire Regt.

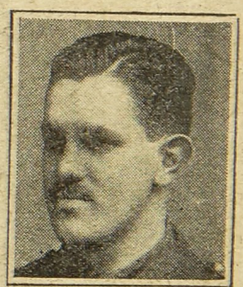


Lieut. BRYCE STEWART, Seaforth Highlanders.

Lieut. D. TWEEDY-SMITH, Royal Flying Corps.

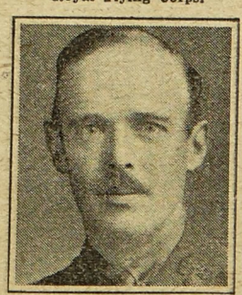
Sec.-Lieut. F. W. BATTLEY, Royal Sussex Regt.

Lieut. T. HATTON, Canadian Infantry.

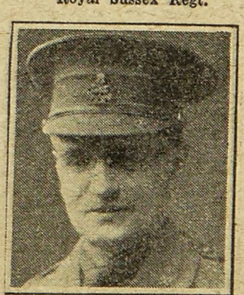


Lieut. O. A. MANN, King's Own (R. Lanc. Regt.).

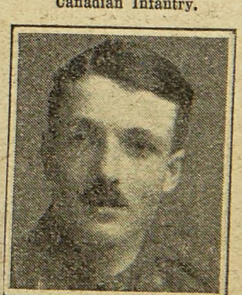
Sec.-Lieut. C. N. CRAWFORD, Northamptonshire Regt.



Sec.-Lieut. J. C. SMITH, Royal Fusiliers.



Sec.-Lieut. J. L. WALKER, Royal Irish Rifles.



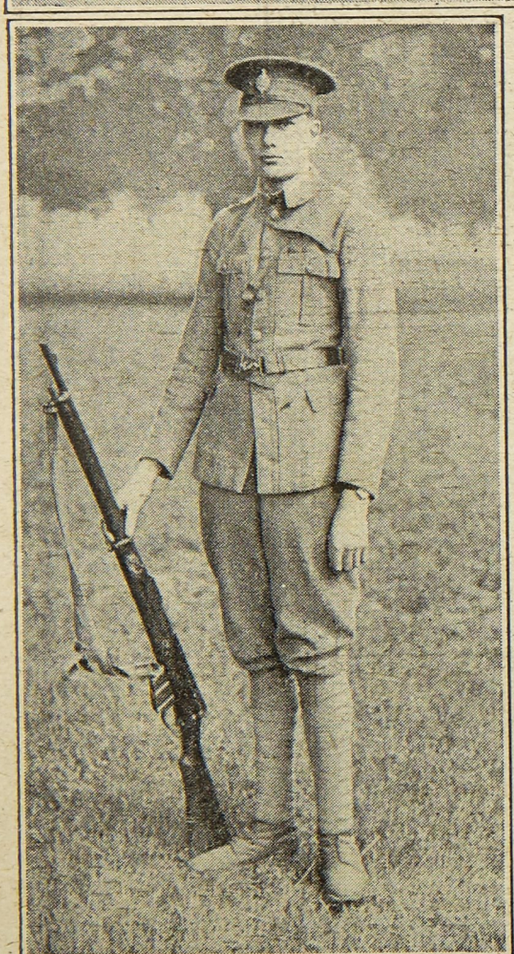
Sec.-Lieut. M. R. L. ARMSTRONG, Royal Engineers.

Sec.-Lieut. R. D. TIBBS, Indian Army.

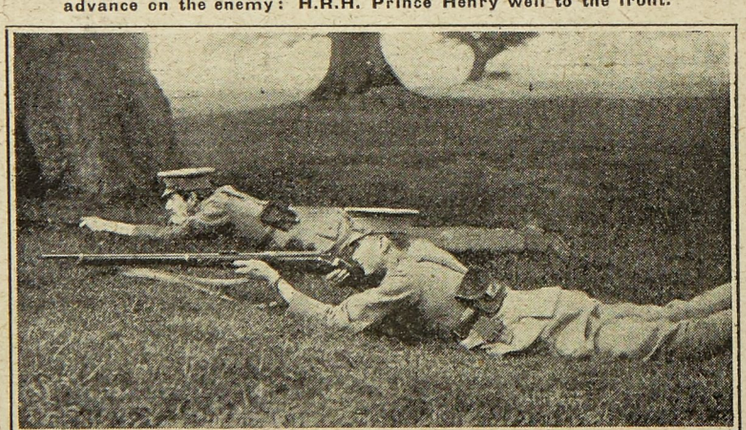
(Portraits by Lafayette, Lambert Weston, Elliott & Fry, Vandyk.)

Princely and Ducal Service in Britain's Cause

His Grace of Montrose, Lord High Commissioner, with Major Robertson, V.C., inspecting the guard of honour of Royal Scots Cadets at the opening of the General Assembly at Holyrood.



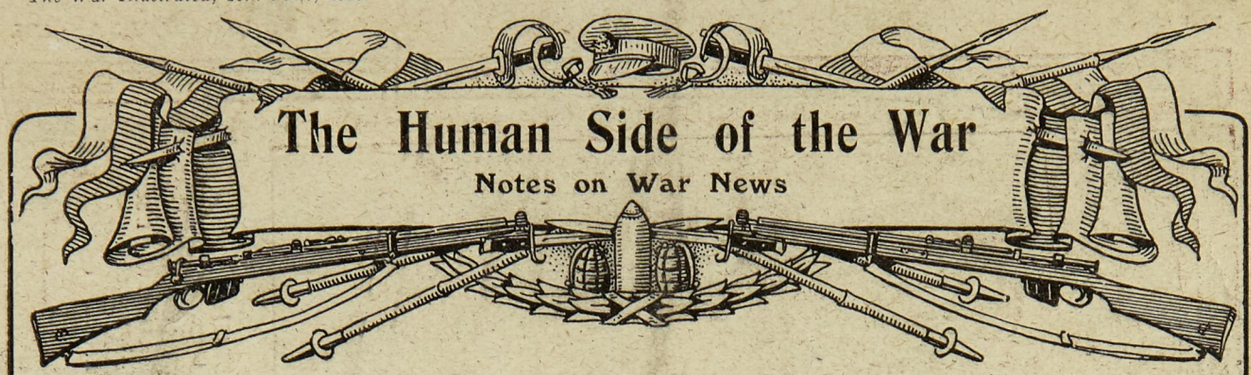
Eton College O.T.C. manœuvres in Windsor Great Park. Making an advance on the enemy: H.R.H. Prince Henry well to the front.



H.R.H. Prince Henry, third son of King George V., in uniform. Right: H.R.H. in the firing-line in his father's own park. The Prince of Wales, a keen soldier actually at the front, is the object of his brother's envious and affectionate admiration.

OFFICERS OF THE 4/3RD BATTALION LONDON REGIMENT (ROYAL FUSILIERS)

Back row (left to right): Sec.-Lieut. H. E. Scarlett, Sec.-Lieut. L. F. Aberdeen, Sec.-Lieut. A. W. Ferris, Sec.-Lieut. S. E. Lowndes, Lieut. B. E. J. Burge, Sec.-Lieut. H. I. Fordred, Sec.-Lieut. W. J. Johnson, Sec.-Lieut. E. H. Thomas, Lieut. D. W. L. Jones. Third row: Sec.-Lieut. H. L. Bell, Sec.-Lieut. H. Luscombe, Sec.-Lieut. E. M. Lynch-Staunton, Sec.-Lieut. J. Daniel, Sec.-Lieut. J. W. P. Carnegie, Sec.-Lieut. H. Stather Dunn, Sec.-Lieut. N. A. Pester, Sec.-Lieut. A. O. Colvin, Sec.-Lieut. H. C. Pearce, Sec.-Lieut. H. W. Steele, Lieut. E. J. Reeves. Second row: Sec.-Lieut. A. C. Atkins, Sec.-Lieut. H. Lloyd, Sec.-Lieut. D. McPherson Buley, Lieut. A. E. George, Lieut. W. J. I. Scott, Sec.-Lieut. T. J. Blake, Sec.-Lieut. A. G. Cahill, Sec.-Lieut. C. Branson, Sec.-Lieut. W. H. Gooch, Lieut. H. C. Reddall, Lieut. T. H. Spear. Front row: Sec.-Lieut. H. C. Noad, Lieut. E. J. Y. Simmons, Lieut. E. E. G. Agius, Lieut. and Quartermaster L. W. H. Coombe, Capt. A. C. Moreing, Major H. A. Moore, Lieut.-Col. T. Montgomerie Webb, Capt. D. J. MacGlashan (Adjt.), Capt. C. E. Rochford, Capt. W. A. Newson, Capt. R. Vere Doudney, Capt. C. Brighton (C.F.).



The Human Side of the War

Notes on War News

A Touchstone

"THINGS seen" have great interest for most of us, but it is quite surprising how few people can "see things." Mr. Beach Thomas has the right kind of eyes for the job, and his note-books must be full of entrancing sketches of the human side of the war, of which he has witnessed much from the British Headquarters in France. A few days ago he was chatting to a soldier whose business it was to observe the German lines and to report the appearance of any enemy in the open to men whose business it was to kill them. "We don't always fire at them," this man said. "I saw a German crossing there yesterday as cool as a cucumber, but he was a good fellow, and so I did nothing." Naturally Mr. Thomas wondered how the man could tell a good German from a bad one at a thousand yards distance, but a simple and convincing explanation was forthcoming. "He stooped down and patted a dog," the soldier said.

Far as Pole from Pole

THE officer who took Mr. Thomas to this same look-out post showed him an old shell hole that they passed. "A blackbird has a nest with four eggs in it in that hole," he remarked, "but I haven't told anyone. They might disturb the bird." Officer and man were both expressing, spontaneously and unthinkingly, an essentially English spirit. The point would be entirely lost on any German. And it goes to prove quite clearly that although there may be peace again between Briton and Hun, never, never can there be the least mutual understanding. An entente, cordiale or any other kind, between Great Britain and Germany is not possible. The souls of the people are far as pole from pole, and in nature they can never meet.

Blue Birds?

BRAVE men are kind men, and British flying men are some of the bravest men in the world. Two of them were flying over Hampshire a few days ago, and in the course of their trip they "spotted" the Cripples' Hospital, at Alton, underneath them. The children who were in bed had been wheeled out into the grounds to enjoy the sunshine, and it may have been these who attracted the notice of the airmen. They hovered over the grounds, dipping and turning and performing a number of evolutions for the pleasure of the children, all of whom were allowed out to watch the enthralling spectacle. At last the aeroplane dipped quite low, and a little packet was dropped into the grounds; then the men rose and flew away. In the packet five shillings were found, and this note: "Hope the kiddies enjoyed the show.—Two Birds." Truly those were birds that St. Francis would have loved.

The Church Militant

THE recent visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury to our Army in France reminds one of the times, now long ago, when bishops and archbishops went regularly to war, leading their retainers to battle with as much vigour as any earl or baron. Some of these clerics, scrupulously anxious to conform to the rules of their order, carried on such occasions, not a sword, but a mace or club, their contention being that although the Scriptures forbade them to shed blood, there was nothing therein to forbid them from dashing out the brains of their enemies. One of these warlike prelates was Anthony Bek, Bishop of Durham, who led one of the English lines at the Battle of Falkirk. His action in waiting for reinforcements before charging the serried ranks of the Scots caused the reckless knights behind him to shout out impatiently, "Back to your Mass, Bishop!" But ignoring the taunt, Bek led his men forward to victory. More than a century before, Thurstan, Archbishop of York, had gathered the men of the North to Northallerton to drive back the invading Scots, which they did at the Battle of the Standard, and another warlike cleric was Boniface of Savoy, Archbishop of Canterbury, who fought for Henry III. against his rebellious barons. Dr. Davidson's connection with our troops is of a very different kind, but by his visit to France he, as a man of peace, is doubtless serving his country as well as those fiery and warlike prelates of old.

Australian Resourcefulness

BRITONS have painted a lot of the map red, and sometimes some of them have painted the town red. Now we hear of their painting a horse red, and they seem to have shown both sense and forbearance in the action. They were Anzacs, in France, a country they have found much to their liking. It's like a picnic, they have said, to be there; the trenches and billets are "just like home," there are shops where they can buy things, and the people are white. Also there are Prussians, to whom they have already proved their fighting qualities. Altogether, everything is "it." Except the horse. He was white, too—physically; but he seemed to act as a signal to the enemy, and the Anzacs noticed that where he ploughed one day shells fell the next. It is possible that he wasn't white all through. He may have been a spy. They gave him the benefit of the doubt, however. Hasty-tempered men might have shot him on suspicion. But Anzacs love horses. So they went out at night and painted him red. Thus rendered indistinguishable from the furrowed soil, he ceased to serve as a mark, and the shelling stopped.

Comic Economics

TIMES do indeed change, as Virgil, for one, remarked. Frederick the Great made his Guards breed giants. General von Lowenfeld has ordered them to breed rabbits. The idea is sound enough economically. Rabbits furnish good and inexpensive meat, of which Germany is sorely in need; they are also most prolific, as Australia has discovered to her cost; also, first-rate fur coats can be made of "cony seal." But the idea is comically incongruous and characteristic of Germans, who always contrive to give a grotesque twist to the most high and serious things. Nevertheless, the German authorities attach much importance to the experiment, on which an official report will be furnished in due course. They announce, too, that a German Military Rabbit Show will be held in the autumn. Perhaps the Allies will provide the coursing part of the programme!

To Help Your Country

FEW people realise how much even the smallest sum lent to the Government can help to win the war. In these days of munition work and overtime there must be few who cannot spare 15s. 6d. to buy a War Savings Certificate, and 15s. 6d. can purchase 124 cartridges. Yet how many people realise as they take a War Savings Certificate that they may be enabling some soldier in the trenches to have another 124 shots at the Germans! Most people have heard of the deadly nature of those hand-grenades that our cricket-loving Tommies make such good practice with. One grenade can kill four or five men, so that given luck, a fine day, a good bomber and plenty of Germans, six grenades may account for thirty of the enemy. Yet six grenades only cost 15s. 6d. Think of that when you draw your money this week and see how many 15s. 6d.'s you can lend. Each 15s. 6d. becomes £1 in five years; you can get your money back in full at any time if you need it, and don't forget the Germans you may have helped to put out of action. If you cannot afford to put in 15s. 6d. at once, you can get a card at any post-office on which you stick sixpenny stamps until you have saved 15s. 6d. If you want to help your country in this way you can get full particulars at any post-office.

Economy in Practice

READERS of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED can greatly assist the publishers in conforming with the Government restrictions as to the consumption of paper by ordering this journal to be supplied weekly by their regular newsagents, instead of buying it casually. In this way it is possible for the publishers more accurately to judge their weekly printing order, and thus avoid wastage as well as prevent disappointment.

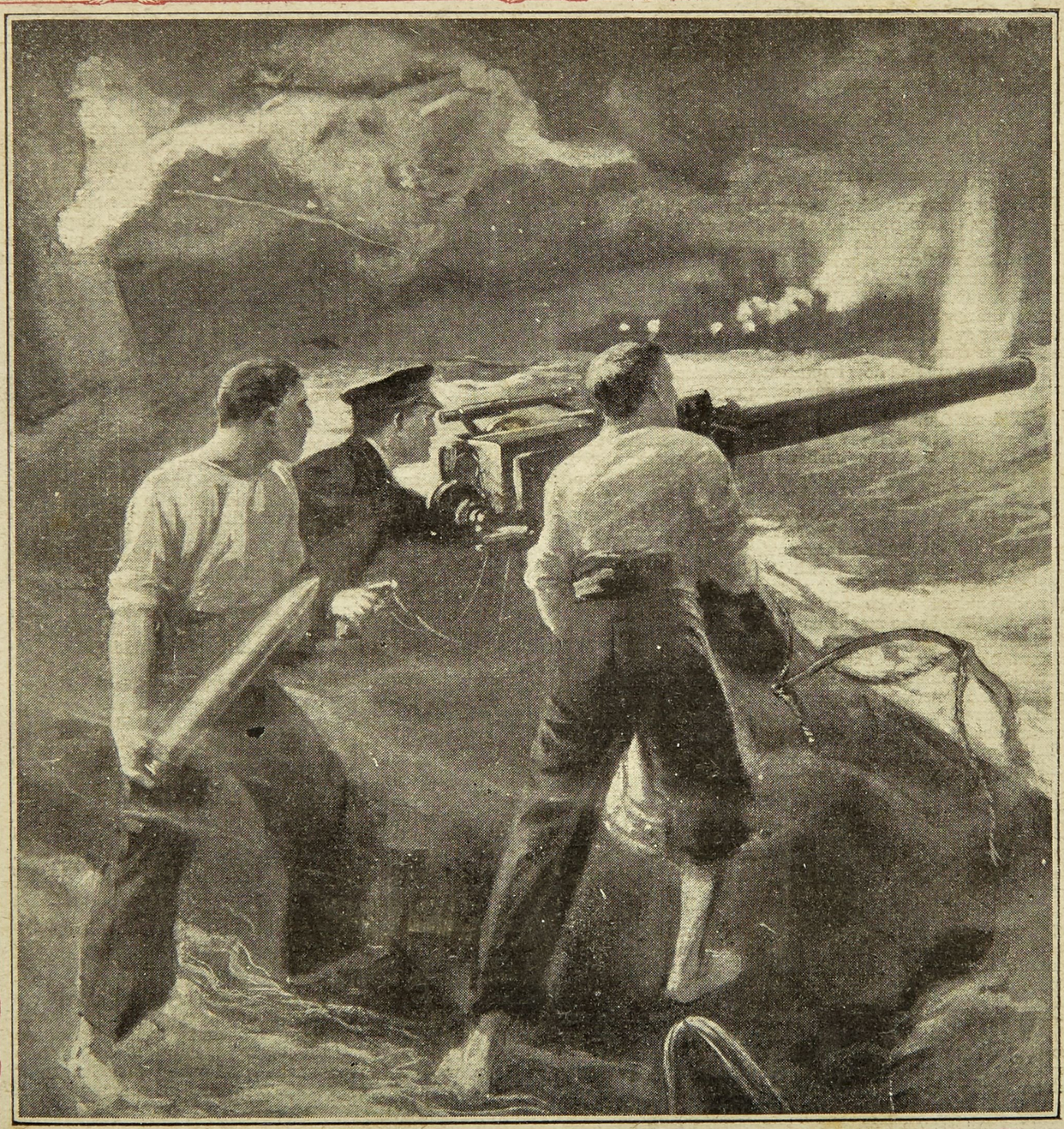
Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
15 Inland 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free. N

The War Illustrated, June 17th, 1916. *Regd. as a Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

Blunders of German Diplomacy By Sidney Low

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly



Vol. 4 Game to the Last! British Destroyer Shark, Decks Awash, Defies the German Fleet **No. 96**

A Boche Bishop and His Blasphemy

ENGAGING people, these Germans! Candidates for admission to the Chamber of Horrors that we hope to see established after the war are presenting themselves in queues. We have already contemplated with loathing the bestial features of Johann Wenger, the Bavarian infantryman, who bayoneted seven women and four girls in five minutes; and we have looked with contempt upon the cringing countenance of Dr. Aschenbach, who won the Iron Cross for running away from Wittenberg. This next figure, ladies and gentlemen, robed in the full panoply of his unholy orders, is Dr. Kaftan, the blasphemous Bishop of Kiel, and the scroll which he holds in his hands contains the text of his exhortation to his brother Germans, Christians of his own kidney, to express their thankfulness to God—the Kaiser's "old God," be it understood—for mercies vouchsafed to German arms. Dr. Aschenbach has doubtless expressed privately his gratitude for the speed vouchsafed to his characteristically German legs.

THE blasphemous bishop is general superintendent of the clergy of the province of Schleswig, and his historic pastoral is published in the columns of the "Schleswig-Holsteinische Sonntagsbote." Here is the text of the episcopal screed: "Let us thank Him Who is not only the God of the Germans, but the God of other nations, too"—there's charity for you!—"for His merciful support if He allows our submarines to torpedo all the American vessels and others carrying supplies to our enemies, quite regardless of how many and how impudent the Americans on board may be." (American papers, please copy.)

WITH sudden, unexpected, and, we cannot but think, unintentional lapse into truth, the German divine proceeds: "True, it is barbaric to sink merchantmen." But, recovering himself quickly, he cunningly asks: "But who drives the Germans to do it?" England, ladies and gentlemen. We do not quite follow the argument, but the bishop's idea seems to be that as Britain has swept the Germans off the surface of the sea, they are driven to operating underneath it. There is, of course, a little flaw in the logic; but equally, of course, a bishop is not required to be perfectly informed about naval matters. "And who makes us wish to continue it with still greater success?" the bishop proceeds further, having washed his episcopal hands of all responsibility for the barbaric behaviour of his sorely-driven compatriots. We guessed the answer at once: England. The bishop's riddles are really very poor. But his gratitude is torrential, pouring forth in spate even when the cause seems to us a little insufficient. "Thank God," he declaims, "England's insular security has gone for ever!" And England didn't even know it!

BUT it is in the succeeding paragraph that the bishop gives best expression to his understanding of the spirit of Christianity. "May a hundred more Zeppelins be visited upon her, and should they ever succeed in dropping bombs on the Bank of England, what a heartfelt cry of jubilation would resound throughout Germany, considering that it was for money that Great Britain started the war." One curse, one *non sequitur*, and one lie all in one sentence is pretty good, even for a German. We don't wonder they made Kaftan a bishop.

PASTORAL letters have always made an appeal to our imagination, and we have meditated over this one for the greater part of a pleasant Sunday afternoon. As an exposition of German Christianity it is a very happy effort, but as devotional literature we do not think it is quite a success. Perhaps it loses a little in the process of translation; the German word for "impudent" may not have lost its strict etymological value in that professor-ridden country as the English word has with us; and the precise specification of the target may compensate in German minds for a certain suggestion of bathos conveyed by the words "Bank of England" occurring in a prayer. However, we will not play with what is, after all, only the dust and ashes of literary criticism.

IT occurs to us, however, that of this pastor's flock at Kiel some silly sheep may have made a dash from that quiet diocese and subsequently have been picked up in the rougher and more dangerous North Sea by some of our British sailormen. In case our lucubrations should reach them in, say, the Isle of Man—the "Park Lane" of interned German millionaires, as it is called, where every comfort is procurable and interned civilians are not sent mad as at Ruhleben, or prisoners of war allowed to rot of typhus as at Wittenberg—we should like to submit that their bishop's appeal to them to sing a *Te Deum* if the Bank of England is hit, is founded on some slight misapprehension of facts. With the naïve and ingenuous ignorance of commercial matters that doubtless ought to characterise a saint, the bishop seems to think that the wealth of the British Empire consists of bundles of paper, which are kept spread out on tables and are liable to be consumed by the first incendiary bomb that might be aimed correctly by a German airman.

BUT really that is not so. We should be very sorry if the Bank of England were hit by a bomb; we should even be sorry if the Albert Memorial were. But neither would affect us so much as the hitting of Westminster Abbey, which we should have supposed would have been a much more desirable object for destruction in German eyes. But the destruction of any one of the three would not affect the material wealth of the British Empire in the least. We can quite believe that a heart-felt cry of jubilation would resound throughout Germany, but let it be because a German aviator has hit something he meant to hit, and not because of an erroneous supposition that all the gold and silver of the British Empire has been consumed in a crucible of German manufacture. To express gratitude for mercies not vouchsafed suggests ignorance of benefits actually received, and that rather resembles ingratitude.

TRUE criticism, a well-known man has said, is the elegant expression of a just judgment. Of the elegance of these presents let others express opinion. But we hope that no one will call in question the justice of the judgment. This pastoral letter of the Bishop of Kiel is an affront to man and an offence against God. For, with regard to the former, pastoral letters are not the medium through which to convey insults to great nations. "Impudent Americans" are words that should not appear in an appeal from a bishop to his flock. And with regard to the latter, it is one thing to pray to one's God for a blessing on arms taken up in a cause one passionately believes to be righteous; it is another thing to pray for aid to murder indiscriminately neutral and unoffending civilians. Ministers of God have no right to plead that evil done is justification of evil doing. They ought to pray for the triumph of the right cause, and ought to be proof against temptation by temporal considerations to put a gloss upon their official utterances made in spiritual interests. As a better example of pastoral letter, and also one supplying criteria by which to test the degree of spiritual enlightenment enjoyed by Bishop Kaftan, we beg to recommend the First Epistle General of John. From internal evidence in his own communication to the clergy of the province of Schleswig we conclude that Bishop Kaftan of Kiel has never heard of it.

C. M.

17th June, 1916. No. 96. Vol. 4.

THE WAR *Illustrated*

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON

The late War Secretary and the Chief of Staff—Lord Kitchener and Sir William R. Robertson. One of the latest portraits of the world-famous soldier, whose tragic end, in the sinking of H.M.S. Hampshire on June 5th, evoked widespread sorrow throughout the countries of the allied nations.

Earl Kitchener: A Memoir

LIKE a thunderclap came the announcement on Tuesday afternoon, June 6th, that Lord Kitchener, while on his way to Russia on board H.M.S. Hampshire, had been drowned, together with his Staff and the whole complement of that cruiser, which at eight o'clock on the Monday evening struck a mine or was torpedoed, and foundered in a heavy sea off the west coast of the Orkneys. Universal sorrow at the tragic end of this great soldier was manifested throughout the Empire to which he had consecrated his life. His work at the War Office may, in a sense, have been achieved—that splendid work of raising our New Armies—but the removal of his personality, with all its traditions, glamour, compelling force, was a national loss. Lord Kitchener himself would not have wished us to sorrow over this pitiful trick of Fate that took him from us at so critical a moment, but, rather, to brace ourselves more sternly than ever against the loathsome foe who fights with all unclean things as his weapons, and shuns the courageous, manful combat in which Kitchener, as a true Briton, rejoiced. We sorrow for a great soldier dead; but "On with the War!" is still our watchword.

HORATIO HERBERT, first Earl Kitchener, who in 1914 fulfilled the forecasts of the prophets by taking over the control of the War Office after forty years of strenuous work mainly in Egypt and India, was born at Gunsborough Lodge, Co. Kerry, on June 24th, 1850, the son of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Horatio Kitchener, of the 9th Foot (now the Norfolk Regiment), and Frances, daughter of the Rev. John Chevallier, D.D., of Aspall Hall, Suffolk. The Kitcheners came from Hampshire and the Chevalliers, an old French Huguenot family, from Jersey to Suffolk in the seventeenth century; and a few years before Horatio was born his parents had removed to Ireland, where his father had bought two small estates.

Four years after the birth of Horatio (a name recalling a kinsman who was Nelson's flag-captain at the Battle of the Nile) the family moved to Crotter, near Ballylongford, and here, with three brothers and one sister, he spent his earlier years. His eldest brother, Colonel Henry Elliott Chevallier Kitchener, who succeeds to the Earldom, gained honours in Burma, and was chief transport officer of the Manipur Field Force.

A Memory of 1870

Educated privately in Switzerland, France, and Germany, so that he might early become acquainted with foreign languages, the future Secretary of State for War entered the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, in 1868. When the Franco-Prussian War broke out he volunteered for service in the Second Army of the Loire, under General Antoine Chanzy. In France the young volunteer, as the result of a balloon adventure, contracted pleurisy and had a critical illness.

Returning to England, Kitchener obtained a commission as lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, spending three years between Chatham and Aldershot. In 1874-77 he was associated in the work of surveying Western Palestine, providing Biblical students with a mass of valuable data, and incidentally surviving some exciting adventures and attacks of fever and snow blindness.

After spending a short time with Baker Pasha in the Balkans, Kitchener made a survey of Cyprus, and organised the Land Courts of that island, a labour which was interrupted by a period during which he was Vice-Consul in Anatolia. All this time he was gaining a mastery of Turkish and Arabic, studies which stood him in good stead when, in 1882, he responded to Sir Evelyn Wood's call for officers to aid him in building up the remnants of the Egyptian Army into a cohesive and manageable whole. He served through the campaign of 1882 as major of Egyptian cavalry. Then, with Colonel Taylor, of the 19th Hussars, he was commissioned to bring the fellaheen cavalry into military existence. Engaged in negotiating with the tribes at Dongola and at Debbeh, while Gordon was in Khartoum, he travelled disguised as an Arab, carrying a phial of poison for his personal use in emergency.

Narrow Escape at Handoub

Kitchener's next work was that of Boundary Commissioner in Zanzibar, but he was soon again in Egypt, being from August, 1886, to September, 1888, Governor-General of the Red Sea littoral and Commandant of Suakin. At Handoub he narrowly escaped death from a bullet which wounded him in the jaw. Soon afterwards, however, he was well enough to head the 1st Sudanese Brigade against Osman Digna's trenches at Gemaizeh, and he led the mounted troops at the Battle of Toski. Brevetted a colonel in 1888, he became Inspector-General of Police and Adjutant-General of the Egyptian Army. In 1892, with the temporary rank of brigadier-general, he succeeded Sir Francis (later Lord) Grenfell as Sirdar. There followed in due and deliberate course the occupation of Dongola, the Battle of the Atbara, and the final rout of Mahdism at Omdurman, all prepared for and carried through with a masterly patience and a resourcefulness which won for Kitchener the popular cognomen of "the Sudan machine," the thanks of Parliament, the G.C.B., a peerage, and a grant of £30,000.

Meeting with Major Marchand

In addition to liberating the Sudan, Lord Kitchener, by his tact at the meeting with Major (now General) Marchand at Fashoda, averted a war between Britain and France. The Atbara Bridge and the Gordon Memorial College at Khartoum are also witnesses to his untiring zeal.

Lord Kitchener's services in South Africa, in 1899-1902, first as Chief of Staff to Lord Roberts, and then as Commander-in-Chief, were rewarded by a grant of £50,000 and an advancement in the peerage to the rank of viscount. He took the title of Viscount Kitchener of Khartoum, of the Vaal in the Colony of the Transvaal, and of Aspall in the County of Suffolk. In 1902 he was gazetted a general.

From 1902 to 1909 Lord Kitchener was Commander-in-Chief in India. He succeeded not only in reorganising the Indian Army, but in abolishing the old system of mixed civil and military control, and in establishing a Staff College at Quetta. Created a field-marshal in 1909, he came back from India via China, Japan, Australia, and New Zealand (where he was consulted on Colonial defence), and the United States. In 1911 he was appointed British Agent and Consul-General in Egypt. He was created an earl in 1914.

Referring to Lord Kitchener's appointment as Secretary of State of War, Mr. Asquith used these memorable words: "He has at a great public emergency responded to a great public call, and I am certain he will have with him in the discharge of one of the most arduous tasks that have ever fallen upon a Minister the complete confidence of all parties and of all opinions." To which may be added a few passages from Lord Kitchener's first speech in the House of Lords. "The terms of my service," he said, "are the same as those under which some of the finest portions of our manhood, now so willingly stepping forward to join the Colours, are engaging—that is to say, for the war; or if it lasts longer than three years, then for three years. It has been asked why the latter limit has been fixed.

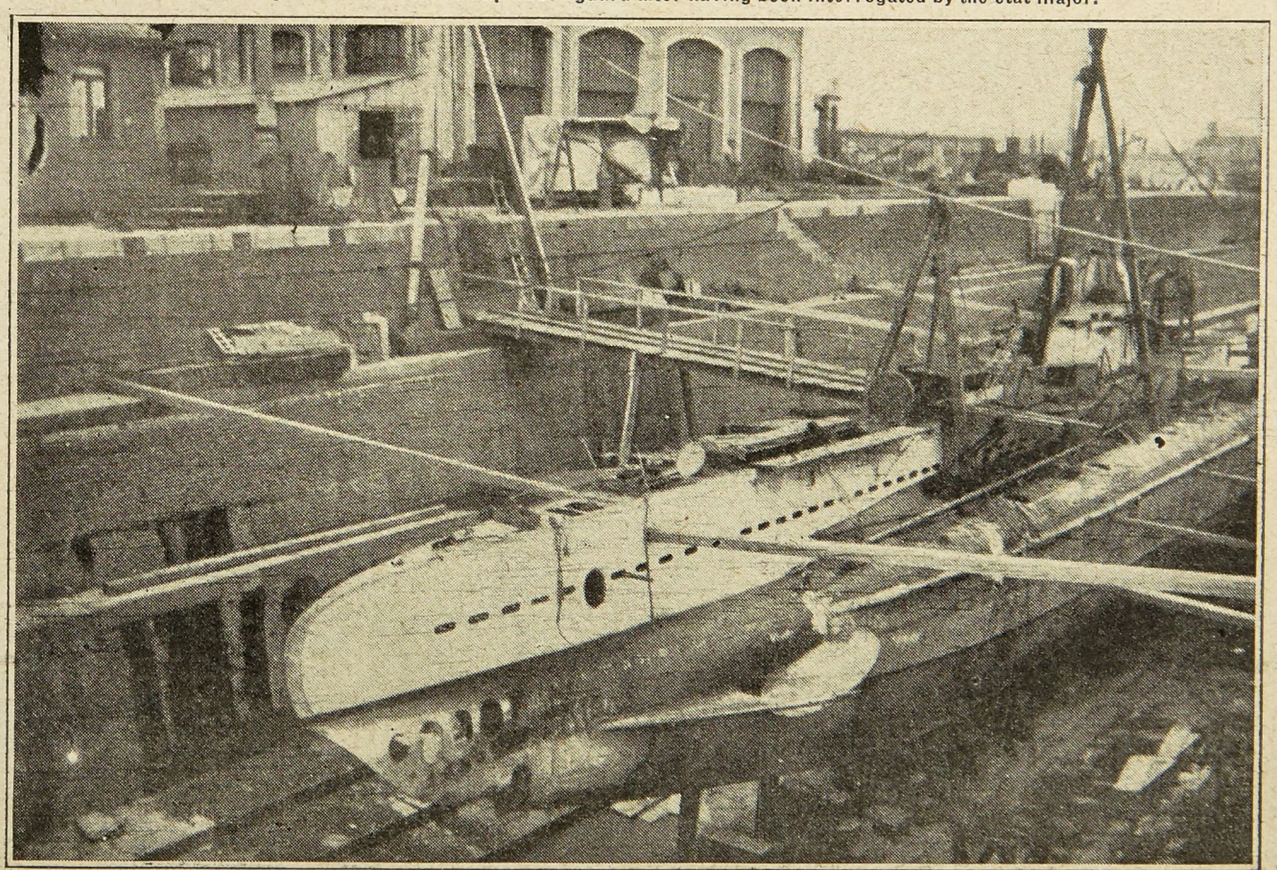
Work as War Minister

"It is because, should this disastrous war be prolonged—and no man can foretell with any certainty its duration—then, after three years' war, there will be others fresh and fully prepared to take our places and see this matter through."

To attempt to-day to appraise Lord Kitchener's work as War Minister would be to attempt to measure the immeasurable. "There was no other man in this Empire," said Mr. Asquith, "who could have summoned into existence the enormous armies which now at home and abroad are maintaining the honour of the Empire." And this remark covers but a small part of the whole story. There was the organisation of these vast armies. There were the eventful visits to France, to Gallipoli, to Italy. None who attended Lord Kitchener's conference with M.P.'s at Westminster a few days before his tragic death will ever forget the impression of strength and confidence he gave them. One of his last acts before departing for Russia was to entertain a party of wounded soldiers at Broome Hall, near Folkestone. He lived for his work, and he as truly gave his life for his country as if he had fallen on the field of battle.

Elusive U Boat Caught in the Allies' Net

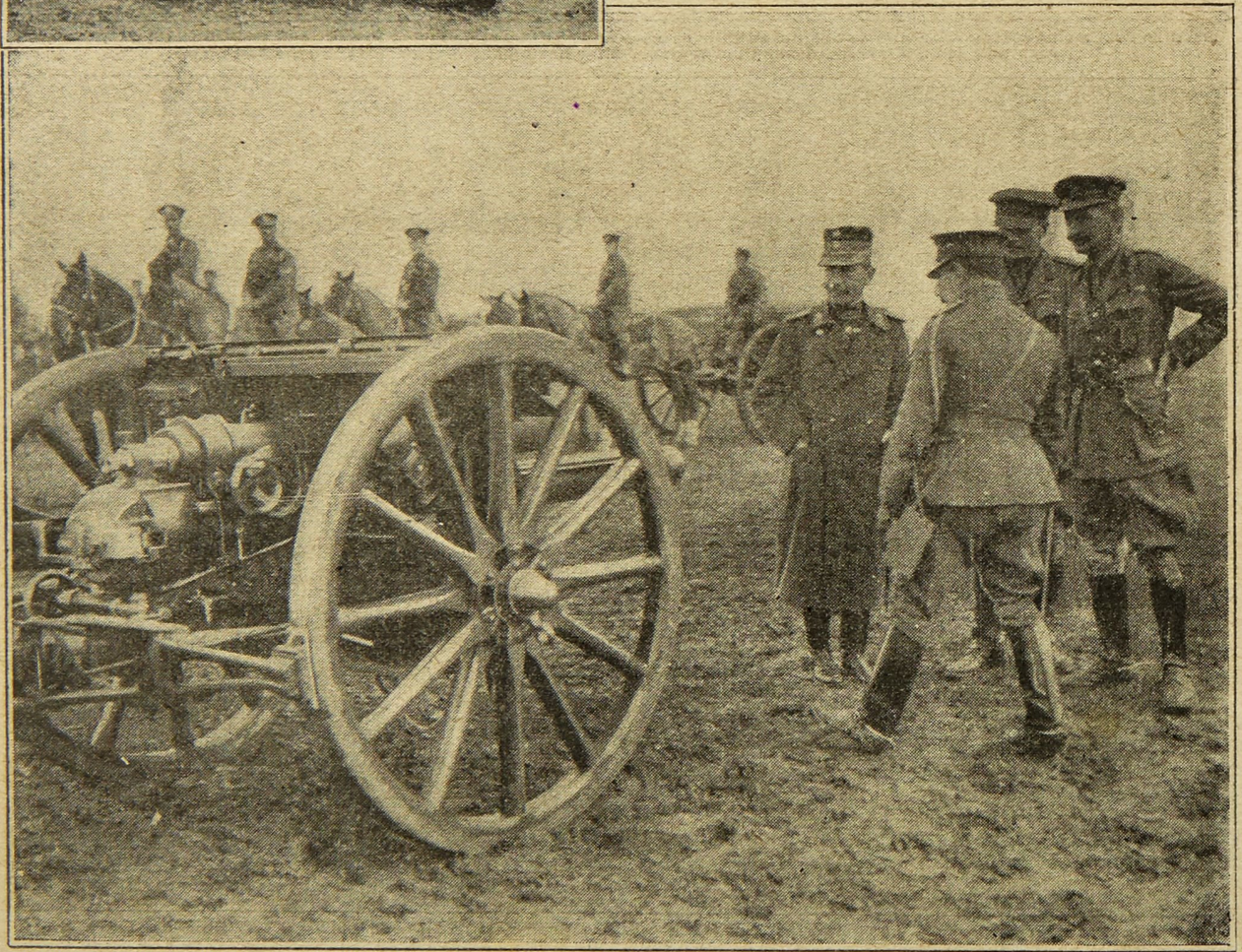
German submarine commander who was captured with his crew and craft by a combined French and British flotilla. He is seen marching to an internment camp under guard after having been interrogated by the etat major.



U boat in French dry dock. The submarine was caught in the drag-nets and towed between two mine-sweepers, which "wirelessed" to destroyers and patrols. These arrived and fired immediately the U boat rose to disengage itself, whereupon the commander surrendered. The U boat was sunk intentionally by the Germans, but was recovered from the shallow water.

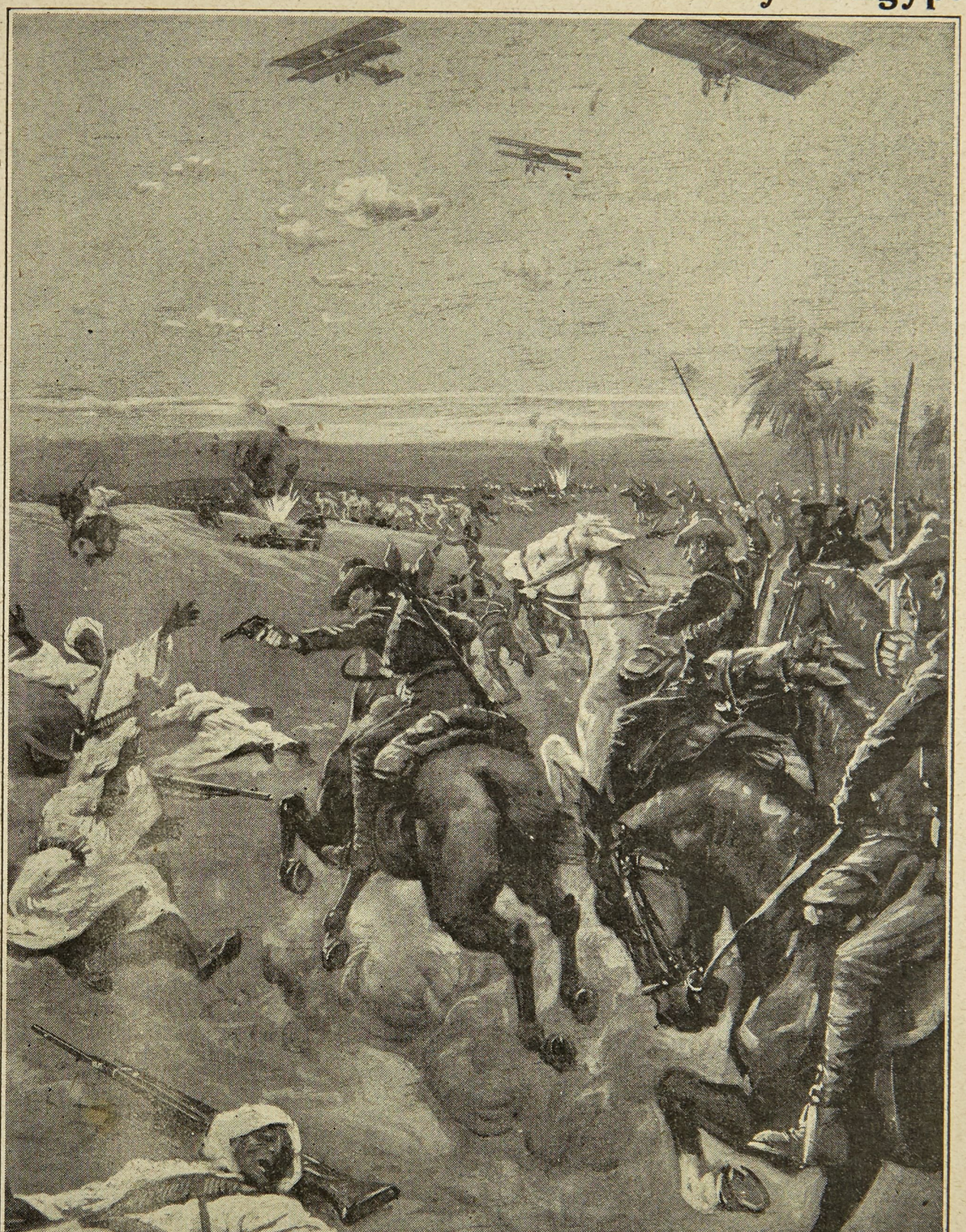
Aviation, Communication and Admiration

Communicating with headquarters at Salonika by flag and by helio. Left: General Sir Bryan Mahon and Lord French's sister, Mrs. Harley, watching an aeroplane in flight. Mrs. Harley is head of the Scottish Women's Hospital.



Rods in pickle for the enemy at Salonika. General Zimbrakakis, of the Greek Army, contemplating a British gun with the admiration of a friendly neutral. (These three pictures are from official photographs issued by the Press Bureau.)

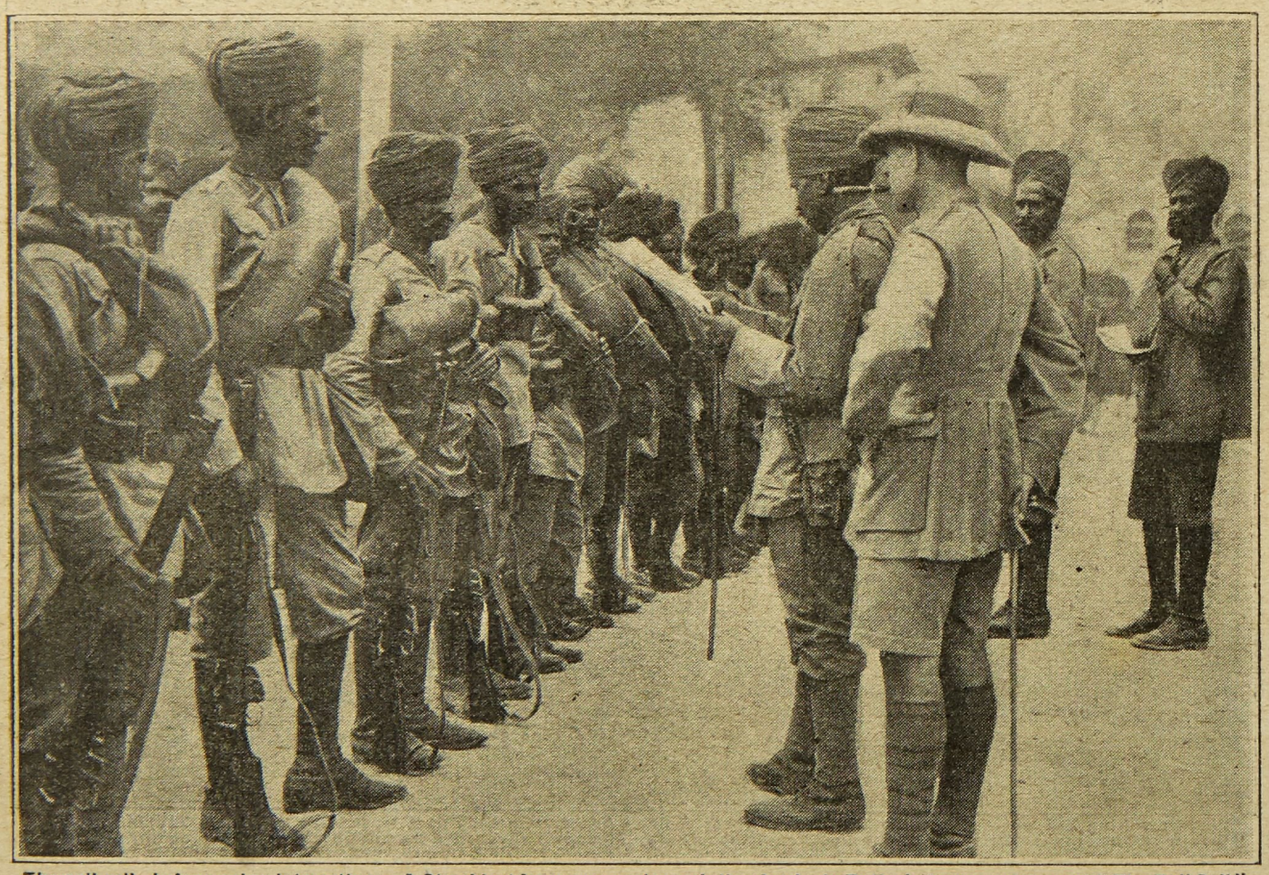
Anzac Swords & Bombs Scatter Enemy in Egypt



While awaiting the great day when they would meet their "favourite" enemy the Germans on the west front the Anzacs have been doing some good work for the Empire in Egypt. Their valour and their wonderful fighting experience gained on Gallipoli have been used to considerable advantage among hostile Arabs. On May 31st Australian and New Zealand mounted troops delivered a smashing attack on an enemy post in the desert of Bir Salmana, near Katia. The enemy was routed, and scattered units were further pursued and bombed by British airmen, as illustrated by the above impression.

Clean Fighters: Clean Hands & Clean Conscience

Hanging out the washing. Conditions that impeded military operations in the flooded area of Mesopotamia must have lightened the labour of the washermen. Plenty of soft water, a bright sun, and a fine drying wind are three good things then.



The roll call—before going into action. A fit subject for a companion painting for Lady Butler's famous picture of "The Roll Call" after action, for the bravery of these Indian soldiers in Mesopotamia was equal to that of the Guards at Inkerman.

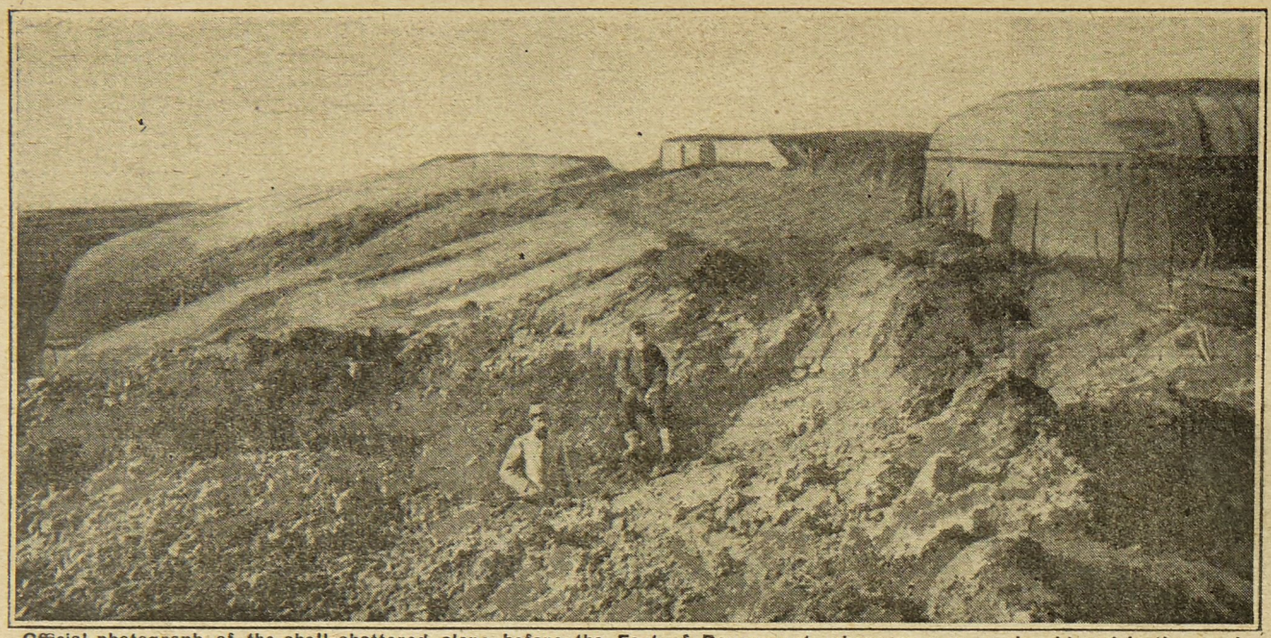
Russia's Glorious Rally to Her Wonderful Ally

The appearance of the Slav soldier on the west front has done much to inspire our ally with greater hope and confidence. As the typical Russian fighting men, armed with long bayonets and carrying greatcoats slung round them in bandolier fashion, passed along the French roads, the populace hailed them with unbridled enthusiasm and jubilation.

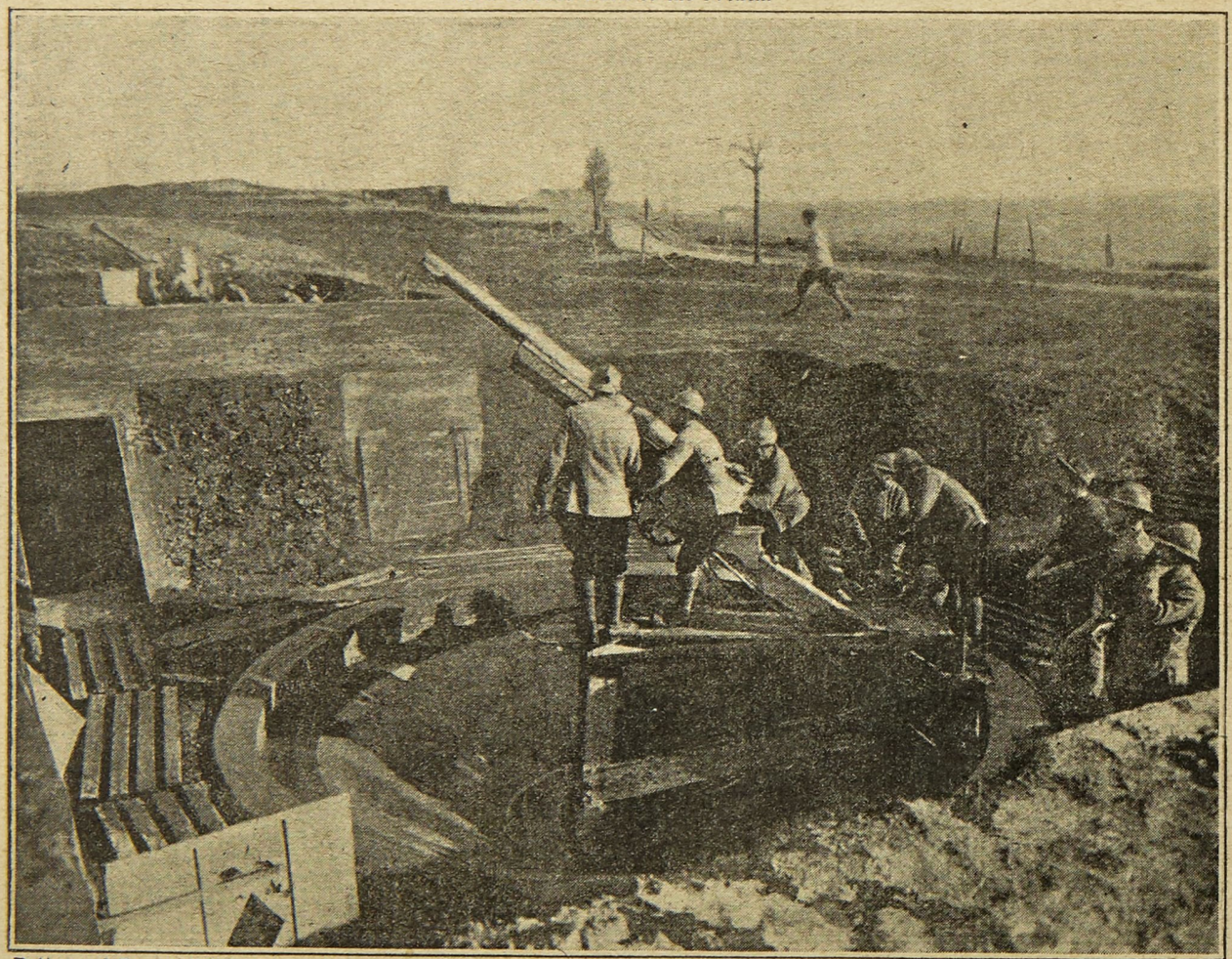
What must the German General Staff think of the Russians, on whom they hoped to impose a separate peace after Warsaw? The glorious faith of Tsardom to the cause is symbolised by her sending thousands of troops to fight in the land of her ally and her new offensive on the whole Austrian front. This photograph shows some Russian soldiers entraining.

Nothing could be more acceptable to the Germans than that they could impose peace on the Allies over the existing military situation. The resolution of the Tsar to fight on until victory is achieved, in view of the physical resources of Imperial Russia, is in itself an urgent reason why the Central Empires should stop now.

The Shell-Ploughed Ridge of Douaumont



Official photograph of the shell-shattered slope before the Fort of Douaumont, where men were slaughtered in thousands while trying to hold or take the fort upon the summit which, nevertheless, had long been dismantled and was unimportant as a defence work to the French.



Battery of French "75's" in action immediately behind Fort Douaumont. These guns were used alternately to repel the German advances in massed formation and to bring down enemy aircraft.

A June Morning in the Caillette Wood

Throughout the terrible battles for Verdun our French ally has economised in man-power with skilful consistency. Thus her losses are something like one-third of the enemy casualties, which, even taking into consideration the fact that the attackers always lose more heavily than the defenders, is surprisingly small. The French plan is to employ a small number of men in the fire trenches, and keep a large reserve out of range of German shells. In this photograph reserve troops of the Mangin Division are posted in the recaptured Caillette Wood, waiting to relieve their comrades if necessary.

THE BRITISH VICTORY IN THE NORTH SEA

A Preliminary Survey by PERCIVAL A. HISLAM the well-known Naval Expert

Last week I published an article from the pen of Commander Bellairs on "German Naval Blunders." Naturally it was written some weeks ago, and dealt with past events in the progress of the war; but the title may have sounded rather unhappy in view of the news of the great Battle off Jutland, issued before THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *had reached the public. It remains to be seen, however, whether this latest and greatest of all naval battles may not yet prove to be one more blunder of the German Naval Command.*

There is no longer an atom of doubt as to the German Fleet having failed in its objective—whatever that may have been—and having had to return to its base before superior and unshakable British strength. Tacitly the German Navy, since the outbreak of war, has admitted the superiority of the British Fleet; at the Battle off Jutland it advertised the fact to all the world by retreating instantly our battle fleet was in touch.

In our sorrow for the loss of the many brave men who went down in this great engagement, this is the supreme fact to bear in mind. I have asked Mr. Percival Hislam, the well-known naval expert, to write a brief survey of the battle from the fragmentary and inadequate information at present at our disposal, and in later numbers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *the whole story of Jutland will be fully and picturesquely told.—EDITOR.*

IT is safe to say that since the beginning of the war Great Britain has known no more anxious hours than those immediately following the first official statement regarding the great naval battle off Jutland on May 31st. The German wireless had scattered broadcast over the world the announcement that their Fleet had won a complete and sensational victory; and when, many hours later, the British Admiralty issued their own report, its reference to "severe damage" and "serious losses" inflicted on the enemy was entirely overshadowed by the admission that we had lost three Dreadnought cruisers, three armoured cruisers of earlier design, and destroyers numbering anything from five to eleven. Anyone could be excused who, putting the British and the German official statements side by side, came to the conclusion that the British Fleet had sustained a severe and humiliating defeat.

That Admiralty Report

All the world knows by this time that it was the German and not the British Fleet that was beaten, and a good many hard things have been said about the Admiralty for publishing a report in which everything else was overwhelmed by the magnitude of our losses. It is by no means certain, however, that what they did was not in the long run the wisest thing. When the Germans issued their claim to victory they did not know the extent of their own losses, still less of ours, nor did they mention that the end of the fight was signalised by the withdrawal of their remaining battered forces to their harbours, leaving the seas completely under the control of the British Fleet.

So far as its lack of full knowledge was concerned, the British Government was in much the same position as the German; but, fortunately, we lack that particular form of insanity which enables the Hun to claim a success when he knows that the facts, which must come out sooner or later, will prove him to have been not only a loser but a liar. In the circumstances, the Admiralty might have decided to say nothing until they had the whole of the facts; but that would have meant that for several days the world would have rung with the uncontradicted news of a German victory and the defeat of the British Navy. They, therefore, took the only possible alternative. They published frankly all they knew at the moment, and as they naturally knew more of our own losses than of the enemy's, the former stood out with startling and disconcerting prominence. But as fresh news came in from the Commander-in-Chief the action rapidly assumed its proper perspective, until in the end the German Government stood convicted before the world of the greatest and most ludicrous piece of bluff that stands even to its discredit.

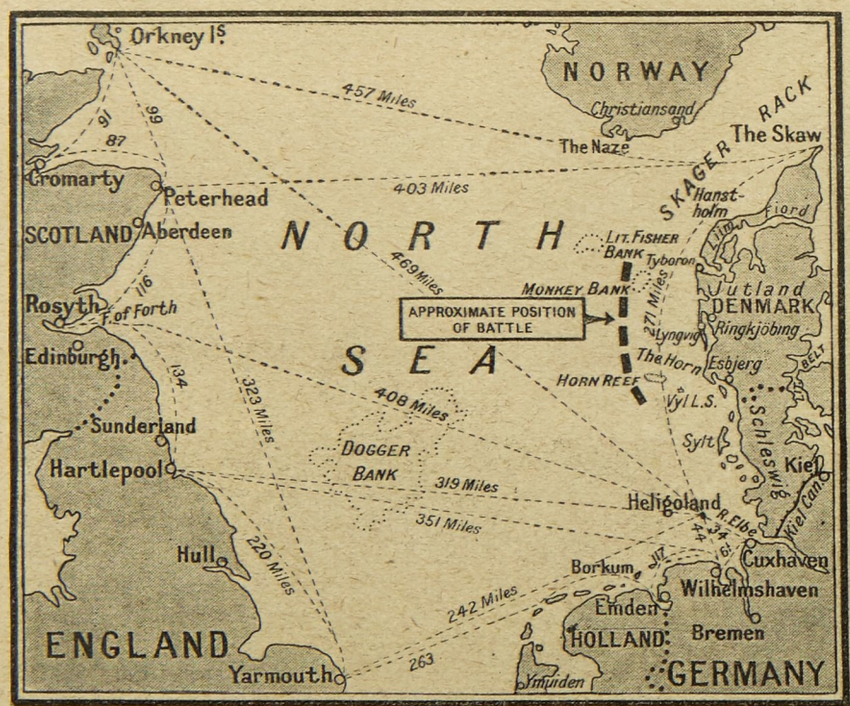


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Chart of the North Sea, indicating the approximate area of the great naval battle which took place off Jutland on May 31st and June 1st. The relative distances between Heligoland and important points on the British coast are marked.

New Phase in Sea Fighting

Until we are able to examine the detailed reports of the commanding officers of the British fleets and squadrons—and they are not likely to be available for some time to come—it is hopeless to attempt to analyse an action which will always be remembered in history as the first in which all the elements of modern naval warfare were brought into operation—submarines, aircraft, swift destroyers, light cruisers, armoured cruisers, battle-cruisers, Dreadnought cruisers, Dreadnoughts, super-Dreadnoughts, and, to use a term coined by Lord Haldane, "hyper-super-Dreadnoughts."

The action began about 3.30 in the afternoon of Wednesday, May 31st, in misty weather, which did much to rob the heaviest guns of their peculiar advantages, and lasted almost incessantly for twelve hours. The German Fleet seems to have been out in full force, with battle-cruisers and light craft leading, and the heavy squadrons of Dreadnought and other battleships many miles astern. The official German statements made no secret of the fact that the fleet, under Vice-Admiral von Scheer, had left its bases to carry out a "certain enterprise," and the whole significance of the fight turns upon the nature of that enterprise.

Admiral Scheer's Plans

The Germans may have planned to break out of the North Sea; they may have had in view another bombardment of seaside towns on the East Coast. It is possible that something in the plans of the German Staff demanded the immediate presence of a powerful fleet in the Baltic, and that the Kiel Canal route was for some reason unavailable. It is possible that while the advanced force of battle-cruisers was intended to occupy the attention of whatever British ships might be encountered, the battleships were detailed to break away to the west and convoy a raiding or even an invading army to the East Coast of England.

Whatever the object may have been, we may be sure that the whole of the German High Seas Fleet would not have been at sea on any trivial errand, and it is quite

within the bounds of possibility that it would have been worth three or four times the strength we actually lost to prevent that object from being carried out. We may have to wait a very long time before we know the truth as to that, but we do know that, unless the object of Von Scheer was to court defeat, he failed to achieve it.

So far as the battle itself is concerned, we are still under the handicap of having no official despatches to guide us, and in these circumstances it would be absurd to put too much faith in the evidence either of the skippers of neutral trawlers or of individual seamen on board our own ships. What is beyond doubt is that Sir David Beatty, with his famous squadron of battle-cruisers, not only began the fight by engaging the battle-cruisers that were leading the enemy's line, but was compelled for some considerable time to keep his end up as best he could against the concentrated power of the entire High Seas Fleet. Our own forces were in three main divisions—first, the battle-cruisers; then a division of Queen Elizabeths, 25-knot battleships of 27,500 tons, armed with eight 15 in. guns apiece; and, finally, the battleship squadrons of the Main Fleet, under the immediate orders of Sir John Jellicoe himself.

Battle Against Odds

Owing to the hazy state of the atmosphere the advanced forces of battle-cruisers did not sight each other until they were within relatively close range—about 10,000 yards—and a fierce combat was immediately opened. The British ships were all armed with 12 in. or 13·5 in. guns, but the Germans, it is believed, included the Lützow, said to be armed with 15 in., the Hindenburg, which carries either 15 in. or 17 in., and a vessel which was originally laid down for Greece, as the Salamis, and which carries eight 14 in. guns. It is impossible at this stage to follow the course of the action or the fortunes of individual ships; but the fact remains that it was during this part of the fight, when the British and German battle-cruiser squadrons were face to face, that three of our best ships—the Queen Mary, Indefatigable, and Invincible—were sent to the bottom.

The battle-cruisers held the fighting-line alone for about two hours; but of the battleships the German were the first to arrive on the scene, and for some time Sir David Beatty, his squadron already badly mauled and seriously reduced in strength, was called upon to bear the brunt of an attack delivered by practically the entire strength of the German Navy. That he or any of his men should have lived to tell the tale is perhaps the most extraordinary feature of the whole battle; but when, at long last, first the Queen Elizabeths and later the main battle squadrons came up, the German Fleet turned and ran precipitately for its ports. It was now nightfall, but the battle still raged, single-ship duels being fought as vessels came upon each other in the darkness, and destroyer attacks and counter-attacks being launched whenever the opportunity offered. Fighting did not cease until the Germans had been driven into the shelter of their mine-fields, where our forces could not follow them with either profit or safety.

German Designs Frustrated

Such are the main outlines of the greatest naval battle of the war. There are three military standpoints from which it may be judged, and on each and every basis it stands revealed as a British victory—not decisive, it is true, but nevertheless unquestionable. In the first place, whatever may have been the "enterprise" upon which the German Fleet was bound, it was completely frustrated. In the second place, the opposing forces lost approximately the same tonnage in vessels of the cruiser class and above, the figure in either case being about 104,000 tons. Seeing that we began the war with about two and a half tons to every one possessed by Germany, it will be seen that Germany would have had to sink about 250,000 tons of British shipping to make our loss relatively equal to her own. In the third place, the German Navy, having put to sea in force, was compelled to return to its harbours within twelve hours of encountering our squadrons.

Explanations to Come

These are the results of the action as they can be seen at the moment of writing, and although we, no less than the British Navy, would have preferred that the fight should have been fought to a finish, they are, at any rate, satisfactory as far as they go. But this does not alter the fact that there is much in the action that calls for explanation. Why were Beatty's battle-cruisers left so long without support, so that he had to bear the attack not only of the corresponding squadron of the enemy, but of the main battle fleet as well? Was the disposition of our forces faulty to begin with, or did the news of the enemy's sortie reach the Commander-in-Chief so unexpectedly that the most desperate measures had to be resorted to to bring him to action and frustrate his "enterprise"? Were the cruisers sent on so far in advance in order that the enemy might gain confidence and bring out his main forces so far that their retreat could be cut off by other portions of our Fleet? If that was the intention, it failed. Or did Sir David Beatty, seeing that the whole of the enemy's Fleet was at sea and apparently ripe for battle for the first time since the war began, decide to hang on to the last shot in the last ship, if need be, in order to keep the enemy engaged until reinforcements came up? Finally, was Admiral Beatty so roused by the near approach of the enemy that he felt constrained to launch his attack, even at the risk of its being premature, and so, by giving them ample notice, enabled them to slip out of a trap that might have led to a twentieth-century Trafalgar?

Only the full despatches will enable us to answer those questions. Until the facts are available, every attempt at criticism is so much wasted energy. We can only view the action broadly and by its results.

LOSSES IN THE ACTION

(The identity of the German ships had not been definitely established when this issue went to press.)

BRITISH.

Battleships.

None.

Battle-Cruisers.

	Tons.	Guns.
Queen Mary	27,000	Eight 13·5 in.
Indefatigable	18,750	Eight 12 in.
Invincible	17,250	Eight 12 in.

Armoured Cruisers.

Defence	14,600	Four 9·2 in., ten 7·5 in.
Warrior	13,550	Four 9·2 in., four 7·5 in.
Black Prince	13,550	Six 9·2 in., ten 6 in.

Light Cruisers.

None.

Destroyers.

Eight.

Submarines.

None.

GERMAN.

Battleships.

	Tons.	Guns.
Westfalen	18,600	Twelve 11 in., twelve 6 in.
Pommern	13,040	Four 11 in., fourteen 6·7 in.

Battle-Cruisers.

Derfflinger	28,000	Eight 12 in.
Lutzow	30,000]	Eight 12 in.

Armoured Cruisers.

None.

Light Cruisers.

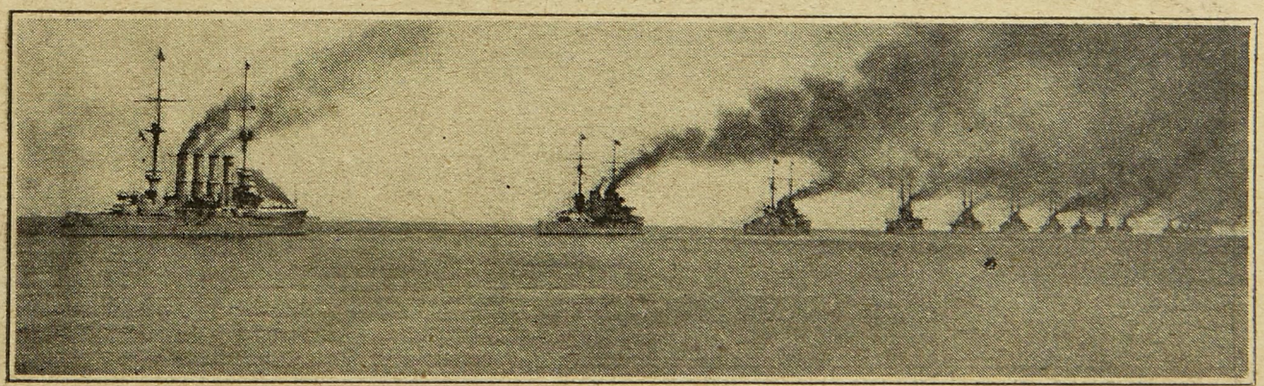
Wiesbaden	5,000	Two 6 in., ten 4·1 in.
Elbing	4,300	Eight 5·1 in.
Rostock	4,820	Twelve 4·1 in.
Frauenlob	2,650	Ten 4·1 in.

Destroyers.

Nine.

Submarines.

One.



Photograph of a too infrequent scene on which the British Navy is eager to set eyes again: Armoured cruisers of the German High Seas Fleet steaming out to sea. They are a smaller company now than when they met Sir David Beatty's Battle-Cruiser Squadron on May 31st.

British Battle-Cruiser Fleet Engaging the

LATE in the afternoon of May 31st Admiral Beatty, in command of some twelve British battle-cruisers, engaged the German battle-cruiser squadron off the coast of Jutland. A circuitous course was navigated in order to attack the German ships in the rear and cut them off from their own base. Within an hour the whole of the German High Seas Fleet came up, and the British admiral, with glorious courage and daring seamanship, kept the enemy in action, realising that Admiral Jellicoe would soon arrive with strong reinforcements. A terrible battle ensued, and the Germans, with superior weight and range of metal, concentrated a

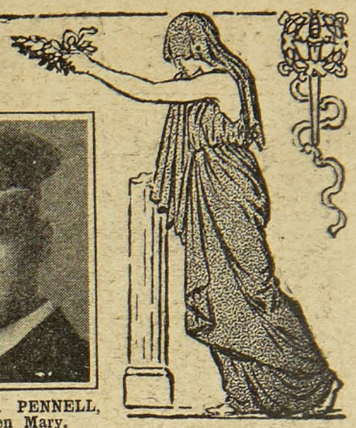
Might of the German Navy off Jutland

disastrous fire on the Queen Mary, which broke asunder and sank. The Indefatigable and Invincible were also shattered in rapid succession. Nevertheless, the Kaiser's ships suffered a fearful battering from Beatty's gallant fleet, and when Admiral Jellicoe hove in sight the German Admiral von Scheer beat a hasty retreat to avoid complete annihilation. From collected reports, the German High Seas Fleet lost in the two engagements about eighteen vessels, among which were the most powerful and recent types, as against fourteen British ships all told. The above striking picture shows the British battle-cruisers during the fight.

TYPICAL BRITISH SAILORS.—Some of the crew of H.M.S. Queen Mary, the latest and largest of the three British battle-cruisers lost in the Battle off Jutland. The battle-cruiser Queen Mary was completed in 1913. Her displacement was 27,000 tons, her speed 27 knots, and her armament eight 13·5 in., sixteen 4 in. guns, and two 21 in. torpedo-tubes. Left: A group of chief petty-officers. Right: Some of her crew—signalmen and boys.

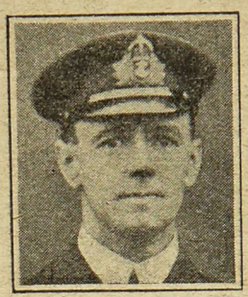
"SHE FOUGHT A GALLANT FIGHT."—The Queen Mary's complement was 1,000 men of all ranks, and of these only seventeen were reported saved. For some minutes the fire of the entire German Fleet was concentrated upon her, and hit in a vital part she broke asunder and sank. Left: Some more of the crew. Right: A group of stokers.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead



Rear-Admiral HOOD, H.M.S. Invincible.

Rear-Admiral ARBUTHNOT, H.M.S. Defence.



Commander COPLESTONE-BOUGHEY, H.M.S. Defence.

Com. H. L. L. PENNELL, H.M.S. Queen Mary.

Com. R. H. D. TOWNSEND, H.M.S. Invincible.

Com. Sir C. R. BLANE, H.M.S. Queen Mary.

Capt. C. J. WINTOUR, H.M.S. Tipperary.

Lieut.-Com. R. L. CLAYTON, H.M.S. Queen Mary.

Com. L. W. JONES, H.M.S. Shark.

Lieut. H. G. S. LAING, H.M.S. Indefatigable.

Rear-Admiral the Hon. Horace Hood, C.B., D.S.O., M.V.O., went down with his ship H.M.S. Invincible, after leading his division to the attack with the most inspiring courage. Admiral Hood was born in 1870, and was the third son of the 4th Viscount Hood. He served in the Sudan and Somali Expeditions. Admiral Hood was also Naval Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty.

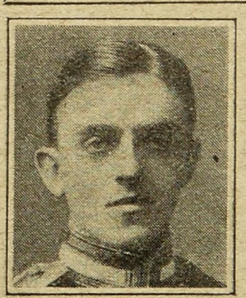
Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Arbuthnot, C.B., M.V.O., who went down with the Defence, entered the Navy in 1877, and was appointed Rear-Admiral of the Second Battle-Cruiser Squadron in 1913-14. Sir Robert was a prominent all-round sportsman.

Commander L. W. Jones, H.M.S. Shark, was one of the outstanding heroes of the Jutland Battle. The Shark was the first destroyer to come to grips with the enemy, sinking the leading German destroyer with a well-placed torpedo, and a second German destroyer soon followed. Then two enemy torpedoes converged on the glorious little craft and she was shattered, but Commander Jones with two men continued to work the remaining gun until the destroyer went down.

Among the many brave chaplains who succumbed in the great fight were the Revs. C. W. Lydall, C. A. Walton, and W. H. Le Patourel.

Com. Hon. E. BINGHAM, H.M.S. Nestor.

Lieut. T. F. S. FLEMMING, H.M.S. Invincible.



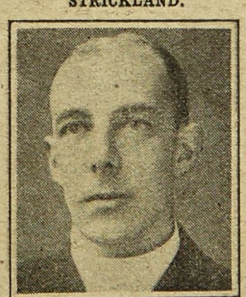
Lieutenant PERCY STRICKLAND.

Lieut. J. M. B. HANLY, H.M.S. Queen Mary.

Lieut. E. W. MILSOM, H.M.S. Defence.

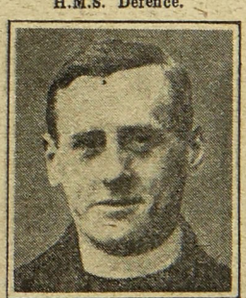
Lieut. E. S. RAY, H.M.S. Queen Mary.

Mid. R. ROXBURGH, H.M.S. Indefatigable.



Rev. C. W. LYDALL, Naval Chaplain.

Mid. H. J. TUSON, H.M.S. Indefatigable.

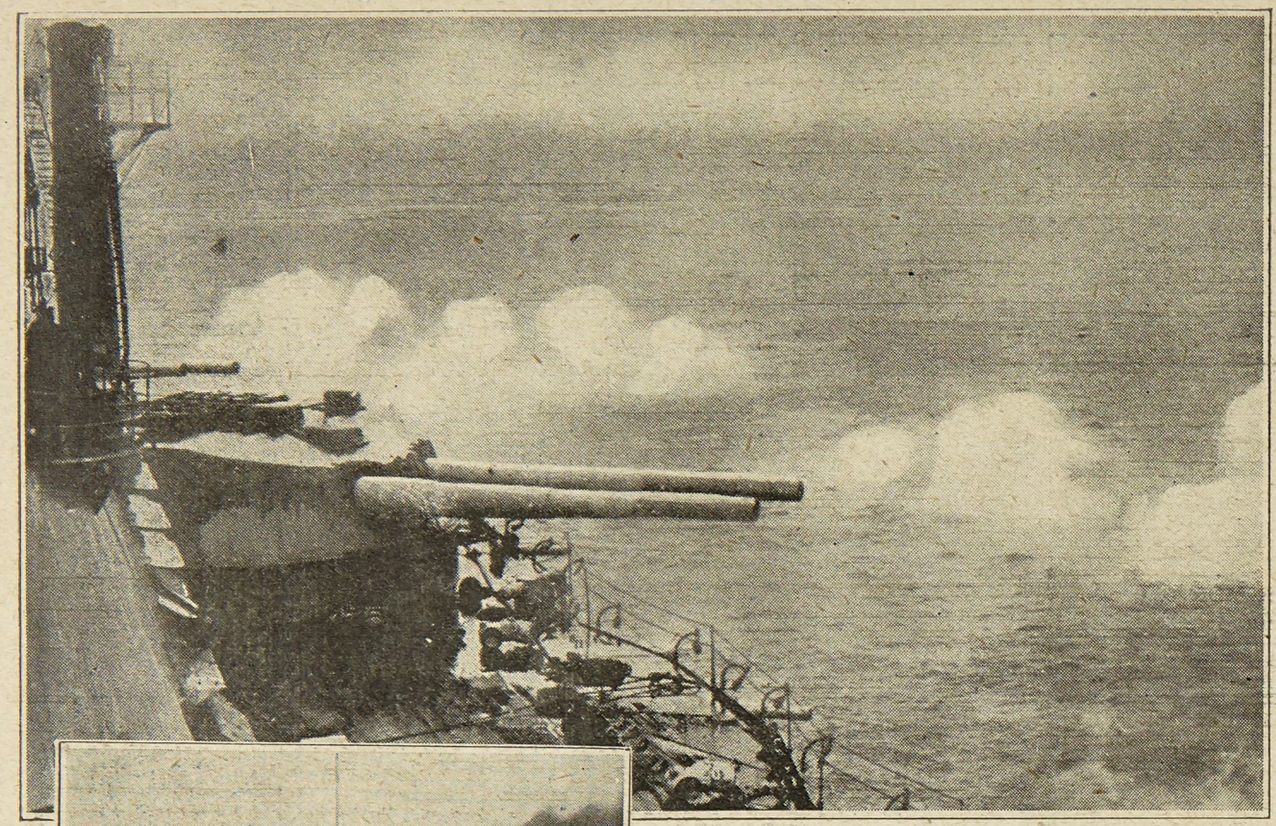


Rev. C. A. WALTON, Naval Chaplain.

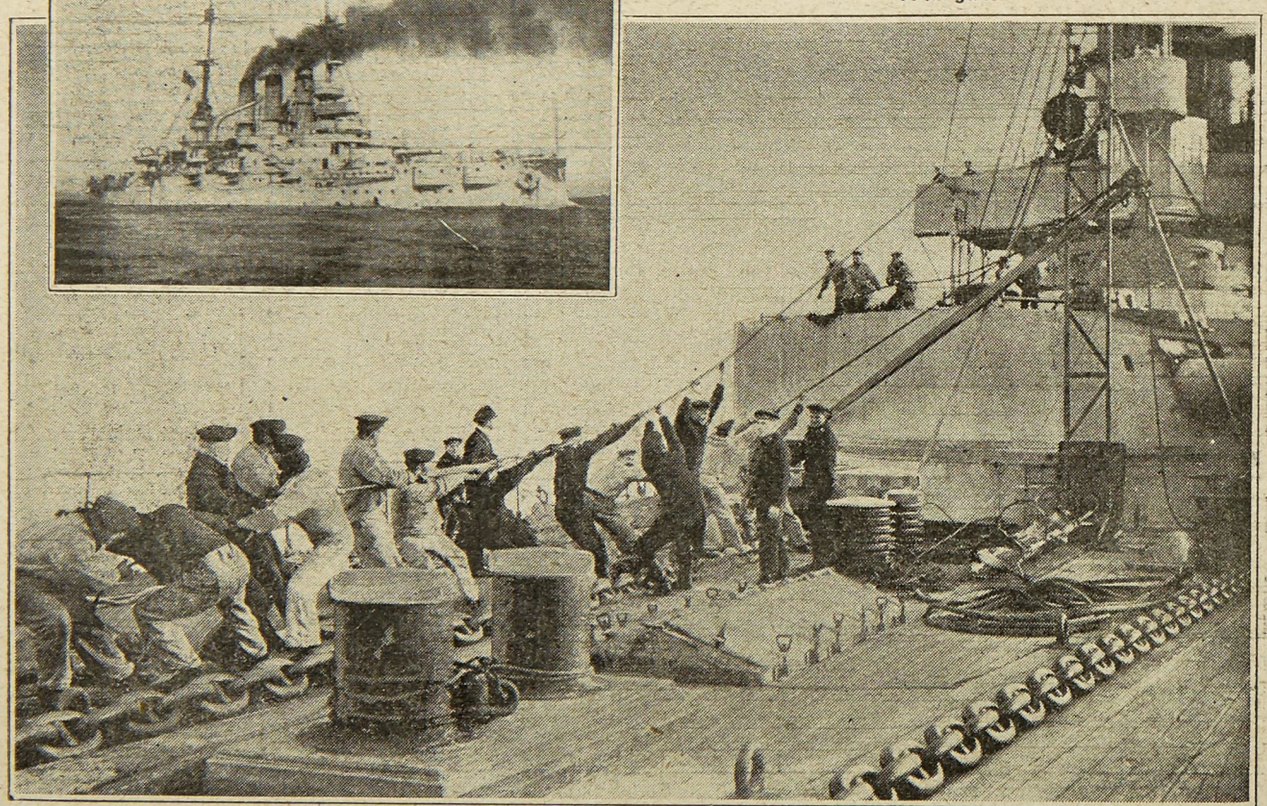
Rev. W. H. Le PATOUREL, H.M.S. Defence.

(Portraits by Russell, Swaine, Maull & Fox, Lafayette.)

German Ships Rehearsing for Jutland Battle



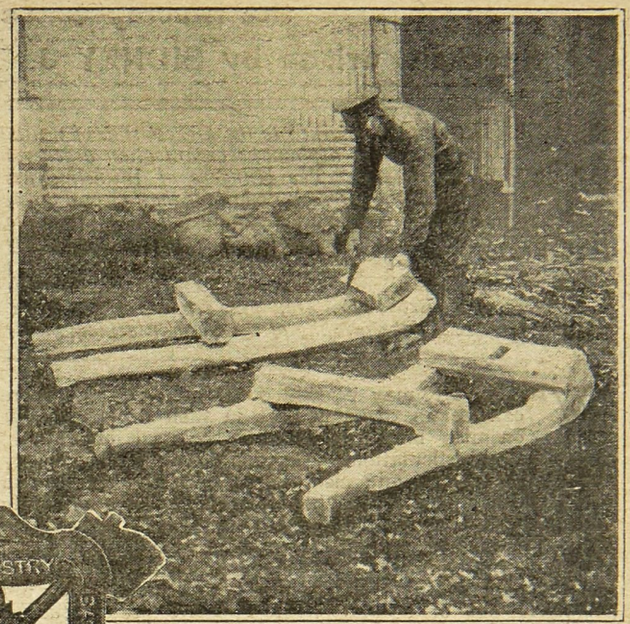
German battleship firing broadsides. Inset: Pommern, sunk in the North Sea fight. Completed in 1907, she mounted four 11 in. guns.



Clearing the decks for action. Another enemy photograph of the German Navy at work. Proportionately, the losses sustained by the German Fleet were overwhelmingly greater than those suffered by the British. The great German "victory" reduced the Kaiser's Fleet to comparative impotence.

Soldier-Lumbermen at Work in Windsor Park

Mars is blowing his bugle where once Herne the Hunter wound his horn. In Windsor Great Park men of the Canadian Forestry Battalion are felling Scotch firs.



Lumbermen, khaki-clad, are making the rough-hewn but most strong and serviceable sleds on which the fallen trunks are hauled away by teams of horses.

The Church militant smiles approval on a clean job. Scotch firs are being exported to France in large quantities to be used in the construction of trenches. Inset above: The badge of the Canadian Forestry Battalion.

BLUNDERS OF GERMAN DIPLOMACY

Enemy Opportunities Lost Through the Incompetence of Wilhelmstrasse

Specially written by SIDNEY J. LOW, M.A., for The War Illustrated.

If Germany attained to the highest state of military perfection during the forty-four years between 1870 *and* 1914, *her diplomatic organisation degenerated to a degree of futility which might disgrace tribes of aborigines. The blunders of Wilhelmstrasse are as the heel of Achilles, and have done more to neutralise German ambitions than several severe defeats in the field. The arrogant Junkers imagined that their military machine was strong enough to dispense with the subtler workings of the diplomatic mind. Hence the violation of Belgian neutrality, which awoke Germany's most powerful enemy from a dangerous lethargy. In the following article, which forms the third of our series on "The German Blunders," Mr. Sidney J. Low, M.A., the eminent writer and lecturer, author of "The Governance of the British Empire," puts readers of* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *in possession of salient facts concerning the atrophy of the German diplomatic brain, and their effect on the course of the war.*

WHATEVER may be said of German strategy there can be no question that in their diplomacy our enemies have made some colossal errors and astounding miscalculations. German diplomacy has nearly always been brutal and insolent. But in the hands of a Frederick or a Bismarck it has occasionally been as astute and successful as it has been remorselessly egotistical. In the present war, and still more in the transactions which led up to the conflict, it has shown no such qualities. It has revealed an ineptitude and a recklessness which are singularly out of keeping with Teutonic pretensions to exact knowledge and systematic thought.

The First Great Failure

The worst and the most irretrievable of the German mistakes was committed at the outset. Morality apart, the Kaiser's Government had some very good cards in its hands in the summer of 1914, when the General Staff informed it that the time had come for the conflict which it had been so long anticipating. A pretext had to be found, and the murder of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand was on the whole as favourable as could be expected. True, it was only by the most arrogant aggressiveness that Austria could make this a *casus belli* with Serbia, and so inevitably provoke Russia either to fight or yield. But nobody was eager to back Russia in that particular quarrel. Serbia had few friends; she still lay under the odium of the assassination of her late king and his wife; and the crime of Sarajevo renewed the memories of that odious tragedy. Neither Britain nor France was inclined to take undue risks for the unhappy little kingdom. Sir Edward Grey, though he protested against the cynical violence of the Austrian demand, frankly let it be known that we were not going to fight merely to redress the wrongs of Serbia. He went further. Britain, he said, would not intervene in a quarrel of Slav and Teuton. We could, and would, stand outside if the war were isolated in the East and South-East of Europe.

Germany Steels France to National Heroism

But the German Government took extreme care that it should not be so isolated. They intended to "have it out" with France this time, and were determined to precipitate that war on two fronts, in which, as the Potsdam experts assumed, they could overcome and humble both their armed neighbours. Even so, a subtle diplomacy would have sought to make France figure as the assailant rather than the victim. One can imagine how Bismarck, while irritating Russia beyond the bounds of patience, would have explained to the French that Germany had no quarrel with *them*, and would only use force against France to defend herself against attack. Instead of making every preparation for invading France, even while the issue with Russia was still in suspense, he would have left France to begin. This might have interfered with the Prussian General Staff's plan of a swoop on Paris, which after all failed; but it would have placed the Republican Government in a position of considerable embarrassment. The French people were not eager for war; they had no desire to try conclusions with their formidable neighbour; they knew little and cared less about the Balkans and the Near Eastern question generally; and they were not at all disposed to sacrifice themselves for the benefit of their Russian ally in a doubtful and ill-understood quarrel with Austria. If Germany had held back and spun out the time, so as to place upon the Republic the onus of attacking her, the French Ministers might have had a divided and hesitating country behind them. As it was, Germany resolved all doubts, and steeled the whole French people to a desperate and inexorable resistance, by showing them that they were fighting for sheer existence against ruthless and unprovoked aggression. It was the recklessness of German diplomacy, spurred on by the theories of a pedantic militarism, which turned France into a nation of heroes.

Bismarck Would Have Saved Belgium

And if German diplomacy blundered with France it blundered more inexcusably in its dealings with Great Britain. Here again, we must deem it fortunate that Bismarck died too soon. For the great Chancellor would not have forgotten the lesson of 1870; he would have remembered how, even in those pacific and Gladstonian days, we should have plunged into the fray the moment Belgian territory was touched. Bismarck would assuredly have told Potsdam that it must keep its hands off the Flemish kingdom, at least in the beginning. He would unhesitatingly have signed the pledge to respect Belgian territory. Later on—there might be time to reconsider the matter; but, in the first instance, the British Government would have got its undertaking from Germany as well as France.

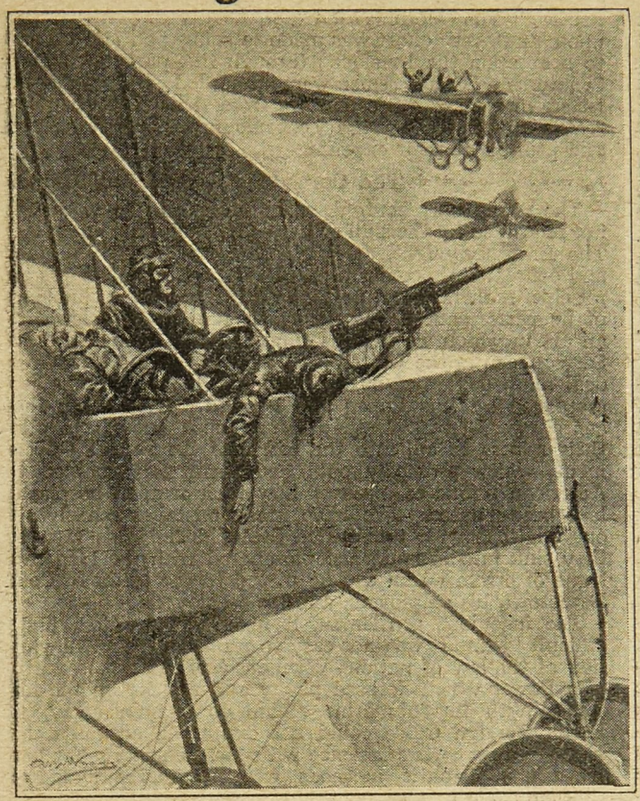
That might have interfered with the military scheme. But consider the difficulty in which it would have placed the British Cabinet! As it was, its position in those last hours of July, 1914, was sufficiently uncomfortable. It felt, or at least the more statesmanlike Ministers felt, that we could not stand by to see France crushed. But how were they to make that clear to a nation which knew nothing of the German designs, and entertained the utmost aversion to being mixed up in a purely Continental quarrel? On that fateful August 2nd, when our Fleet had already been mobilised and the workmen at Woolwich Arsenal had been asked to give up their Bank Holiday, when Lord Morley and Mr. John Burns had left the Cabinet, and some other Ministers, it was said, were considering resignation, tens of thousands of British people were asking one another what we were going to fight about. Serbia? But what was Serbia to us or we to Serbia? Russia—Austria—let them fight; it was no affair of ours.

Prussia Makes Britain's Casus Belli

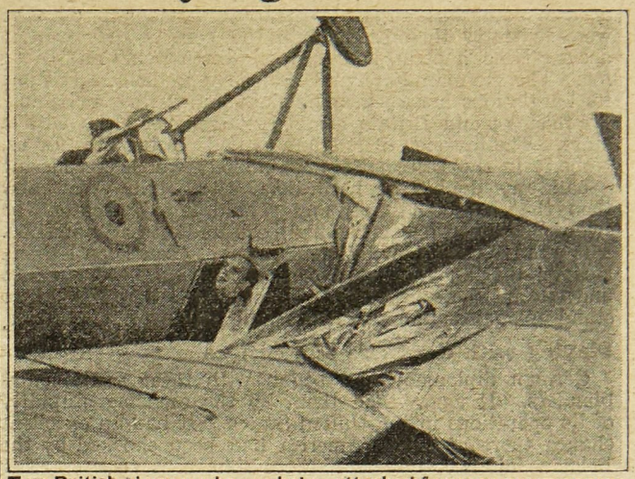
Even as between France and Germany opinion was divided and uncertain; for we had not read Bernhardi and Treitschke and the British White Book then, and what Prussianism was and meant was veiled from the general consciousness. After all, some people were saying, Germany had beaten France before, and we were none the worse for it. Was the blood of Britons to be poured out again on Continental battlegrounds over some diplomatic

[*Continued on page* 428.

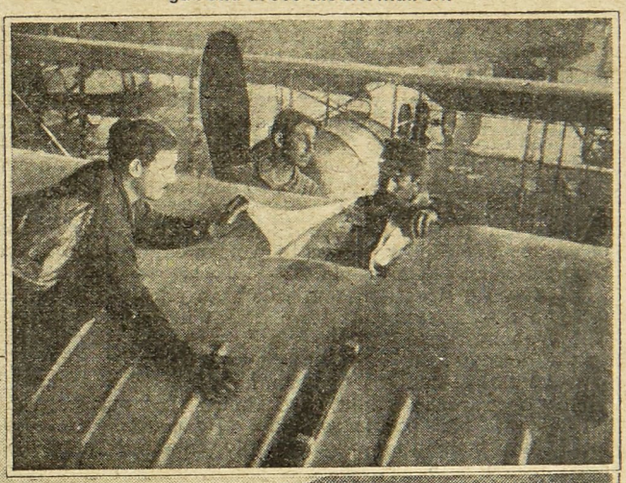
Thrilling Moments in the Flying Man's Car

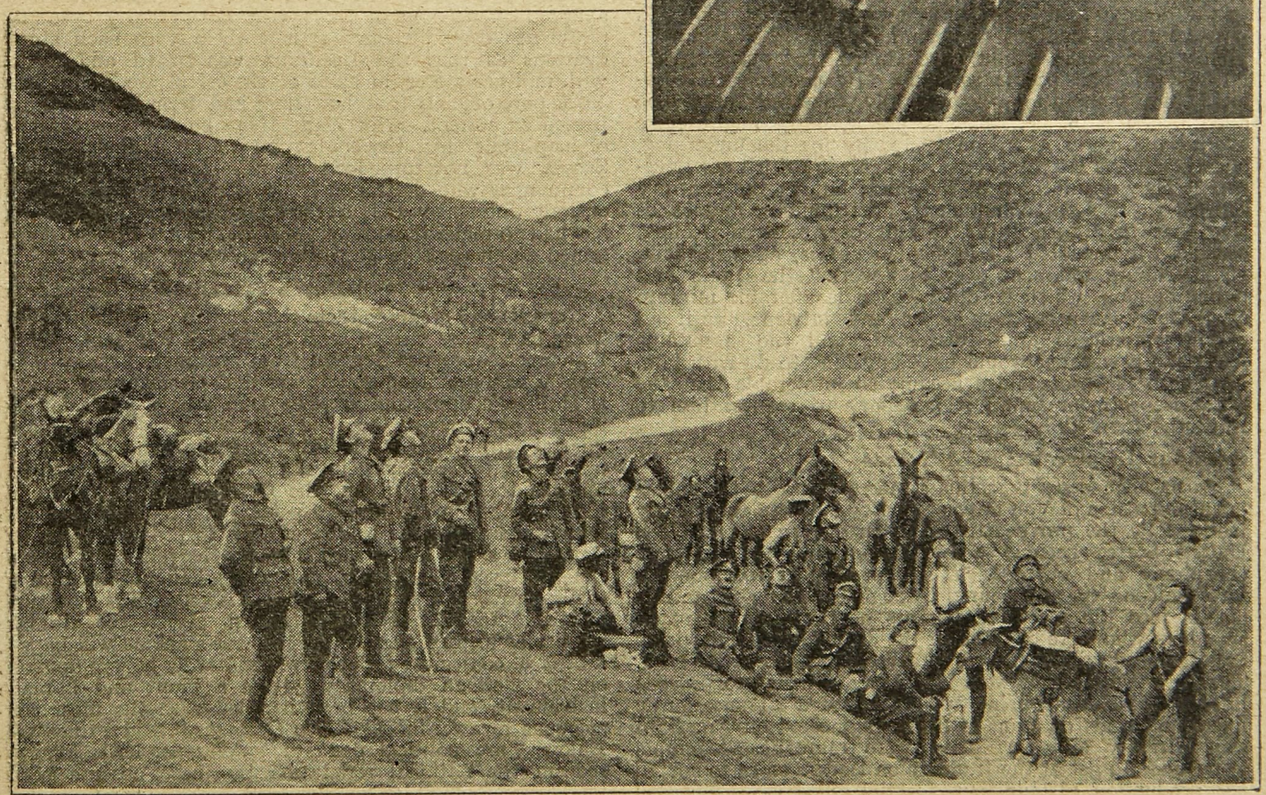


Heroic Italian aviator, Captain Salomone, who though attacked by Fokkers piloted his machine safely back. His two comrades were killed.



Two British airmen who, on being attacked from an enemy aeroplane while overhauling their machine, detached their machine-gun and drove the German off.





German aerial "liveliness" over a British position at Salonika treated as a joke by our soldiers, although a bomb can be seen bursting on the road a few yards away. (Official photograph issued by the Press Bureau.) Inset: French aviator repairing his machine. He shot down a Fokker, but his aeroplane was hit twice before the enemy fell to earth.

BLUNDERS OF GERMAN DIPLOMACY

(continued from page 426).

tangle, some spinning of cobwebs over the balance of power? The rights and wrongs for the moment were a little confused; and if Britons at home and overseas were to throw their hearts into the conflict they wanted a clear issue, a plain, honest cause worth living and dying for. The German Foreign Office gave it them. It flung its burglarious hordes into Belgium, murdering, ravishing, fire-raising; and Britain awakened from her sleep with a start. The invasion of Belgium settled the business for us. Nobody in the British Empire—nobody worth considering—had any doubts or hesitations after that. We knew then that we could not, and should not, "sheathe the sword" till the great crime had been undone and punished. But when I think how different it might have been I thank Heaven that the German Foreign Office was too blind to understand the sentiment of a free people or too weak to stand up against its bureaucrats and domineering generals.

Playing with the Stars and Stripes

German diplomacy had begun with these monumental blunders. It aggravated them by the amazing stupidity of its operations in the United States. It had an excellent chance there at first. America had been shocked by the Belgian iniquity, but there were numerous counteracting influences. The German element in the States was large and influential; the Irish were professionally anti-English; Americans generally were inclined to be suspicious of John Bull on the warpath, and nervously reminiscent of old troubles over the "freedom of the seas." A little friction on that familiar ground speedily developed. We exercised our belligerent rights with unusual, indeed undue, forbearance; but some ships had to be stopped, some contraband was confiscated, some Americans found their business interfered with, and a peace-loving President, with an eye on the next elections, was urged to deal with Great Britain in a spirited fashion. Dr. Wilson, anxious to oblige pro-German and pro-Irish voters, as well as hustling exporters of cotton and copper, began to pepper our Foreign Office with Notes and Memoranda.

Here was a situation from which an adroit and tactful German diplomacy might have drawn infinite advantage. The Wilhelmstrasse and the Washington Embassy used it to the exceeding injury of their own cause. If they had possessed the smallest understanding of the American temperament, they would have known that our excellent kinsfolk are bad people to bully. By courtesy, forbearance, and moderation, by skilfully enlarging upon the alleged abuses of British sea-power, they might have evoked the ready American sympathy for the under-dog, and the always latent antagonism against British assertiveness. They did nothing of the kind; but on the contrary showed themselves so impudent, unscrupulous, and offensive that they turned the current of American feeling, outside "hyphenated" and Fenian circles, against them. Dr. Dernburg was sent over to "work" the Press and public opinion, which he did with an insufferable mixture of flattery, menace, mendacity, and intrigue, until all decent Americans were disgusted, and no reputable American newspaper would have anything to do with him. At length his proceedings became so intolerable that the State Department found it necessary to request him to leave the country.

Germans Inspire Reign of Terror

No one can deny that this strong step, with the subsequent expulsion of Von Papen and Boy-Ed, was abundantly justified by the provocation which had been given. The United States became a breeding-ground for Teutonic conspiracy and outrage. A stream of gold was pumped into the country, and poured through the Embassy and its agents into the receptive pockets of the scoundrels and swindlers who were engaged in the discreditable enterprise. Sabotage and ruffianism were spread broadcast over the land. The New York police were kept busy in trying to prevent infernal machines being placed aboard Transatlantic liners and raids on Canada being engineered on American soil. Bribery and corruption were rampant. Attempts were made to get at the trade-union leaders so as to curtail the production of munitions for the allied Governments; cartridges and shells for their armies were tampered with; incendiary fires occurred in factories engaged in fulfilling their orders.

This was bad enough, but what the Americans resented even more was German interference in their domestic politics. The "hyphenated" voter was diligently played upon, and every effort was made to bring political pressure to bear upon the President through the party machinery. Senators and Congressmen were inundated with pro-German letters and petitions, ostensibly from their constituents, in reality fabricated by the Teutonic propagandist agencies and printed at their expense.

The Comedy of Papen and Boy-Ed

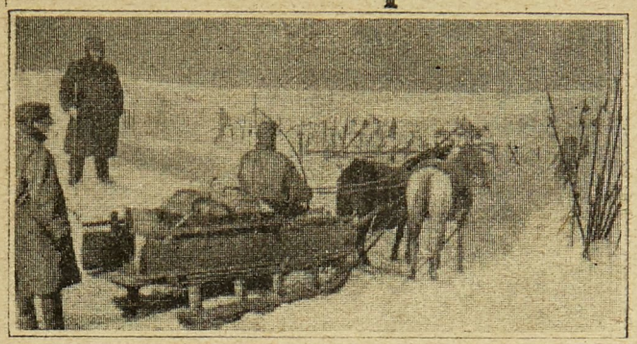
The disgraceful Teutonic machinations in America were not redeemed by the skill with which they were conducted. The Embassy might, at least, have covered up its tracks and concealed its connection with the outrage-mongers and mischief-makers. But nothing could exceed the clumsiness of its performances. Espionage is not usually considered an art in which we Britons shine; but the English Secret Service men in the United States proved themselves a good deal more dexterous at their trade than the strange crew employed by Von Papen and Boy-Ed. Even when these gentry were expelled, they were foolish enough to allow their papers to fall into the hands of the British Government, which promptly published them, and enabled the American public to discover how their neutral hospitality had been abused. We have made mistakes ourselves in our relations with the United States during this war, but they sink into insignificance compared with the long catalogue of errors which can be placed to the credit of Count Bernstorff, his employers, and his employees.

The ingenious gentleman, it must be admitted, had a difficult task. It was not easy to protest against the violation of the law of nations when one was the representative of a Power which licensed piracy and murder on the high seas. With its submarine record to explain away, the Berlin Foreign Office could not expect an argumentative victory in its correspondence with Mr. Lansing. Yet here, too, its diplomatic methods were singularly maladroit. Presumably it was unable to keep its friends at the Imperial Admiralty from such hideous shocks to American sentiment as the Lusitania, Arabic, and Sussex atrocities. But nothing could have been more ill-chosen than the line it adopted in defence of these crimes. Properly speaking, it did not defend them; it met them with such stupid evasions as that the Lusitania was armed and loaded with military stores, in spite of the certificate of the New York port officials that her cargo had been examined and passed as correct. Nor could there be a better example of ineptitude than the contention set up at first that the Sussex was not torpedoed at all, since the submarine commander who destroyed her had drawn a sketch of an entirely different vessel! It is lucky for Germany that she has had to make these representations to a President determined at all costs to keep his country out of the conflict.

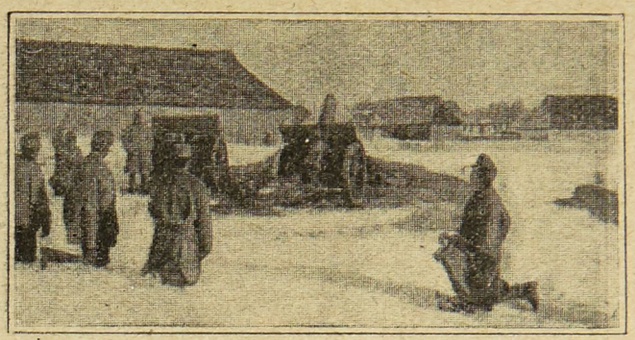
Dutch Friendliness Torpedoed

Nor is it any credit to them that Holland is not estranged. They had every chance with the Dutch kingdom. Many Dutchmen were pro-German from sentiment; many more from a well-grounded conviction that Germany's difficulty is Holland's opportunity. The Dutch have made far too much money out of their big neighbours to be anxious to quarrel with them, and Dutch friendly neutrality is all-important to a country invested by land and sea. With all this to restrain them, the German Admiralty roused furious anger in Holland by getting the finest ship of the Dutch mercantile marine wantonly torpedoed; and the German Foreign Office responded to the just complaint of the aggrieved Government by pretending, in the face of easily-established facts, that the Tubantia was not sunk by the agency of their countrymen. What the ultimate verdict of history on the German war-machine will be is a matter of conjecture; but there can hardly be two opinions on the German diplomacy. It is a blunt and ill-made instrument, and it has been handled with the most conspicuous awkwardness. "We Germans," said Prince von Bülow, "are political donkeys." Whether he is going to redeem the national reputation by those obscure peace intrigues on which he is understood to be engaged we shall see in due course. It seems unlikely.

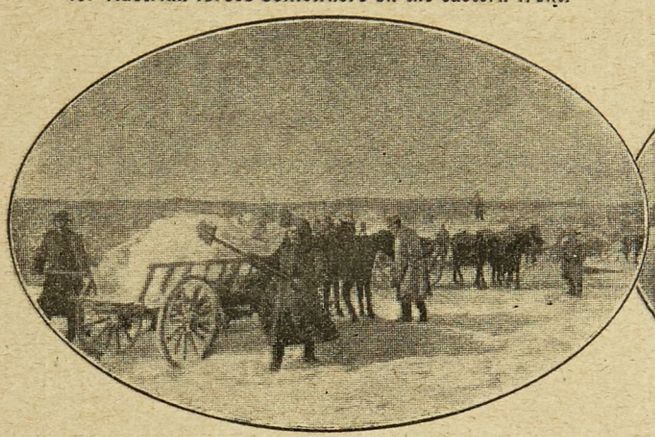
Austrians Prepare for New Russian Offensive



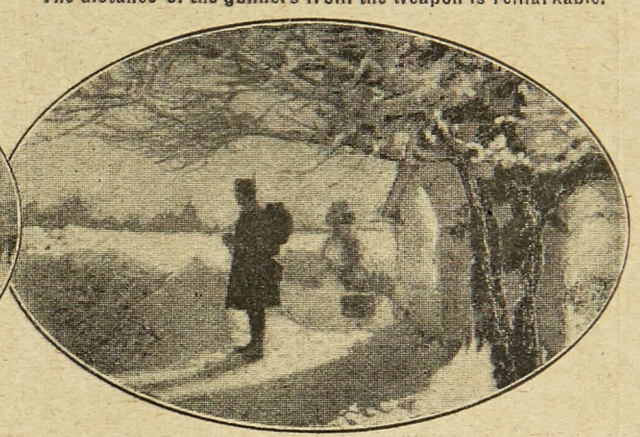
Bringing up supplies of machine-gun ammunition by sledge for Austrian forces somewhere on the eastern front.



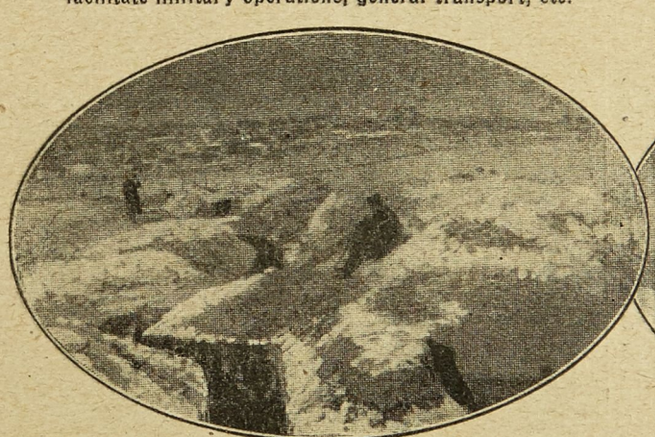
Austrian field-howitzer about to fire against Russian stronghold. The distance of the gunners from the weapon is remarkable.



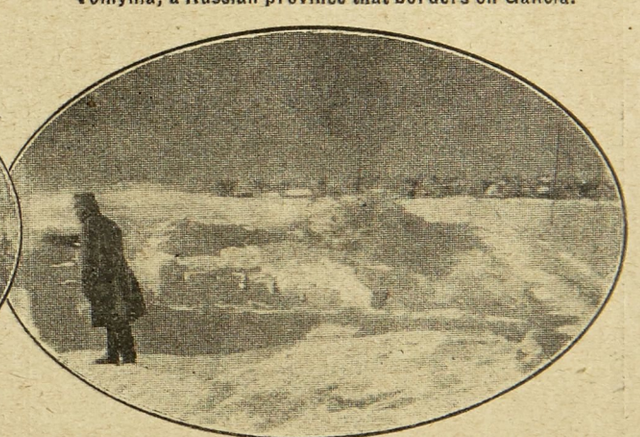
Some of Franz Josef's soldiers disposing of the snow to facilitate military operations, general transport, etc.



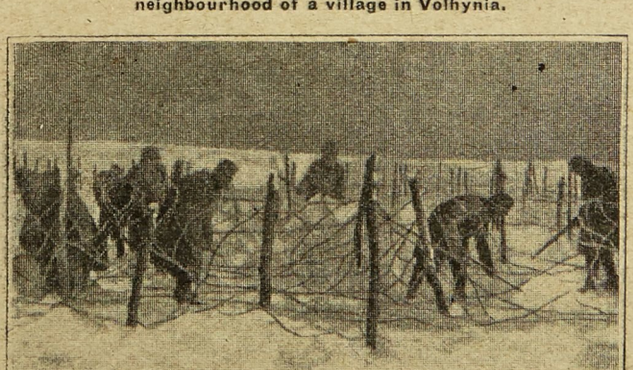
A long and lonely vigil in the snow. Austrian outpost in Volhynia, a Russian province that borders on Galicia.



A bleak and barren waste. Abandoned Russian trenches in the neighbourhood of a village in Volhynia.

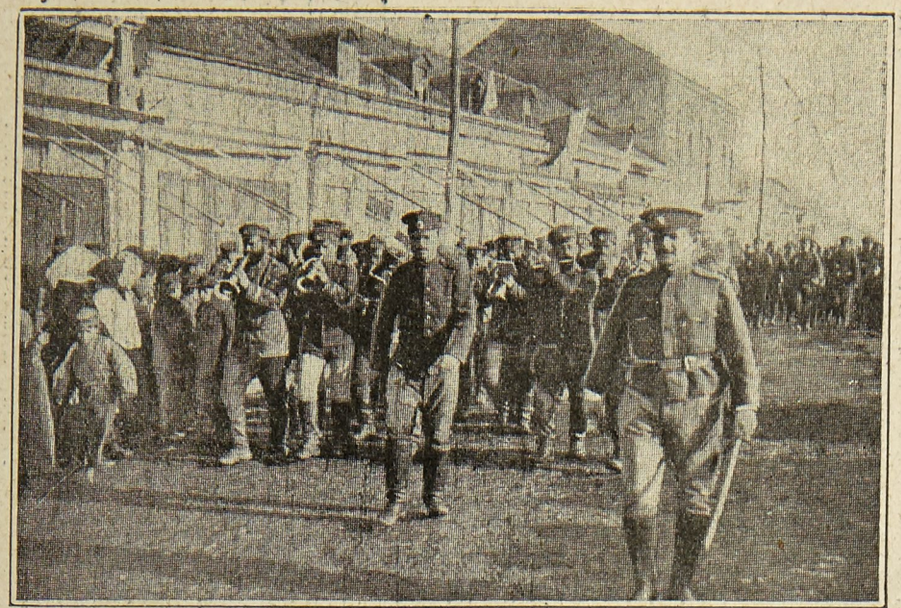


In Central Europe, where bitter cold prevailed. Austrian soldier surveying the enemy position from a captured fort.



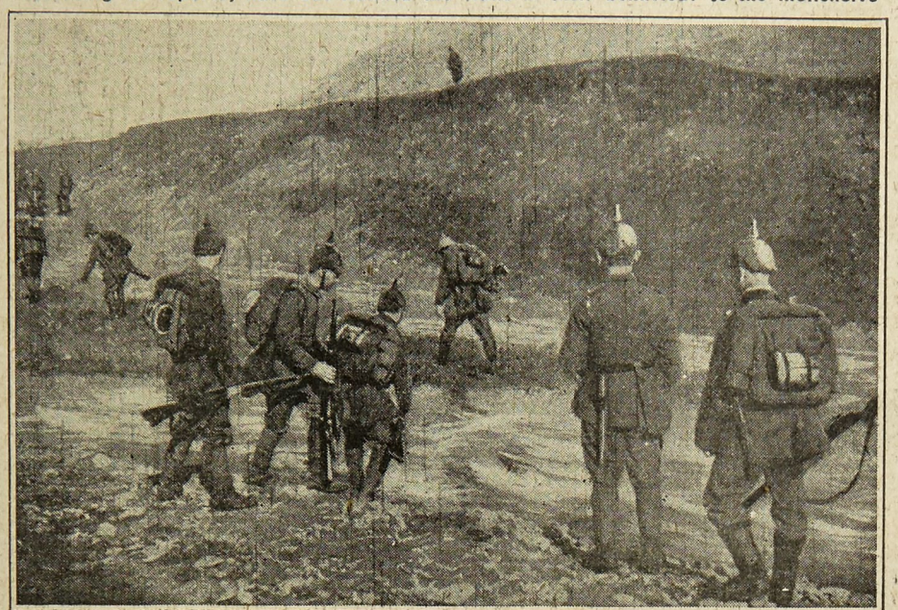
During a lull in the fighting. Honved troops repairing barbed-wire entanglements destroyed by a violent blizzard.

Held fast in a drift. Austrian battery up to its axles in snow, on its way towards the fighting front.

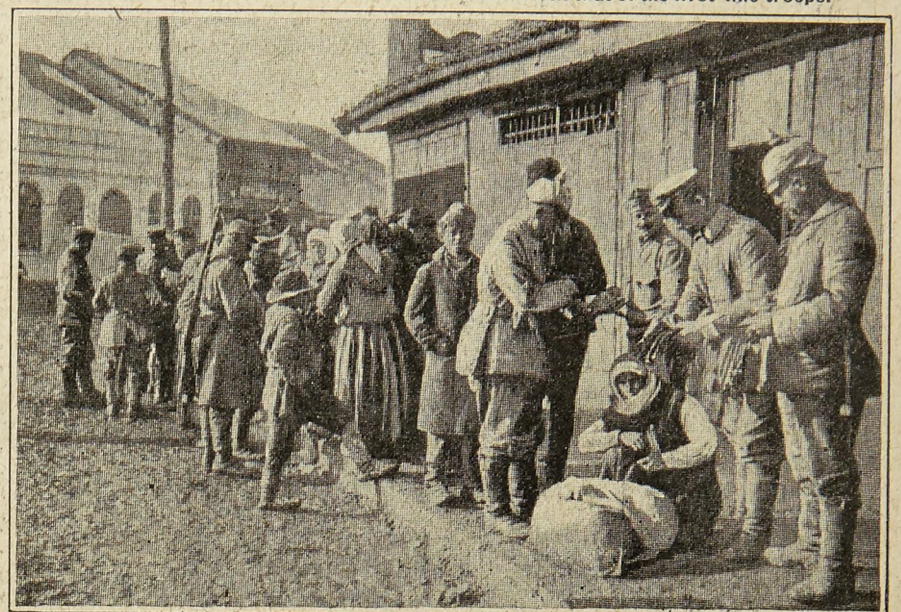


Bulgarian troops entering a town in the Balkans with their band playing. The Bulgarians, according to reports, have out-Hunned the Huns in their behaviour to the inoffensive peasantry.

Right: German Landsturm marching through a Macedonian town. It will be noticed that the Landsturm wear a different uniform from that of the first-line troops.

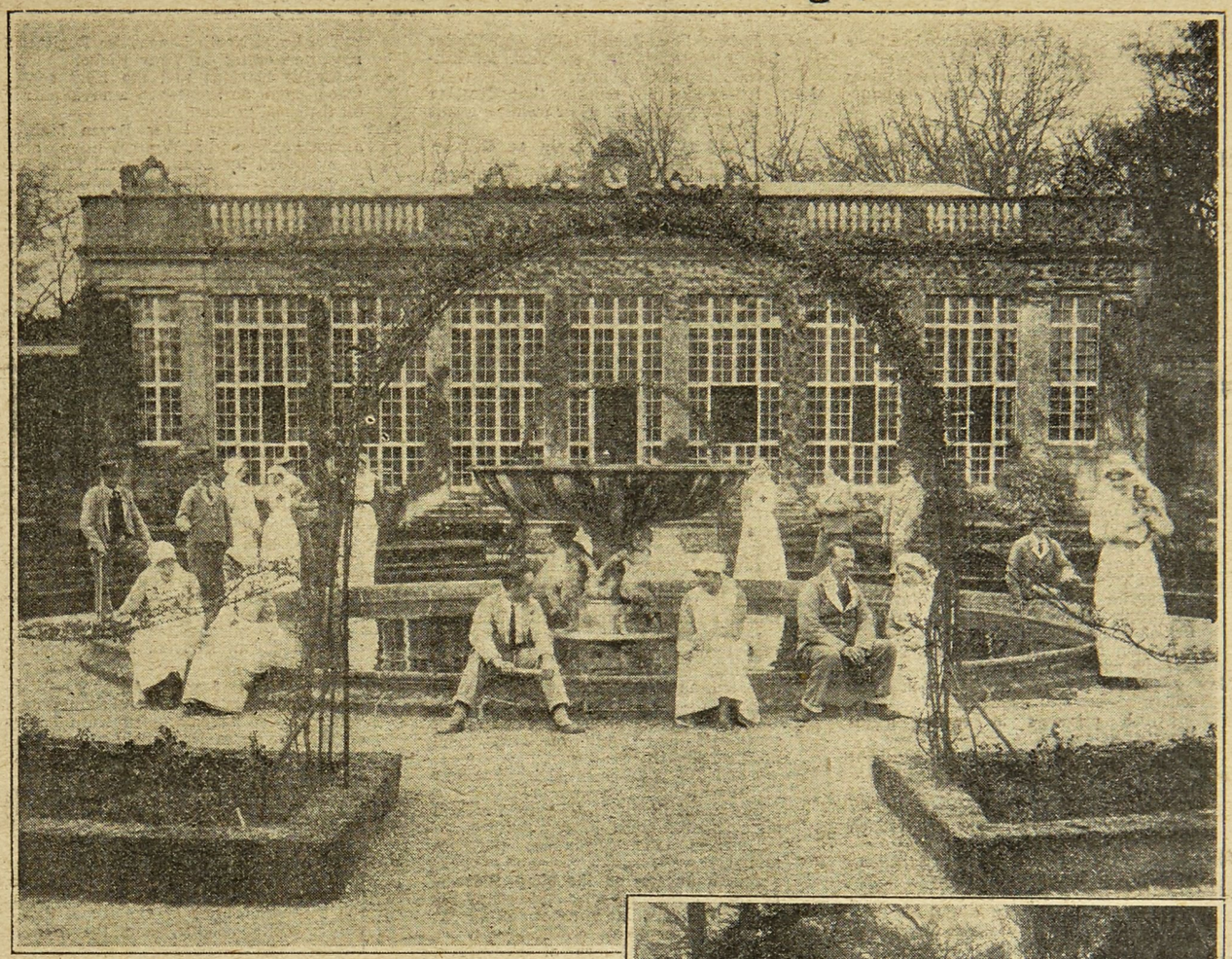


WITH ENEMY FORCES IN THE BALKANS.—German soldiery crossing a stream in the mountainous regions of Albania.

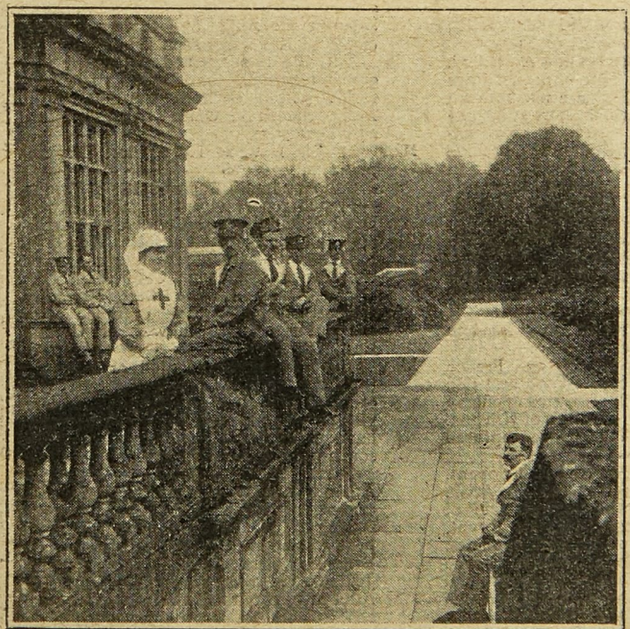


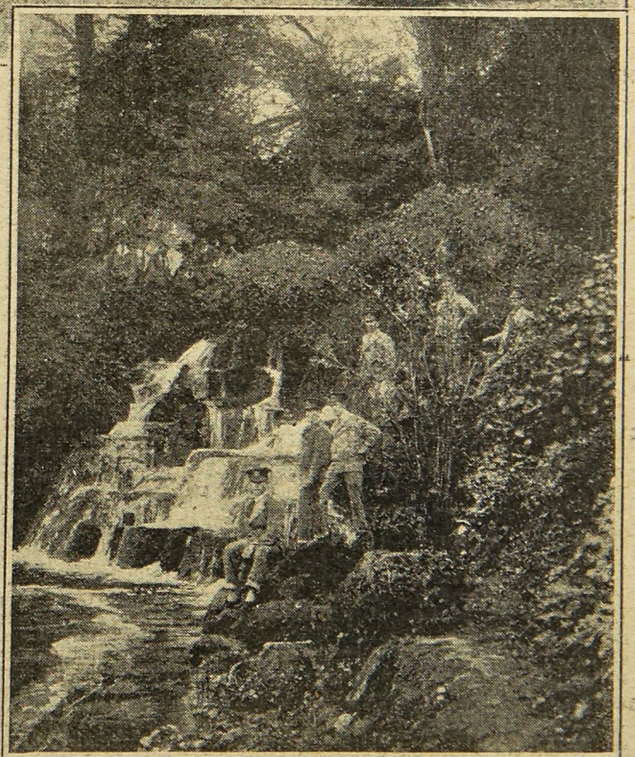
Right: German troops in a Macedonian town buying tobacco from a Serbian pedlar. Though a large number of Serbian peasants retreated with King Peter's Army, many remained to barter with the invader.

Haunts of Peace After the Nightmare of War



The Marquis and Marchioness of Bath have converted Longleat into a relief hospital, and for some time past wounded soldiers have found rest and healing amid its lovely peace.





Longleat, the country seat of the Thynne family, is one of the stately homes of England that still stand beautiful because no Huns have invaded our land. It is just that it should be opened to men who have helped to keep it inviolate. Left: On the terrace. Right: By the waterfall.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, May 1st to 31st, 1916

MAY 1.—All rebels in Dublin reported to have surrendered and the city "quite safe."

Admiralty announces loss through mines of the armed yacht Aegusa and the mine-sweeper Nasturtium.

Russian push north-east of Bagdad.

"Summer time" begins in Germany.

MAY 2.—French attack enemy's positions south-east of Fort Douaumont, and carry 500 yards of a first-line trench.

Germans attempt assaults east of Ypres, north of Albert, and on Belgian front, but are stopped by artillery fire.

War Office announces General Townshend's sick and wounded have been exchanged for equivalent number of Turkish prisoners.

Five Zeppelins raid North-East Coast of England and South-East Coast of Scotland; 9 killed, 29 injured.

MAY 3.—Hostile aeroplane drops bombs on Deal; two men and one woman injured.

French carry German positions to north-west of Dead Man Hill; 100 prisoners and four machine-guns taken.

Mr. Birrell resigns Irish Secretaryship.

P. H. Pearse, Thomas J. Clarke, and Thomas MacDonagh, signatories to Irish Republican Proclamation, shot.

Mr. Asquith introduces his Bill for compulsory service of all men between 18 and 41.

Zeppelin L20 destroyed off Stavanger (Norway), on way back from raid on British coast, May 2.

Belgian forces land on German shore of Lake Kivu, East Africa.

MAY 4.—More Russian troops reach Marseilles.

British prisoners in enemy hands reported at 37,047.

Zeppelin L7 destroyed by British light cruisers Galatea and Phaeton and a submarine off Schleswig.

Four more Irish rebel leaders shot.

Austrian destroyer sunk by French submarine Bernouilli.

MAY 5.—Zeppelin destroyed off Salonika; 4 officers, 8 men made prisoners.

MAY 6.—Germany's reply to the American Note on submarine warfare published.

Mr. Lloyd George speaks at Conway on case for equal service.

MAY 7.—Strong German attack on French front between Hill 304 and Dead Man Hill, enemy penetrating into communication trench to east of former. Between Haudromont Wood and Douaumont Fort he gains a footing in French first line over a distance of 300 yards.

General Pétain promoted Commander-in-Chief of the Central Armies between Soissons and Verdun.

Russians capture Turkish defences north-east of Bagdad.

Two naval aeroplanes missing; body of Flight Sub-Lieut. H. R. Simms picked up at sea, and the observer Sub-Lieut. C. J. Mullens missing. German claim to have sunk submarine E31 by gun fire denied.

Air-raid on Port Said; three civilians wounded.

MAY 8.—**British Trench Raids.**—North of Thiepval Wood troops of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers and Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers raid enemy trenches. Near Fromelles also units of these troops raid hostile trenches.

Anzacs in France.—War Office announces that Australian and New Zealand troops have arrived in France. General Birdwood in command.

Italian troops land at Bardia, near Sollum.

White Star liner Cymric torpedoed and sunk in Atlantic by a submarine; five of crew killed.

MAY 9.—Three violent German attacks in the region of Hill 304, with large forces, smashed by the French fire. Counter-attacks drive enemy from points of French first line he was occupying north-west of the Thiaumont Farm.

Robert Fay, Paul Dasche, and Walter Scholz sentenced in New York for conspiracy to blow up ships.

MAY 10.—Petrograd reports that Russian troops have occupied Kasr-i-Shirin, about 100 miles from Bagdad.

President Wilson's reply to German Note published.

Strong German attack west of Hill 304 completely repulsed by French.

Germans admit sinking of the Sussex by submarine.

MAY 11.—**Sir John Nixon's despatch** on the Battle of Ctesiphon and retreat to Kut published.

Mr. Asquith leaves London for Dublin.

Total German losses to end of April officially stated at 2,822,079.

German attack west of the Vaux Pond (north-east of Verdun) repulsed.

Total casualties to date in Irish rebellion published—1,315; 13 rebels executed.

MAY 12.—Enemy captures 500 yards of our front trenches north-east of Vermelles. Portion of lost ground regained.

French airship "T" lost off Sardinia.

At Verdun the French extend their positions south-east of Haucourt.

MAY 13.—Germans, after very heavy bombardment, attack our lines about Ploegsteert Wood, but are repulsed.

Small monitor M30 lost in Mediterranean; two men killed and two wounded

MAY 14.—**German East Africa.**—Reported that three days' attacks by enemy in direction of Kondoa Irangi have been defeated, and that Belgians have entered Kigali.

Austrians begin attack on Italian front south-east and south of Trent, and advance slightly.

MAY 15.—Sir Roger Casement charged at Bow Street with high treason.

Statement by Sir E. Grey to American interviewer on allied policy published.

Russians take Revanduzo (Mesopotamia).

British Success on the Vimy Ridge.—Lancashire Fusiliers seize and occupy the enemy's forward line in Artois, on a front of 250 yards.

MAY 16.—Austrians launch attack against Italians on a narrow front between Zugna Torta and the Val Sugano.

Sir Douglas Haig reports 27 combats in the air; an Albatross was attacked, driven down, and wrecked near Lille; another driven down north of Vitry.

Lord Curzon president of new Air Board.

North Sea Naval Fight.—An encounter takes place off the Belgian coast between British destroyers and monitors and some German destroyers. After a short engagement the enemy withdraws. Our force had no casualties.

MAY 17.—Anzac column in Sinai Peninsula successfully attacks enemy troops at Bayoud and Mageibra.

Raiding parties of Seaforths enter German trenches north of Roclincourt (north-east of Arras). Three dug-outs full of Germans are bombed, one being blown up.

Mr. Balfour's statement on "freedom of the seas" published.

MAY 18.—Big enemy attack on French positions in the Avocourt Wood and Hill 304 repulsed. French seize strong enemy fort on the north-eastern slope of Hill 304.

Mine crater on Vimy Ridge captured by the enemy.

Royal Commission on Irish rising opens.

Successful bombardment of El Arish, important post on the Turkish line of communications from Syria to Egypt, by British ships, aeroplanes, and seaplanes.

MAY 19.—Fierce German attack on French lines between the Wood of Avocourt and Hill 304. The enemy captures a small work south of Hill 287.

Italian Retreat on Trentino Front.

General Gorringe takes the Dujailar Redoubt on the Tigris.

The Loyal North Lancashire Regiment recapture crater on Vimy Ridge.

Hostile seaplane raid the Kent coast. One brought down later by a naval patrol off the coast of Belgium.

MAY 20.—Lieut.-General Sir Bryan Mahon assumes command in Western Egypt, and is succeeded by Lieut.-General Milne at Salonika.

Russian cavalry join General Gorringe's troops on the Tigris.

MAY 21.—French capture two German trenches between Avocourt Wood and the Meuse, and on the right bank of the river the Haudromont quarries.

The Summer Time Act comes into force.

Germans gain 1,500 yards of British front-line trenches on the Vimy Ridge.

MAY 22.—South bank of Tigris as far as the Shat-el-Hai reported clear of the enemy.

French troops re-enter part of Douaumont Fort.

MAY 23.—**Forces of disaffected Sultan of Darfur defeated** by British column, and his capital, El Fasher, entered.

Italians withdraw between the Astico and the Brenta (north-east of Rovereto) and in the Sugana Valley.

MAY 24.—Verdun Battle. The Germans, after heavy sacrifices, enter the village of Cumières, and reoccupy Fort Douaumont.

MAY 25.—Military Service Act receives Royal assent.

British aeroplanes bomb Turkish posts at Rodh Salem, El Hamma, Bir Bayud, Bir Salmana.

MAY 26.—**General Smuts' Advance.**—War Office announces that General Smuts' advanced troops have occupied Rufu Lager on the Usambara Railway, Lembeni (on the same railway), and Ngulu, eight miles south-east of Lembeni.

MAY 27.—In fierce counter-attack at Cumières the French win back eastern part, and make progress at Hill 304.

Death of General Gallieni.

MAY 28.—**Bulgarian Invasion of Greece.**—Reported that Bulgarian troops operating in the Struma Valley advance and occupy the southern outlet of the Rupel Pass, the adjacent heights, and the Demir Hissar Bridge.

MAY 29.—Germans suffer a sanguinary reverse in a violent attack on Hill 304.

Tyrol Battle.—Continued Austrian attacks against the Italian positions between the Adige and the Arsa Valley (south of Rovereto) repulsed.

A White Paper issued containing telegrams regarding the Bagdad Expedition which passed between the Viceroy of India, the India Office, Generals Nixon and Townshend.

MAY 30.—Sir Douglas Haig's first despatch published.

One Hundredth Day of Battle of Verdun.—French report violent attack between Dead Man Hill and Cumières. Farther east, in region of the Caurettes Wood, the French withdraw a few hundred yards to south of Bethincourt-Cumières Road.

War Office reports that Brigadier-General Northey has occupied New Langenburg, in south-west of German East Africa.

MAY 31.—With unprecedented artillery fire the Germans make repeated attacks east of Dead Man Hill and around Cumières village. The French repulse enemy but have to evacuate their first-line trench south-west of Cumières.

Great Naval Fight off Jutland.—Admiral Beatty engages German battle-cruiser squadron and battle fleet off Danish coast, inflicting and sustaining heavy losses. On the advent of the British battle fleet, under Admiral Jellicoe, the enemy disperses and retreats. Admiralty counts 18 German ships sunk against our 14, among latter being the battle-cruisers Queen Mary, Indefatigable, Invincible, and the cruisers Defence, Black Prince, and Warrior.

The Great Summer Campaign

By Our War Correspondent F. A. McKENZIE

THE great offensive has begun, but in a way which few anticipated—not by us, but by the Germans. There comes as I write news from many parts of active fighting and of enemy attacks.

At Hooge, the foremost sector of the terrible Ypres salient, the Canadians, scarcely emerged from their fierce crater fighting at St. Eloi, are now engaged in a grimmer and a harder struggle. The Germans seem making ready for a third battle of Ypres, to outrival the first two great battles there. On the Meuse heights and around Verdun the long-draw-out campaign continues more determined than ever. The Germans are only defeated once to come back again and again.

On the Italian front the Austrian armies are striving hard to reach the rich plains of Lombardy. In Greece both the Bulgarians and General Sarrail, the allied commander, are making active preparations which seem to ensure hard fighting, possibly before this article is published. On the Russian front our gallant and splendid allies, believing that their moment has come, are not content to rest still while Germany throws her forces to the west, but are preparing for an advance themselves. If events mean anything, Germany will strain every nerve during the next few weeks to force a decision in the war.

Beware of False Prophets

Many people in our country have built their hopes of victory on the supposition that Germany is now short of men and short of shells. Recent fighting has proved beyond doubt that this is not so. At the present moment there is no shortage of men. Germany is squandering them in wholesale fashion, and is able to bring up division after division to replace those that have gone. As for munitions, particularly big shells, Germany is better provided with big guns and with abundant shells to-day than she was a year ago.

Our own experiences at St. Eloi and at Hooge during the past few months show this. When by a very brave dash the Fusiliers captured the first and second German lines at St. Eloi, the enemy at once opened a terrific artillery fire on that point. The Fusiliers were transferred elsewhere, and were followed by the Canadians.

Shell Torrent on British Trenches

St. Eloi was bad, but in the fighting between Hooge and Hill 60 on Friday and Saturday, June 2nd and 3rd, the German guns made the shells of St. Eloi seem like child's play. Aerial torpedoes, "oil cans," "Jack Johnsons," shells from every kind of gun from heavy howitzers to trench mortars were employed. The main weapon of the Germans, however, was high explosives from 4·2 to 5·9 in. guns, and these were delivered in such quantities that for hours at a time the entire surface around the trenches seemed like an active volcano spitting fire. Besides covering the whole area of the trenches—some 3,000 yards long—with an unceasing torrent of shells, the Germans were able to maintain a screen of fire considerably behind our lines, a screen of fire so constant and so effective that it was impossible for anyone to get away or any relief to come. The troops caught in this rain of death at Hooge could do nothing except seek the shelter of their dug-outs and wait for the dug-outs to be broken down by the high explosives. It was impossible to advance, impossible to retire, impossible for infantrymen to reply. Happily it was not impossible for our own artillery to join in and pour on the Germans a fire which at least, so far as the heavy shells were concerned, rivalled their own.

We have not yet established a permanent ascendancy over the Germans in artillery, and until we do it is impossible to accomplish much. Last year, as everyone now admits, our efforts were largely wrecked owing to our marked inferiority in shells. Then came the exposure by the "Times," the appointment of Mr. Lloyd George to the Ministry of Munitions, and the terrific effort on our part. What the Ministry of Munitions has done has been little short of miraculous. But, great as our own effort has been, that of the Germans has been equally great. It has taken them a little time to come up to us. When I was last at the front, in February, it seemed as though we were then markedly ahead of the enemy. It is difficult to think so now.

This summer fighting may well cause some of the people who have been talking and writing extensively about the exhaustion of men in Germany to revise their opinions. I recall that well over a year ago we were treated to long descriptions of the greybeards and callow youths then supposed to be filling up the vacant places in the German ranks. About the same time one of the then most widely read and influential critics of the war staked his reputation on a declaration that Germany had made her last offensive in the west. To-day we are being treated to the same old stories. Is there any more reason for believing them now than there was then?

German Numbers Analysed

Facile optimism such as this is sure of an appreciative public, at least for a time. But, to my mind, it is folly and worse to blind one's eyes to obvious facts. We are not going to win the war by underrating the enemy. I find nothing in the known facts to convince me that the German armies are less efficient to-day than a year ago. At the beginning of the war the German armies were estimated at 8,000,000. Their casualties have amounted to about 3,000,000, with perhaps another 1,000,000 sick. Not more than one-half of this 4,000,000 have been permanently disabled, although the permanently disabled or killed include nearly the whole of the first line of troops. But while Germany has probably lost 2,000,000 since August, 1914, she has gained numbers of young men who have become of age to fight since then, numbers of men brought in by extension of time of service, and a very important and numerous army of volunteers.

No Falling in Condition

I have read many accounts of the supposed degeneration of the German fighting forces. I have further had opportunity of seeing for myself something of what is happening at the front, and have cross-examined numbers of people who have been brought in direct contact with the German troops during the past few months. Nothing that I have seen personally, nothing that I have heard from first-hand witnesses, has given me reason to hope that the German soldier of to-day is of a markedly lower type than he was a year ago. It is useless for us to entertain delusions on this matter. "If a man robs me once," says the old proverb, "it is his fault. If he robs me twice, it is my fault." The fact that we have been deceived once by excessively optimistic accounts of German exhaustion in men, by English professional optimists, ought to prevent us from being deceived again.

Any hopes built upon the supposed exhaustion of the enemy may well prove false. To publish such hopes at this stage of the war is, I believe, little short of a crime against our own country, because it encourages people to slacken off and to regard the war as already decided. The only plan by which we can hope to triumph over the foe is to beat him in the field. To beat him in the field we need more men, the better grouping of our men in order to get the best out of each, more munitions, bigger guns, and more initiative. A waiting policy is the wrong policy.

To strike, to strike hard, and to keep on striking, is the A B C of successful war.

AUSTRIANS FALL BACK IN VOLHYNIA

On page 429 will be found a series of special photographs bearing on the great Russian offensive in Volhynia, bordering on Galicia, where our ally is making a strong push against the Austrians. In spite of great preparation, which proceeded during the winter and late into the spring, the enemy was unable to withstand the hammer blows of General Brussiloff's superb artillery, and, in some places, retired over three miles. Between 25,000 and 30,000 Austrian prisoners have been captured by the Russians, as well as a large number of guns.

Jutland Proves our Naval Supremacy

Notes and Comments on the Great Battle

ONE of the theories of the critics upset by the great naval battle off the coast of Jutland was the comfortable idea that in any effective naval engagement one side was likely to score disproportionately to the other. This theory, of course, was based upon the superior efficiency in guns which one side or other would be likely to bring to bear and so decide the action. It held good in the Battle off Coronel when Cradock was outranged by Von Spee, and later in the Battle off the Falkland Islands when Von Spee in turn was outranged by Sturdee. In both of these interesting and important engagements the victorious side came out practically scathless. In the great Battle off Jutland, however, despite the fact that the British Cruiser Fleet was forced to engage practically the whole of the German naval strength, and that most of the destruction was done before our Grand Fleet came into action, the loss on both sides was remarkably balanced.

Probably the urgency of engaging the enemy so closely as Admiral Beatty had to do explains this equality of destruction. Our battle-cruisers could have saved their skins by relying on their immense speed, but in doing so they could have made no effective hits on the most important German units, and it may yet be proved that, severe though our losses were, the results achieved entirely justify them. In any case, every day that has passed since the news was published of this, the greatest naval battle ever fought, has helped to remove the first gloomy impression, until what at first seemed a check to British sea-power, can only be regarded as a further and indelible affirmation of our naval supremacy.

The Price of Admiralty

In a naval engagement so intense as this one, hope could only be faint that the loss of life would be much less than the total complement of the ships destroyed. There are no survivors from the crews of the Indefatigable, Defence, Black Prince, Tipperary, Turbulent, Nomad, and Nestor; only six wounded and thirty-five unwounded survivors from those of the Queen Mary, Invincible, Fortune, Ardent, and Shark. The loss of officers—three hundred and thirty-three killed and twenty-four wounded—is equally severe. Four were saved from the Queen Mary, five from the Invincible, none from the other ships named here.

Two of our three lost battle-cruisers, the Queen Mary and the Invincible, took part with distinction in the action of Heligoland Bight on August 28th, 1914. The former was then under command of Captain W. R. Hall, and the latter flew the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir A. G. H. W. Moore. Earlier in the war the Invincible was the flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee in the Battle off the Falkland Islands, when Admiral von Spee's cruiser squadron was destroyed.

Epic Story of the Shark

The story of the Shark is fit to rank with that of the Revenge. She was the leader of the destroyer flotilla, and, running ahead of the fleet, dashed between the lines of enemy destroyers, raked by shell fire from both sides and firing from her deck as she went. The minute she got within torpedo range she loosed a torpedo from the starboard side and sank a German destroyer, drawing first blood for the British. Almost simultaneously she let fly another torpedo from a port tube and sent down a second German destroyer in a spout of flame and smoke and a mountain of uplifted water. Then the "glorious run"—the words are from the lips of one of the six survivors of her crew—was ended. Two torpedoes converged on her from both sides and struck her in her oil tanks, and the battle was over for her. The Danish boat Vidar picked up seven of her men after they had been in the water five hours. One died as he was got aboard. As another recovered consciousness he kept on asking "Where is my captain?" The gallant officer, Commander Loftus Jones, was killed. With his left leg shot off above the knee he, with two of his men, had worked his gun to the last and went down with his ship.

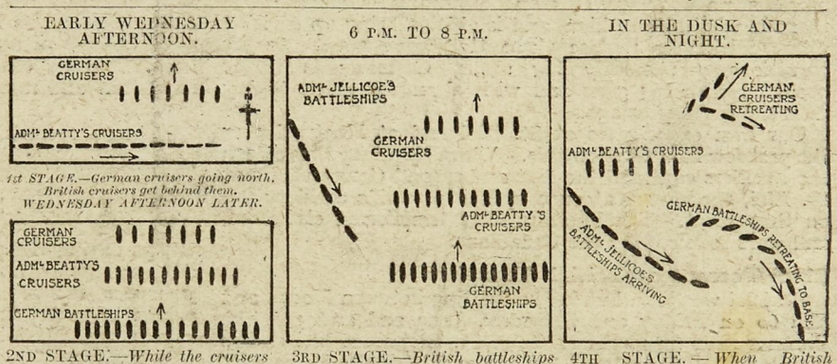
Some Personal Notes

Rear-Admiral the Hon. Horace L. A. Hood has added fresh glory to a name glorious in British naval history. He was heir-presumptive to the Hood Viscounty conferred on his great-great-grandfather Sir Samuel Hood, who commanded the van under Sir George Rodney in the defeat of Count de Grasse's fleet in 1782. Admiral Hood was born in 1870, and was midshipman on the Calliope when she outrode the great hurricane at Apia, Samoa, in 1889, her officers and men winning the high encomiums of the Admiralty for their marvellous seamanship. His career both as a student and as a seaman was particularly brilliant. He went down with his ship the Invincible while "leading his division into action with most inspiring courage."

Sir Robert Keith Arbuthnot, the other rear-admiral whose loss, with the Defence, we have to deplore, entered the service in 1877 and was promoted rear-admiral in 1912. In the list of birthday honours, issued after the battle in which he perished, he was gazetted C.B. He was a stern disciplinarian, but a fine seaman and an officer who was greatly admired. He was no mean sportsman, being especially keen on cricket and motor-cycling. Many people will remember the incident of his running a two hundred yards' race with Captain Back at Portsmouth a few years ago, in fulfilment of a wager made many years before. Captain Back, who just won the race, lost his life recently in the Natal.

Commander H. E. Dannreuther, one of the two surviving officers of the Invincible, has had an active and distinguished career. He has received the thanks of the Admiralty for a novel method of lighting compasses by electricity and an expression of their lordships' appreciation of his study of the subject of detecting compass deviation. He was lieutenant-commander, first and gunnery lieutenant, of the Invincible when she was flying Sir Doveton Sturdee's flag in the action off the Falkland Islands in December, 1914, and was one of the officers specially mentioned by the vice-admiral.

Deep sympathy goes out to Miss Grace Clark, of Nottingham, who was to have been married on June 5th to the Rev. Cecil W. Lydall, one of the chaplains who have been lost. Mr. Lydall was a nephew of Viscount French, and formerly held an appointment in Nottingham, and later held a curacy in Battersea.



These diagrams, reproduced by permission from the "Daily Mail," indicate approximately the disposition of the ships engaged at the four stages of the battle.

Commander W. M. James is a grandson of Sir John Everett Millais, P.R.A., and as the original of the picture "Bubbles," his face as a child was familiar to millions of people who did not know his name. Commander James was attached to the Queen Mary.

General sympathy will be given to Admiral Sir Percy Scott in the loss of his elder son who, a boy of sixteen, was a midshipman in the Defence: a splendid end for the gallant son of a gallant father.

Admiral Beatty's Message

In a message to Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux, Admiral Beatty wrote:

"We drew the enemy into the jaws of our Fleet. I have no regrets except for the gallant lives and pals that have gone, and who died gloriously. It would have warmed your heart to have seen how gallant Hood brought his squadron into action. We are ready for the next time. Please God it will come soon. The Battle-Cruiser Fleet is alive, and has a very big kick in her."

Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.

The War Illustrated, June 24th, 1916. *Regd. as a Newspaper & for Canadian Magazine Post.*

Where Beatty's Guns Re-echo By Commander Bellairs

The War Illustrated

2D. Weekly

Vol. 4 British Heavy Gun Position at Salonika: "Laying" the Gun before Firing **No. 97**

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

A Weekly Survey By F.A.McKenzie

WE have had a week of great activity and important developments upon many fronts. Following the collapse of German sea-power in the North Sea battle, the German Army attempted to gain on land the triumph denied to the Navy at sea. The attack upon the Canadian front, which opened on Friday, June 2nd, was the most serious blow the Germans have launched against our lines this year. It was accompanied by a degree of temporary success which it would be idle to conceal.

Heroism of the Canadians at Ypres

The Germans possess an undoubted strategic advantage around the Ypres salient. Our position, jutting out into their lines, is faced by a German semicircle. The enemy holds the best gun positions near by, and is able to pour upon us an enfilading fire from different points. On the Friday morning the Germans suddenly opened a rain of shells surpassing anything known along our front in this war. Our trenches around Hooge were practically wiped out. Despite the utmost gallantry of the Canadian troops, the Germans captured Hooge, the Sanctuary Wood, and an important stretch of our line about half a mile deep. The Canadians, at great cost of men, tried to recapture these places. At the moment of writing, they had not yet succeeded, although they were very hopeful of doing so. Some noted regiments —particularly the Princess Patricia's, recruited largely from undergraduates of Western Universities, and the Canadian Mounted Rifles, drawn from all Canada— hung on to their positions and stormed the German lines with a heroism and at a cost in men which even this war has rarely equalled. Some German bombers actually got as far as Zillebeke, but these were all killed or captured.

The most serious aspect of the Ypres battle is not the loss of men or the loss of ground—bad as that is—but the fact that at this foremost point of our lines the Germans were able to bring to bear during the earlier stages of the fight an overwhelmingly greater mass of artillery fire than we could bring on the same spot. That this should be so is a great disappointment to all who have carefully followed recent developments on the western front. But that it was so is, I am afraid, undeniable. The temporary capture of Hooge—I say temporary, because possibly even before this is printed it may have been retaken by us—brings again into sharp prominence the whole question of the retention by us of the costly Ypres salient.

Russia's Brilliant Offensive

I see no reason to alter the view which I expressed some time ago in this paper—that the retention of the Ypres salient is only justifiable as a military measure if active steps are taken to straighten out the front by the capture of some of the German commanding positions to the south. "Capture Messines, abandon Ypres, or continue to pay very dearly for Ypres," these are the alternatives for our commanders.

Against the somewhat sombre news from Ypres we have from the Russians the story of a magnificent and smashing offensive against the Austrian Army, a series of rapid and successful blows which recalls nothing so much as the wonderful Russian campaign a few months ago in the Caucasus.

General Brussiloff, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Army in Volhynia, suddenly advanced at the beginning of June along a line stretching from the south of the Pripet Marshes to the Rumanian frontier, a front of some three hundred and forty miles. According to Vienna reports, he was backed by an army of a million and a half of men. He had an absolutely overwhelming mass of artillery, and in the course of a few days he broke right through the elaborate lines of Austrian trenches. The Russians are advancing all along this great front. Their army has occupied Lutzk and recaptured Dubno; it has, at the moment of writing, about 110,000 Austrian prisoners; it has captured large quantities of supplies, and each day brings news of further advances and triumphs.

The Russian cavalry are adding to the great glory which their military prowess has always given them. The new Russian infantry are proving that they have dash, enthusiasm, and fighting ability of very high quality.

The Russian artillery—yesterday, Russia's weakest arm—has now proved its superiority on this field over even the Austrians. The position of General Brussiloff's army will be far from an easy one. The farther it advances the longer its front will be. The enemy are bound to bring up enormous forces from other sides and try to hold it; but its victory so far gives the promise of greater victories ahead.

Italian Front Relieved

Meanwhile, the effect of the Russian blow is being felt far outside the Russian lines. The tremendous Austrian pressure upon the Italian front—pressure which threatened to drive the Austrian armies through into the Lombardy plains—has already been sensibly relieved.

At the beginning of June passengers from Berlin reported to me that all the German troops they had seen between Berlin and the Dutch frontier were going westwards. To-day some of them will have to turn to the east.

In the whole history of this war there has been nothing finer than the great loyalty which Russia has shown to her Allies, and the tremendous endeavours she has made time after time when she saw pressure being brought upon us to ease our positions by drawing the enemy offensive upon herself. This was true at the very beginning of the war, when the lightning blow upon Paris was weakened by the Russian attack upon East Prussia, an attack which compelled the Germans to divert large armies eastwards. It has been true repeatedly since.

The news from Verdun and from the Meuse Valley shows how resolutely the enemy are pushing their campaign there. They are incurring great losses, and many question if the advances they have made are worth the price they are paying for them. The fall of Fort Vaux, after a heroic defence, aroused widespread sorrow.

The Germans have still the most serious line of French defences to overcome before they can hope to reach Verdun. Here France is concentrating enormous masses of men, for the French generals recognise, whatever complacent critics may say on this side, that the Verdun position is one of very great importance for them, and that its loss might mean something more than a diminution of prestige.

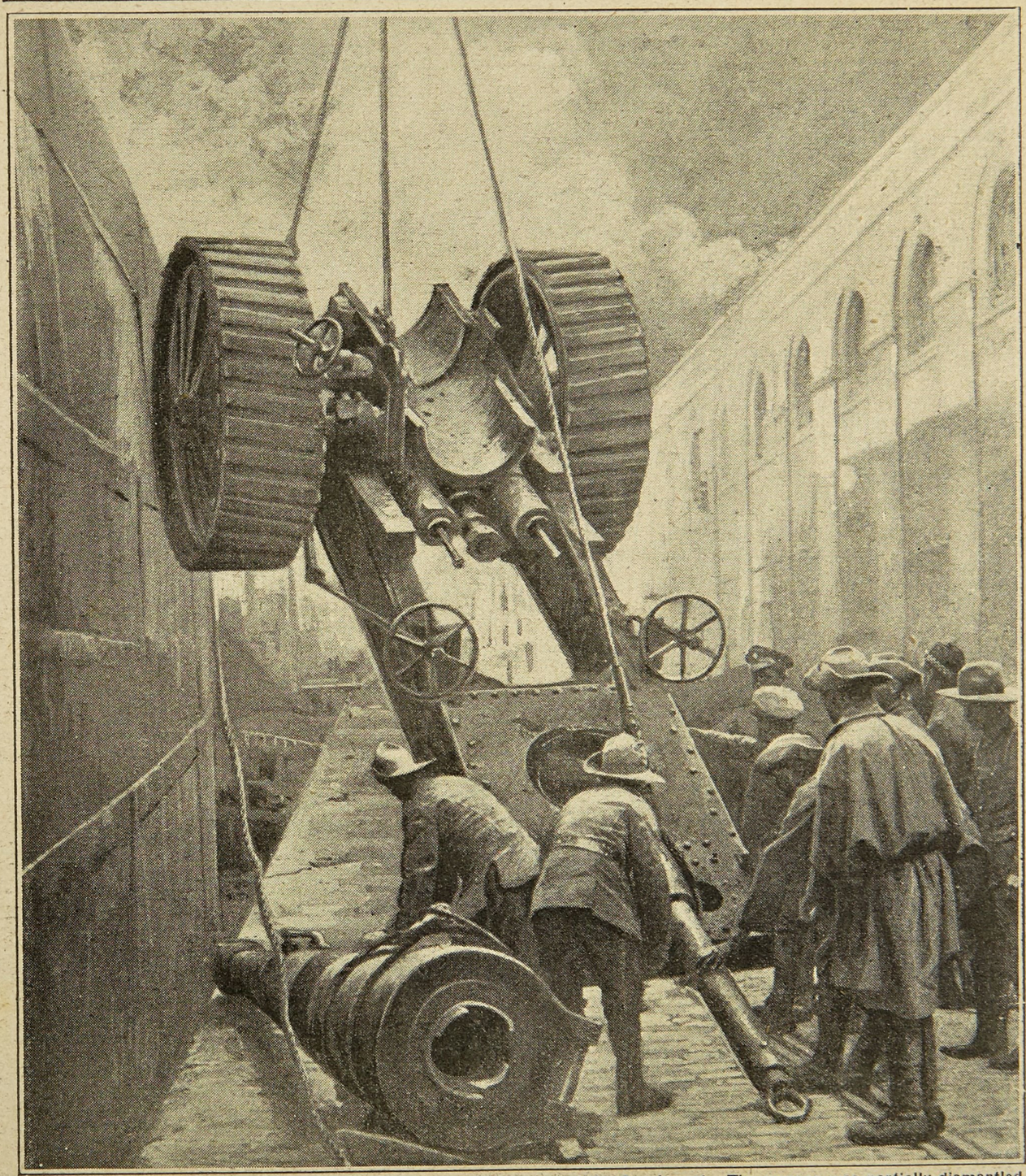
The Dominating Factor

At Ypres, at Verdun and on the Italian front, the Austro-German armies have won what they have because of their new strength in artillery. Their guns are far more numerous and far more powerful than ever before. Their artillery duels of a year ago seem comparatively child's play to the rain of death they are hurling on our front to-day. The real battle of this moment is being fought out in the workshops of the world. The production of guns and the production of shells is the immediate dominating factor. I am glad to know that workmen throughout the United Kingdom are more and more realising this and shaping their efforts accordingly.

24th June, 1916. No. 97. Vol. 4.

THE WAR Illustrated

A PICTURE-RECORD *of Events by Land, Sea and Air.* *Edited by* J. A. HAMMERTON



GETTING BUSY AT SALONIKA.—Landing a huge gun on the quay at the Greek port. The weapon was partially dismantled before being "dropped over the side," suspended on powarful steel hawsers. The barrel of the weapon is seen lying on the quay.

MME. JOFFRE 'AT HOME' IN WAR-TIME

Some Personal Impressions of a Visit to the Devoted Wife of the Great French Generalissimo

By MARC LOGÉ and H. DU TAILLIS

During these critical days, when the virtue of self-sacrifice is demanded, not of a few individuals, but of whole nationalities of mankind, the influence of womanhood on the conduct of great work is of immense importance. Thus very deep interest attaches now to Mme. Joffre, wife of the man to whom is confided the destiny of France. The charming, modest consort of the great Generalissimo has played a fine part in the war of liberation. In the following biographical sketch two well-known French women-writers, Mmes. du Taillis and Marc Loge, give us a delightful interpretation of the character, work, and home interests of Mme. Joffre, "a soldier's wife who counts."

MADAME JOFFRE affirms far too modestly that a "soldier's wife does not count." Since the beginning of the war, however, public opinion has not shared this sentiment, judging by the tenacity with which it pursues her in order to become more intimately acquainted with her every action. If, for the last eighteen months the attention of the world has been riveted on General Joffre, as being the man to whom France and her Allies have confided their greatest destinies, Madame Joffre has not escaped from national curiosity and sympathy. No doubt she occasionally finds rather irksome the patriotic homage thus so naïvely rendered to her, for, to use her own expression, many people stare at her as if she were "une bete curieuse!" She leads a most discreet, retired life, and even goes so far as to experience certain scruples about the popularity her husband's name attracts to her.

Madame Joffre is a Parisian born. Her father, M. Penon, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, was a celebrated art collector who inculcated in his daughter the love of beautiful things, a love which she has ever retained. She was first entrusted to the care of English governesses, and later she went to England to perfect herself in the language. Then, later still, she was sent to Germany, where she also spent two years.

Happy Home Life at Auteuil

Madame Joffre met her future husband many years ago, when she was hardly out of her teens, and he merely a young officer with little or no fortune, but it was only ten years ago that they were able to realise their life-long desire of uniting their lives. Madame Joffre's father refused to consent to the marriage of his daughter with a young officer whose future appeared so very uncertain. At last both young people listened to reason, and each married somebody else, thus apparently renouncing their dearest hopes. The gods, however, had decided otherwise. Six months after his wedding General Joffre's first wife died, and ten years ago Madame Joffre became free to marry again, and the romance sketched so long before was at last happily concluded.

Madame Joffre possesses to the highest degree that rare and marvellous faculty of allowing one to catch a glimpse only of the glowing, radiant side of her nature. When pained or grieved she excels in dissimulating her anxiety or sorrow. Her greatest charm is to be happy—or, at least, to appear so. And General Joffre, so wrongly endowed with a reputation of taciturnity, has exclaimed more than once: "How unhappy I should be if I had a sad companion!"

Madame Joffre is simple, natural, and cheerful. She dresses with great sobriety, and the "pre-war" styles did not appeal to her at all. She loves her home, and cares very little for Society. Her greatest delight is to spoil her husband, who allows her to do so with much good grace. In time of peace the General works at the French War Office from 7 a.m. until 7 p.m. Once his daily task is accomplished he hastens back to his home in the Rue Michel-Ange, at Auteuil. This dwelling is both simple and spacious. In the large, airy rooms, many flowers strike a cheerful note, lighting up the fine old furniture. In the drawing-room a bust of Madame Joffre, due to the chisel of Madame A. Bisson, seems to bid one welcome. On the walls hang some pictures, remembrances of her father and of a dearly loved brother. A few tapestries and some bronzes complete the decoration of the General's home, while in the smoking-room, in a prominent place, stands the autograph portrait of the Grand Duke Nicholas, given by the Russian Commander-in-Chief to his French colleague. A small garden surrounds this quiet home, and when no greater duties claim his time the General devotes much care to the fruit trees, which certainly produce each year at least thirty prunes, seven pears, and three apricots!

Madame Joffre takes care always to be at home to welcome her husband on his return from his daily work. If the General expresses the desire to hear a little music to relax his mind, she willingly takes her seat at the piano. She is an excellent musician, and though now she believes that Wagner is banished for long from the French stage, she deems that Mozart and Beethoven belong to humanity. Or, perhaps, her husband prefers her to read aloud. In that case she opens his favourite book of the moment. Or does he simply wish to chat? He finds his wife attentive and prompt with ready retort. And when the General merely wishes to enjoy a good dinner—he is a "fin gourmet"—Madame Joffre takes keen pleasure in herself preparing his favourite dishes. In short, she is a very devoted wife indeed. The only point on which they are apt to disagree is the question of early rising. When at home, General Joffre insists that everybody should be up at seven o'clock each morning. And no doubt, since the war, Madame Joffre and her unmarried daughter (who lives with them and who adores her step-father) have modified their rising hour.

Travelling has always been one of the greatest pleasures of General Joffre and his wife. They have made many journeys, but their most delightful remembrances are connected with their trip to Russia, whither the General had been sent on a mission. Madame Joffre travelled separately and was received as a friend by the Grand Duchess Anastasia, with whom she spent a month. One of her most cherished possessions is a magnificent album, in which the Grand Duke Nicholas, now Commander-in-Chief of the Caucasus Armies, had collected photographs commemorating the principal episodes of her stay in Russia. One day, as her husband was about to start on some inspection connected with his official mission, she found before her seat at the ducal table the photograph of her husband, while the Grand Duke Nicholas said to her teasingly:

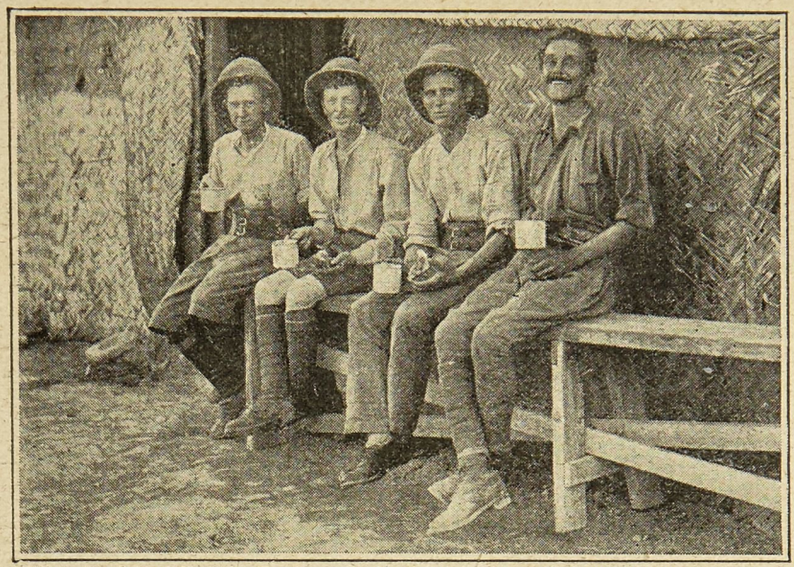
"I take your husband so often away from you, madame, that it is only right that I should at least leave you his image!"

Madame Joffre's Self-Denial

Before war broke out Madame Joffre had never been separated from her husband since their marriage ten years ago. The glory of being the wife of the first "mobilisé" of France did not lessen her sorrow at this separation. Her self-denial deserves to be praised, for she has never been, and never will go, to the General Headquarters. Yet who could do so more easily—who could wish it more ardently? The example of discipline, however, should come from above, and Madame Joffre submits herself to it just as the most humble of French-women. During the first weeks of the gigantic struggle her letters, posted just like any others, were not delivered

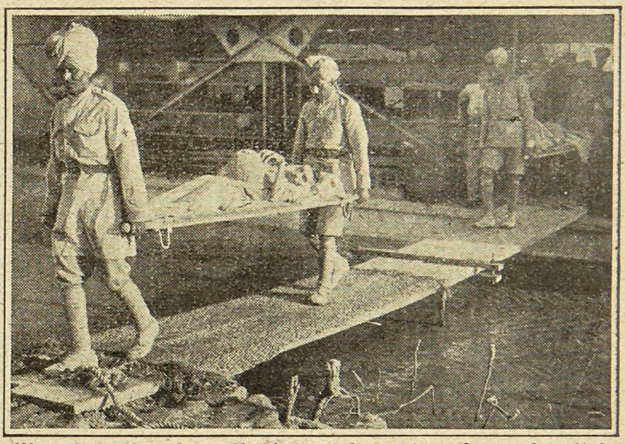
[*Continued on page 436.*

Wounded Heroes from Kut Recoup at Basra

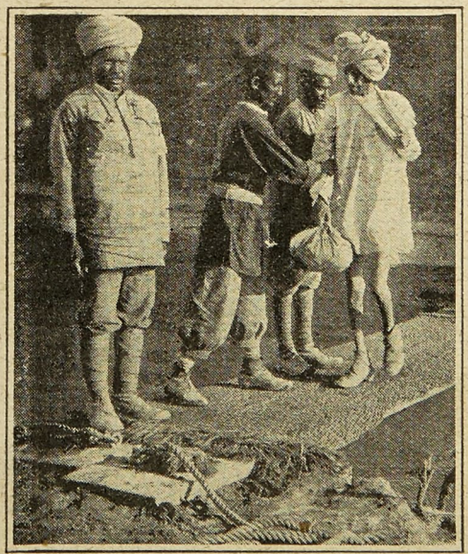


After the fall of Kut the Turks sent the British sick and wounded back to the British lines. Four of these men are seen convalescent outside the little hospital at Basra. Camera testimony to the hardships suffered by the garrison is afforded by the photograph (right) of one of the famished arrivals in the British camp.

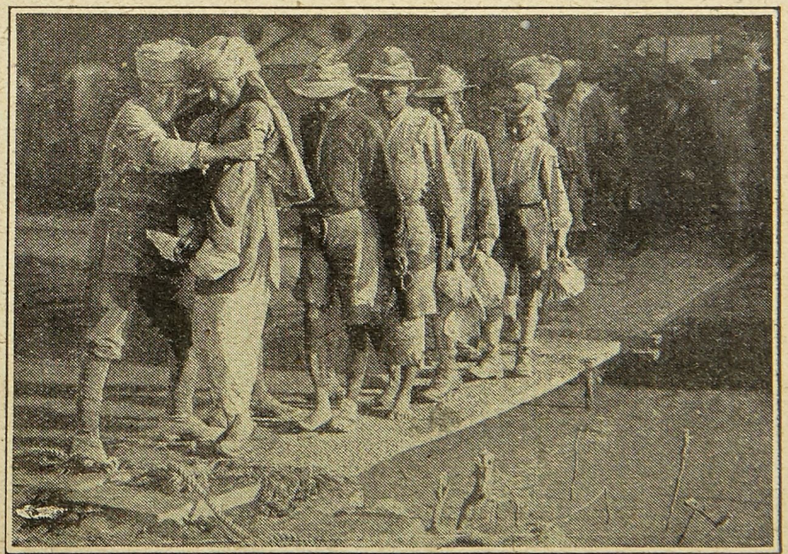
Deck scene on a hospital ship on the Tigris showing wounded from Kut standing about and in their cots.



Wounded officer from Kut being taken ashore from a hospital ship by Indian orderlies on arriving at the British lines.



The less serious cases were gently assisted across the ship's gangway by willing helpers.



Another view of the landing of wounded when one of the hospital ships from Kut reached the British lines at Basra.

MME. JOFFRE "AT HOME" (continued from page 434.)

with more swiftness or regularity. At last, in order to spare the Commander-in-Chief of the French Armies this unnecessary domestic anxiety, it was decided that Madame Joffre should be authorised to send and receive her correspondence by means of the military motors running between the General Headquarters and the Government.

"Madame la Generalissime"

When the French Government left Paris for Bordeaux in those crucial days of September, 1914, Madame Joffre settled herself at Royan with her family. The road leading to her villa soon became familiar to the wounded soldiers who, having recovered from their injuries, were about to return to the trenches. To each of these she gave a package and, when necessary, some money. If one happens to say in her hearing that "they" lack some object or other on some part of the front, Madame Joffre immediately undertakes to send them whatever they most need, however great an effort it may cost her. And it is said that a wild enthusiasm reigns in the trenches when the contents of a package bearing the card of "la Générale Joffre" are distributed amongst the "Poilus."

Madame Joffre has received many curious and picturesque letters, all most touching on account of the confidence and sincerity they express. A "bleu" (a soldier of the youngest classes) sends his "love." Another who is prisoner in Germany, asks her to find his parents for him. He addressed his letter to "Madame la Généralissime, en France," and, though forwarded from Germany, it reached her safely. She often receives letters from old mothers and young wives, who all request her to intercede in behalf of "le cher enfant," or "le cher mari," so that he may obtain a few days' leave, which would give them such joy.

Madame Joffre.

The gratitude of these poor people often assumes the most unexpected forms. Some good peasant women, whose sons she had nursed at the hospital of Royan, sent her one day a gift of fresh eggs. And on January 1st, 1915, she received a box decorated with tricolour ribbons, and which contained a scarf-pin for the General. That pin is certainly worth fifty centimes at the least!

Amongst the many candid letters which Madame Joffre has received, here is one which may possibly interest our younger readers. It came from Montferrand:

General,—Grandsons of a "Lorrain" who followed the campaign of 1870 as a volunteer, at the age of eighteen, but too little as yet to defend our dear Fatherland, arms in hand, our small hearts are simply overflowing with the patriotic sentiments which animate the courage of our dear soldiers, amongst whom is our dear papa.

We beg you, General, to accept this small Christmas remembrance sent to you by three true little French boys. They have emptied their savings-box in order to prove you their gratitude for the great work of the liberation of French territory and of Alsace-Lorraine, which you are pursuing with so much success. On Christmas Day we shall address a prayer to the petit Jésus, so that He may bless you and keep you in good health to accomplish your great task.

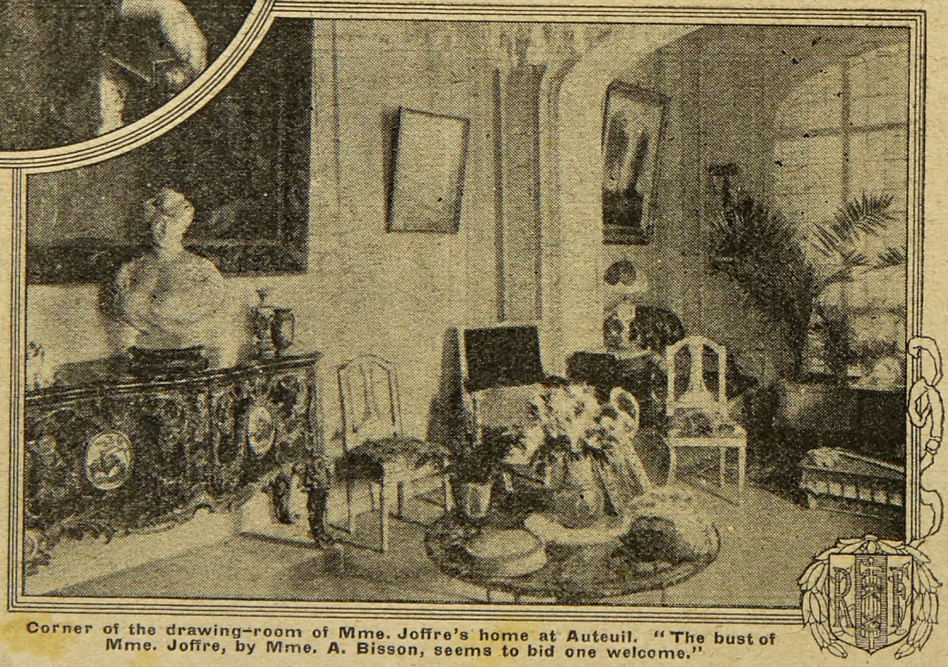
Please receive, General, the patriotic wishes of three little French boys—three future soldiers.—GEORGES PRIVAL, aged 8. JEAN BONNEFOND, aged 8. LOUIS PRIVAL, aged 6.

Since her return to Paris, Madame Joffre consecrates all her time in helping her husband's "men." She is at the head of at least ten relief funds or aid committees; her house is littered with socks, scarves, mufflers, piles of cigarettes, provisions of all kinds. All these "comforts" are packed under her supervision and sent to the firing-line. Intellectual occupations and manual work help her to bear the tension and anxiety of waiting, while her every thought, her every heartbeat, are with those who are fighting with *him* who is leading them to victory.

Dreaming of the Days to Be

Madame Joffre often spends long hours in the houseboat, anchored just out of Paris, at Bougival, in which her husband and she intend to travel, after the war, slowly along the winding rivers and quiet canals of France—of France tranquil in the thought of her victorious independence. They will take advantage of the peace and quiet; they will at last enjoy to write their memoirs. At present, however, Madame Joffre thinks only of the joy which will be hers when, after the dearly-won success, of which she has never doubted, the great chief will at last return. No doubt she already imagines the pride, the sweetness of their reunion when, in the flag-decorated streets, the very mourning veils will flutter like banners. And it is said that one day, as she was speaking of the victorious return of our soldiers, she cried out:

"What a pity I shall be obliged to sit in the official tribune. I should so much prefer to climb a tree of the Champs Elysées to see *my* General pass!"

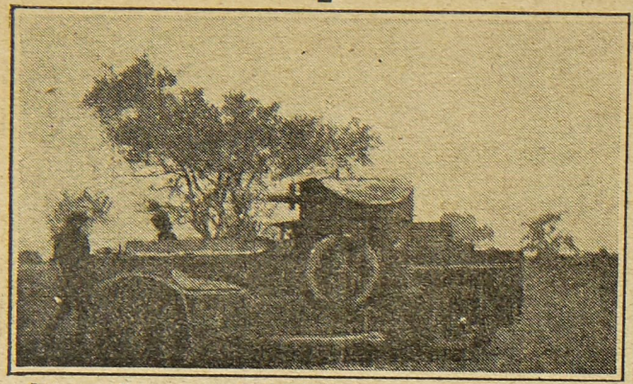


Corner of the drawing-room of Mme. Joffre's home at Auteuil. "The bust of Mme. Joffre, by Mme. A. Bisson, seems to bid one welcome."

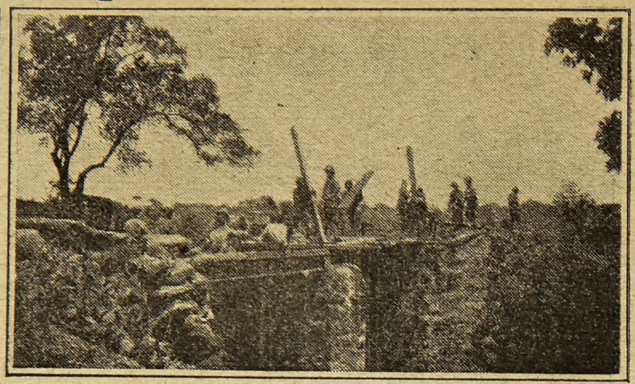
Canadians Carry Trenches in Counter-Attack

After a terrific bombardment, in which they poured every kind of explosive on a front of 3,000 yards, eight battalions of Germans won temporary possession of some trenches held by the Canadians near Hooge. Next morning, in full daylight, the angry Canadians made a heroic counter-attack. They advanced at a run, cheering wildly, and attacking in assaulting parties at various points of the line, quickly retook the trenches and then bombed their way right and left, clearing the trenches and getting into touch with each other at various bombing posts. It was grim work, and the enemy received terrific punishment. Inset: Lt.-Col. H. C. Buller, D.S.O., Rifle Brigade, commanding Princess Patricia's Canadian L.I., who was killed on June 3rd.

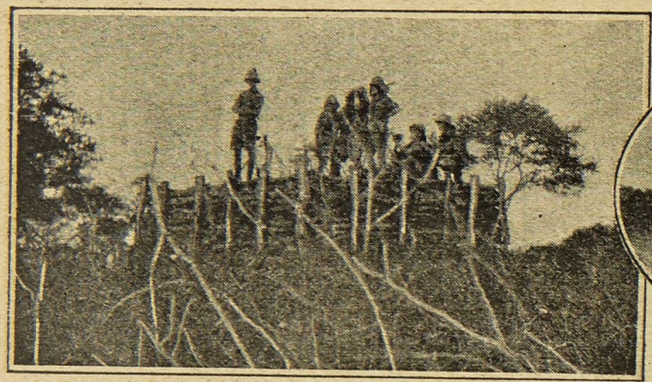
With Our Special Photographer in East Africa:



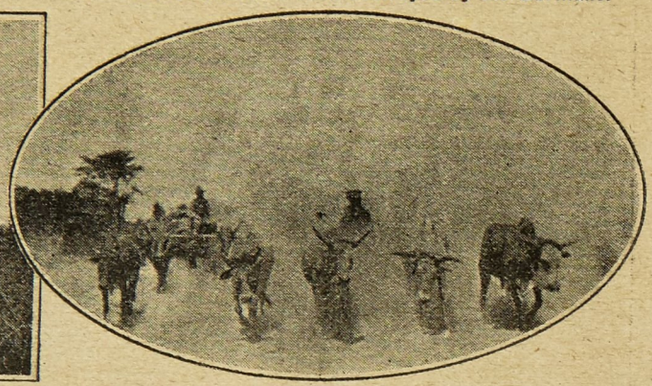
Armoured car, several of which modern war-machines have done great service over the arid wastes of East Africa.



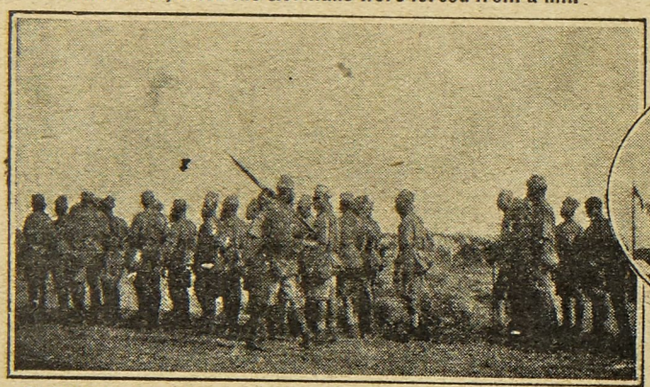
British engineers, assisted by natives, rebuild a bridge over the Lumi River, which had been destroyed by the Germans.



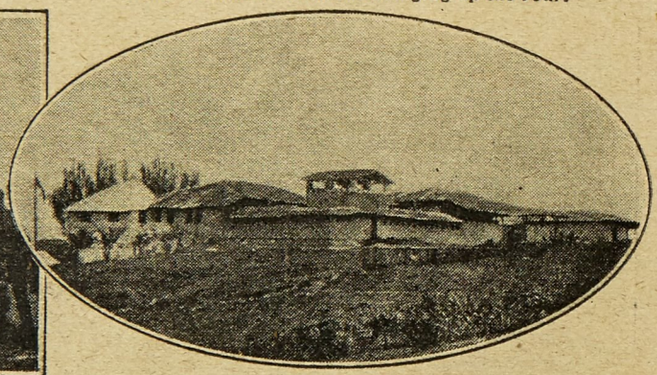
Helio station and staff at work during the Battle of Salaita on March 12th, when the Germans were forced from a hill.



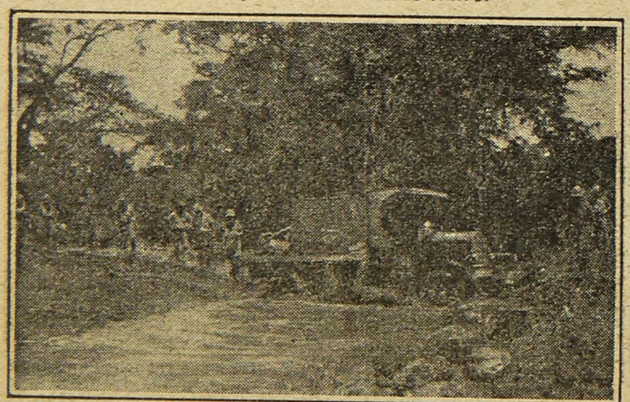
Ox transport trekking along an African highway in a cloud of dust. A British soldier is bringing up the rear.



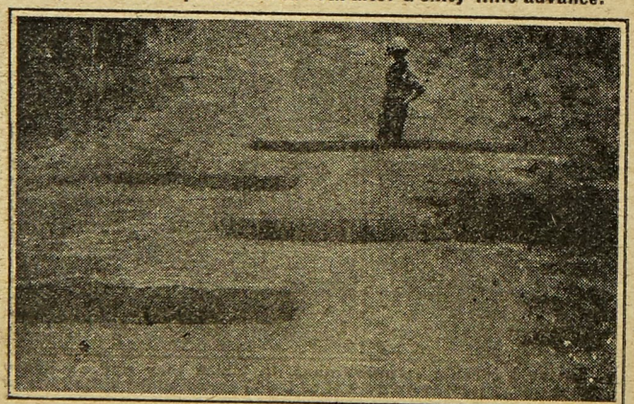
Stalwart types of born fighters. Men of the King's African Rifles line up to proceed to the zone of fire.



Fort Moshi, a strong German position in East Africa, captured by British troops on March 25th after a sixty-mile advance.

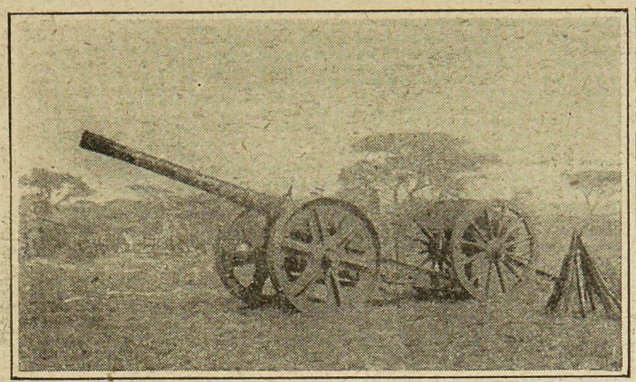


Automobile, conveying a water-tank, in difficulties while crossing a drift. Every gallon of water had to be stored in tanks like this.

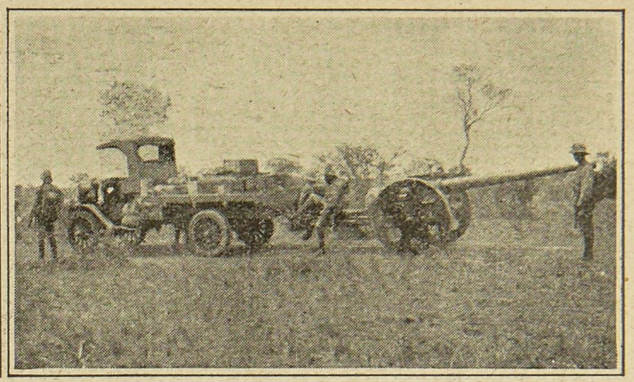


Road trenches dug by the Germans in retreating from Salaita to prevent pursuit by British armoured cars.

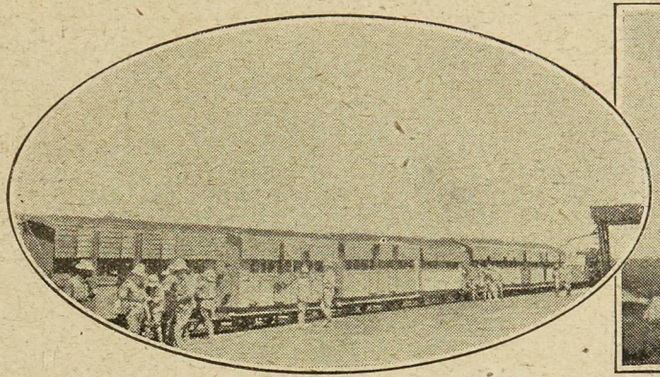
In the Van of General Smuts' Great Advance



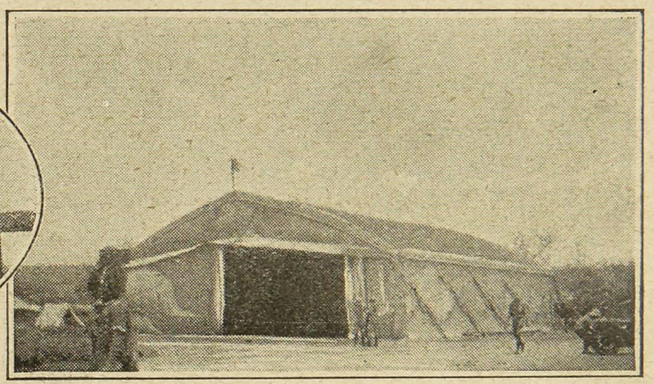
Naval 12-pounder in action. These weapons did excellent work during the advance.



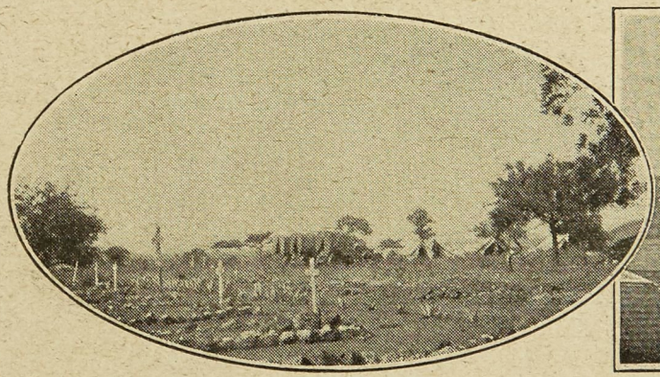
Method of moving heavy artillery across open country. Powerful motor-car dragging a naval gun into action.



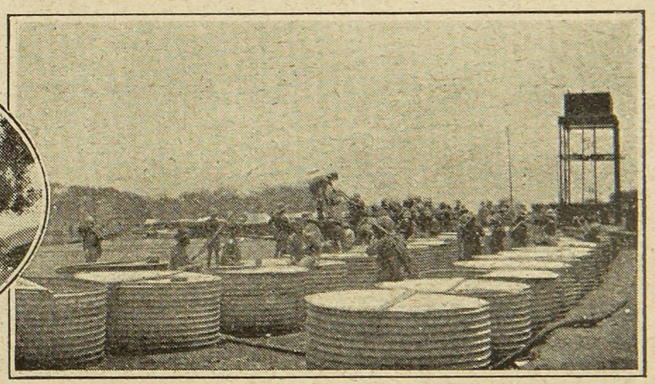
British hospital train waiting to start for the base with wounded soldiers from the fighting round Salaita.



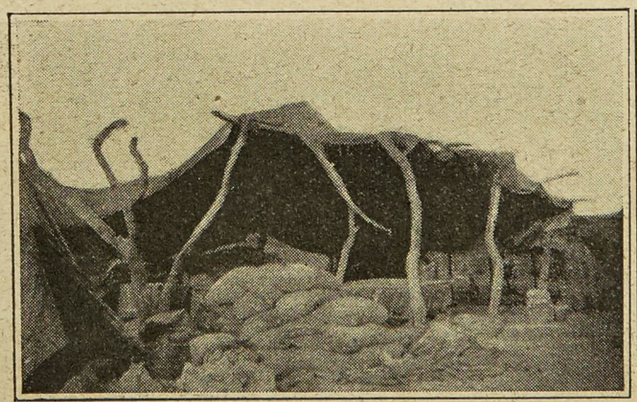
Portable naval hydroplane hangar. These invaluable sheds were erected and taken down with remarkable rapidity.



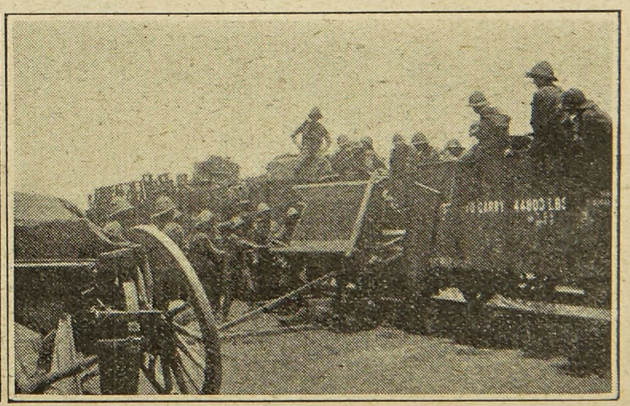
Graves of patriots who fell far afield. Cemetery of British officers who fell during the Battle of Taveta.



The great difficulty of the campaign is lack of water, which has to be stored and transported in these special tanks.

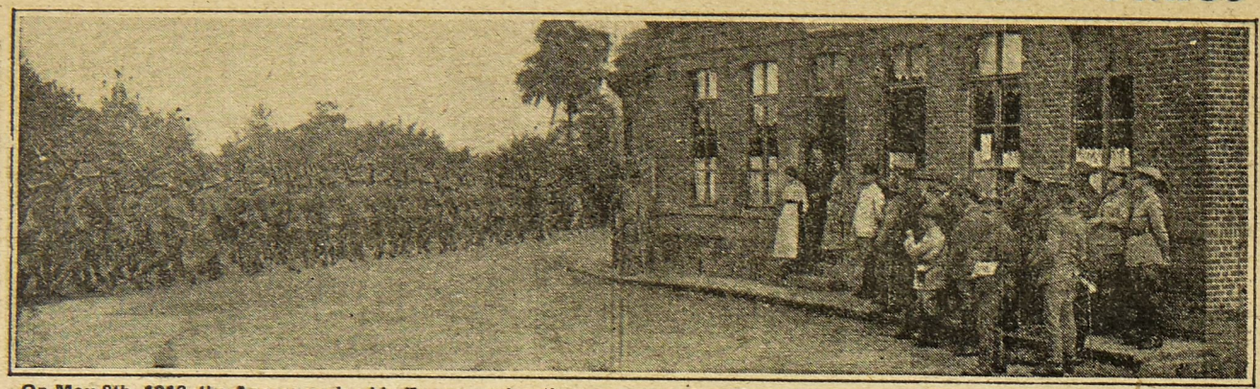


Temporary office of the supply section. A tarpaulin stretched over some dead trees.

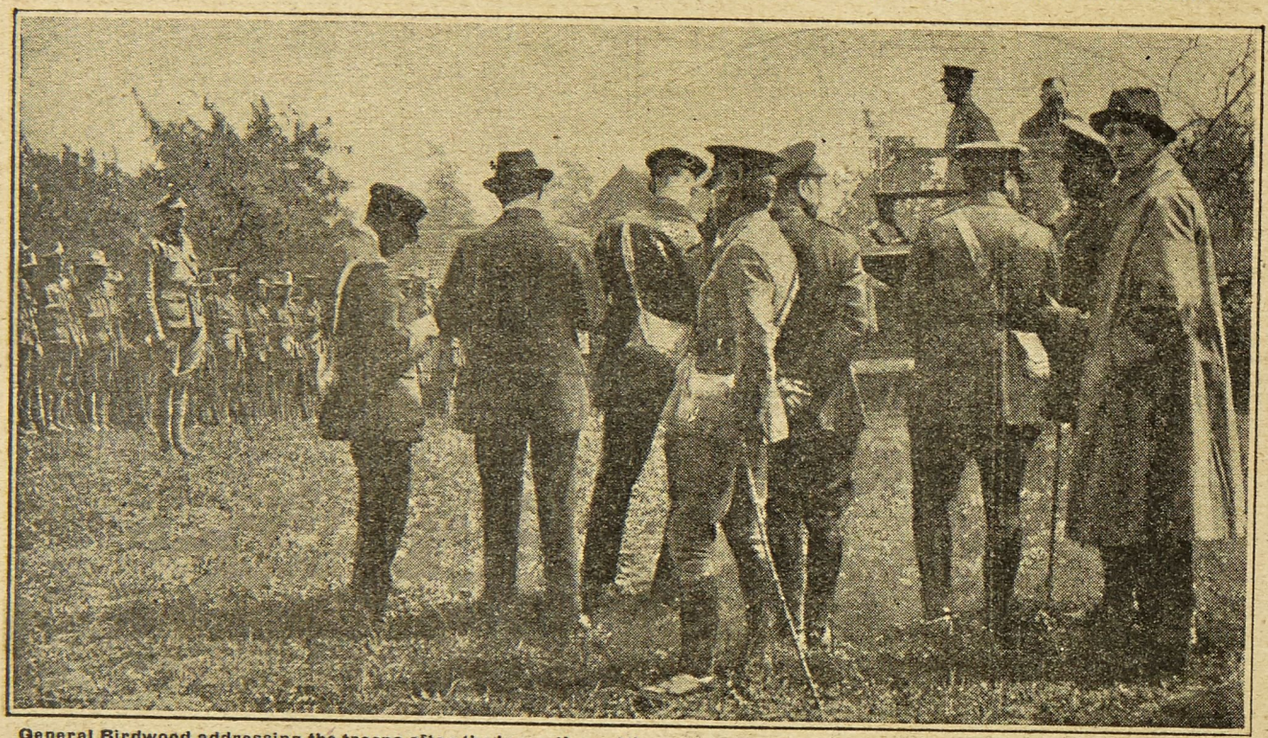


British troops in East Africa detraining waggons in sections. Scene on the line of General Smuts' advance.

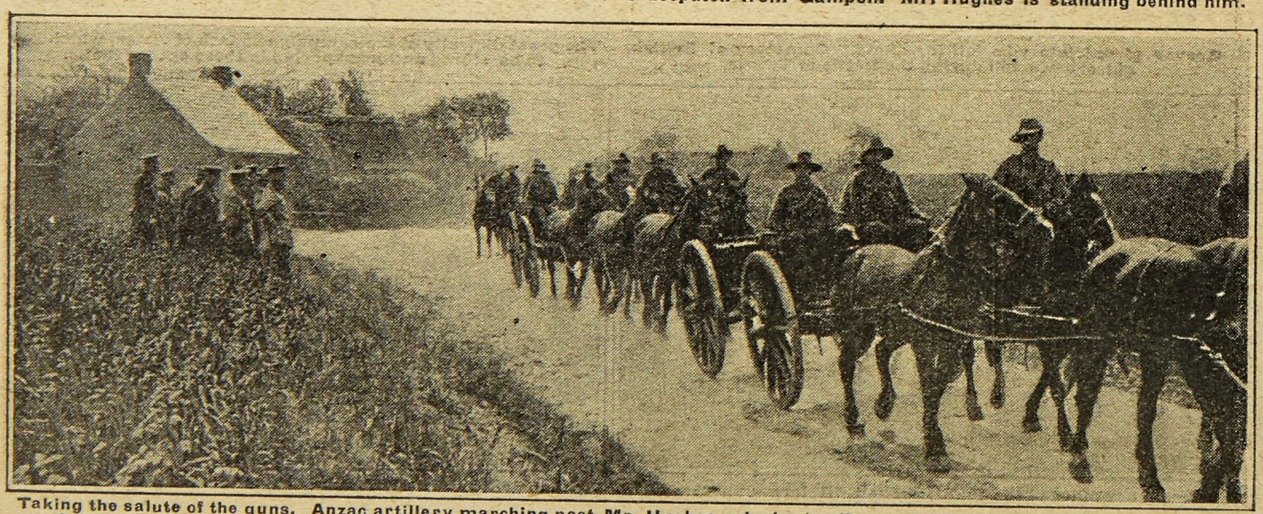
Australian Premier Visits Anzacs in France



On May 8th, 1916, the Anzacs arrived in France under the command of General Birdwood, and the Hon. W. M. Hughes, Prime Minister of Australia, seized an early opportunity of inspecting them. Anzac infantry passing before the Prime Minister.

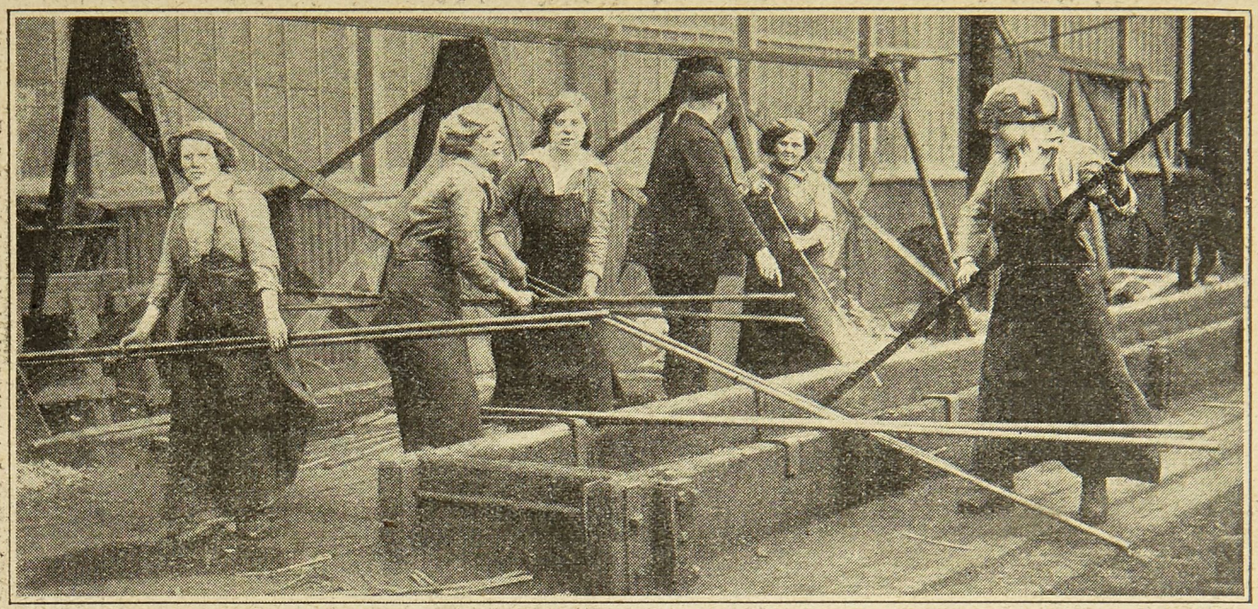


General Birdwood addressing the troops after the inspection. His name will go down to posterity coupled with the phrase "the Soul of Anzac," applied to him by Sir Ian Hamilton in an historic despatch from Gallipoli. Mr. Hughes is standing behind him.

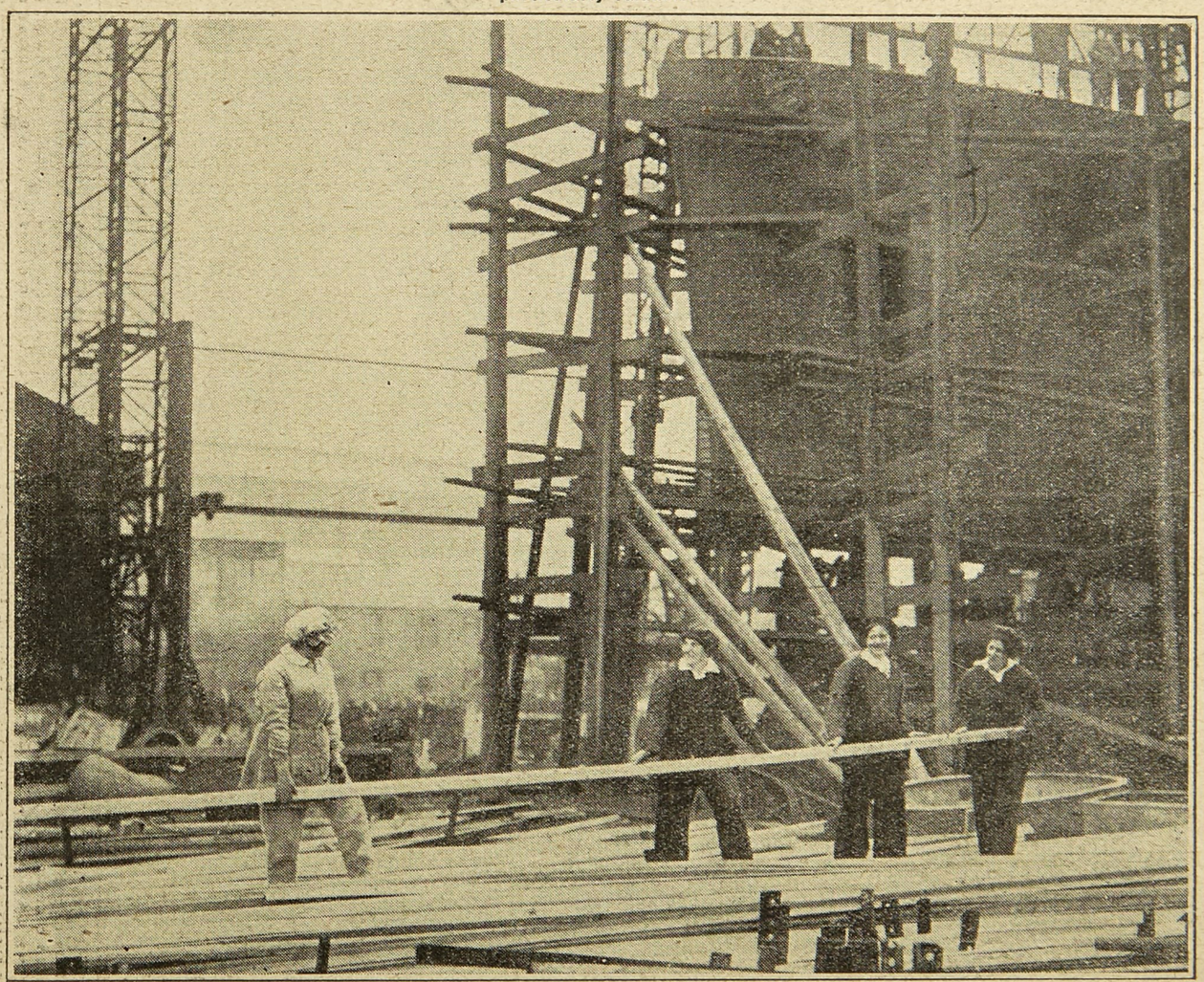


Taking the salute of the guns. Anzac artillery marching past Mr. Hughes, who is standing with General Birdwood at the corner of the building. (The three illustrations on this page are from official photographs issued on behalf of the Press Bureau).

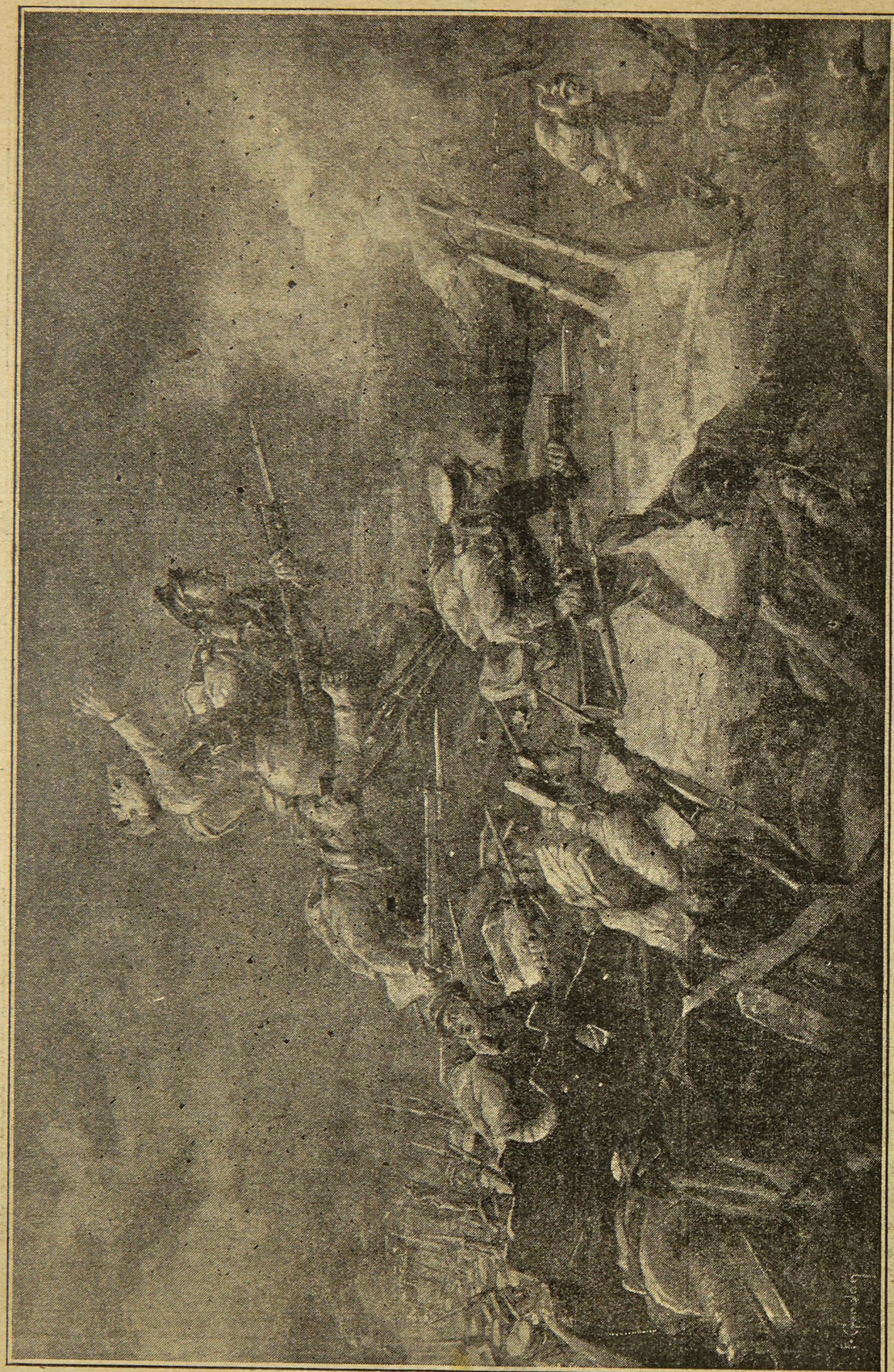
Women Work with a Will while Men make War



"Women have abundantly justified their employment in the naval shipbuilding yards. Their industry and obedience make them particularly valuable."



Since the war began women have proved their ability to carry through heavy work which most people thought would be beyond their strength. Wearing dungarees and masculine blouses, in which they still contrive to look charmingly feminine, they handle and shift heavy bars of steel with workmanlike dexterity.



LANCASHIRES' GALLANT ATTACK ON VIMY RIDGE.—In the first serious offensive against the Vimy Heights (between Arras and Lens), after this part of the old French line was taken over by the British, the Loyal North Lancashires and the Lancashire Fusiliers displayed great gallantry. The German had here occupied and strongly fortified a series of mine craters of their own making, realising that, once deprived of their hold on them, they would probably be compelled to fall back on Douai. Four of the craters having been blown up, the Loyal North Lancashires rushed the lip of the crater opposed to them, while the Fusiliers swept out on the whole front and, after close and desperate fighting, captured some two hundred and fifty yards of trench, in addition to inflicting heavy casualties on the foe. The result was to advance our front line to a more favourable position.

WHERE BEATTY'S GUNS RE-ECHO

The Far-Reaching Effects of the British North Sea Victory

By Commander CARLYON BELLAIRS, R.N., M.P., Our Naval Expert

DURING the war the public has never had a despatch from Admiral Jellicoe, though his full official account of the battle off the coast of Jutland may be published by the time this article is printed. For twenty-two months he has sealed the northern entrance to the North Sea within the limits allowed by the Foreign Office. For twenty-two months he has prevented the surface craft of Germany from indulging in any military operation in the North Sea beyond three hurried and useless raids on the East Coast. And now his Grand Fleet has been in action for six minutes, four of his fast battleships for a little over two hours, three battle-cruisers for nearly an hour, and six battle-cruisers for over three hours with the whole of the German High Seas Fleet. The destroyers and small cruisers pursued the flying enemy in a night action which lasted for six hours. In these figures I assume that the action proper ceased a few minutes before seven o'clock, with the enemy in flight; and I have not taken into account the period of one hour when our four Lions, the Indefatigable, and New Zealand were in action with the enemy's battle-cruisers as the latter retreated on the High Seas Fleet.

On Austria's Frontiers

Since the battle the Board of Admiralty has been strengthened by the appointment of Admiral Calthorpe, who has not only been on active service afloat throughout the war but is intimately acquainted with the Russian Navy. He therefore possesses a ripe judgment for the all-important future of the Baltic, where the Germans have jeopardised their position by the battle of May 31st. That move to the north, for a "certain enterprise" which failed, appears to have owed its origin to a visit a few days previously of the Kaiser to Wilhelmshafen.

What the enterprise was, whether it was to pass commerce raiders and battle-cruisers on to the trade routes and on to the Archangel munition route, is all matter for conjecture now that it hopelessly failed.

Misty as was the tactical situation of the actual battle, it lighted up the whole military strategy of the war to the Russian General Staff. A hundred articles from Von der Goltz to those embodying the plan of Hindenburg's last offensive in the north prove that the co-operation of the fleet in the Gulf of Riga is a *sine qua non* of a German offensive.

The battle in the North Sea plainly indicated to the Russians that there was no need for anxiety in the north, and that they could smash through to the south against the Austrians. Beatty's guns are indeed re-echoing down the frontiers of Austria. I ventured to prophesy that the Germans would not be heard of in the North Sea except as a counsel of despair. I was wrong; and, indeed, I am glad that I was wrong. One can only prophesy that the enemy will do the right thing, and in this case he has unmistakably done the wrong one.

In an offensive against Britain how clearly are the dice loaded against him. He must inflict against a Navy twice as strong a loss of over two to one before he begins to score. He has not only revealed his strategy, his tactics, and strength, but he has revealed something more under the Beatty touch. My readers will remember that while I did not doubt the perfection of German gunnery training, I insisted that the Grand Fleet not only had the freedom of the sea, but that it was not in any way in contact with the civil population of a great town with all its hopes, fears, and distractions, as was the case with the German Fleet. Nor was it, except for brief intervals, under the parasitical influence of dependence on a nursing dockyard.

These things are impalpable, but the man who ignores considerations of this character is only half a seaman. Now, in the battle, all accounts agree as to the excellence of the opening stages of the German gunnery which sank the Queen Mary and Indefatigable, but they all add that it was flustered as our guns got to work, and fell off while our own improved. This is precisely what one would expect after nearly two years of the conditions I have mentioned, and it is this revelation which enabled Beatty to tell his crews, in a spirit of confident knowledge rather than of boastful arrogance, that "we have only had the first round, but in the second I think they will finally throw up the sponge." He spoke to men who had not been in the least degree flustered by the appalling loss of the two great battle-cruiser units at the beginning of the fight.

I have before me now a speech I made in the House of Commons in the days of the Dreadnoughts' introduction, in which I stated that North Sea battles would likely be fought under conditions of low visibility and, therefore, of closer range than might suit our purpose. Well, the enemy had this advantage as well as easy distance to his ports, so that he could use all his destroyers while we could only use the most modern with good fuel endurance. He had also greatly superior forces until the closing minutes of the action. Retreating he could scatter mines. He was in waters he knew far more intimately than we do around the Horn's Reef. His torpedoes had the double advantage, for in chasing we went to meet them, and our own had to overtake their targets. And yet such was our success that his losses exceeded our own.

"They have lost two battleships, two battle-cruisers of the most modern type, including the battle-cruiser Lützow, four light cruisers, and destroyers so numerous that we have not managed to count them." So says Beatty, and he deals with certainties and not with vessels that sank out of our view. If our Admiralty announcement lacked imagination and proportion, the German official statement was a clumsy falsehood as to losses. In a great fishing ground there are sure to be survivors picked up and neutrals glean the facts, so that these falsehoods were bound to be exposed.

Weather conditions of a highly unfavourable nature robbed the Fleet of that complete victory which I know was expected by all ranks.

Our losses were heavy and we miss many most gallant comrades, but although it is very difficult to obtain accurate information as to the enemy losses, I have no doubt that we shall find that they are certainly not less than our own. Sufficient information has already been received for me to make that statement with confidence.

I am more proud than ever to have the honour of commanding a Fleet manned by such officers and men.—**Admiral Jellicoe's message to the Fleet.**

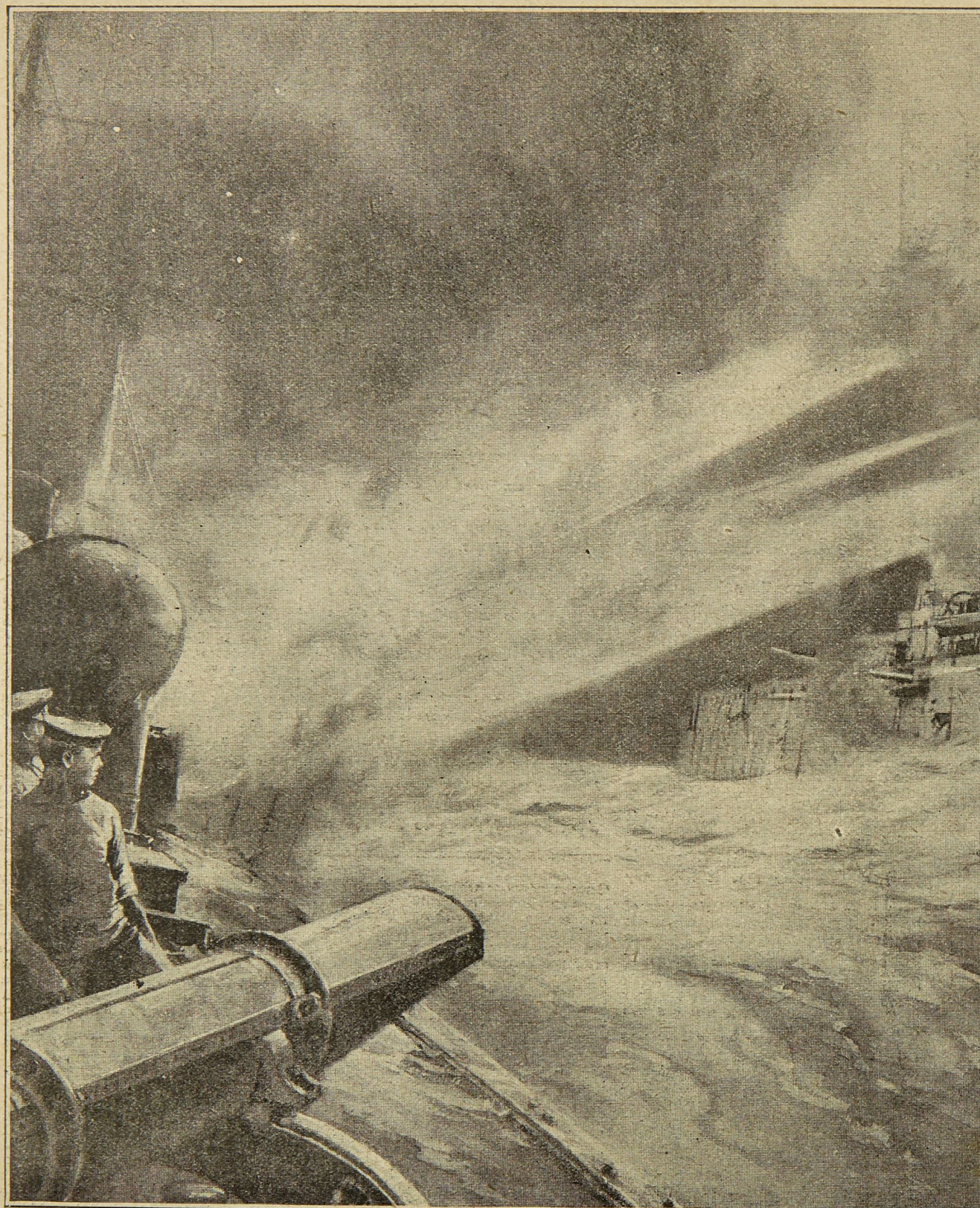
Realisation of Defeat

The Germans have since owned up to one battle-cruiser and two cruisers in addition to the ships given in their official statement as the only vessels that had not returned. The drawing of truth from the well is, like the drawing of teeth, a painful process, as the Germans will find to their cost. The realisation of defeat in the mind of a people is always so much the worse for an overture of victory having been played, and it will be interesting to know the sequel in Germany as this consciousness comes to fruition.

One advantage and only one was to be gained by the Germans risking a battle, and this they will be unable to reap. It is an old story with me, being connected with the reserve of guns, concerning which I agitated first in 1905. The Germans maintain far larger reserves than we do, though these may have been drawn on for military purposes. We may have made good our reserves during the war. It is obvious that the repeated firing of big guns wears their inner tubes out. If there is sufficient reserve we can mount new guns after a battle; if there is not the ships must continue to use some of their worn guns or retube them, and this process takes nearly three months and throws a new strain on the munition market.

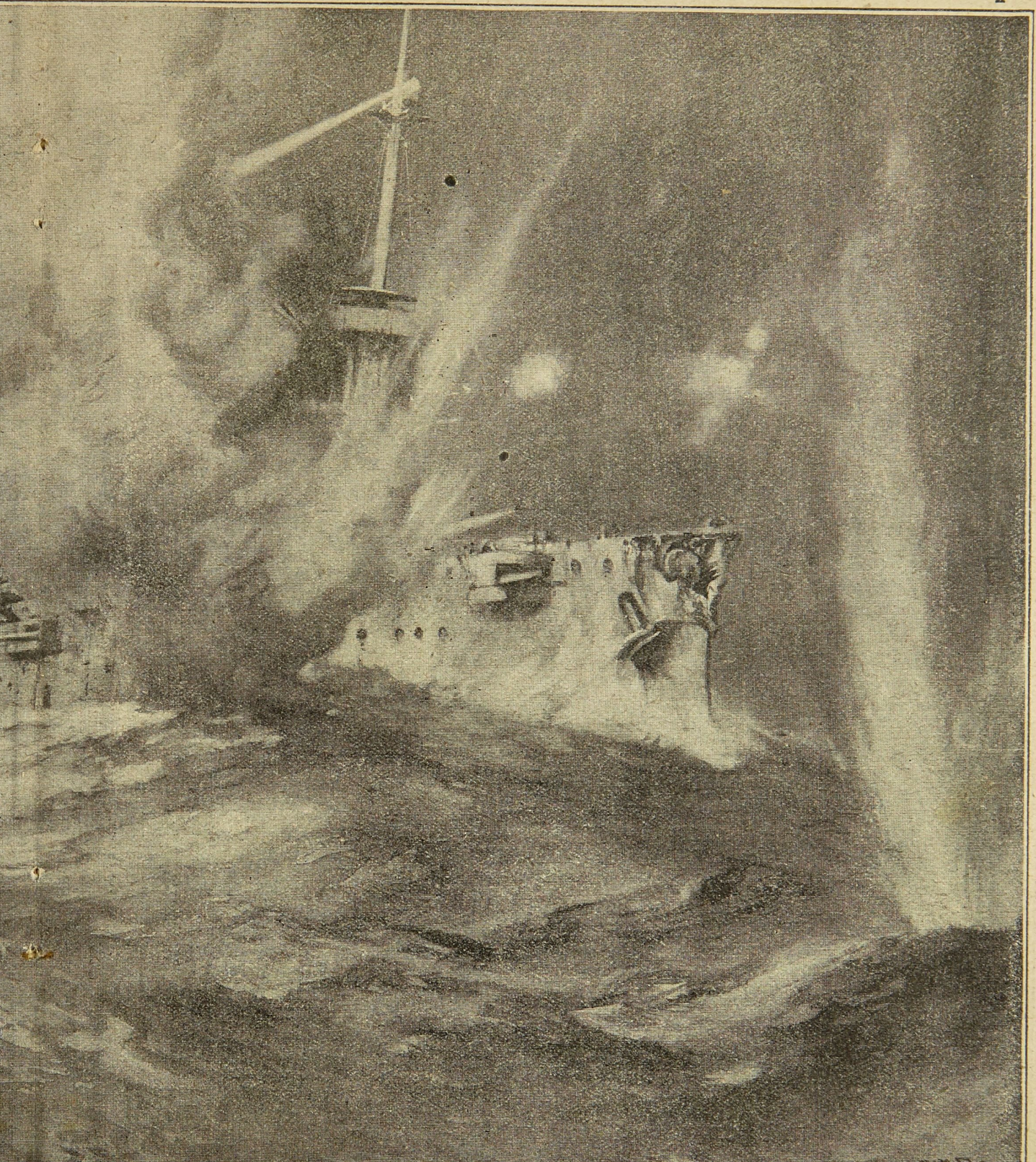
Earlier in my article I said the Germans had revealed all their strength and weakness and their tactical methods. The smoke tactics to furnish a screen of smoke and the use of destroyers to delay our battleships coming into action are interesting but not novel methods. The concentration of salvoes on the leading ship is as old as the Scriptural "fight neither with great nor with small save only with the King of Israel." The Zeppelins were of less use than was expected. For the rest we must wait for the master's voice from somewhere in the North.

David against Goliath: British Torpedo-Boat



DURING the great naval engagement off the coast of Jutland on May 1st one of the British torpedo-boat destroyers performed a particularly fine and thrilling piece of work. The boat is currently reported to have been the Spitfire, one of the "K" class, to which the now famous Shark also belonged. was in the night-time, when the actual battle between capital s had been ended by the flight of the German Fleet and the eng ment had assumed the character of a running fight, carried

Destroyer Makes an End of German Battleship



It hips age- on on our side by our smaller and faster craft. Single-handed, the Spitfire attacked a big German battleship and, getting a torpedo right home, blew her up. In her turn the Spitfire was attacked by an enemy submarine, but on the instant she rammed the German vessel and, as far as is known, sank her. These destroyers of the "K" class are of about 920 tons displacement and average 24,500 h.p., with a designed speed of thirty-two knots. They have four torpedo-tubes. Eight British T.B.D.'s were lost in this engagement.

A WEAPON OF THE DARK AGES.—Perhaps the most nerve-racking weapon of all used in the Great War is the trench-gun, or mortar. These deadly machines, of which there are many types, project shells and aerial torpedoes into the enemy trenches. The horror of them lies in the fact that soldiers can see them coming, thereby suffering all the mental agony in advance as to their eventual destination. This illustration shows a squad of French soldiers in a trench on the western front working a battery of these weapons. The small bomb-throwers, or "taupias," two of which are shown on the edge of the trench, are made out of a piece of shell-casing, and fired through a touch-hole. The larger mortar, in the foreground, is a "crapouillot"; it hurls a bomb with a circular end bolted on to a ribbed case which contains the explosive. This mortar makes a deafening report, and is very destructive. A German shell having just struck the trench position, part of a trench-gun was sent flying over the parapet together with a Poilu's casque.

Switzerland's Kindly Care of British Prisoners

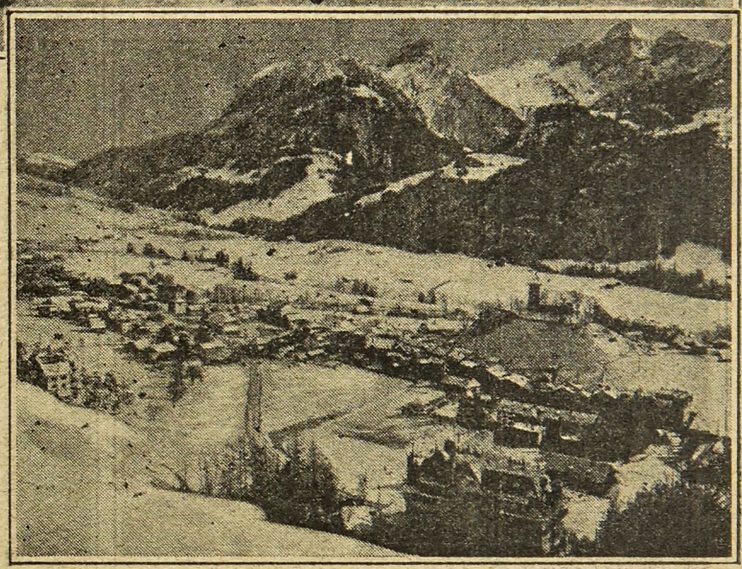
Some of the British soldier invalids released from durance in Germany, marching off to their quarters at Chateau D'Oex, in neutral Switzerland.

A SCENE of gaiety, not unmixed with tears, was witnessed on the arrival of the first batch of British soldier invalids in neutral Switzerland. The kindly Swiss populace accorded these representatives of the warring nations a great welcome; music, flowers, a liberal supply of refreshment, and—what they had not known during their long term of imprisonment—human sympathy.

By international arrangement these wounded prisoners, all of whom are unfit for further service, are being released by the belligerents, to be interned in Switzerland until after the war.

The photographs on this page show the arrival of the invalids. Those well enough to go on foot paraded the streets of the Swiss town, but some had to be carried on stretchers.

The beautiful district of the Chateau D'Oex, where the Franco-British prisoners will be accommodated, is seen on the right, an idyllic green upland valley dominated by the Rüblihorn and the Gummfluh.

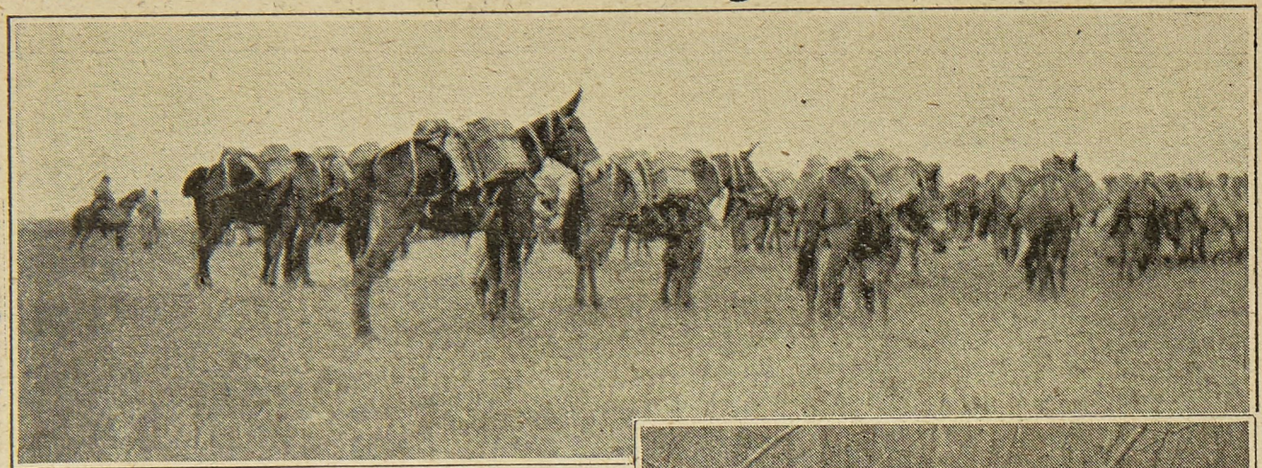


Winter impression of the setting of the Chateau D'Oex, where the men broken in war will rest under Swiss care.

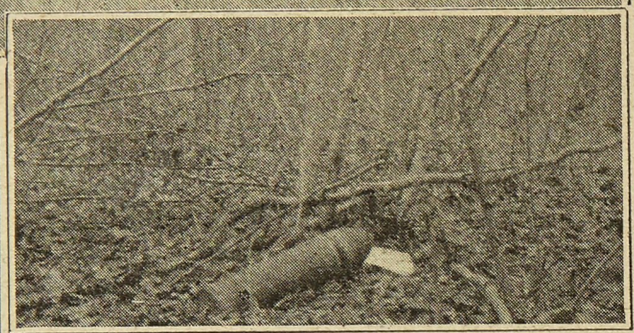
Some of the Indian soldiers released from Germany as unfit for further service. Scene on the arrival at the station in Switzerland.

Still suffering acutely from their wounds, these men arrived on stretchers which were bedecked with flowers.

Scenes and Incidents Along the French Front

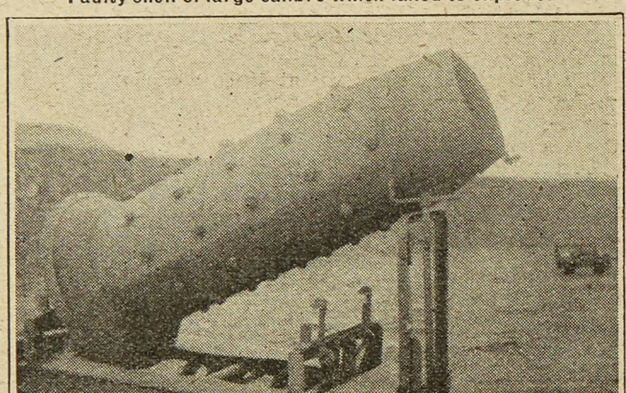


Mules carrying munitions for mitrailleuses. A German shell falling among a herd of these animals, sixty were killed outright by the explosion.



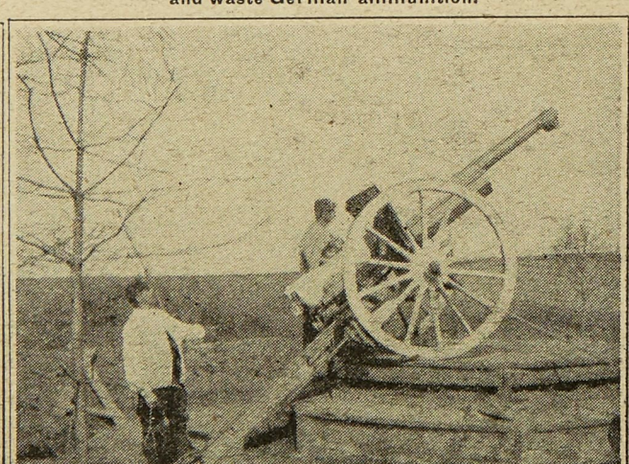
Faulty shell of large calibre which failed to explode.

Neatly constructed French trench. A wood flooring was laid down and the walls were consolidated with wattles.



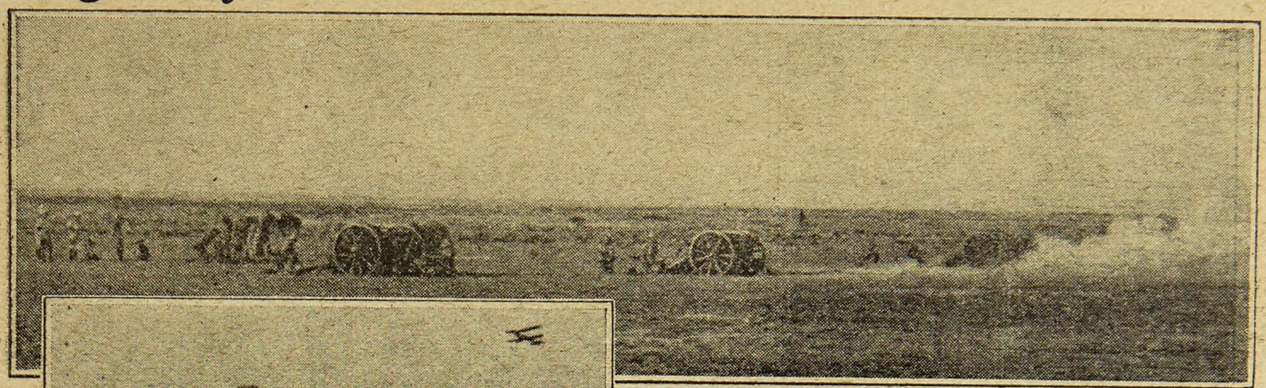
Dummy cannon mounted on a carriage, a device used to draw and waste German ammunition.

The war game of hide-and-seek. Secreting a heavy French gun on the fighting front.

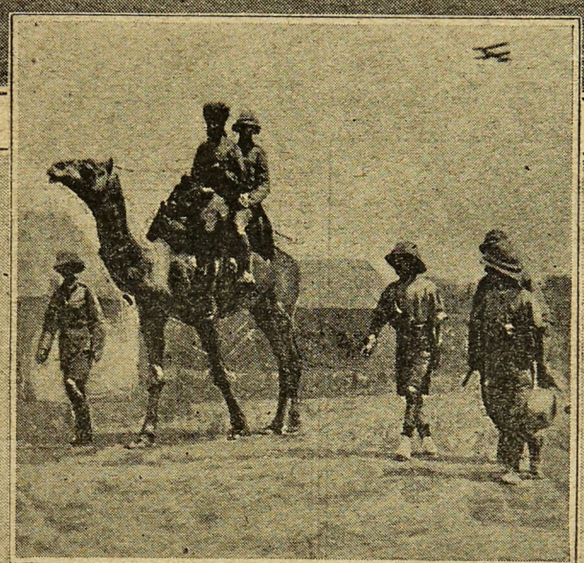


"75" in action against a German aviator. There is little or no recoil with these weapons.

Eagle Eyes of the Guns Mark Down the Foe



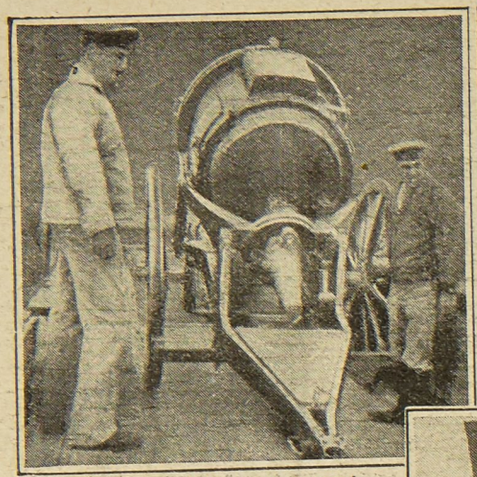
General view of a British battery in action. Part of an Anglo-Indian force operating against the enemy.



View of the battery from behind. In the foreground wireless operators are recording the instructions transmitted from the hovering aeroplane. Above: A British and an Indian soldier enjoying a ride on a camel.

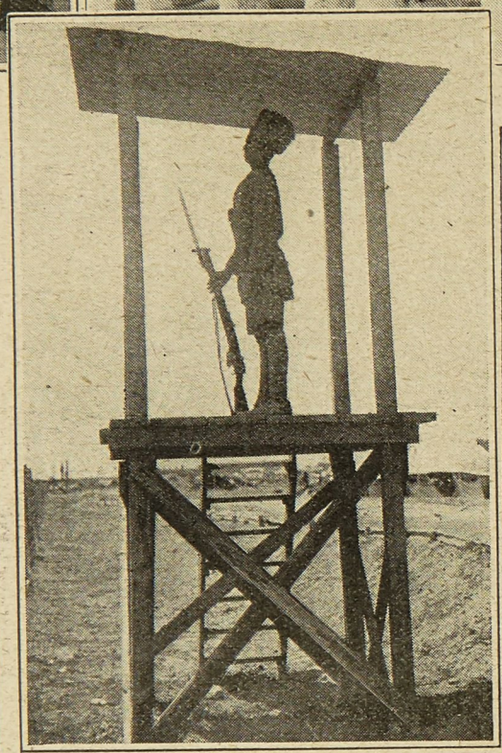
Gunners making signals to acknowledge a wireless message received from an aeroplane. Strips of white cloth are stretched on the ground after the fashion of the arms of a semaphore.

Soft-Hearted Fighting Men & Some of Their Pets

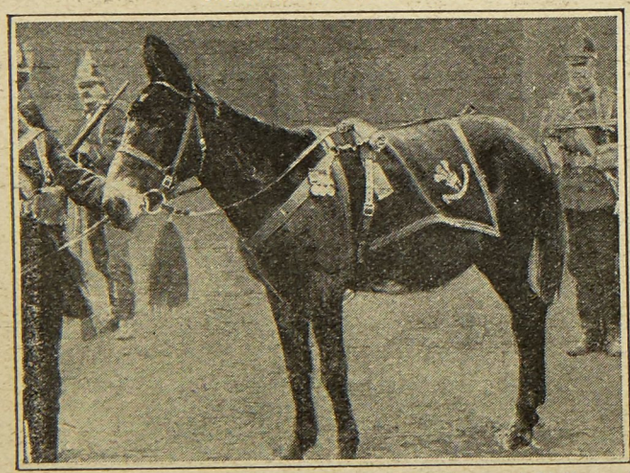


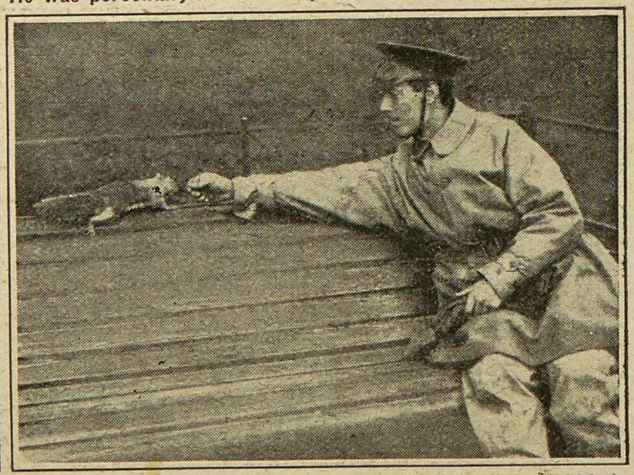
One of the great German search-lights that nightly sweep the horizon from Ostend.

British Marines, wearing life-belts in case of accident, on a patrol boat looking for pirate U boats.



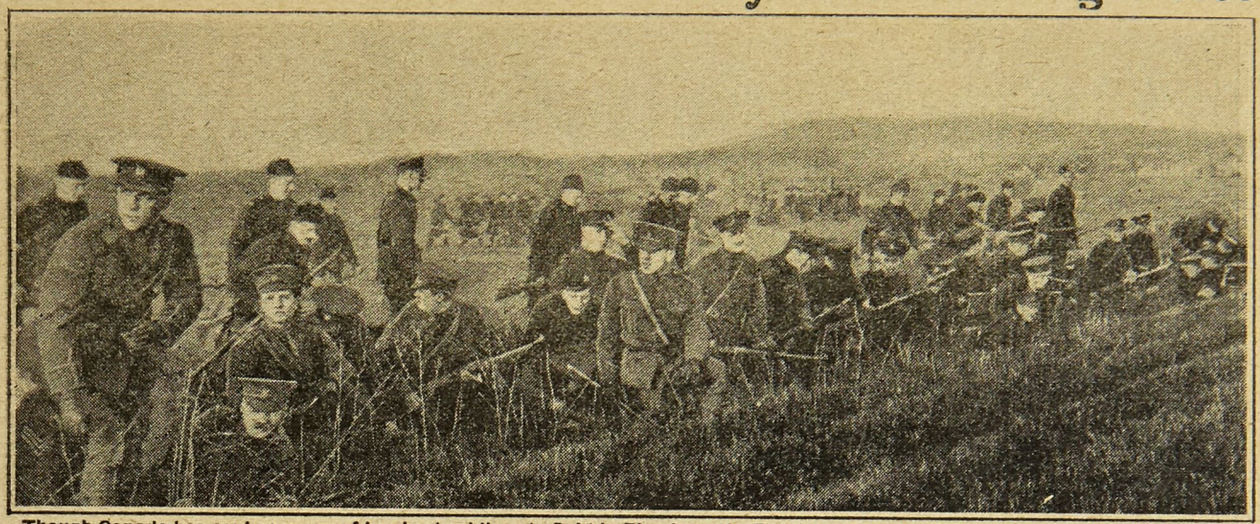
Baby gazelle, the pet of a soldier who brought it up by hand. At first it was so weak that it could only lick milk from his lips. Centre: Indian sentry guarding a Turkish prisoners' camp in Mesopotamia. Right: Corporal Tschulkovski, aged fifteen, one of the first Russians to enter Erzerum. He was personally decorated by the Tsar.





One of the heroes of Kut who died that others might live. It wore the medals for three campaigns, and the butcher killed it most reluctantly only when the garrison was starving. Right: A convalescent playing with the squirrels in Regent's Park.

The Great Dominion Ready for Emergencies

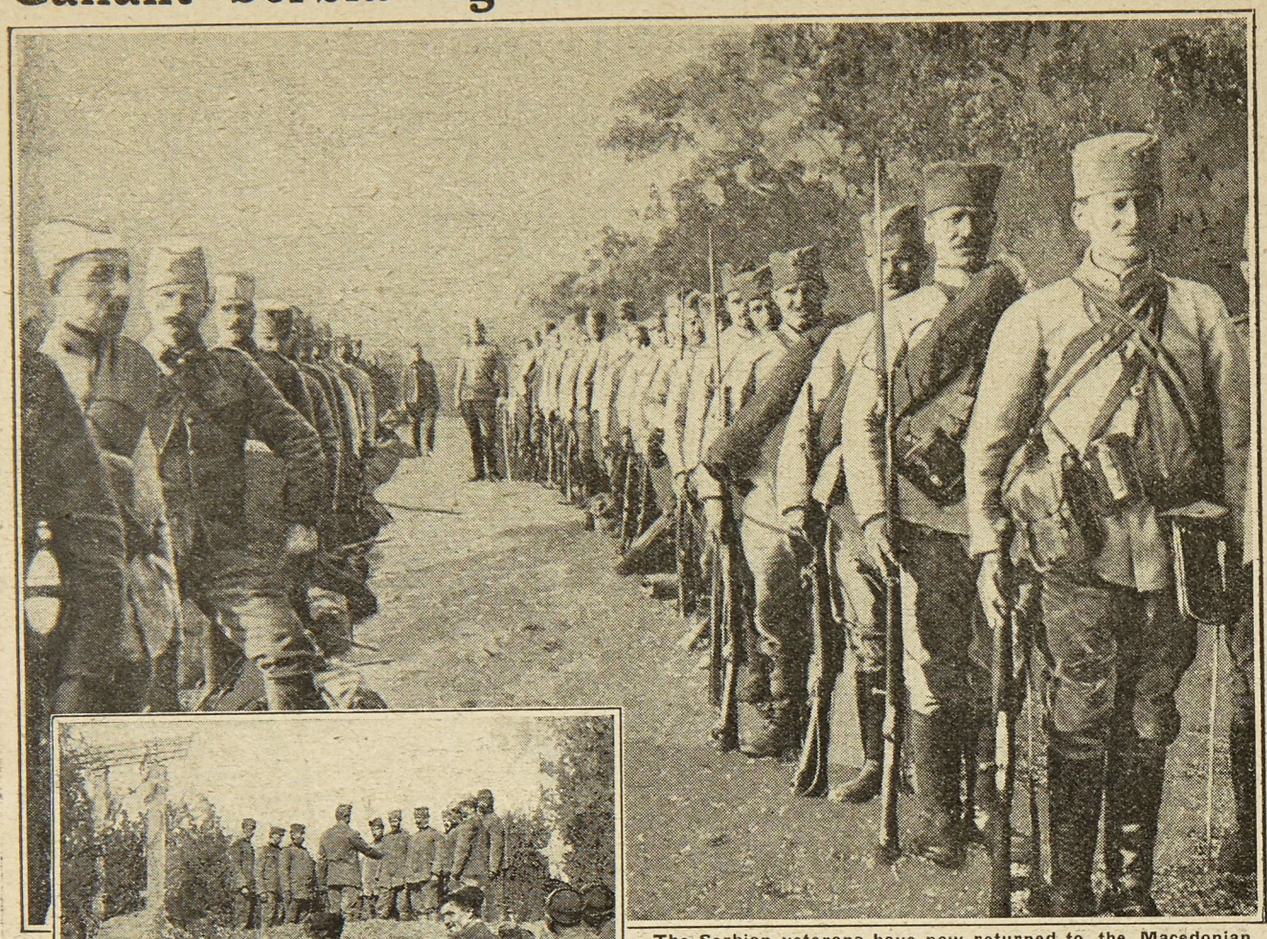


Though Canada has sent so many of her best soldiers to fight in Flanders, the Dominion has not left itself unready in the event of emergency. This photograph shows a number of the 7th Brigade Canadian Militia and Home Guards at manœuvres.

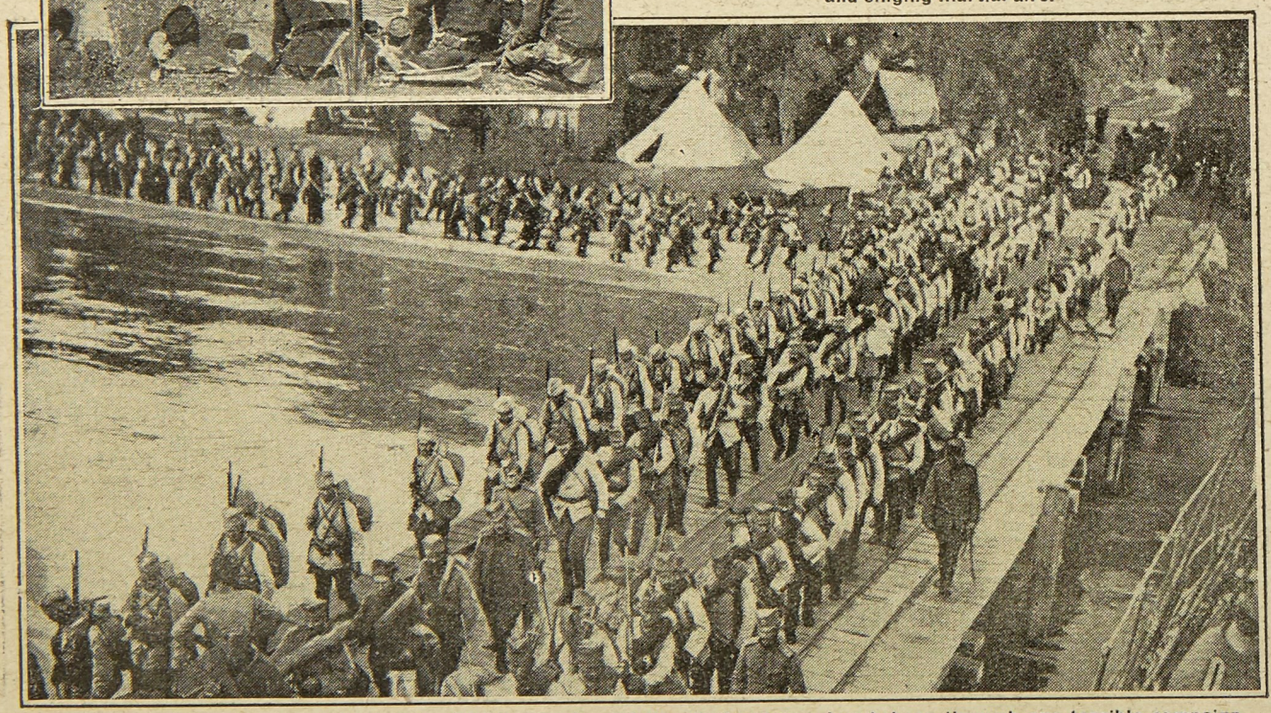
Canadian Home Service men are learning the art of modern warfare to defend the Dominion if it should become necessary at any time. In this illustration the 58th Westmount Rifles are shown in training and advancing "under fire."

Mounted Canadian patrol, composed of men of the 13th Scottish Light Dragoons, on the manœuvre field. The way in which Canadians have responded to the call of the Motherland is one of the greatest challenges to German ambition.

Gallant Serbia Again Takes the Balkan Field



The Serbian veterans have now returned to the Macedonian front. These two photographs show them respectively en route and singing martial airs.

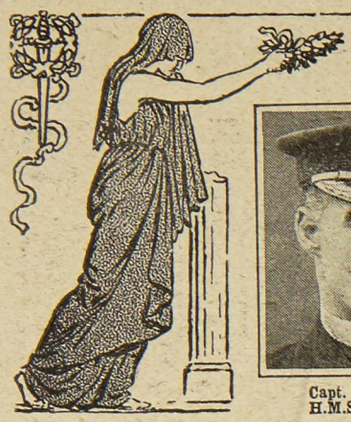


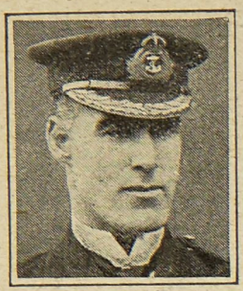
All the Serbians have been reclothed and refitted in Corfu, and though they have already been through one terrible campaign, these born fighters were naturally keen to get to the front line again. This photograph shows our undaunted allies crossing a bridge on their way to the zone of operations.

Rebuilding a Depressed Gasbag at Salonika

King Ferdinand's presentation Zeppelin, brought down near Salonika by a British sailor's excellent shot, is being rebuilt by our French friends. The aluminium framework is seen, also some of the bombs which were in the basket when the Zeppelin fell.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead





Capt. A. L. CAY,
H.M.S. Invincible.

Com. L. H. SHORE,
H.M.S. Invincible.

Lieut.-Com. J. S. WILSON,
H.M.S. Indefatigable.

Lieut.-Com. P. WHITFIELD,
H.M.S. Nomad.

Lt.-Com. H. R. C. FEILDING,
H.M.S. Defence.

Lt.-Com. E. S. OSBOURNE,
H.M.S. Invincible.

Lt.-Cm. G. MURRAY-BROWNE,
H.M.S Indefatigable.

Lieut. V. A. EWART,
H.M.S. Queen Mary.

Lieut. C. E. F. EGAN,
H.M.S. Ardent.

Lieut. G. H. V. BAYFIELD,
H.M.S. Black Prince.

Commander L. H. Shore, navigation officer, was the second son of Commander the Hon. Henry Noel Shore, and a nephew of Lord Teignmouth. Entering the service in 1898, he served in China as aide-de-camp to the late Admiral, then Commander, Cradock, and was mentioned in despatches.

Lieut. Frank Power O'Reilly was Flag-Lieutenant to Rear-Admiral Hood, and a nephew of Mr. Frank Power, the "Times" correspondent at Khartoum, who sent the despatches through which the only news of Khartoum and Gordon came.

Lieut. Maurice John Bethell was the second son of Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Alexander Bethell. He entered the Royal Naval College, Osborne, in 1907, and passed second out of the Britannia, obtaining the first prize for mathematics. In the beginning of the war Lieut. Bethell served on the Aurora, and was present at the Dogger Bank action.

Major Robert Crosthwaite Colquhoun, R.M.L.I., son of the late Rev. R. Colquhoun, chaplain, and Mrs. Colquhoun, Durrne, Cheltenham, was assistant to the Professor of Fortifications at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, from 1902 to 1905.

Midshipman the Hon. Barnard Michael Bailey was the youngest son of Lord Glanusk.

Lieut.-Commander the Hon. Hugh C. R. Feilding was the second son of the Earl and Countess of Denbigh. He was a particularly brilliant officer, having gained the coveted "six ones" in his examination for lieutenant, and he was awarded the Beaufort and Wharton testimonials for navigation.

Lieut. F. P. O'REILLY,
H.M.S. Invincible.

Lieut. J. A. KEMP,
H.M.S. Tipperary.

Sub.-Lieut. C. R. de V. LAW,
H.M.S. Indefatigable.

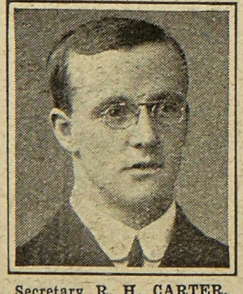
Lieut. M. J. BETHELL,
H.M.S. Nestor.

Eng.-Sub.-Lt. C. P. TANNER,
H.M.S. Indefatigable.

Fleet-Surgeon F. A. CAPPS,
H.M.S. Defence.

Major R. C. COLQUHOUN,
H.M.S. Invincible.

Fleet-Paym. W. W. ALTON,
H.M.S. Defence.



Secretary R. H. CARTER,
H.M.S. Defence.

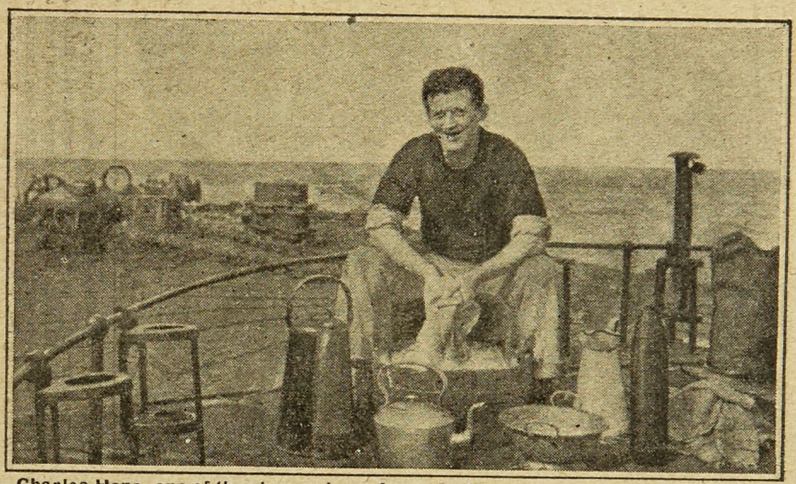
Mid. Hon. B. M. BAILEY,
H.M.S. Defence.

Mid. W. N. EDEN,
H.M.S. Indefatigable.

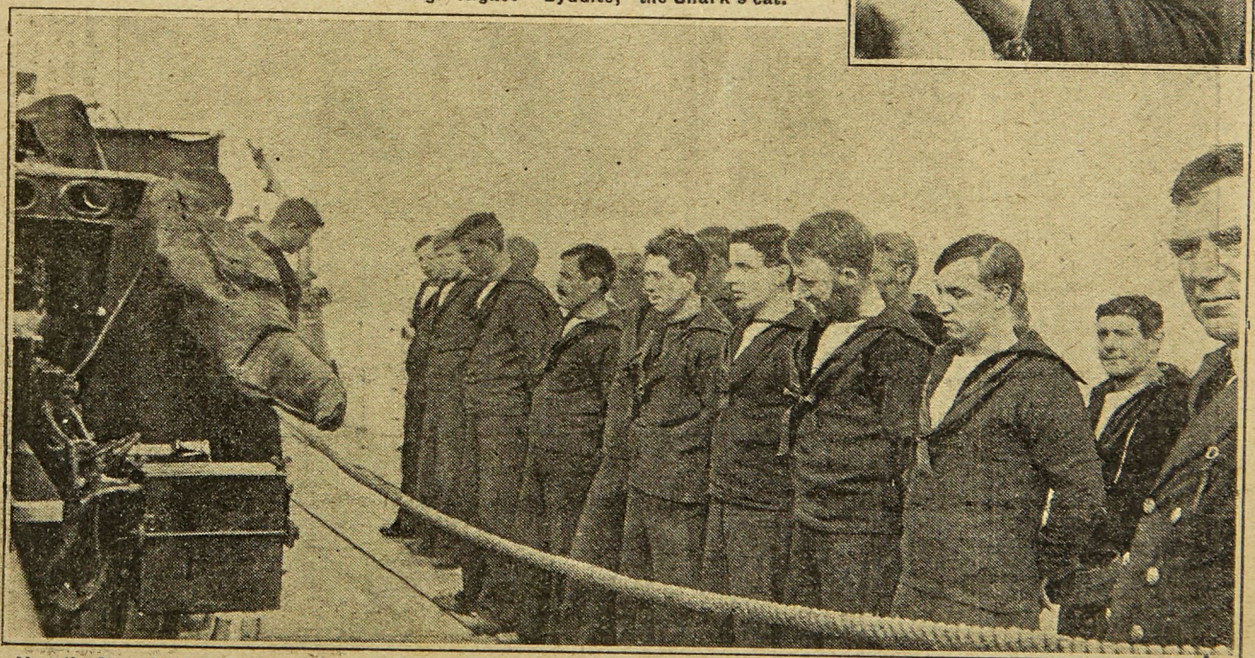
(Portraits by Russell, Swaine, Speaight.)

Deeds Not Words for God and King and Country

In a great naval battle the number of killed inevitably exceeds greatly that of the wounded, since there is small chance to pick up floating survivors from ships sent to the bottom. These two photographs show some of the survivors from the Jutland battle.



Charles Hope, one of the six survivors from the Shark, the destroyer that was one of the first in the fight, and sank while firing. Right: "Lyddite," the Shark's cat.



How the Navy begins the day. Morning prayers aboard H.M.S. Shark. The exploit of this ship will become one of the most cherished traditions of the British Navy. This photograph gives intensity to the meaning of the motto "For God and King and Country."

THRILLING CHARGE OF THE COSSACKS.—In the fighting between General Brussiloff and General Linsingen in South-Eastern Galicia cavalry were given an opportunity of which they had been deprived too long to suit their pleasure. The Russians delivered a staggering punch which sent the Austrians reeling. Attacks were repeated with rapid ferocity and the line was broken. Then the Cossacks were let loose. They poured through the breaches made in the enemy front, rejoicing to be in the saddle again with work to do, and wrought fearful havoc. Some regiments penetrated by long gallops into the rear and put everyone they could find to death or flight. Then they met retreating Austrians and rode through them again and again, spearing and slashing them. The cavalry captured many guns, and the regiments cut off were forced to surrender. Among the prisoners taken were many Germans, thus confirming the report that German forces had been sent from the Pripet front to try to check the Austrian rout.

OUR OBSERVATION POST

War-Time Views of Life and Character

HE was standing outside Victoria Station, a rather pathetic figure, suggesting loneliness, some bewilderment, and even a little helplessness. The state of his uniform was evidence enough of where he had come from, and it was patent to anyone that, even if he knew where he wanted to go, he had not the least idea how to get there. A sincere, friendly proffer of assistance brought a smile to his face. It was a good face, with fine features and noticeably steady eyes, but very stern until the smile made it irresistibly winning.

The Call of the Homeland

"I'm hungry," he said. "Can I get anything to eat about here?"

OF course he could, and did, and over a plain, plentiful dinner he talked with unaffectedness and ease. He had a week's leave, and had just set foot in England for the first time. He did not know a soul in London. He meant to put up at one of the soldiers' clubs, and he planned to spend two of his seven days in the country. Yes, he had plenty of money. What was Guildford like? And Shere? Very pretty? So his mother had told him; she came from near there; that was her home.

HOME. That was the magic word, the talisman that opened the doors into this young fellow's intimate confidence, and it was to safeguard and protect all that it connoted that he had come from the other side of the world to fight, the sole personal reward that might conceivably fall to himself being the possibility of once setting eyes on the particular little English village called "home" in one particular little homestead not much more than a Sabbath day's journey from the Gulf of Carpentaria. And this shy youngster was one of an army of—is it half a million?—men from the same Australian continent who had done a like thing.

THERE is a tyranny of words to which middle-aged men who write for their living are very liable to bow without sufficient thinking. One middle-aged man, at all events, felt a certain degree of guiltiness as he reflected how often and how much he had written about home and patriotism, and how little practical use all his protestations were. It is not his shortcomings, however, that are the subject of this paper, but the abounding grace of the grave young Knight of the Southern Cross and his gallant Knight Companions. What is this home which they will die to defend, although they have never seen it? And what is this patriotic loyalty to a country of which they proclaim they are entirely independent?

ONE fact seems to emerge immediately—that the patriotic loyalty of all Britons over the seas is something other and finer, because more disinterested, than that of Britons within the four seas. Of European countries, too, it may be suggested without disparagement that some instinct of self-preservation helps to determine the peoples in their patriotism. Patriotism may become a question of geography, even as conscription is. That is true, in degree, of the four kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland. Common prudence keeps our hands off the thistle; propriety avoids debate about the shamrock just now; but at the risk of starting a heresy hunt by seeming to disparage the leek, let us say boldly that we share T. E. Brown's suspicion that the intense Welsh national feeling and their determination to keep their language are matters of the nineteenth century romance movement. Brown believed firmly that in the eighteenth century the Welsh did not desire anything more than to be thoroughly English, and Brown was not a man who expressed opinions on subjects which he had not studied.

PATRIOTISM is partly geographical, and peoples of different races may be united in passionately loyal devotion to one king and one flag. But no such consideration of their respective place upon the map affects the relations of Australia and England or their mutual love, which nevertheless cannot be explained completely by community of blood. Instances at once come to the mind of peoples of the same race severing their connection, even by the sword and even while maintenance of the union would have been mutually beneficial. The American Declaration of Independence was not provoked only by the egregious and criminal mistakes of English policy; it came as a natural development of a then very remote colony, although it may have been precipitated by stupidity on the one side and some arrogance and impetuosity on the other. It is difficult to imagine conditions which would lead to a similar rupture between Great Britain and Australia or Canada.

SO it is in the spiritual region of ideals and aspirations that the indissoluble link between the Mother Country and the Colonies and Dependencies must be sought, and quite apart from geographical and even Imperialistic considerations. Neither this middle-aged man nor this young soldier can put the thing into words, but they are conscious that they have the same philosophy, that they take the same view of the duties as of the privileges of the white man, and that they stand for the same thing. Though perhaps a little inarticulate, they speak the same language, and presently it is "Good-bye and thank you, sir," and "Good-bye and good luck, brother."

AND what about Shere, and home? Well, one is glad that the actual place is such a very lovely one, for only rare beauty will satisfy the expectation in the mind of this lad raised there by the stories told him by his mother in his childhood of the things she did and the places where she played as a child. Even we who have only seen him once are infinitely anxious that he shall find the Old Country so fair that he will always be glad he offered his life to help to save her from violation by a ruthless enemy. We have not the least expectation that she will persuade him to remain here. But we want him to come under the spell of the immemorial traditions that belong to every rood of ground and to have associations of his own with the actual place in which his own people were born. Home, we take it, is the centre of memories and the focus of aims. And the man of British stock who has memories of England will aim at making the land in which he lives like to although different from her. The world has not a better model.

IT matters little how schoolmen define patriotism, provided men continue to find in it the source and spring of self-sacrifice and heroic deeds. About home the schoolmen need trouble themselves not at all. That belongs exclusively to the realm of sentiment, and is something to love, not to reason about. The two in combination, the ideals and the aspirations born of the one and the sentiment belonging peculiarly to the other, have brought together in one solid and invincible mass all men of British stock from all the ends of the earth, where they have been spreading the British type of civilisation.

C. M.

The War Illustrated — News Notes and Comments

Out of the Land of Bondage

INTERPOLATED in the long chapter of suffering, the story of the journey of disabled British and French prisoners from vile bondage to a corner of sylvan Switzerland, there to rest their weary limbs and find solace for their troubled minds, is joy to the heart of every lover of humanity. After many months of anguish and suspense in the black prisons of a hostile land, these broken heroes (unfit for further military service) were received with open arms by the generous Swiss populace. Their new home at Chateau D'Oex is situated in a gorgeous mountain valley three thousand feet above the sea-level, where the hot summer sun is tempered by cool winds from over the Alpine glaciers. With a liberal supply of good food and the warm sympathy of their attendants, their new quarters must indeed seem Paradise to them.

The Cat-and-Mouse Trick

THERE is but one shadow over this beautiful episode, and that is the Parthian shot of the German authorities. At Constance, on the borders of Switzerland, a last rigorous medical examination was ordered, with the result that one hundred and forty Britons who had been buoyed up with anticipations of release had their hopes dashed at the eleventh hour. These luckless men were found to be sufficiently well to be sent back to their quarters in the enemy's prison camps.

Worship of the Wheel

"THE Prussian machine" has become a household word, and from a recent utterance of the Kaiser the Bishop of Manchester deduces the German philosophy: "Man is to be the slave of machinery." A correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian" points out that it was Samuel Butler, of "Erewhon," who, in his essay "Darwin among the Machines," first suggested in his humorous-serious way that machines were destined to be man's successors in the supremacy of the earth. Daily they are gaining ground upon him, daily are men becoming more subservient to them, daily are men devoting more of their energy to the development of mechanical life. The upshot will be that machines will hold a real supremacy over the world and its inhabitants. The serious moral of the only half-humorous essay is that "war to the death" against machinery is dictated by common sense. With Butler, an Englishman, the Kaiser naturally is bound to disagree. His Imperial Majesty resembles Helen's baby in his fondness of seeing "the wheels go round." Well, there are some wheels that go round slowly, but they grind most mighty small.

Egg Shells

MANY birds possess a gift of mimicry; a parrot can be taught to whistle a cabman from the rank, a bullfinch to pipe a melody, a blackbird to sing a couple of bars from a light opera. But it is not often that birds trouble to repeat sounds that have become familiar to them in their contact with human life. Thus, there is something remarkable in the fact recorded by a British soldier stationed at a farm in France. The men there often heard a sound as of a falling shell, not followed by the burst, and they concluded that the shell was a "dud." But one day, sitting in the farmyard, one soldier heard the sound repeated twice within a couple of minutes, close at hand, and on the second occasion found that a hen was responsible for it. Immediately afterwards a cock repeated the exact imitation of a falling shell. Comrades corroborated the observation, and the French farmer assured them that the fowls had learnt to make the noise since the war began, and sometimes kept it up for a long time. It would indeed be strange if the accomplishment were transmitted to these fowls' progeny, and in future peaceful days hens perpetuated the memory of the Great War by moaning like a falling shell every time they laid an egg.

Primitive Headquarters

WE were told in Parliament quite recently how the Government had taken over "the largest country house in Norfolk" as headquarters for one of our generals, and how others were lodged in almost equal magnificence, but this is by no means the case with all of them, still less with those who are at the front. In an article written by one who saw a good deal of generals on active service there is a vivid description of the headquarters—temporary, we hope—of a certain general. "He was sitting at a table in a stuffy room of a particularly dirty tavern. At the far end a fat and frightened woman was crooning to her child. Beside her sat a leathery old man with bandaged head." The writer continues: "Three telephone operators were working with strained faces at their highest speed. The windows had been smashed by shrapnel, and bits of glass and things crunched under foot. The room was full of noises." One night the writer found another general in the lean-to of a farm, and around him a scene of darkness and desolation, in the midst of which he sat talking wearily to his Staff.

1784—1916

THE introduction of daylight saving may be described without hyperbole as an unqualified success. Benjamin Franklin, who is entitled to be called the originator of the idea, when living in Paris, realised that the Parisians were sleeping during too many precious daylight hours, and he made a calculation showing the enormous financial gain to the 100,000 families in that city if they adopted his idea. He said, and his words are truer now than they were when written in 1784, that "all, from the many heavy taxes required from them by the necessities of the State, have surely an abundant reason to be economical."

Not on Board

IT was at first supposed that Commander W. M. James, who as a child sat for the famous picture "Bubbles," painted by his grandfather Sir John Millais, went down with the Queen Mary in the great Jutland battle. Happily, the report was untrue. The gallant commander was appointed to the Benbow some time prior to the battle.

No "Biking" in Berlin

IN Berlin and the neighbourhood all cycling "for pleasure" is forbidden under penalty of a year's imprisonment, or a fine of £75. The only official reason given is that the restriction will save labour and material hitherto expended on punctured tyres. Berlin is peevish about the order. May children "bike" to school since that is no joy-ride? And what if they go the longest way round? The order seems merely irritating, but probably it means increasing shortage of rubber—and this suggests a good deal.

How to Help

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Printed and published by the AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Published by Gordon & Gotch in Australia and New Zealand; by The Central News Agency, Ltd., in South Africa; and The Imperial News Co., Toronto and Montreal in Canada.
Inland, 2½d. per copy, post free. Abroad, 3d. per copy, post free.